

# THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL

And Practical Housekeeper...

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
**THE SPRING FARM.**

By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," etc., etc.

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**CHAPTER VII.  
AT THE CEDARS.**

It had cost Grace a struggle before she decided to take Maude as her companion, and she had been driven past the little log house among the hills and through the Bush district, that she might judge for herself of the girl's surroundings. The day was raw and blustering and great banks of snow were piled against the fences and heaped up in the road unbroken save by a foot path made by the children's feet.

"And it is through this she walks in the morning, and then sits all day in that dingy room. I don't believe I should like it," Grace thought, and that night she wrote to Maude, offering her a situation with herself.

And now, on a lovely morning in April, when the crocuses and snowdrops were just beginning to blossom, she sat waiting for her, wondering if she had done well or ill for herself. She had seen Maude and talked with her, for the latter had called at the Cedars and spent an hour or more, and Grace had learned much from her of her former life and of Spring Farm, which she was going to buy back. Max's name, however, was not mentioned, although he was constantly in the minds of both, and Grace was wondering if he would come over to the Cedars if Maude were there. She could not be jealous of the girl, and yet the idea had taken possession of her that she was bringing her to the Cedars for Max rather than for herself, and this detracted a little from her pleasure when she began to fit up the room her companion was to occupy. Such a pretty room it was, just over her own, with a bow window looking across the valley where the lake lay sleeping and on to the hills and the log school-house which, had it been bigger, might have been discerned above the woods which surrounded it. A room all pink and white, with roses and lilies everywhere, and a bright fire in the grate before which a willow chair was standing and a Maltese kitten sleeping when Maude was ushered into it by Jane, Miss Raynor's maid.

"Oh, it is so lovely," Maude thought, as she looked about her, wondering if it were not a dream from which she should presently awake. But it was no dream, and as the days went on it came to be real to her and she was conscious of a deep and growing affection for the woman who was always so kind to her and who treated her like an equal rather than a hired companion. Together they read and talked of the books which Maude liked best, and gradually Grace learned of the dream life Maude had led before coming to Richard and of the people who had deserted her among the hills, but who in this more congenial atmosphere came trooping back, legions of them, and crowding her brain until she had to tell of them, and of the two lives she was living, the ideal and the real. She was sitting on a stool at Grace's feet, with her face flushed with excitement as she talked of the Kimbarks, and Websters, and Angeline Mason, who were all with her now as they had been at home, and all as real to her as Miss Raynor was herself. Laying her hand upon the girl's brown curls, Grace said, half laughing, "And so you are going to write a book. Well, I believe all girls have some such aspiration. I had it once, but it was swallowed up by a stronger, deeper feeling, which absorbed my whole being."

Here, Grace's voice trembled a little as she leaned back in her chair and seemed to be thinking. Then, rousing herself, she asked suddenly, "How old are you, Maude?"

"Nineteen this month," was Maude's reply, and Grace went on: "Just my age when the great sorrow came. That was fourteen years ago next June. I am thirty-three, and Max is thirty-seven."

She said this last more to herself than to Maude, who started slightly, for this was the first time his name had been mentioned since she came to the Cedars.

After a moment Grace continued: "I have never spoken to you of Mr. Gordon, although I know you have met him. You were with him on the train from Albany to Canandaigua; he told me of you."

"He did!" Maude exclaimed, with a ring in her voice which made Grace's heart beat a little faster, but she went calmly on: "Yes, he was greatly interested in you, although he did not then know who you were; but he knows now, he is coming here soon. We have been engaged ever since. I was seventeen and he was twenty-one; fourteen years ago the 20th of June we were to have been married. Everything was ready; my bridal dress and veil had been brought home, and I tried them on one morning to see how I looked in them. I was beautiful, Max said, and I think he told the

truth; for a woman may certainly know whether the face she sees in the mirror be pretty or not, and the picture I saw was very fair, while he, who stood beside me, was splendid in his young manhood. How I loved him! more, I fear, than I loved God, and for that I was punished,—oh, so dreadfully punished. We rode together that afternoon, Max and I, and I was wondering if there were ever a girl as happy as myself and pitying the women I met because they had no Max beside them, when suddenly my horse reared, frightened by a dog, and I was thrown upon a sharp curbstone. Of the months of agony which followed I cannot tell you, except that I prayed to die and so be rid of pain. The injury was in my spine, and I have never walked in all the four-

**CHAPTER VIII.  
MAX AT THE CEDARS.**

The train was late that morning and lunch was nearly ready before they saw the open carriage turn into the grounds, with Max standing up in it and waving his hat to them.

"Oh, Maude," Grace said, "I would give all I am worth to go and meet him. Isn't he handsome and grand, my Max!" she continued, as if she would assert her right to him and hold it against the world.

But Maude did not hear her, for as Max alighted from the carriage and came eagerly forward, she stole away, feeling that it was not for her to witness the meeting of the lovers.



teen years since. But Max has been true to me, and would have married me had I allowed it. But I cannot burden him with a cripple, and sometimes I wish, or think I do, that he would find some one younger, fairer than I am, on whom to lavish his love. He would make a wife so happy. And yet it would be hard for me, I love him so much. Oh, Max; I don't believe he knows how I love him."

She was crying softly now, and Maude was crying, too; and as she smoothed the snow white hair and kissed the brow on which lines were beginning to show, she said, "He will never find a sweeter face than yours."

To her Max Gordon now was only the betrothed husband of her mistress, and still she found herself looking forward to his visit with a keen interest, wondering what he would say to her, and if his eyes would kindle at sight of her as they had done when she saw him in the church at Laurel Hill. He was to come the 20th, the anniversary of the day which was to have been his bridal day, and when the morning came Grace said to Maude, "I'd like to wear my wedding gown; do you think it would be too much like Dickens' Miss Haveshaw?"

"Yes, yes," Maude answered quickly, feeling that faded satin and lace of fourteen years standing would be sadly out of place. "You are lovely in those light gowns you wear so much," she said.

So Grace wore the dress which Maude selected for her; a soft woolen fabric of a creamy tint, with a blue shawl, the color of her eyes, thrown around her, and a bunch of June pinks, Max's favorite flowers, at her belt. Then, when she was ready, Maude wheeled her out to the piazza, where they waited for their visitor.

"Dear Max, you are not changed, are you?" Grace cried, extending her arms towards him, with the effort to rise which she involuntarily made so often, and which was pitiful to see.

"Changed, darling! How could I change in less than a year?" Max answered, as he drew her face down to his bosom and stroked her snowy hair.

Grace was not thinking of a physical change. Indeed, she scarcely knew what she did mean, for she was not herself conscious how strong an idea had taken possession of her that she was losing Max. But with him there beside her, her morbid fears vanished, and letting her head rest upon his arm, she said, "I don't know, Max; only things come back to me to-day and I am thinking of fourteen years ago and that I am fourteen years older than I was then, and I am crippled and helpless and faded, while you are young as ever. Oh, Max, stay by me till the last. It will not be for long. I am growing so tired and sad."

Grace hardly knew what she was saying, or why, as she said it, Maude Graham's face, young and fair and fresh, seemed to come between her and Max, any more than he could have told why he was so vaguely wondering what had become of the girl in black, whom he had seen in the distance quite as soon as he had seen the woman in the chair. During his journey Grace and Maude had been pretty equally in his mind, and he was conscious of a feeling that the Cedars held an added attraction for him because the latter was there; and now, when he began to have a faint perception of Grace's meaning, though he did not associate it with Maude, he felt half guilty because he had for a moment thought any place where Grace was could be made pleasanter than she could make it. Taking her face between his hands he looked at it

more closely, noticing with a pang that it had grown thinner and paler and that there were lines about the eyes and the mouth, while the blue veins stood out full and distinct upon the forehead, shaded by the silvery hair. Was she slowly fading? he asked himself, resolving that nothing should be lacking on his part to prove that she was just as dear to him as in the days when they were young and the future bright before them. He did not even speak of Maude until he saw her in the distance, trying to train a refractory honeysuckle over a tall fence. Then he said, "Is that Miss Graham, and do you like her as well as ever?"

"Yes, better and better every day," was Grace's reply. "It was a little awkward at first to have a stranger with me continually, but I am accustomed to her now, and couldn't part with her. She is very dear to me," she continued, while Max listened and watched her, moved about so gracefully, and once showing her round white arms to the elbows as her wide sleeves fell back in her efforts to reach the top of the frame.

"She ought to do that," Grace said. "She is not tall enough. Go and help her, Max," and nothing loth Max went along the terrace to where Maude was standing, her face flushed with exercise and her eyes shining like stars as she gave him her hand and said, "Good-morning, Mr. Gordon. I am Maude Graham. Perhaps you remember me."

"How could I forget you," sprang to Max's lips, but he said instead, "Good-morning, Miss Graham. I have come to help you. Miss Raynor thinks it is bad for your heart to reach so high." Maude could have told him that her heart had not beaten one half as fast while reaching up as it was beating now, with him there beside her, holding the vine while she tied it to its place, his hands touching hers and his arm once thrown out to keep her from falling as she stumbled backward. It took a long time to fix that honeysuckle, and Max had leisure to tell Maude of a call made upon her mother only a week before.

"Spring Farm is looking like the loveliest, with the roses and lilies in bloom," he said, "and Angie, my sister, is enjoying it immensely. She has filled the house with her city friends and has made some changes, of which I think you would approve. Your mother does, but when she wanted to cut down that apple tree in the corner I would not let her do it. You remember it, don't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Gordon," Maude exclaimed, "Don't let her touch that tree. My play-house was under it, and there the people used to come to see me."

He did not know who the people were, for he had never heard of Maude's brain children,—the Kimbarks and the Websters,—and could hardly have understood, if he had; but Maude's voice was very pathetic and the eyes which looked at him were full of tears, moving him strangely and making him very earnest in his manner as he assured her that every tree and shrub should be kept intact for her.

"You know you are going to buy it back," he continued laughingly, as they walked slowly toward the house where Grace was waiting to be taken in to lunch.

"Yes, and I shall do it, too. You will see; it will be many years, but I trust you to accept it for me," Maude said, and he replied, "You may trust me with anything, and I shall not disappoint you."

The talk by the honeysuckle was one of many which took place while Max was at the Cedars, for Grace was too useless to keep him chained to her side, and insisted that he should enjoy what there was to enjoy in the way of rides, and drives in the neighborhood, and as she could not go with him she sent Maude in her stead, even though she knew the danger there was in it, for she was not susceptible to Max's admiration for the girl, or Maude's interest in him.

"If Max is true to me to the last, and he will be, it is all I ask," she thought, and gave no sign of the ache in her heart, when she saw him going from her with Maude and felt that it was more sense than one. "If he is happy, I am happy, too," she would say to herself, as she sat alone hour after hour, while Max and Maude explored the country in every direction.

Sometimes they drove together, but oftener rode, for Maude was a fine horsewoman and never looked better than when on horseback, in the becoming habit which Grace had given her and which fitted her admirably. Together they went through the pleasant Richard woods, where the grass was like a mosaic carpet beneath their horses' hoofs, and the singing of the birds and the brook was the only sound which broke the summer stillness, then again they galloped over the hills and round the lake, and once through the Bush district, up to the little log house which Max expressed a wish to see. It was past the hour for school, and the school-bell had rung, and the scholars had gone home, and the singing of the birds and the brook was the only sound which broke the summer stillness, then again they galloped over the hills and round the lake, and once through the Bush district, up to the little log house which Max expressed a wish to see. 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teasing to her, as in answer to his question, "How could you endure it here?" she told him of her terrible homesickness during the first weeks of her life as a school-teacher.

"I longed so for mother and Johnnie," she said, "and was always thinking of them, and the dear old home, and—sometimes—of you, too, before I received your letter."

"Of me!" Max said, moving a little nearer to her, while she went on, "Yes, I've wanted to tell you how angry I was because you bought our home. I wrote you something about it, you remember, but I did not tell you half how bitter I felt. I know now you were not to blame, but I did not think so then, and said some harsh things of you to Archie; perhaps he told you. I said he might. Did he?"

"No," Max answered, playing idly with the riding whip Maude held in her hand. "No, Archie has only told me pleasant things of you. I think he is very fond of you," and he looked straight into Maude's face, waiting for her reply.

It was surely nothing to him whether Archie were fond of Maude, or she were fond of Archie, and yet her answer was very reassuring and lifted from his heart a little shadow resting there.

"Yes," Maude said, without the slightest change in voice or expression, "Archie and I are good friends. I have known him and played with him and quarrelled with him ever since I was a child, so that he seems more like a brother than anything else."

"Oh, ye-es," Max resumed, with a feeling of relief, as he let his arm rest on the high desk behind her, so that if she moved ever so little it would touch her.

There was in Max's mind no thought of love-making. Indeed, he did not know that he was thinking of anything except the lovely picture of the young girl made, with the sunlight playing on her hair and the shy look in her eyes as, in a pretty, apologetic way she told him how she had disliked him and credited him with all the trouble which had come upon them since her father's death.

"Why I thought I hated you," she said with energy.

"Hated me! Oh, Maude, you don't hate me now, I hope—I could not bear that," Max said, letting the whip fall and taking Maude's hand in his, as he said again, "You don't hate me now?"

"No, no; oh, no. I—oh, Mr. Gordon," Maude began, but stopped abruptly, started by something in the eyes of this man, who had never called her Maude before, and whose voice had never sounded as it did now, making every nerve thrill with a sudden joy, all the sweeter, perhaps, because she knew it must not be.

Wrenching her hand from his and springing to her feet she said, "It is growing late, and Miss Raynor is waiting for us. Have you forgotten her?"

He had forgotten her for one delirious moment, but she came back to him with a throb of pain and self-reproach that he had allowed himself to swerve in the slightest degree from his loyalty to her.

"I am not a man, but a traitor," he said to himself, as he helped Maude into her saddle and then vaulted into his own.

The ride home was a comparatively silent one, for both knew that they had not been quite true to the woman who welcomed them back so sweetly and asked so many questions about their ride and what they had seen. Poor Grace; she did not in the least understand why Maude lavished so much attention upon her that evening, or why Max lingered longer than usual at her side, or why his voice was so tender and loving, when he at last said good-night and went to his own room and the self-castigation which he knew awaited him there.

"I was a villain," he said, as he recalled that little episode in the schoolhouse, when to put his arm around Maude Graham and hold her for a moment, would have been like heaven to him. "I was false to Grace, although I did not mean it, and, God helping me, I will never be so again." Then, as he remembered the expression of the eyes which had looked up so shyly at him, he said aloud, "Could I win her, were I free? But that is impossible. May God forgive me for the thought. Oh, why has Grace thrown her so much in my way! She surely is to blame for that, while I—well, I am a fool and a knave, and a sneak—"

He called himself a great many hard names that night, and registered a vow that so long as Grace lived, and he said he hoped she would live forever, he would be true to her no matter how strong the temptation placed in his way. It was a fierce battle Max fought, but he came off conqueror, and the meeting between himself and Maude next morning was as natural as if to neither of them had ever come a moment when they had a glimpse of the happiness which, under other circumstances, might perhaps have been theirs. Maude, too, had had her hours of remorse and contrition and close questioning as to the cause of the strange joy which had thrilled every nerve when Max Gordon called her Maude and asked her if she hated him.

"Hate him! Never!" she thought; "but I have been false to the truest, best woman that ever lived. She trusted her lover to me, and—"

She did not quite know what she had done, but whatever it was it should not be repeated. There were to be no more rides, or drives, or talks alone with Max. And when next day Grace suggested that she go with him to an adjoining town where a fair was to be held, she took refuge in a headache and insisted that Grace should go herself, while Max, too, encouraged it, and tried to believe that he was just as happy with her beside him as he would have been with the young girl who brought a cushion for her mistress' back and adjusted her shawl about her shoulders and arranged her bonnet strings, and then, kissing her fondly, said, "I am so glad that you are going instead of myself."

This was for the benefit of Max, at whom she nodded a little defiantly, and who understood her meaning as well as if she had put it into words. Everything was over between them, and he accepted the situation, and during the remainder of his stay at the Cedars devoted himself to Grace with an assiduity worthy of the most ardent lover. He even remained longer than he had intended doing, for Grace was loth to let him go, and the soft haze of early September was beginning to show on the Richland hills when he at last said good-bye, promising to come again at Christmas, if it were possible to do so.

(To be Continued.)

The JOURNAL readers should not forget that such goods as we use for premium purposes are offered for sale at prices below those asked for the same goods in the larger city stores. Did you look over the premium pages in the December and January numbers? It's worth your while.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND IN THE HOME.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

FEBRUARY.

Hints for Freezing and Thawing Weather.

As the Winter wears on, the general routine of life makes one day or one week much like another. It is with a start that one awakes to the fact that February is here and that, with the next month, by the calendar, at least, Spring will begin.

February is the month of thaws. Under their influence the weak spots in the roof and eaves, the leaky condition of gutters and waste pipes, and the cracks in leaders manifest themselves. The snapping cold that succeeds warm muggy days prove the integrity of lead water pipes, and alas, too often reveal the flaws by bursted joints that deluge carpets and ceilings. The house-keeper's vigilance must be unceasing. The precautions that were observed in December and January must not be intermitted now. The melting snow must be swept from the tops of porches and bay-windows. The gutter pipes must not be allowed to become clogged by re-use or ice so that the water they should carry off is permitted to overflow.

Inside the house, if the water supply cannot be shut off from the upper rooms at night by the turning of a faucet in the cellar, a tiny stream should be left running from every spout in rooms exposed to the cold. Where the waste-pipes are insufficiently protected, the task is more difficult. The best course, in such cases, is to go to the expense of having the defects remedied. In a house formerly occupied by the writer, the plumber, by a piece of colossal stupidity had put an elbow of pipe close to the outer wall of the building, in the most exposed place he could have found. The water always stood in this bend and nothing could prevent its freezing in sharp weather. If the water were shut off entirely, enough was still left in the elbow to form ice and insure bursting and leakage. Leaving the usually prescribed running stream was equally useless. After a series of freezing and bursting, followed by plumber's bills, it was finally proved that ripping out the plumbing and altering the location of the pipes was the only method worth pursuing.

It is hard to pay proper attention to the sanitary state of a house in cold weather. If the cook is at all lazy or untidy she finds it far easier to dump the refuse of vegetables and fruit in a dark corner of the cellar than to see that it goes where it belongs,—either into the ash barrel, to be carted away, or else into the fire. The latter is so easy a style of disposing of such garbage as potato parings, tea leaves, coffee grounds, egg shells, etc., that it is strange it is so seldom practiced. If there is a hot fire burning and the drafts of the stove are all open, the refuse may be thrown into the fiercest of the heat, the lids put on over it and the stuff speedily consumed. In this way, all garbage may be destroyed, and no large accumulations allowed. Such swill as sour milk, the water from vegetables, etc., may be poured down the sink drain pipe and this be immediately flushed with very hot water, strongly impregnated with washing soda or household ammonia. The expedient of keeping a large lump of washing soda laid over the opening of the sink waste pipe, that all water passing this may carry with it some particles of the grease-destroying alkali, has been mentioned elsewhere, but the suggestion is worth repeating here.

The care of the ashes forms no inconsiderable share of the Winter's work in those homes heated either by furnace or by coal stoves and grates. Economy dictates that the "clinkers," so useful in keeping in the fire at night or on mild days, should not be wasted. Yet the task of sifting ashes can hardly be made anything but unpleasant. Whoever has the charge of it should come to the business suitably equipped. If a boy or man assumes it he should be clad in overalls, or old garments kept expressly for this purpose. His hands should be protected by loose gloves, his head by a cap that comes well down over his ears, while a large handkerchief should be tied around his neck. When the duty devolves upon a woman she should slip on an old calico dress over her woolen one, cover her hair with a sweeping cap that reaches to the nape of her neck and meets a handkerchief knotted about this. She, too, may wear gloves, and if wise, she will don a veil. Thus arrayed, the gritty, grimy particles that rise from the ash-stir will find no lodgment upon her person from which they may not be easily shaken.

The cellar is not generally considered a pleasant place to visit, but it should not on that account, be neglected. A weekly inspection of its various nooks and corners will prove a valuable sanitary measure. The piles of Winter vegetables, the barrels of apples and potatoes should receive frequent examination, not only that the good ones may be saved from the spoiling that results from their contact with the rotten ones, but because decaying vegetable matter of any kind is a breeding place for disease germs. Many a case of diphtheria, or of typhoid or scarlet fever has been traced to a pile of garbage or of rotten fruit and vegetables in the cellar.

The walls of this apartment should always be whitewashed, and should receive a fresh coat at least once a year. The floor should be dry, of bricks or cement. If the moisture gathers thickly on this or if the atmosphere has a clammy dampness, something is wrong. While the cellar can not be expected to be as bright and airy as a parlor, it should be just as neat in its way and should no more be neglected by the housewife than would be one of the chambers above stairs. Even in the coldest weather the windows should be opened for a short time every day that the fresh breath of the outer air may dispel the musty odor that is apt to gather in any underground chamber.

From the cellar to the attic is a long stride, but the two have more in common than appears at the first glance. As a rule, whatever rubbish of any kind cannot be banished to the one is packed off to the other. In the effort to keep the cellar free of trash, the alternative of converting the garret into a lumber room for heterogeneous "trunk" must be avoided. The amount of useless odds and ends that will be gathered together in a short time by even a small family, is amazing. To the disinterested observer all looks worthless alike and yet nearly every object has some especial value in the eyes of its owner. It requires a tremendous effort to make up one's mind to send them out of the house to some one to whom they may really be of service.

If they must remain, however, let them at least be assorted and put away. The smaller articles may be packed into trunks or boxes. Each of

these should bear upon its lid a clearly written list of its contents. When trunks fall short bags may be used, made of any left-over pieces of stout goods, ticking, calico, drilling or even sack-cloth. These may be hung on nails around the walls, or better still, in a closet, and each must have attached an inventory of all it contains.

This is the time of year when the out-door wrappings of the little ones must receive especial attention. The hard frozen ground and dry snow are less dangerous than thawing ice and muddy roads. It is not in the nature of children to be careful, and the cracked rubber boot that lets in melting snow, or the thin shoes that are thoughtlessly donned in place of the heavy boots that are usually worn may be the cause of serious ills. An equal risk is often run by the child who becomes heated and throws aside the comforter, or unbuttons the thick jacket. The occasional mild days that come in February offer many temptations to this sort of thing. The boy or girl sees no harm in leaving off leggings or extra wrappings and pleads that it is warm enough without them. Nevertheless these are the times when croup, sore throats, lung fever and rheumatism, are most to be feared, and for safety to health, the hard cold is preferable to the insidious softness that seems a foretaste of Spring.

CONCERNING SOME PITFALLS IN THE WAY OF HOME LIFE IN AMERICA.

NO. III.

The iron rules of caste, which govern the internal workings of monarchical countries, somewhat define the extent of ambitions and desires among their people. They are natural limits to the eager fever of acquirement, and bounds to the imagination. One is content to grow rich as one grows old, slowly and steadily; the son does not consider himself bound to begin life on the same level upon which his father left it. But Republican air, especially that of America, with its subtle flavor of personal equality, inebriates the judgment, and reason runs riot, if it so pleases. Domestic training, from the cradle up, the classes of the common schools, and the outer circumstances which mould the development of youth, education for the trade or profession, and the political ambitions of early manhood,—all are built upon the principle that each man is the equal of every other and may achieve the same results. It requires an experience which comes late, and is bought so dearly that many never acquire it, to teach that there is but a grain of truth in this pleasing aphorism, and that there is really as much difference in men as in eggs. They range through all the grades of good, bad, and indifferent. It is positive that many a life has come to ruin in the vain attempt to put this theory into practice and to reach fortune by treading in another's footsteps, which would have won success if it had been set to study its own capabilities and to cultivate them.

The girl is spoiled in the same way. She is as good as her neighbor; therefore she must dress as well. She is queen by right of her nativity: Ergo, she need not bend to the conciliations, the small sweet courtesies and thoughtfulness of conduct, that young maidens of less royal birth, in other lands, are taught to consider necessary to success and happiness. So her native wit is left to degenerate into impertinence; her natural ease of manner, into loudness; her quickness of comprehension, into a pert smartness in picking up rudimentary knowledge; and in the end, with a better opportunity for thorough education than any other race of women, she is apt to come out with smattering instead of accomplishment, and conceit in place of self-respect.

When two such young persons, of opposite sex, are brought by chance together on the threshold of maturity, and events cause them to decide in favor of each other as life companions, there is not enough individuality on either side to map out any distinct future, or to cause them to move, never so slightly, out of the beaten track of custom. The actual facts of the case do not determine circumstances. There must be the same display in the mode of living as among their neighbors. The same details of dress and house-keeping must be followed, no matter at what distance or in how spurious a fashion. To keep up with these fancied requirements, positions must be deliberately taken which will strain every nerve of mind and body to sustain; obligations must be incurred, which will hamper and annoy in the fulfillment; exertions and sacrifices must be made, which would be noble in a worthy cause, but are rendered contemptible now through lack of a pure motive. So that the home, if undertaken at all, is hampered with such conditions as make it a burden to support, once the first glamour of possession and novelty has worn away. There must be subtleties stooped to in order to hide wants, instead of honest confession that certain things are beyond means; there are extravagances entered upon to avoid comment, which should be either ignored or despised. Slaves to a false idea of requirement, their energy is sapped by efforts which return no reward either in comfort or generosity. Even so genuine a virtue as hospitality is degraded by being offered, not out of kindness and love, but from affectation and the desire to be like others. The friend is only welcome when the stalled ox is upon the table. He is never admitted to the everyday, humble fare, which content and affection season—possibly because the seasoning is so often wanting. The one false step in the beginning leads thought and action astray along the entire way.

Because the next door neighbor or the fashionable acquaintance, has so many gowns or carpets, these must be here also. Because the child across the way, is dressed in gewgaw and ruffe, at the expense of health simplicity, the innocents here must be sacrificed to the same juggernaut. The bugbear of spare rooms, devoted to darkness and stale air, must be among the household gods; the myths of spring cleaning, and fall preserving, must be maintained as if there were no better legacies to hand down to posterity. Would-be aestheticism of pillow and sheet shams; outgrown traditions of some required number of useless articles to be laid away in wardrobe and closet against the approach of some problematic rainy day—what are they all but pit falls and stumbling blocks, smaller or larger, in the way of happy home life? And what wonder that such a farrago of useless and senseless work breaks the woman's strength and the man's patience; or that the homekeeping degenerates first into housekeeping, then into nervous prostration and misery, and lastly into the open arms of the boarding house once more—a wreck of mistaken ambitions and false promises.

Graver evils enter into this unhealthy arrangement. Because of it, in order to support wives in idleness and folly, the sins of theft and hypoc-

risy, poorly glozed over by some dim intention of future restitution, are indulged in by husbands whose hands should be as clean as integrity could make them. The inspiration of nobility and upright character, is wanting on both sides of the household. Most wretched of all, the positive wickedness of the artificially small family, where nature desires and offers the blessed boon of many children, becomes so common as to rouse press and pulpit in its condemnation. It is at once humiliating and horrifying to those who have the interest of their country at heart, to look upon this phase of the question; and it is too closely connected with the subject under consideration to allow it to be passed over in silence. It is so interwoven with any discussion upon the future of the American race, and with the question of its progress towards success and happiness, that it confronts one in every thoughtful study into the possibilities of accomplishment and result. It is of vital interest in the discussion of political as well as domestic economy; and the day which clears away the cloud of ignorance and thoughtlessness that now hides its true ugliness from the eyes of the people, will remove from the path of domestic happiness, the deepest pitfall in the way of American home life. The other impediments are dead branches and withered leaves, interfering with, but not destroying, life; this common and deadly sin, strikes at the root, and checks growth forever.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
REV. PHOEBE A. HANAFORD.

A Woman Minister of the Gospel. Pastor of the "Church of the Holy Spirit" in New Haven, Conn. A native of Nantucket and springing from the best families on the island. A woman's work as Preacher, Pastor and Author of many successful books.



Phoebe A. Hanaford is a representative American woman, not only as standing prominent in the comparatively small company of women preachers in this country, but in her eloquence, fervency of feeling, rare discretion of utterance, and earnestness, rivalling favorably the majority of clergymen in the United States.

She is now fifty-eight years of age, an attractive, lovable and magnetic woman of medium height, well-proportioned figure, and a face essentially feminine and full of intellectual sweetness.

She has large dark eyes and dark hair which waves upon her temples and falls behind her ears in one or two curls. The picture shown above was taken some years ago but is an excellent likeness, only lacking the fullness and added benignity of maturer years.

Such is the force of her mind, her prominence in efforts for public reforms, her success as pastor of several churches, and her literary reputation, that she becomes an object of interest to all American women, and one whose character and life works it is a pleasure to hold up to the strong light of public attention.

She was born on the Island of Nantucket and the blood of the most intelligent and influential of the first settlers of the island runs in her veins. She can claim two hundred years of easily traced American ancestry, and in the Coffin line follow direct lineage to William the Conqueror. She is twice descended from Tristram Coffin one of the original ten purchasers of Nantucket, three times from Peter Folger the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, once at least from Thomas Macy of whom Whittier writes in his poem "The Exiles," and once from Robert Barnard. James Cartwright who was Mrs. Hanaford's great-grandfather was also the great-grandfather of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge the eloquent temperance speaker, and Prof. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer. She is also twice related to Lucretia Mott like whom she was educated in the gentle doctrines of the Quakers; like whom she early felt an inspiration to speak for the conversion and improvement of mankind; like whom, having found in herself powers and possibilities not generally conceded to women, she was impelled to work for the enlightenment and emancipation of her sex; like whom she early realized the sin and horrors of African slavery.

Mary Clemmer wrote: "This continent could scarcely present another spot whose conditions of atmosphere, of intelligence, of self-reliance, of thrift, would all tend to so unique a training, to so distinctive a life for its women as does Nantucket." It is doubtless a fact that every Nantucketer is marked by a quality of mind and habit essentially his or her own. In no other place in America is its womanhood so distinct, original and independent both in thought and action as on the island of Nantucket. From this little island of the sea, which on account of its isolation has preserved the strong individualism of its early settlers and become a community unique and fascinating in New England history, have come many remarkable men and women, but of them all none is more influential and productive of good than the Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford. She is the daughter of Captain George W. Coffin, a retired seafarer, who is still living at the age of 83. Her voice which is singularly full and rich, seemingly indicated even in youth her best gift for a life's work, she takes directly from him, though it is the inheritance of a long line which has contained many preachers. It is related how Captain Coffin once stood on the terrible southeast shore of the island during a storm when the beacon lights were dimmed by the thick weather, directing a laboring vessel off shore how to avoid the dangerous shoals, thundering his "Starboard!" and "Larboard!" so as to be clearly heard above the roar of the wind and the surf. When a young girl Phoebe used to go up to the tower of the Brant Point lighthouse kept by her father's uncle, David Coffin, and read aloud to the wild winds and the waves from Shakespeare and "The Spectator" which she found among that uncle's books, revelling in a power which she then failed to appreciate and unconsciously fitting herself for future success as a public speaker. Her Bible studies commenced in reading aloud to her grandmother whose dulling ears heard with pleasure the ringing childish voice.

She was an apt scholar, and having finished school, studied with the Rev. Ethan Allen, an Episcopal clergyman then settled on the island. Phoebe A. Coffin, whose call to preach seemed as irresistible as that of Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede," delivered her first sermon in the school-house at Siasconset where she was a teacher at seventeen, but her marriage in 1849 to Dr. Hanaford, and the care of children, postponed her professional career for some years, during which she was maturing and gaining a varied experience. In 1866 she began regular ministerial work, (since which time she has been engaged in unremitting gospel labor) and two years later was ordained pastor of the First Universalist church, at Hingham, Mass. This occasion was

marked by most interesting ceremonies in which several of the most prominent divines of the denomination officiated. Rev. John G. Adams, D. D. preached the ordination sermon, and Rev. Olympia Brown was very appropriately selected to give the right hand of fellowship. Later she went to Waltham in the same State, and then to Jersey City, where she received a salary of \$2500.

In 1870 she was called to New Haven to take charge of the First Universalist church of that city. The congregation at present occupy a new church of attractive appearance and convenience for the various departments of the work. "The Church of the Holy Spirit" has a beautiful audience room with bright frescoes, crimson carpeting and upholstery and before service always receives the dainty feminine touch of fresh and fragrant flowers. This edifice was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Olds, two members of the church who generously loan it to the society which ultimately hopes to purchase it upon the very easy terms offered by its owners.

Mrs. Hanaford's sermons are inspiring, full of hope and encouragement, permeated with confident expectancy of good in the present and future life, tolerant, sympathetic and helpful. Many of them have been published and had a large sale. In this day of interest in the preaching of women, a volume of her sermons would undoubtedly meet with a ready sale. As a preacher Mrs. Hanaford has spoken in most of the New England and Middle States and at Washington and in the West. As a lecturer on literary subjects and speaker at reform gatherings she is well known in scores of cities and towns this side of the Mississippi, and has delivered sermons, orations or poems, at various institutions and colleges. She has assisted at many ordination services, reading her hymns written for the occasions or giving the charge to pastor and people. She offered the ordaining prayer when her own son entered the Christian ministry. He is now pastor of a Congregational church in Massachusetts, and mother and son have exchanged pulpits on several occasions. When her daughter was married to the present editor of a newspaper in western New York, she officiated, and a few years afterward baptised a little grand-daughter. She has solemnized nearly fifty marriages, and spoken comforting words at one hundred and seventy-two funerals.

This woman is remarkable not only as a successful minister of the gospel, but quite as distinctively for her versatility of gifts and the enormous amount of pastoral, reformatory and literary work accomplished in the past twenty years. It should be mentioned that her health is absolutely perfect. The physical vicissitudes of womanhood have passed her lightly by and she attributes her good health to the constant occupation of her mind and the forgetfulness of self and this mortal shell, in the hopeful, helpful work for others, and the persuading of multitudes to her convictions. Without going into the occultism and reversionary ideas of the new school of health-metaphysicians, one may certainly be permitted to offer this fact as a suggestion to the objectless invalids who utterly flit of their own possibilities in life, and mar the happiness of too many American homes, through an undue consideration of their physical "symptoms."

She has ably sustained the office of pastor for twenty years, preaching every Sunday, and says that except at one time she has not been incapacitated by illness. This was in 1868 when she was poisoned by handling ivy, used in the decoration of the church, and she was absent from her place a few Sabbaths. She has on occasions done most arduous work, for instance having upon one day, when the vineyard was bending with fruit and the laborers were few, preached four sermons in four different towns and addressed a Sunday school, riding twenty-eight miles to accomplish it. Another day she preached three times and rode twenty miles on an intensely hot Sunday. Her work is constant, is heavily taxing and draws strongly upon all her powers, but she carries it gracefully, maintaining a sweet composure and self-command which are rare as they are enviable.

Besides the church, parish, hospital and temperance work in which she is earnestly engaged, she is an influential advocate of woman suffrage, her dignified womanly presence commanding respect from the men most opposed to the idea. Her sweet face, rich voice, perfect elocution and temperate language have a marked effect upon her most impatient hearers. In spite of her long experience of the apathy and contemptuous trifling with which many legislatures have treated the question of woman suffrage. Mrs. Hanaford insists that men have always been better than their laws, and views with satisfaction the advancement of her sex in the arts and professions, which doubtless but for this agitation must have been many years delayed. Mrs. Hanaford was the first woman to act as chaplain to a legislative body. This she did several times in 1870 and 1873 both in the Senate and House of Representatives then assembled in New Haven.

She is an active member of Sorosis. For five years she served as its first vice-president and was acting president eleven months of that time, while Mrs. Wilbour was in Europe.

Phoebe A. Hanaford's literary career is of itself, were all other work undone, a creditable one and remarkable for the tone and vigor of its productions. She has written some fourteen books and edited several papers and magazines. Of them may be mentioned *The Ladies' Repository*, a periodical issued by the Universalist Publishing House of Boston, and *The Myrtle*, a Sunday-school paper, for which she examined manuscript and wrote editorials, also reading the proof for these and two other publications for the small salary of \$600 a year. The best known of her books are "The Daughters of America," a work descriptive of American women as authors, lecturers, professional and business women which has reached a sale of 60,000 copies; her "Life of Abraham Lincoln," some 20,000 of which were sold, 5000 of them being in the German language, and her "Life of George Peabody" which has reached its sixteenth thousand. A "Life of Charles Dickens" and a volume entitled "From Shore to Shore and Other Poems" were less successful. The biographies of Lincoln, Peabody and Dickens are now in the hands of D. Lothrop & Co., the Boston publishers.

As a fact illustrating how the minds of intelligent women were waking up to the great wrong of negro slavery, it is interesting to note that in 1859, Mrs. Hanaford published a little anti-slavery book called "Lucretia, the Quakeress" which had previously appeared in the *Independent Democrat* of Concord, New Hampshire, about the time Mrs. Stowe was writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The name "Lucretia" was given to the story in recognition of Lucretia Mott as an anti-slavery advocate and Quaker preacher but the incidents

are in no way representative of her early circumstances or career. The outline of the story is that of a young slaveholder who comes to Nantucket, falls in love with the heroine who refuses to marry him because of his political opinions and participation in slaveholding, and when he bids her adieu calmly pursues her vocation as a preacher. But the hero returns, is converted to Quakerism, frees his slaves and marries the fair preacher, who goes to his southern home to be a life-long blessing to the freed slaves, who continue to labor on the plantation. Incidentally the woes of slavery are depicted and the peculiar customs of the Quakers, especially in regard to marriage, are effectively set forth. This little story, which carries with it a claim to popular attention in its literary history, aside from its inherent attractiveness, will probably be republished at an early date.

Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford lives in New Haven in a pleasant house at 589 Howard Avenue, only a few blocks from her church.

She "keeps house" with her friend and companion of the past eighteen years, Miss Ellen E. Miles, once a Massachusetts teacher and now a writer of children's books and many popular poems, chiefly of a religious nature. Her dainty little volume, a fine compilation called "Our Home Beyond the Tide and Kindred Poems" has, in its different editions here and in Great Britain, reached a sale of nearly 70,000 copies.

Mrs. Hanaford usually may be found in her study on the second floor of the house, where the outlook is over a semi-circle of graceful elms which wave their delicate limbs, lightly clothed in summer's green, or trail to and fro in the sweet sincerity of bare outlines and the beautiful tracery of winter.

There is a well selected library, numbering about two thousand volumes, and among the books upon the shelves may be seen stray copies of Mrs. Hanaford's own works, and some that for their associations are specially valued.

One is an edition de luxe of "The Life of George Peabody," three copies of which were thus sumptuously gotten up by the publisher; one for his wife, one for the author, and another which was sent to Queen Victoria, who had expressed marked interest in the subject. Mrs. Hanaford treasures with pardonable pride a letter from Buckingham Palace, written by Sir Charles Biddulph, the Queen's private secretary, thanking her for the work.

Hanging framed upon the wall is an autograph letter of La Place, and in another place is a curious ancient "Protection Paper" given Captain Henry Barnard, Mrs. Hanaford's maternal grandfather, for use in foreign ports. It is printed in three languages and signed by George Washington. The date is 1796, three years before the death of the first president of the United States.

There are photographs of Lucretia Mott, Maria Mitchell and the late Dr. Ferdinand C. Ewer, all relatives of Mrs. Hanaford, and born at Nantucket, and upon the desk is a bronze bust of her ancestral relative, Benjamin Franklin. With all her other duties, Mrs. Hanaford does each day a surprising amount of literary work. She is at present engaged upon a novelette called "The Heart of Siasconset," and has nearly ready for the press a volume containing, with new poems, some already published, relating to Nantucket, entitled "The Lady of the Isle and Other Poems." She is writing a series of "Book Talks" for the *Gospel Banner*, and has in hand several works not yet engaged to any publisher. Among her household pets are two little dogs who frisk joyously about their mistress and strive jealously for her favor. The family cat may often be seen lying peacefully beside them on the sofa in the study.

So does this woman preacher combine in her gentle personality the strength, perseverance, intellectual force and brightness, the sympathy broad and deep, the faith, hope and charity which are essential to success in the ministry; the courage and persistence which must be the possession of one who can stand up firmly for issues like woman's suffrage and prohibition; the grace, tact and patience for an executive in a woman's club like Sorosis, and the sweetness and unselfish forethought for others which is the chief charm of the queen of a household. She is a luminous example of the effective work which may be done by a woman in a sphere rarely occupied by one of her sex, while yet preserving in their purity the modesty and grace of a religious, unselfish, tactful feminine character.

FLORINE THAYER McCRAE.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
THE BEST NERVEINE.

BY AUNT EVA.

Physiologists agree that an abundance of sleep is needed by all, in order to do the best work, enjoy the best health and longest life.

Thinking and doing, both use up the forces of the system more rapidly than they recuperate, hence it is necessary to lay by a part of every twenty-four hours for repairs and thus accumulate new strength for recurring duties. Many die yearly from lack of sleep, the wear having been greater than the repairs.

Whoever, by work, pleasure, sorrow, or any other cause, is regularly diminishing sleep, is shortening life. The vital forces become so impaired that disease follows.

Bines, sleeplessness, neuralgia, petulance, heartache, dyspepsia, hypochondria, insanity and death all may be caused by a lack of sleep.

The number of hours required for sleep for an adult varies from six to ten, according to the temperament, vigor, duties and mental condition of the person. Cutter and others say that women need more sleep than men. It is claimed by some that persons who think and work fast will sleep more in an hour than slow people, and thus require a less number of hours for rest. This is certainly false and absurd reasoning. Persons of active, energetic, highly nervous temperament do not build up more readily than others and by great activity of mental force added to all they do, wear out more rapidly, hence require more sleep—not less than eight hours, and some as many as ten. They may seem to require less because they are so much interested in whatever claims their attention, that after a moderate amount of sleep they find it easy to be wide awake.

Energetic people need not be afraid of sleeping too much. Persons who feel uncomfortable after sleeping may generally trace their bad feelings to other causes than too much sleep, which may have been heavy by an unhealthy condition of the blood, want of ventilation, or obstructed circulation from improper clothing or position. No one should become so fatigued by work of muscle or brain that a good night's rest will not follow and afford complete recuperation. No love of being considered "smart," or of fine

cookery or business or wealth or pleasure can justify perseverance in wearing out life's forces without carefully affording daily opportunity for recuperation.

Only the care of the sick can excuse a lack of so essential a duty as that of securing a sufficient amount of this great "restorer, balmy sleep." It should be taken regularly, if possible, when the light and noise and bustle of the day cease.

It is important to have several hours sleep before midnight, and better to sleep during the shades of night than when the sun bids all things be astir; yet it is better to take a nap during the day than not to sleep enough.

Indeed, a little nap before the noon meal will rest the nerves and promote digestion. Do not sleep just after eating as it retards digestion. Stimulants of any kind should not be resorted to in hope of gaining strength. They will only help to use up the latent powers of the system. An increase of vigor can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food previously eaten and has been oxygenized by contact with good air in the lungs, and by the rest which sleep affords. A lack of intelligent care to secure proper conditions for sleep has brought to our people an alarming extent of sleeplessness and is to-day one of the troublesome things with which the physician has to contend.

When wakefulness has become chronic and the capillaries of the brain are weakened and enlarged, its cure requires time, patience and good sense, and the cure will always be promoted by such a trust in the Heavenly Father's loving care as will relieve the mind from much of its anxiety. Husbands should see that their wives are not kept awake unduly by overwork, the care of children, or sick ones, but if need be, divide these labors with them; give them helping hands and kind loving words that will soothe tired nerves and induce sweet sleep.

Cutter, the great physiological teacher, speaking of the need of sleep says: "The mother—alas! here we must stop. Mothers are the only class who hardly get any rest until the blessed Father takes them in his arms and gives his beloved eternal sleep."

Parents should see that the little ones are early to bed and that their sons and daughters observe this need for renewing and increasing their strength. Guests and callers should not allow their visits to encroach upon the hours their friends need for this purpose.

Young men should not inflict their society upon young ladies to a late hour, and thus rob them of needed rest.

Young ladies should have their regular company understand that they will not keep late hours.

They will be respected and honored all the more for this evidence of decision of character.

Young has well said of sleep: "Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath, That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play The various movements of this nice machine. Which asks such frequent periods of repair. When tired with vain rotations of the day, Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn."

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
WHAT ROB DID.

BY AGNES B. ORMSBEE.

Little Rob was "a queer child." There could be no doubt about it. Everyone said so, even his mother, who always added, "but he is a dear little boy." What could be the matter with him! he wondered as he peeped into the looking-glass to find out. All he saw there was a round face, big brown eyes, a large nose which his brother called a pug, and plenty of dark brown curly hair. Nothing different from many of his playfellows, saving perhaps his freckles, which were plenty, Rob soberly admitted.

When his father said to his mother: "Hush, here's our little pitcher, he has big ears, you know," Rob thought to himself: "It must be my ears. I'll go and look." So he gazed at them, turning this way and that, and finally measured them with his mother's tape measure, "to know for sure," he said to himself. That night he sat up in bed when his mother came to tuck him up.



"Mamma," said Rob, "I measured lots of the fellows' ears after school;

Willie Stratton's, Fred Warren's, Ed Pierson's and lots of others, and they're all as big as mine and bigger except John Willis's. His are awful small and he's real stingy. Now why did Papa call mine pitchers? I asked the teacher but she laughed and said she couldn't tell me."

His mother had hard work to keep from laughing at the characteristic question, but the earnest face restrained her, and, covering Rob with warm blankets, she explained the meaning of the proverb and added: "My little boy must use what he hears to help others and never repeat anything except to papa or me. To hear quickly and correctly will be a great help when you are a man, but now you must go to sleep and be ready for play in the morning."

Rob had partly guessed it this time. It was his ears, which made him queer. There never were sharper ones to hear all the speeches older people made—careless, wise, thoughtful and joking—all were caught by his sharp ears and laid away in the active mind to be brought out at some unexpected moment. Such an alive little fellow as he was! From the time he could talk his lively tongue was the terror of his older sister and brother, whose dearest secrets he often made known to the cold world. At length his father said his little boy must stop talking if he could not help hearing, and a banishment from the family sitting-room followed. This, together with some loving, reproving talks from his mother, taught Rob to be silent.

But everyone loved Rob. Even Dash, the dog, who was getting old and cross, would wag his tail when Rob came by. Such willing feet and hands he had and such a generous, tender heart.

But I must tell you what Rob did and how he put one piece of knowledge to its best use. Mr. Gray, Rob's father, lived on the main street at the end of a country village. Near the house stretched a large meadow crossed by a brisk little river with shelving, sandy banks. One summer, Rob's two little cousins, Bessie and Amy, were brought there while their frail mother was taken to the mountains. Rob was delighted at the prospect of constant playfellows. Although he could whistle and halloo as loud as any boy, climb and jump, tear off his buttons, burst his shoes and dismay his mother with breakneck pranks, yet he was full of kindness and chivalric instincts towards those younger and weaker than himself. Bessie was about eight and almost as tall as Rob, while Amy was a tiny, blue-eyed child a couple of years younger. Both were city-bred and shy, timorous creatures, given to quiet plays. Rob was greatly attracted by their gentle ways and their brave efforts to smile when their father and mother went away, leaving them alone for the first time in their lives. Rob's bright eyes saw just how it was, and then he heard his uncle say to his mother: "Don't let any harm happen to our little girls, for the doctor said a sudden shock would kill Alice." From that moment he gave himself up to caring for his cousins all the long summer. Sister Grace dressed them and curled their hair each day and prepared a pleasant room next hers for them, while Rob's mother fed them generous bowls of bread and milk, cookies, gingerbread and berries, and coaxed them with toothsome broths and eggs. She privately said to Rob's father that it was pitiful to see how much of them was merely clothes and how little was body.

But it was Rob who took care of them all the day, taking them to the barn to hunt for eggs or watch the cows milked; giving them part of his garden patch and helping them weed and water the mignonette, petunias and straggling sweet peas which they planted; teaching them to ride his velocipede, and even initiating them into the mysteries of playing marbles and ball. He swung them till his manly arms ached. He took them fishing with him, although their chatter drove the perch away and he was obliged to come away with only three on his twig. Rob was a natural fisherman and this was indeed a trial, for his efforts were never before so poorly rewarded. Every game he knew he taught Bessie and Amy, and showed them every favorite hiding place. They in their turn thought him the "loveliest boy in the world," and each little scrawl of a letter to their mother was chiefly made up of "Rob did this," or "Rob showed us how," or "Rob let us take that."

The days passed by swiftly and happily for these young people and August was drawing towards

its end. The days were oppressively hot, and the children, tired of books and quiet games, one day went down the country road, shaded by maples and elms set out by Rob's grandfather. "O," said Rob, "let's go and sit under that big maple by the river! I can see the leaves move, and I guess there'll be a breath of air there and lots of stones and sticks to peg into the water."

Rob led the way, crawling through a convenient hole in the rail fence. Skip went the stones and splash went the water, struck now and then by bits of tree branches. Laughing and shouting as each threw, absorbed in skipping stones, they did not heed the danger coming near.

A loud, snarling bark was suddenly heard and, looking up, Rob saw a large black dog with foaming mouth, leaping the fence and coming towards them. In an instant he seized Bessie and Amy's hands, and fairly dragging them down to the river, stepped resolutely into the water. The little girls lost their trust in "what Rob did" and began to scream and plunge back at the touch of the cold water. Rob took them by the arms almost roughly and pulled them in by main force. It was a severe strain for him, and his face whitened and every muscle in legs and arms was rigid with the effort.

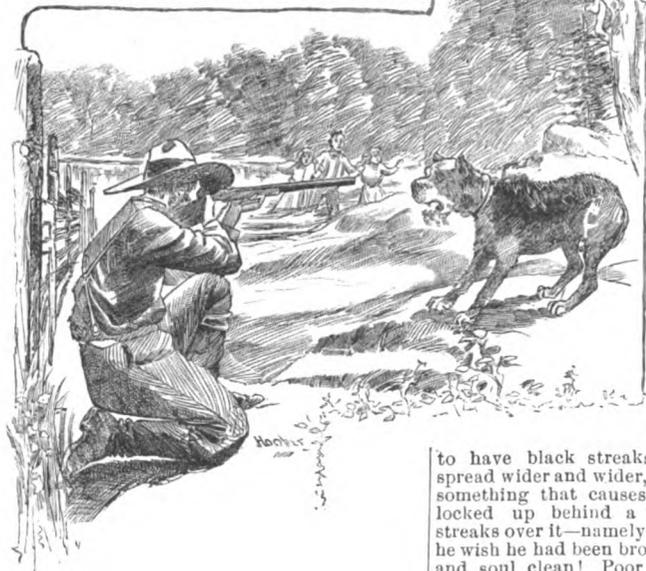
But he never let go his hold, dragging with all his might until he reached the middle of the river. The girls were now sobbing with fright and clinging to him in turn, afraid to stir, afraid even to look at the water. All the while the dog was running up and down the bank, snarling and howling fiercely at them, while the foam dropped from his mouth in horrid white patches. The current was quite swift but Rob knew his ground. Just along under the tree was a sand bar which ran out well into the stream, on which his brother had taught him to swim and where he had often been. It would have been easy to stand there alone, but with two crying, frightened children it was quite another matter to keep his footing in the current, although the water was scarcely up to his waist.

"O Bessie," he cried, "do try to stand still and not push against me so, for I must keep hold of Amy, too. You know she's the littl'st and you'll help me, won't you," he added in coaxing tones as Bessie stopped her crying for a moment. But a glance at the dog made her tears break forth afresh. "O Rob, I am so afraid of the dog! O! he'll bite us; he will, he will! See him jump! What shall we do! Rob, dear Rob, do take us home! O! papa, papa! and Bessie clutched Rob with both hands, trembling all over.

"O, I am so cold," sobbed Amy, "I want to go home! The dog! the dog! don't let him bite me! Oh! oh! she shrieked pitifully.

"There, there," said Rob, "Don't be afraid, I'll take care of you. The dog's mad; I've heard lots about them, you see, and they won't touch water. It's like poison to them. We must just stay here where he won't touch us, and by and by he will get sick of waiting for a bite of us and go off."

"Would no one ever see them? How long must we stand here? I can't do it much longer," he thought as he tried to brace himself afresh and



tighten his hold on each child. But just then when his strength was ebbing, the parting message of his uncle and a new idea gave him fresh courage. "I'll tell you. Let's all scream together and let the dog see we can beat him in noise."

Little Amy stopped her sobbing and wriggling and began with a will. "Hurrah!" screamed Rob, stoutly followed by a second shrill "Hurrah!" from Amy, whose naturally buoyant spirits rose at an invitation to make a noise, and a desolate "Papa! Papa!" from Bessie.

Just then a rickety buggy drawn by an old white horse came jogging down the road from the village. A lank, bent man in his shirt sleeves and straw hat was driving. At the bridge his ears caught the children's voices and his quick, keen eyes took in the situation. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. Calling the old horse to a sudden halt, he jumped from the buggy, bringing with him a gun, which he loaded quickly. The furious brute soon saw the man and bounded at him with red, angry eyes. A quick pointing of the gun, a sharp crack, and with a yell the dog rolled over on his side and never moved again. He had been hit between the eyes.

"Come on, youngsters, I guess he won't do much biting now!" said the man as he ran up to the children.

"Who be you, anyway?" he asked as Rob helped the little girls up the bank.

But Rob was suddenly speechless and fell to the ground. The man carried him to his buggy, the girls following after. Learning from them where they lived, old Whitey was soon jogging at a faster pace into the village again and Rob was in his mother's arms.

Then he smiled and said, "Mamma, it was pretty hard work but I did hold on to them."

Sister Grace and Bridget put the girls into dry clothes and mamma made them drink some peppermint tea "so as not to get a cold," she said, and they were soon as merry as ever. Poor Rob felt a little weak and was glad to lie on the lounge and let his mother pet and care for him.

"Rob kept hold of us just as tight and told us not to be afraid!" exclaimed Bessie.

"And I'm going to write Papa just how good you took care of us," added Amy.

"Well, Rob, my boy, can't you find your tongue and tell us how you happened to think to go into the water?" said Mr. Gray, who had joined the group.

"You see, Papa," answered Rob, "I was over to Fred Warren's the other night to see his new rabbits, and then we sat on the steps and talked about our new postage stamps. He'd got some foreign ones. Mr. Warren was reading the paper out loud to Fred's mother, all about a girl's being bit by a mad dog, and I heard him say that a mad dog wouldn't touch water. And when I saw the dog so near us and we couldn't get home, I thought of that. I knew about that sand bar, you know, and so I went right in."

No one could help smiling over Rob's characteristic explanation, though all hearts were full of thankfulness for his quick-witted and courageous behavior. His uncle and aunt, who came back for their children in due time made quite a hero of him. But Rob cared most for a new velocipede with "a regular bicycle seat on springs, boys," on which he raced all the fall and forgot all about mad dogs in his delight over the wonderful "time" he could make.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
THE RAINDROP'S STORY.

What I did when I became a Soap-bubble.

BY EMILY MEIGS RIPLEY.

"The soap-bubble day was indeed a time when life was worth living. I don't suppose there's a raindrop in all the sky so dull as not to want to become a soap-bubble some time; for, you see, even if it's not blown out of a pipe by a little child, (which, of course, is the best way of all) it has the pleasure of knowing it is beautiful and useful. Yes, in that lovely looking green earth it is astonishing how many places there are where soap-bubbles are useful. They are needed everywhere; from the scrubbing of the floors of shanties to the floors of palaces; from washing the clothes of tatter-de-millions to the clothes of Queens and Emperors; from washing faces filthy with dirt and sin, all the way up to the lovely, innocent face of our Baby, where, if you were a stupid soap-bubble, you couldn't guess, to save your life, why you were put there, so sweet and clean it looks already!

All the soap-bubbles agree on one queer thing, and that is that they are oftenest used where they are the very least needed, and seldomest used where any one could see with half an eye that they are most awfully needed. Ha! there are swarms of sick people who would be more benefited by a coat of soap-bubbles put all over them with a scrubbing brush than by a doctor's prescription big enough to fill a demijohn! You pass boys on the street every day, and even little girls, whose faces need a dose of soap-bubbles so badly that you turn out of your path to let them pass, giving them as much room as you would a king in his coach.

Many a lady does this, and says to herself, "I wish I had that boy at home. I'd lay him out and scrub him with a broom and soft soap-suds, as Betty does the kitchen floor when it doesn't need it half so much as his face does."

I wish some nice tidy mother would count up how many soap-bubbles it takes to keep a boy going from his first birthday to his first voting day. Why, the number of them would make the stars in the sky hide their faces for very shame of their fewness! Blessed is the boy who is thoroughly taught the value of soap-bubbles. You can depend on his growing up a gentleman, and, it's reasonable to hope, a Christian; but a boy who never uses them and is willing to wear black streaks all over his cheeks, is very apt to have black streaks in his heart that will spread wider and wider, till, after a while he does something that causes him to be caught and locked up behind a window that has black streaks over it—namely, iron bars! Then doesn't he wish he had been brought up to keep his body and soul clean! Poor fellow! he has plenty of time to think it over as he stands looking out that ugly window; but he ought to have thought it over sooner; it's too late to do any good now. I know a little boy (not a pretend, but a really,) who said to his mother, one day, "Let's play church." So he got a box and set it up for pulpit, told her to "be the people and be quiet," and as long as she lives she will remember the whole sermon. He began with a fine flourish of his arms, and at the top of his voice shouted, "Any boy that will go to church with dirty face or dirty ears or dirty nose will go to hell." Then his mother behaved very badly. She laughed right out in church, and kept it up so long and so loud that it broke up the church, and the preacher climbed down and started away. His mother called him, and said: "Come here and kiss the congregation. She wants to tell you that that's one of the best sermons she ever heard." She said she must say she wished all little boys attached such frightful penalty to the sin of going unwashed to church, or anywhere else for that matter.

Then she said: "There is a Bible verse that would fit your sermon very well for a text: Keep thyself pure"; and she taught him to say it, and told him how dearly she hoped he would remember it and obey it all his life. She said: "You know, darling, that as much as mamma loves a clean face, she loves a clean soul more, because that has to go back to the Heavenly Father some day, and we want to have just as few stains on it as possible. There must be some stains; it is impossible to go through this world entirely unspotted; but let's try to have just as few as possible, and then our good Saviour will take them away, if we ask him, just as willingly as mamma washes your dear little face clean; and, as it must be done over and over each day

so each night you must ask Him to take away the stains that have come there during the day; then if you should 'die before you wake,' as your little prayer says, your soul would be all ready to go in and speak to Him, without any fear—Holy as He is." The little boy listened to her, with his pretty blue eyes, and said: "That's all true, I guess, mamma. You talk like a sure-enough preacher, and it all comes from my having to be so everlastingly washed. It's funny how you bring things 'round your way."

"Oh! yes," say the soap-bubbles left in the basin, "a great many true and good things could be traced back to us, little and weak as we are; but we are missionaries, if you did but know it, come from the heavens to do just this kind of work."

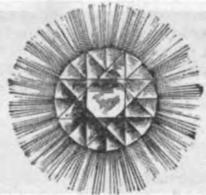
But you will wonder how I, the Raindrop that's made the Soap-bubble who is telling this story, ever got to be a soap-bubble. Well, I wonder how I did myself, how I ever lived through that frightful fall two miles long. I shall not speak of what happened to make me fall. Ugh! I tremble to think of that horrible lightning! How it came tearing in amongst us, like a great, fiery pitchfork, to throw us down from our places, and how glad I was to shut my eye and take the big jump; for, jump where I would, I couldn't fall into anything much worse than being struck by lightning! Away I went, rolling and tumbling, round and round, over and over, under and under, till I was as dizzy as a cat with a fit. Down I flew, on, on, on, bumping against other drops and having them bump me—all crowding each other and trying to get ahead, as if their very lives depended upon their getting there first. Then we came to a cool place, where we all caught cold and turned to sleet, so we didn't know ourselves; but we dashed on until we reached a warm place, which melted us so we did know ourselves, and that grew warmer and warmer every instant till we heard some of us say, "Look out! We're going to light!" and we hardly had time to hope it would be on a soft place, when bump we came on a tin roof.

I was washed flat, and I lay there, thinking I was 'ruined by the fall,' as every one else who came to this world claimed to be; but I soon rolled myself together again, and opened a chink of my eye and saw that we were at the top of a long, steep slope, black with coal dust.

I just had time to give one groan of farewell to my dear purity, when I had to join the others in the mad race down that place; so away we ran. I thought I was going to jump again down on the pretty green grass, when lo and behold, we switched off sideways and round a corner so suddenly that I thought I was jerked in two, and I heard them say, 'side-gutter pipe.' Here we piled up deep on top of each other, and rushed on, higgledy-piggledy, till we came to a hole, and down we went into it, with such a noise that we thought we were in a tin water pipe; then straight down we went, pell-mell, topsy-turvy, all in a foam with our awful speed, and the first thing I knew I was in a horrible cistern!

(To be continued.)

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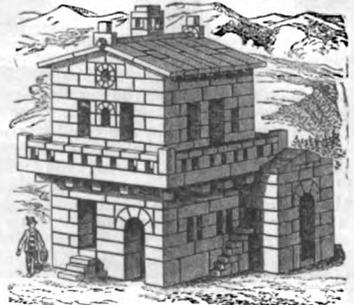
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THE ROYAL TOY.



CHRISTMAS IS OVER, and the children have been presented with many a pretty toy. The joy was great, but how long did it last? Alas, but only for a little while, most of the parents will answer. The costly toys are already partly destroyed! Quite different will be the reply of those parents who bought before Christmas one box of the renowned

Stone Building Blocks.

"Anchor," Trademark. Dr. Richter's Patent. We hear them say quite contentedly: "We have found the right thing, and have chosen the best and most sensible toy. Our children have never before been so well behaved; no other toy has ever given them so much pleasure and enjoyment as this Stone Building Box." The winter evenings are long, and if you can agreeably shorten them for your children by a small expense with an "Anchor Stone Building Box," you should not hesitate for a moment, so apply for full particulars and price-list to

Sole Man'f. & Pat'ees, F. Ad. Richter & Co., 310 Broadway, N. Y. 1, Railway Place, Fenchurch St., London, E. C.



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] BABIES' BIOGRAPHIES.

A pleasant custom, that I am sure more mothers would like to observe if they knew of it, is that of keeping a brief record of baby's life.

Once, when looking over some rubbish in my mother's garret, I found a package of old letters, some of which had been written by grandmother to my mother when I was a tiny infant, and never shall I forget the eagerness with which every word referring to that remarkable baby was devoured.

It takes but a few minutes, and if the darling, when grown, shall value her baby history, surely the reward will be sufficient. Such a record could conveniently be kept in a small blank book and in any way desired.

A lock of silken hair graces one page, and here and there throughout the history are short poems clipped from papers and magazines by way of variety, and which are of course appropriate for baby.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] CAKE AND PICKLES.

"My Jennie has such a dainty appetite I don't know what to do with her! She just won't eat anything but sweetmeats and the like!"

Thus exclaimed a foolish mother in my hearing the other day. Yes, lamentably foolish is she for allowing such a condition of things to exist. We are told by the matchless bard that desire grows upon what it is fed.

While on the cars, en route to one of Minnesota's beautiful lake resorts, I was attracted by an anxious mother and her unfortunate invalid daughter who occupied seats near mine.

The wan cheeks, the hollow eyes and the languid air all told their own sad story of disease and death. The weary one oft had access to the stimulating flask to sustain her to the journey's end.

See to it, mothers, that your children are not forming pernicious habits of eating that will perchance take them to early graves or render them dyspeptics for life.

A broken heart is easily mended. The younger the heart, the quicker the mend.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

Breaths Continued.

BY H. M.

Have you ever crossed the 23d St. E. R. Ferry in New York City and caught the aroma of the Hunter's Point Oil works gently wafted to you upon the easterly breeze? If so, do you not envy me the angelic mildness with which I call that nose-defying stench an "aroma"?

Every person, small or large, should have at least one good, copious, easy evacuation of the bowels every day. Not a hurried rush, put off until the last minute and as if the time necessary was begrudged, but a comfortable, regular part of your life every day, and I assure you, no part of your day is so important.

This matter of attention to the bowels then, is all-important, and in the first place, habit, has much to do with regularity. By all means, have some regular time for this duty. Make it a point to go at a certain hour each day.

But remember, many articles of food which may possess certain powers of affecting the bowels, are entirely changed in their characteristics by the mode of cooking or preparing them.

Out meal is an excellent laxative, eaten with salt and a little milk, but is positively constipating when smothered in sugar and milk.

This matter of diet, however, I must leave for another letter, or I will never get to the end of these "breaths." In case a laxative is necessary I should recommend Compound Licorice Powder. It is "not bad to take," even for children.

Nearly everybody takes pills—Jones' pills, or Smith's pellets, or somebody's granules. I do not condemn the practice. In nearly every case these pills are simply good laxative medicines, and are not really dangerous even as generally used, but if taken as I now advise, and as every physician will advise, good laxative or cathartic pills will work a miracle upon your health and feelings.

This is the usual way of "taking medicine." Wait for days and weeks, gradually feeling more and more wretched—at first only dull, rather constipated, full feeling in head, bad taste in mouth, especially in the morning on first wakening,—as the days go on you lose your active, ambitious feeling—think you must be getting lazy—don't feel like work—can't read—don't seem to find anything interesting—feel stupid—headaches increasing—getting irritable—feel just wretched and very constipated—really must take some medicine.

You have a fearful season of "gripes," and an unnatural and violent opening of the waste pipes that nature has supplied you with,—so unnatural in fact, that after the immediate effect of the medicine has passed over, everything contracts, and for a few days the constipation is more perfect than before.

Just here let me tell you that in case you know of any one who is afflicted with Piles,—especially

the itching sort—tell them to bathe with extract of witch-hazel, diluted one half with water, and to use an pintment of mutton suet and carbolic acid, made very weak.

Now to go back to our bowels.—Did you ever notice a clear little brook rippling along over the stones? How clear and clean and fresh and cool it looks? How clean the little pebbles look at the bottom? And then did you ever think what the effect would be if we built a dam across our little brook, and instead of running water we made a little pond of still water? Do you know how the bottom would soon be all covered with mud?

Every stone and stick would get its coating of slime,—and in the quiet coves and nooks we would soon have nasty scum and frog-spawn.

Will you kindly make the application now? It is just as "true as preaching!" If you dam up the outlet to your system, even partially, you will have a pool of diseased mucous, a liver full of bad bile of no earthly use except to color your complexion and eyes a nasty yellow, to make you feel wretched, and to make a demand for somebody's patent liver pills.

(To be Continued.)

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] NURSES.

I have just devoted a rainy day to looking over my last L. H. J. to be sure that no pearls of wisdom in it should escape my eye.

It is only to home-trained Christian American girls or women, the more cultured, intelligent and sweet-tempered the better, that I should be willing to entrust a child of any age.

At the age of five or six a child trained by its mother is to a certain extent a much safer help in caring for younger children than any stranger can be. Physical abuse is one of the least harms children are likely to receive from strange servants.

It was my fortune when young to live on a lonely farm, to know very little of young children, to think less about them, and lay my plans for being useful in life without reference to them.

How well I remember one childish vigil on the kitchen "stoop," the deep starry heavens my witness, when I devoted myself to the editing of a magazine for women.

At twenty my work came to me in the form of a baby daughter. Since that hour tho' many years have passed, there has not been a moment's question in my mind as to my duty to be nurse, teacher, and earthly providence to my little ones, nor shall my conscience acquit me until I can say "Here Lord am I and the children Thou gavest me."

I was once desired to teach contrabands, and considered very neglectful of a providential opening for doing good when I would not do so, since it involved the need of my putting my little white dove into the care of an ex-slave nurse.

I knew that I had neither all goodness, knowledge, culture nor judgment, and that to trust her to a person in anyway inferior to myself would be wrong, for I felt that there was no lovely Christian woman in the land too good to form the mind and manners—to daguerrotype herself, her character, her motives, her ideas of honor and truth, her aspirations, upon the immortal "sensitive plate" of my baby's soul.

Though interested in the Lord's work, in all the world my work has been entirely (or nearly so) in my own home. I had to give up society and church-going and writing, though never reading—I do not say it was easy to do—and because of broken health—I insist that the washing machine, the sewing machine, the churn, etc., caused my illness—I had at last only dairy work and the babies left. The former I resigned years ago, but not the latter, and though the doctor advises that I make a journey away from them, I cannot do it.

I think that no outside work or life can bring to a mother greater earthly reward than the confidence and companionship of gentle boys and sensible girls, nor could a plainer commission be given any one than is given her as to her right to devote herself to their good.

She should not of course be their slave. She should know she has a right to help in other things that she may not fall in strength for this. Her husband and older children should be as single minded in efforts to help and relieve her as she has been in caring for them.

I don't know how any mother able to care for her family can be excused from it unless she knows that the help she employs has been at least as well endowed by nature, and as well trained by providence and education, as she herself for this highest, most sacred work and many mothers share my feelings and opinions on this subject.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] HINTS ON EXERCISE.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

When doctors disagree, where shall truth be found? Yet, however modes of treatment differ, however physicians clash in other respects, all schools and classes agree in the beneficial influences of fresh air, careful diet, pure water, sunshine, and plentiful exercise.

Nor are these natural agencies conducive to the well being of the sick alone; the well, or those considering themselves such, may have their health greatly benefitted and powers of life much increased by a little well-directed attention to these hygienic conditions; and it is claimed the mother of the future will come to the field well equipped with this armor; let us hope the father, also.

In the matter of exercise alone volumes have been written.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is reported as saying, in conversation with Miss Frances Willard, "Simply to breathe is life to a young English girl," and the simple act of breathing is an exercise worthy close attention.

It is stated on good authority that many women in America actually starve for want of fresh air and the knowledge to use it.

It is an excellent plan, and one which all may follow, to allot a few minutes each day to breathing exercises, commencing in a mild way.

In the morning step out where fresh air is plenty, or, if stormy, into a well ventilated room;

fill the lungs to their utmost capacity, hold a few seconds, then slowly send out. Repeat three times. Rest an hour; then three times again. Continue this six or eight times per day, and gradually increase the three deep respirations to six by the end of two weeks, unless weariness follows; if so, continue longer with the three.

This deep breathing—abdominal breathing—tends to expand the chest, strengthen the lungs, purify the blood, quicken the circulation and invigorate the system.

Soon the cold hands and feet will feel the warmth of bounding blood, the eye brighten, appetite improve, and enduring power steadily increase. The intercostal muscles upon the sides of the chest, often weak and flabby, grow stronger, and this gymnastic is persevered in judiciously the narrow and flat chest will increase in breadth and depth.

It will at once be seen, to receive greatest benefit from full respirations, there must be no impediments of dress. The chest must have freedom to act, otherwise much of the good effect is lost.

If to our breathing exercise we add that of a daily walk or horseback ride we are heightening our chances for vigor.

A daily walk in the open air, short to begin with, cannot fail to do much good. Why are Americans so behind their English cousins in this matter of out-door exercise?

It is a fact fast pressing upon us, if we do not throw off the incubus of bad air and rush to pure, we shall become vitiated and poisoned.

William Cullen Bryant kept himself in mental and physical vigor to advanced age by systematic exercise in a simple home gymnasium and the open air.

In all exercises where the object is to invigorate the system care must be taken not to push them to exhaustion, otherwise the good effects may be lost.

Advertisement for Ferris' Patent Good Sense Corset Waists. Includes illustration of a woman in a corset and a child. Text: "WHY DO MOTHERS Buy Ferris' Patent Good Sense Corset Waists? Put stiff corsets on their growing children? Don't do it, but Buy Ferris' Patent Good Sense Corset Waists. Fit all ages. All Physicians recommend them. LEADING RETAILERS everywhere sell them. Take no other. FERRIS BROS. Manufacturers, 841 Broadway, New York. MARSHALL FIELD & CO. CHICAGO, WHOLESALE WESTERN AGENTS."

Advertisement for Packer's Tar Soap. Includes illustration of a man's head. Text: "DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in BALDNESS. The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week. The best agent for the purpose is PACKER'S TAR SOAP. Made especially for Nursery purposes and for Skin and Scalp Diseases. 25 cents. Druggists. Sample and pamphlet four cents. THE PACKER MFG. CO. 100 Fulton St., New York."

Advertisement for Ringer's Ringing Recommendation. Text: "Ringer's Ringing Recommendation PROF. SIDNEY RINGER, in his 'Hand Book of Therapeutics,' 11th edition says: 'I generally find it useful in all forms of Children's Diarrhoea to abstain from milk, and to give instead, barley water and veal broth, or chicken broth, or, BEST OF ALL, NESTLE'S FOOD, WHICH I FIND THE BEST OF ALL FOOD, FOR CHILDREN WITH GREAT DELICACY OF STOMACH AND INTTESTINES.'" [Eng. Ed. pp. 619, Dietary Article No. 83. Am. Ed. pp. 479.]

Advertisement for Nestle's Milk Food. Text: "The above emphatic commendation of Nestle's Milk Food by one of England's best known medical authorities, will be appreciated by mothers who are perplexed by the mass of boastful and extravagant advertising of infant foods, to know which is really THE BEST. Your physician will tell you Nestle's Food must possess rare merit to elicit from Dr. Sidney Ringer such unqualified words of approval in his work on Therapeutics. If you have not used Nestle's Food, we will send you sample on application. THOS. LEEING & CO., Sole Agents, 19 College Place, New York."

Advertisement for Wardrobe Complete. Text: "WARDROBE Complete. The most stylish perfect fitting garments to be had. Infant outfit 12 patterns, 60c. short clothes, 12 pat. 50c. directions, sm't mat'ryl required with each. New England Pattern Co., 8 Rutland Vt."

Advertisement for Thompson's Knee Supporters. Text: "THOMPSON'S KNEE SUPPORTERS PATENT. PREVENTS the Pulling off of BUSTONS & the tearing of SHIRT WAISTS. By Mail, 35cts. NO elastic band or belt. Send for Circular. Edwin Thompson, Box 1270, Providence, R. I."

Advertisement for Carnrick's Soluble Food. Text: "CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD Perfectly nourishes the child from birth, without the addition of cow's milk, and digests as easily as human milk. Send for 'Our Baby's First and Second Years,' by Marion Harland, REED & CARNRICK, N. Y."

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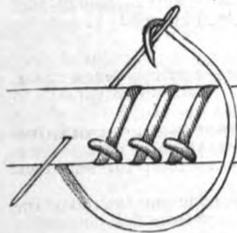
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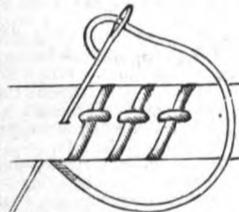
FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. INTERIOR DECORATION.

BY A. R. RAMSEY. ARTICLE VIII.

"Berlin work," as the old-fashioned worsted work is called, has long been an outcast from all work baskets of any pretensions to good taste...



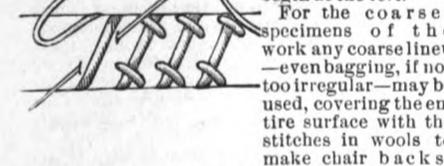
In ancient times they were called "cushion-stitches," and the oldest tapestries and hangings left to us are all done in some one of the many varieties, generally, however, in silk, on coarse, loosely woven, linen fabrics like that still seen in the Turkish and Bulgarian embroideries of today...



The stitches are all variations of the one best known as "Cross"—or "Tapestry"—stitch—which is too familiar to us all to need more than a mention...

Persian stitch is one of the best and most useful varieties of cross stitch and when worked solidly over a surface gives a fine twisted texture which does not in the least suggest the origin of the stitch...

The stitches may be worked from left to right, or vice versa, but in most of the Turkish embroideries they begin at the left.

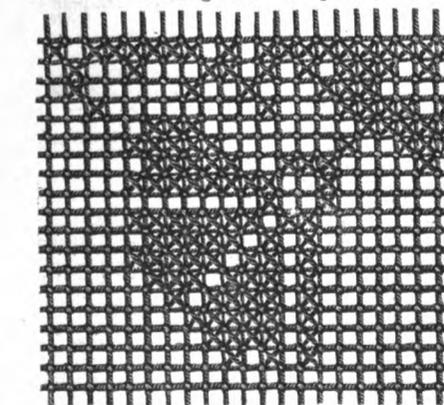


For the coarser specimens of the work any coarse linen—even bagging, if not too irregular—may be used, covering the entire surface with the stitches in wools to make chair backs, stools, church-benches, mats or anything where hard service is expected for the embroidery...

To avoid the great expense of silk, in the finer branches of this decoration, English crewels may be substituted, or a soft, silk finished flax, and, with either of these, a little silk may be introduced here and there to brighten the effect of color.

We, so far, use this fine work on any of the smaller articles in our homes, such as scarfs, chair-backs and similar bits of draperies; but the Russians—and this winter we are all under the spell of Russia—use these stitches to decorate linen articles of every description, even night-dresses for women and men, while in their application to toilette and table linen, the worker knows no law, other than that of profusion.

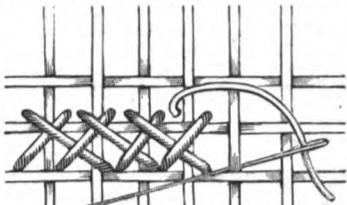
The many kinds of tapestry stitch illustrated in this article are copied from an old manual on the subject, but any woman can vary them indefinitely. Those of the illustration not drawn on a background of squares, are intended only for linen, and not for canvass backgrounds. In working them, parallel lines should be drawn lightly on the material, unless the embroiderer is very experienced and has a very true eye.



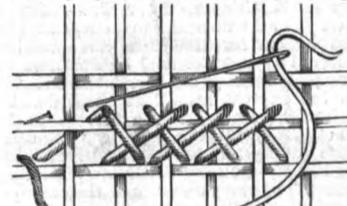
One of the prettiest articles made with cross stitch is a bureau cover of thin sheer linen something like scrim. For a distance of eighteen inches above the ends, every third thread, in each direction, is pulled out, leaving a background of small squares, two threads deep and two threads broad. This represents a canvass on which the annexed design is worked in crewels—pink,

blue and brown with a little pale olive green—the colors being mingled and arranged so as to imitate the work seen in Turkish and Cretan embroideries. This style of the work may best be done in the crewels as mentioned or in the new material shown by Bentley, 812 Arch street, Philadelphia. It is called "bargarene" and is a heavy thread of flax spun in many strands, being the nearest approach to filo floss which the thread makers have as yet produced with linen.

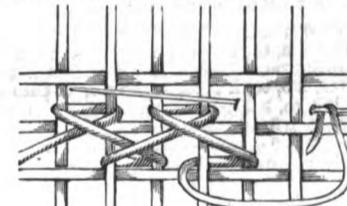
Among the novelties of modern work none seems to exceed in popularity the work in chamois leather—it abounds in the shape of bags (for every sort of belonging, from buttons to diamonds), needle-books, cigar-cases, pen-wipers, handkerchief or glove cases, and even sachets. These articles are all decorated with flowers or letterings in lustre-painting, water-colors or needlework. Though the lustre-painting is more brilliant than water colors, it does not wear so well, and is, at the best, but a poor and coarse decoration. Quite recently a colored chamois has been introduced, and it may be that this will lead the way to the production of skins dyed in any desired shade; but for the present, the only departure from the natural yellow, is a beautiful deep red, made by the apothecaries in their efforts to impregnate the leather with rouge, for



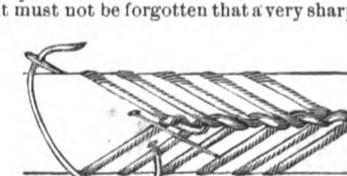
the purpose of cleaning silver. The red chamois is not yet for sale in the fancy-work stores, but is readily obtained from any druggist. Handkerchief cases made of it are lined with satin or India silk of the same shade and decorated with a row of tiny tassels—made of floss silk—on the outer edges. Most of these cases are made in the same form, and by the same methods, as those described in the December number of the JOURNAL. The leather is hard to sew neatly, but it is a good plan to join the seams by some fancy stitch, in bright silk, or, the seam may be neatly over-seamed and then the article worked



so as to bring the seams inside. The lining can not of course be quilted to the leather, but the lining, wadding and sachet-powder may first be quilted together, as usual, and made into a case by themselves, then, having made a chamois case which shall exactly fit over it, the silk case is slipped inside—the edges of the turned over portions being strongly fastened together—the stitches being concealed by a cord or a binding neatly sewed on.



It must not be forgotten that a very sharp knife is the best tool for cutting chamois, and the skin should always be smoothly and evenly pinned to the top of a table, or to a lap-board. Where the edges are to be scalloped, if no "pinking" machine is available, the scallops may be cut from stiff paper, or card board, when this pattern is laid in proper position on the skin, a pencil point is passed firmly around the scallops, thereby transferring them to the leather and it only remains to cut them out carefully. The bags for jewels are not lined (the rubbing of the chamois being good for the polishing of the trinkets) and the only way to make drawing strings is to cut small vertical slits at regular intervals all round the mouth of the bag about an inch below the edge. Through these holes are passed thongs of chamois about as wide as an ordinary shoe string.



The most striking sort of work is that called "Alliance," a mixture of painting, applique and needlework. No one should undertake it unless possessed of some skill with water-colors, as well as with the needle, and even then great care and patience are needed and a good eye for matching and contrasting colors. A beautiful specimen of the work is to be seen in a mantle scarf exhibited at Bentley's, but to those readers who can not see the work perhaps a description of the scarf will explain the manner of its production. A strip of orange-colored silk is covered at each end with a pale blue silk (of harmonizing tint) to the depth of half a yard. A design of scattered maple leaves is stamped on the blue and then lightly outlined in pale blue floss—the stitch passing through both silks. Inside this

out-lining the blue silk is cut away, leaving the yellow exposed in these places and the yellow leaves are then tinted to the various rich colors seen in our glowing maples every Autumn. The edges are next worked in half solid stitch (long and short) with filo-floss in the same bright tints of yellow and red, thus merging the leaf edges into the blue background so skillfully that the eye can hardly decide where the painted silk ends and the needlework begins. No description can do justice to the fine effect obtained, but the work is only successful in skillful hands.

Another new style of needlework known as "Chip work" is clearly an outgrowth of the beautiful linen work from the Royal schools of South Kensington and described in the September number of the JOURNAL. A design is stamped on plush, and certain parts are worked in solid embroidery, in the usual way, but certain other parts—such as leaves, or flower-buds, are cut out of silk of the proper color and basted in place as in applique. Over each is laid a silk net lace, of paler shade, and both lace and silk are fastened to the plush with some heavy outline, or filling, stitch. The lace net may be found in all colors as it comes expressly for this work. It has heavy square meshes—producing rather a coarse effect, when held in the hand, and is in strips of any length, but only about five inches wide.

The work is gorgeous—rather too much so for real beauty, and the net-work having no raison d'etre is not artistically correct; but, like many of the fashions of the hour, its novelty makes its popularity and it may endure a long season without question from the embroiderer eager for something new.

FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. PUSSY WANTS A CORNER.

What can I do or be? is a question more frequently asked than answered satisfactorily, and one on which not a few of us have spent many earnest thoughts.

E. P. Roe answered it very nicely for one woman, but, unfortunately, for only one, or one in a thousand; for not many who are compelled to face the question practically are left with a ten-acre farm suitable for small fruit growing. Then how shall it be answered to meet the different conditions of the multiplying multitudes of bread winners, and also the countless numbers of women who long for a higher and broader life? First, the primary consideration ought to be, "What can I do best?" Then, after your work is chosen, the keynote to your success will be determination and perseverance. So determined to excel that nothing short of really good work will satisfy you, and so persistent that failures only serve to stimulate you to better efforts. Without a close adherence to these two vital points, your work will amount to very little, and you will be led to think with the poet that:

"Some were born for great things, Some were born for small, And some—it is not recorded Why they were born at all."

If this latter be true of you—if you are a failure in your chosen work in life—the fault is largely your own; for in this age, when we are granted all the recognition and appreciation to which we are entitled, and when all avenues are open alike to women as well as men, provided we have the brains to fill them, almost anything is possible if we have health and a fair amount of intelligence to begin with.

A recognized position in any field of labor is won through close application and hard work. It is only in rare instances that persons occupy high niches through some sequence of circumstance, and when this is the case people at large, as well as the occupants themselves, soon become cognizant of the incongruity of the two, and they are supplanted by some one who has fairly earned a right to be there. The world is wide, and there is no lack of work. There is a place for all, and you will find your place if you go about it in an earnest and determined manner. If a living is your object, be sure that the knowledge of your vocation be so thorough that you not only grasp it mentally, but that you have it at your fingers' ends, so to speak, so that if necessary you can do your work almost mechanically. A smattering is never marketable, but the supply of good, thorough, practical knowledge has never yet exceeded the demand.

HATTIE H. PALMER.

HAS PRONUNCIATION ANYTHING TO DO WITH GOOD CONVERSATION?

"Ah, now you have struck a topic, about which I have rather wanted to ask you before, but have not found a fitting occasion. Yes, it has much to do with it. And as I cannot hope to go into an exhaustive treatise upon the subject just here, I am going to ask you a question or two which you can answer among yourselves (you need not account to me), and then I shall give you a list of a few of the words most commonly mispronounced. If these be among your faults, you can then correct them more easily, having thus had them brought to your notice. Are you, then, careful not to run your words together, speaking rapidly, and protruding your tongue at every available pause, drawing your breath audibly, with an 'and-a' inserted every few words? This is one of the worst and most frequent bad habits to which young girls are subject." Philippa blushed and laughed, remarking, "She hit me square that time."

"Girls," asked Mildred in a purely argumentative tone, "would you think 'hit me square' was to be classed with slang or not?" "Fourth, Do you pronounce all your ow's as if they were 'uh's'? Do you say 'winduh,' and 'sorrh,' and 'to-morrh,' etc., instead of 'window,' 'sorrow,' and 'to-morrow'? Because if you do, though you are wrong you do that which many another does, much to the detriment of her conversation."

The girls concluded they were none of them free of this fault. "Fifth, Do you say 'me' for 'my'? 'me hat,' 'meself,' 'me father,' instead of 'my hat,' 'myself,' 'my father'?"

It was Georgia Garrett's turn to blush, as she had announced a few moments before "Me father is going to have the third floor front room papered and give me a room to meself."

"Some girls vary this a little and say 'muh' instead of 'me'?"

Extract from "Ease in Conversation," written by Mrs. E. C. Hewitt, 80 pages, price reduced to 25 cents, sent postpaid anywhere by the CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia. It is invaluable to young ladies who wish to improve their grammar.

OUR NEW QUARTERS.



We occupy entire building, excepting the ground floor. Each floor 135 feet deep. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY is now located in the new, handsome and modern six story building, No. 435 Arch St., Phila., a brief description of which was given in our columns last month.

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, EDITOR.

MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT, ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

MRS. J. H. LAMBERT, ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Published Monthly at 435 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Publishers.

Terms: 50 cents per year, 25 cents for six months; singly or in clubs.

Renewals can be sent now, no matter when the subscription expires, and the time will be added to that to which the subscription is already entitled.

Notice is always sent of expiration of subscription. If not renewed it is immediately discontinued.

Receipts.—The fact that you receive the paper is a proof that we have received your remittance correctly.

Errors.—We make them so does every one, and we will cheerfully correct them if you will write to us.

Our New York Office is for the transaction of business with New York advertisers.

NEW YORK OFFICE: Potter Building, 38 Park Row, Room No. 1.

W. S. NILES, MANAGER.

Philadelphia, February, 1888.

Subscriptions must begin with the number current when subscription was received.

The man who asks a favor is a beggar. We are all beggars.

Pictures always attract the eye and arrest attention.

When alone, we have our thoughts to watch; when in the family, our tempers; when in society, our tongues.

One of the buyers connected with one of the largest importing houses in Philadelphia, has just sailed for Europe to place a very large order with certain manufacturers there.

The ideal society man must be a good actor as well as an ingenious liar.

Again we must ask our readers to address all business letters to the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., NOT to the editors, who have nothing whatever to do with the JOURNAL's business matters.

Although we have printed this innumerable times in all kinds of bold-faced type and have placed it as conspicuously as we know how, we must tell our subscribers again that the publisher and proprietor of the JOURNAL has his headquarters in Philadelphia and that all letters of inquiry or complaint, and all letters containing subscriptions, should be addressed directly to the Curtis Publishing Co. in this city at 435 Arch St.

The editors of the various departments are put to considerable trouble and annoyance, by being obliged to forward to us quantities of letters which are improperly addressed to them instead of to the publisher.

When a subscriber sends a subscription to the editor of the fancy-work or dress department, she subjects herself to double risk of loss by mail, for the letter must be forwarded to us after all. Once more, please address all business communications direct to the Curtis Publishing Co., 435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and save everybody trouble, yourselves included.

Remember the cash prizes we offer are in ADDITION to the premiums described elsewhere in this and back numbers.

If you fail to secure a cash prize you still have your choice of premiums for all the clubs you may send.

Whittier has been much pestered by women. One wealthy widow actually proposed to him, and other women have made violent love to him without avail.

Some 5000 extra copies of each issue, are needed to supply complainants of missing JOURNALS.

Don't covet the possessions of any woman until you are willing to pay for them the price which she paid; then you will not need to covet them, for you can go and get them for yourself.

WE OFFER \$500 IN CASH

to the person sending us the largest number of six months subscribers up to April 1st 1888. Every yearly subscriber at 50c. each to count as two six months subscribers.

CURTIS PUB. Co.—Sirs:—"My daughter sent in a club of ten names, for which she has not received any premium.

Are you frauds or not? If not, send her a premium immediately, by return mail.

This is one of our "specimen letters."

We will answer all such letters now and here.

We never send out any premium until it is ordered.

We have on our credit books now, hundreds of names for which no premium has been asked or sent.

It would be a great accommodation to us.

HASTY MARRIAGES.

When young people go into an engagement for life as carelessly as they go to a picnic, they must expect to pay for their folly with their bitter experience.

FULTON, Dec. 15, '87.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—"I wish to apologize for my rudeness in writing you as I did with regard to my paper.

Above we quote another one of the letters culled from the many among our correspondence.

One can well imagine the preceding letter which has required this apology.

We have but little comment to make on the dishonesty of the "neighbor" who would deliberately take what was not her own, even though it be "only a newspaper."

But we would like to inquire what right did the post-master have, to give the papers to anyone else?

We have another letter to place before the public, and then we are done for this time.

DEAR SIR:—"I went to the post-office again and asked for the paper. He said it had not come.

As said P. M. was just as "sure" in regard to former issues, his word was hardly to be trusted in regard to December.

If our subscribers could see the number of papers which we find in the empty (!) mail bags, sent us for use—papers from almost every publication office in this city, they would not wonder that they miss their periodicals.

"When I marry," said a budding school girl "I'll want a fine, large, tall, handsome man, that everybody will admire."

NOTICE TO PHILADELPHIA SUBSCRIBERS.

A discrimination in the rates of postage to city subscribers, is made between weekly and monthly periodicals, to the great disadvantage of the latter, for, while the weeklies can be mailed to city subscribers for one cent per pound, monthlies cannot be mailed to city subscribers for less than one cent for each two ounces, except where the subscribers go to the post-office for their mail.

As the JOURNAL in its present form, weighs over two ounces, we, being located in PHILADELPHIA are, therefore, obliged to ask our Philadelphia subscribers twenty-four cents extra, for postage, unless the paper is addressed at the post-office to be called for, or to any post-office box.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WESTON, OHIO, December 5, 1887.

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO. GENTLEMEN:—Yours of the 3rd is received also the check for \$75.00 for the 4th large club as per prize offer. Thanks. The JOURNAL is liked very much by all.

S. T. FAIRBANKS.

BANGOR, ME., Dec. 11th 1887.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter containing the check for fifty dollars was duly received. I said in a letter some time ago, that I did not intend to answer letters making inquiries, unless stamps were enclosed, and those who have written me to see whether I did really receive the money, have doubtless wondered why they did not receive replies to their letters, but in no case did I find a stamp.

M. H. VALENTINE.

We publish below a letter received by us a few days ago, from W. L. Ripley, the competitor who received our second cash prize, \$150.00.

WEST MEDWAY, MASS., Dec. 7th, 1887.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS.—Dear Sir:—"This is to show you and all who desire to see it, that I have received a check for \$150.00 as the second cash prize offered by you for trial subscribers.

I can but express myself as surprised at the ease with which I obtained the names sent in to you.

I am receiving letters inquiring into the honest dealings of your firm in this matter.

"Yours truly," "W. L. RIPLEY."

"ANXIOUS" can preserve her hands by using rubber gloves which can be obtained from any establishment which makes those goods a specialty.

There is nothing better for chapped hands than "Lanoline"—to be obtained of any reliable druggist.

Please say to "Muriel" who asked in Nov. No. "How to keep sad-irons from sticking" that if she will dissolve a piece of borax about as large as the end of thumb and take 1 tablespoon of turpentine and add to her starch she will have no trouble and stiff linen with a beautiful gloss on it.

MRS. I. M. SKIFF.

CARTHAGE, ILL., Oct. 14th, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—I feel as though I must say something. May I say it? "Silence gives consent," so here it is.

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EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—"I was much amused at "Nina's" spirited article on housework, in the October number of L. H. J.

Now dear Nina, don't bristle up; I am not challenging you to a "war of words," neither am I an "old maid story writer."

The best story book on housekeeping that I have ever read, is "The Complete Home," by Julia McNair Wright, and I defy the world to find a flaw in that.

ing your spirit). I would advise every young housekeeper, and every girl who is not a housekeeper, to get this book and read, yes, study it.

Nina has the advantage of me in point of time, for she has been a housekeeper ten years, and I, only two, but I suspect I had the advantage in the beginning, for I was well equipped with a good store of practical knowledge, while she had it seems only snowy wrappers, dainty little aprons, blue ribbons and rosebuds for her stock in trade.

Poor, dear Nina, no wonder you failed so miserably. No wonder you turn from that detestable white wrapper in such a fury of contempt and disgust.

My husband, Nina, is also one of the doctors, (which title to a young man just starting in his profession is a synonym for genteel poverty) and with the exception of my washing, I, like you, do all my work even to a good part of the gardening.

I had in my trousseau one handsome cashmere wrapper, (which has been of very little use to me) four white wrappers and two dark ones.

I do not see how Nina can cook in a dark print dress and a paper collar during the months of July and August. Why, a paper collar on me would be in little wads all the way down my back, before I was half through breakfast.

Nina, I must denounce your paper collar as a delusion and a fraud.

As a substitute for the dark wrappers, during the hot months, I wear my old, not shabby, white and colored lawn skirts, with pretty white jackets made either in box-pleats or cut as half-fitting dressing sacks; and Nina, I have cooked and done my housework in one of these light dresses a whole week and then it would be not much soiled.

How do I manage it? Why I wear aprons, of course, not dainty little things with the cutest little pockets, but large wholesome aprons, reaching to the very bottom of my skirt, some made with belts, others with high neck and long sleeves; these latter, however, I seldom wear in summer, for I suffer so much with heat.

They serve their time when winter comes, for then I cook in the same dress that I wear all day. And oh! what treasures these self-same aprons are, for when breakfast is ready for the table, it takes but a moment of time to slip the apron off and your cuffs on, and you look well enough to sit opposite any lord of creation.

I promised myself when I married that my husband should never sit down to the table with his cook, and up to this time I can honestly say I have kept my word.

When the weather is warm enough for thin dresses, I appear at my breakfast table every morning in one of those very "snowy white wrappers with its rosebud and blue ribbon accompaniments," and I solemnly pronounce them neither frauds nor delusions.

Neither do we feast on crackers, canned fruit and flowers, for my husband, like most men, has a weakness for nice bread and savory meats; besides this, he is a dyspeptic, so you can just imagine, Nina, how careful I must be to have his food exactly right.

What untold horrors he would suffer should I feed him on soggy bread, flabby waffles, or burnt steak.

But how about the "snowy wrapper?" Well, I arrange that the night before, I place on a chair in my room a pretty white wrapper with its sash of the same or of ribbon, all ready for use, and five or ten minutes before breakfast time, and we breakfast exactly at seven o'clock, I run into my room, bathe my face and neck, slip into that wrapper, give my hair in front a little pull here, a push there, and a pat in another place, and walk into my dining-room the queen not the slave of my household.

But you say I have not been "wandering in the dewy garden" to gather the rosebuds. No, there is either lying on my dresser or at my plate at the table a tiny bouquet, sometimes a solitary rose, placed there by whose hands you might easily guess, and for his sake, let anybody say what she will, I shall always cling to the white wrappers, the ribbons and rosebuds.

This profusion of white wrappers does not add to the washing bill either, for wearing them only at the breakfast table, I can keep one fresh and pretty a long while.

I am not in the habit of writing about myself or my domestic affairs, but I felt that as Nina had started at one extreme, she had now rebounded to the other, and as she might prove a powerful engine, that would draw a long train after her, I have put this obstacle in the way in order if possible to make some of her boxes jump the track.

In other words I have written this feeble plea for beauty and tastefulness in dress at home, not to convert Nina to my ideas, that would be presumption on my part, but for young housekeepers like myself, who may have read Nina's article and may be persuaded to walk in her footsteps or perhaps go beyond them.

Dark print dresses are very good things in their place, for they hide a multitude of "dirt," but as no woman would sit in her parlor to entertain select company, when arrayed in this manner, so she should not sit in the presence of her family in any such costume. If you would have your husband and children think that you are the loveliest woman on earth, you must take the pains to impress the fact upon them, by your daily dress and conversation. It is a little trouble, I know, to dress, as it were, twice before breakfast, and then in the afternoon, no matter how weary or worn you may be, to dress again for your husband's and children's home-coming as for "flavored guests," as Marion Harland would say, but the reward is doubly worth the labor. Try it and see if I do not tell you the truth.



(For the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)  
LUNCHEONS AND TEAS.

BY ELIZA R. PARKER.

Luncheon.

From whatever cause, luncheon parties are rapidly gaining popularity among our people. Macaulay wrote, "Dinner parties are mere formalities, but you invite a man to breakfast because you want to see him," and the same may apply to luncheon parties for ladies, being almost exclusively their affair, as well as an informal mode of entertainment, they are more acceptable, and familiar friends are always expected and made welcome.

The hour for luncheon may vary from twelve to two o'clock, though the English send invitations to lunch as late as five o'clock.

Invitations to small luncheons are usually very informal, and may be written in the style of a familiar note of friendship; or a visiting card may be used underneath the name of which is simply written

Luncheon at twelve o'clock,  
Thursday, January 8.

The repast may be elaborately made up of salads, oysters, small game, chocolate, ices and a variety of dishes which will destroy the appetite for dinner, or it may simply consist of a cup of tea or chocolate, thin sliced bread and butter, chip beef or cold tongue, but there is the same opportunity to display good taste, and a well appointed table as at a grander entertainment.

Ladies attend in handsome walking costumes. Luncheons of ceremony are sometimes given in honor of distinguished guests, or upon special occasions, instead of dinners, and may then be very stylish affairs. Flowers should be artistically arranged, both for the adornment of the parlor and dining-room and the table more sumptuous, though always dainty; broiled delicacies, such as do not require carving, take the place of joints, and too rich dishes, with salads, oysters, croquettes and ices; bouillon is very generally served at large or small luncheons, as is also chocolate with whipped cream. The table may be decorated with flowers and fruit as a centre piece around which should be placed glass dishes of fancy cakes, bonbons and preserves. The tablecloth and napkins are usually colored, but of the handsomest quality.

At very formal luncheons each dish is served as a separate course. Instead of coffee being served in the drawing-room, as after dinner, the hostess dispenses it at the luncheon table.

The invitations to fashionable, elaborate luncheons should be handsomely engraved after the following style:

MR. and MRS. CHARLES LEE  
request the pleasure of your company  
at Luncheon,

Thursday, December 10th, at four o'clock.

The toilets of the ladies attending should be elegant, and always appropriate to the occasion. The hostess usually leads the way to the table, keeping the most distinguished guest at her right, the others following and seating themselves as they choose. Guests are not expected to remain longer than half an hour after they return to the parlors.

Calls are a polite acknowledgement after receiving hospitalities, and should be made within a few days after the entertainment.

TEAS.

The tea parties of our grandmothers' days, copied from the high teas of their English ancestors is a very old fashion, now very generally revived among some of our best people, by whom they are made very enjoyable occasions.

The table should be spread with a white cloth, fruit and flowers in stands, berries and peaches in their season in cut glass bowls, rich cream in glass, or small silver pitchers, dainty orange or ginger preserves in cut glass dishes, and all these supplemented with muffins, waffles or cream toast. Delicately broiled partridges, or spring chickens set in covered dishes is the only substantial dish admissible.

Tea and coffee should be served by the hostess from one end of the table.

At small informal teas, the servants in attendance, retire after the fruit is served, leaving the guests to chat without restraint over the cheery cup.

Teas are usually given at five, or six o'clock, and the invitation is simply written on the lower left hand corner of the ladies visiting card.

Five o'clock tea,  
Tuesday, January 5.

A pretty custom has recently been introduced of colored teas. Pink teas, blue, or white teas. A violet tea recently given by a fashionable society lady was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The china and glass were all ornamented with violets, a bed of the modest little flowers ran down the centre of the table, while a small bunch was laid on the plate of each guest. The ices were moulded in bunches of violets, and the cakes ornamented with them. The effect under the soft light of numerous wax candles was bewildering.

For housekeepers preparing their own dishes for luncheons and teas the following receipts are given.

**RUSSIAN CREAM:**—Boil an ounce of gelatine in three pints of rich milk, add the beaten yolks of five eggs and half a pound of sugar. Mix and let simmer on the back of the stove five minutes. Strain and set on ice. When it begins to congeal beat in the whites of the eggs. Flavor with extract of orange.

**SWANSDOWN CREAM:**—Whip stiff a pint of rich cream, then beat to a froth the whites of

three eggs. Sweeten with a cup of sugar, and flavor with extract of bitter almond. Beat all together, pour in a glass dish and set in a bowl of cracked ice to send to the table.

**ITALIAN CREAM:**—Soak a box of gelatine in a pint of ice water, pour over it a quart of very rich cream, squeeze in the juice of three lemons, sweeten to taste. Serve with sugar and wine.

**LEMON JELLY:**—Take half a dozen large lemons, squeeze into a quart of water in which dissolve an ounce of gelatine; boil five minutes, strain and heat again.

**ORANGE JELLY:**—Two quarts of water, four ounces of gelatine dissolved in it. Squeeze the juice of nine oranges and three lemons with a pound of sugar and the beaten whites of three eggs, mix all together, pour in a jelly mould and set on ice.

**LUNCHEON CAKE:**—Beat the whites of twelve eggs, sift two large coffee cups of sugar, and one cup of flour through which has been mixed a teaspoon of baking powder, stir very gently—do not beat, bake in jelly tins.

For filling take half a pint of thick cream, the yolks of four eggs, half a cup of sugar, teaspoon of cornstarch; boil the cream and beat the other ingredients in with half a pound of finely chopped almonds. Spread the cake with the mixture while hot. Cover the top with icing and chopped almonds.

**RICH LUNCHEON CAKE:**—Beat one cup of butter; add two cups of flour in which sift a teaspoonful of baking powder, stir in one cup of milk, two of sugar, lastly add the whites of eight eggs. Bake in jelly pans. Boil two cups of sugar, with two table-spoons of water until brittle, remove from the fire and stir in the whites of two eggs; add a teacup each chopped raisins, citron and figs. Spread between the layers of cake, and ice the top.

**SUGAR TEA CAKES:**—Three cups of sugar, two of butter, four eggs, one teaspoon of baking powder, flour to make stiff dough; roll very thin, cut out and bake in a quick oven.

**SOUTHERN TEA CAKES:**—Yolks of six eggs, a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder; roll thin and bake; spread the top with icing.

**SCOTCH TEA CAKES:**—Two pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, six eggs, two pounds of flour, four spoonfuls of extract of nutmeg. Roll very thin, cut large and bake in a slow oven.

**TEA DIMPLES:**—Beat the whites of six eggs and a pound and a half of sugar with two table-spoons of flour, chop fine two pounds of almonds, stir in. Drop on greased paper and bake in a cool oven.

**TEA WAFERS:**—Six ounces of butter, same of sugar, four eggs, five ounces of flour, one glass of brandy, one nutmeg. Mix, and bake in wafer irons.

**TEA LEMON WAFERS:**—Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, add half a pound of powdered sugar. Beat six eggs until creamy, and mix with the butter and sugar, then add the juice and rind of two lemons, with one grated nutmeg, and flour to make a stiff batter. Beat all together until smooth and light. Heat the wafer irons over a clear fire, grease lightly with butter, put in enough of the batter to fill the irons, close and turn over a clear fire until brown. Take out, dust with powdered sugar, and roll around a smooth stick, remove carefully when cold. (Very dainty little cakes.)

In our paper on breakfasts, dinner and evening parties, receipts will be given for suitable and novel dishes.

(For the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)

HINTS ON HOW TO ARRANGE THE TABLE.

BY CHRISTINE TERRHUNE HERRICK.

"Can Mrs. Herrick give a few hints on how to arrange the table?"

The question is a broad one, for each meal has its own peculiarities of arrangement. The colored cloth and napkins that are pretty on the breakfast, lunch or supper table are out of place at dinner. The simplest method of explanation will be to consider each meal separately.

**BREAKFAST:**—The cloth is spread over a sub-cover of heavy Canton flannel—white, of course. If the Canton flannel is not attainable, a clean old blanket, kept for this use alone, may be substituted. The tablecloth lies more smoothly than that on the bare boards, and the material looks better.

The tea-tray, spread with a pretty tray-cloth, or napkin stands in front of the housemistress. On it are arranged cups, saucers and spoons, and in convenient proximity are the sugar bowl, slop bowl and cream pitcher. The tea pot, or coffee urn may stand at her right hand. If the tea is made on the table, as is by far the best and daintiest way, a hot-water pot, supplied with a spirit lamp must be added to the equipage, as well as a tea caddy. A cosy, or thick wadded cap for the tea pot, is almost an essential.

In front of the master of the house is laid a mat on which to place any dish of meat it falls to him to serve. Similar mats balance one another on opposite sides of the table and on these are the bread and potatoes. If flowers or a few sprays of ivy or wandering Jew are accessible, they should hold a position of honor in the centre of the table. When these are lacking, the butter dish may stand there. The pepper cruets and salt cellars may be placed at the corners of the table. Casters are entirely out of fashion. A plate should be put at each place, but *not* face downward. That also is obsolete, as is the custom of putting on tumblers bottom upwards. To the right of the plate is laid the knife, with the edge turned from the one who is to use it. Beside this is the folded napkin. To the left of the plate is the fork. Near the point of the knife is the goblet or tumbler, and the individual butter plate. If oatmeal or porridge of any kind is to be served at the beginning of the meal, a saucer should stand in each plate and a spoon be laid beside it.

The oatmeal should be placed by the hostess, who serves it, adding sugar and cream herself, or passing these, as seems best to her. When this is eaten, the saucers and plates may be removed and hot plates be brought in, together with the rest of the breakfast. The waitress may pass the plates after they are filled, always going to the left of the one she is serving. The vegetables and bread may then be passed, as well as coffee, tea, etc. It saves waiting to put a butter ball on each individual butter plate before the family come to the table.

When fruit forms a third course, all other dishes should be removed, and the fruit placed on the table. Each person should be provided with a plate bearing a fruit napkin or doyley, fruit knife, finger bowl, and when oranges are to be eaten, a tea-spoon. If berries are served, saucers must be provided.

**DINNER:**—For this meal, the table may be set much as it is at breakfast, with the exception of

the tea tray. The soup spoon may be laid across the top of each place. If salad is to be eaten, two forks may be placed at the left hand, instead of only one. A piece of bread may lie by the napkin. The soup tureen may be set in front of the hostess, who serves it. The soup plates should have been arranged at the different places, each being set in an ordinary plate. When the soup has been carried out, both kinds of plates are taken also. As at breakfast, hot plates must be brought in for the next course. The meat is placed in front of the carver. If there is a waitress in attendance all the time, the dishes of vegetables may be placed on a sideboard, but if not, they may remain on the table, and either be served by members of the family or be passed by the waitress.

This course finished, all dishes are carried out. The meat platter must be taken first, the vegetables follow and the soiled plates come last of all. When salad comes next, the dish of lettuce and an empty bowl are placed in front of the hostess. She spreads a fruit napkin in the bottom of the empty dish and after having rinsed her fingers in a finger bowl, breaks the lettuce apart and drops it into the napkin, to be dried. This done, she turns the lettuce into the bowl and dresses it with a plain French dressing of one salt-spoonful of salt, half as much pepper, a tea-spoonful of white sugar, three table-spoonfuls of Salad oil, and two table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Mix and toss all well together, and pass, allowing each guest to help himself.

Before the dessert, the table must be cleared. All such small pieces as cruets, salt cellars, extra spoons, etc., must be removed, and the crumbs brushed from the table, into a small tray, using a napkin for this in preference to a brush. The fresh plates or saucers may be put at each place and the dessert set on the table. If fruit is to follow the pastry or pudding, fruit plates, arranged as directed at breakfast, must be substituted for the dessert plates when the guests have finished with those. Coffee or tea may come last of all.

**SUPPER:**—This differs very little from breakfast, except for the omission of the oatmeal. The same general directions may be followed with tolerable safety. A little practice will soon make easy and natural what at first seems awkward and arbitrary. The refinement that marks the table manners of the best bred people arises from their being accustomed to such little niceties as this paper describes.

(For the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)

"POOR KNIGHTS" AT YOUR SERVICE!

"The world and his wife" like so many things made into salads that a recipe for salad dressing would, I suppose, be in order for those worthies. Here is an incomparable one, and it keeps *ad infinitum*.

I made some of this dressing early in June, and to test its keeping qualities put it away in the safe until the last of August, when it was used in making lobster salad and was just as nice as the day it was made. The weather meantime had been "heated seven times in the oven," the thermometer scoring any descent from ninety, and frequently rising in an ascending scale to one hundred in the shade.

The dressing had not been in a refrigerator, or even in the cellar, but had spent the summer in the safe in the dining-room. Now for the recipe.

Put a tumblerful of vinegar in a porcelain-lined saucepan and put it on the stove to boil; add a level table-spoonful of sugar, salt and black pepper to your taste. Cayenne pepper, also, if you like hot things. Beat the yolk of an egg in a bowl, and when the vinegar boils pour it gradually into the bowl, stirring it all of the time, so as to mix the egg perfectly smooth. Return the vinegar to the saucepan; rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs to a smooth paste with a large table-spoonful of fresh butter; add a tea-spoonful of mixed mustard; now stir this into the vinegar; let it boil about two minutes, and it is done. It should be as thick as cream and as smooth. Half a tea-spoonful of celery seed pounded in a mortar improves the flavor of the dressing.

Here is some lore learned from a thrifty German housewife, and if it proves as useful to others as it has been to me they "will rise up" and call Frau K. blessed.

When you have casks or jars containing pickles, vegetables, etc., in the cellar, keep them raised on bricks or blocks of wood, so that the air can pass under them. This prevents the contents moulding.

To keep butter for cooking: In the early fall, before the price of butter begins to get higher, buy a supply sufficient to last for cooking purposes for six or seven months; for, prepared by the German method it keeps perfectly for that length of time and longer. Put twenty pounds at a time in a large preserving kettle on the back of the stove, where it can cook slowly to avoid all risk of burning. It will require seven or eight hours to cook this quantity thoroughly so that every atom of milk and water has been cooked out of it, and it should be stirred constantly. When done it will be a pale yellow, if it has not been burnt, and at the bottom of the kettle will be a brown sediment. Pour off the butter from this sediment into stone jars, which must be fastened up closely and set in a cool place. Meats, game, etc., cooked with this butter will have a delicious flavor. Of course a small quantity of butter would not take so long to cook, especially if you did not intend to keep it for months.

Indifferent and even rancid butter cooked in this way is rendered fit for use when you could do nothing with it otherwise.

If you like very simple desserts, here are "Poor Knights" at your service. Cut ordinary slices of light bread, one for each person. Into a flat baking dish pour one quart of fresh milk; stir into it half a tea-spoonful of salt and three eggs. When well stirred lay the bread in until it is well soaked, though not enough to break in handling.

Have a frying pan on the stove, with a table-spoonful of butter in it, and fry the bread a light brown, sprinkle well with white sugar and send to the table hot. Have ready fresh apples stewed and rubbed through the sieve, slightly sweetened and flavored with nutmeg. Put on each slice of bread a spoonful of the apple sauce. The Germans call this desert "Poor Knights," and when nicely prepared it is pleasant as a variety and certainly possesses the merit of cheapness, if that be a merit.

I have a recipe for cooking partridges which was given to me by a Spanish cook. Shall I send it to you? If you have never eaten birds dressed that way you have no idea how delicious they are. ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

To prevent fruit, or apple pies from boiling out in the oven take a narrow piece of cloth and bind around the edge just before placing in the oven.

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For a long time we have been asking the readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to send for our price and Large Illustrated Premium List containing cuts of our Premiums and full information concerning our plan of selling Tea and Coffee direct from first hands to consumers.

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- Hundreds of other premiums are fully illustrated in our Premium List, including Silverware, French and English China, Gold-band and Moss Rose Dinner and Tea Sets, etc., Hanging and Table Lamps. We also offer these Premiums for sale without orders for Tea and Coffee, at a very small advance upon first cost. Our Cash sales in 1887, amounted to over \$50,000 for Premiums, aside from Club orders for Tea and Coffee, and we hope for an increase in 1888.

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(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)  
NEW FASHIONS.

Artistic Arrangement of Draperies on Novel Skirts and Becoming Corsets. Stylish Skating Costumes. Useful and Elegant Day and Evening Toilettes. Spring Fabrics for General Service.

BY MRS. JAS. H. LAMBERT.

In the beautiful toilettes specially designed for the festivities of the New Year the careful observer will detect new and important features in style, which, later on, are to be more clearly defined in the garments for spring and summer.

Eccentric fashions are always presented to our American ladies in modified forms, for they very rarely accept a style in its original state, although after a fad or fancy is approved and favored by certain leaders in modes, that fancy is often carried out to such an extent as to become an extreme style, which is illustrated by our sisters en masse, while abroad it appears only in high society gatherings, upon the most fashionable dames.

The fashionable redingote, which appeared as a wrap in the fall, is now used as foundations for many stylish costumes, the straight lines of the *velament* proving in perfect harmony with the taste of to-day, and also this style of dress admits of every variety of fashionable ornamentation, in trimmings of fur, braid, passementerie and embroidery—all being equally appropriate. The handsomest redingotes are those which open in front, over a skirt of some other material—silk or lace for evening wear, and braided cloth or velvet for walking costumes.

The new polonaise is no longer the simple garment, as of yore, but to make a stylish polonaise now, both skill and experience is required. The open redingote-polonaise is favored for heavy and costly materials, while softer and lighter fabrics are created into a polonaise with thoroughly artistic draperies, the two sides being rarely alike.

Cloth redingote-costumes are ornamented in many ways, but layers of scalloped bands of cloth are perhaps in most fashionable style of trimming. The bands are in the same or in different colors, and form a very light and pretty garniture, like rows of leaves falling one over the other.

Again, these costumes, if of light hued cloth, are ornamented with a kind of network of fine bead embroidery, which is employed for the plastron or yoke, the collar, pockets and parements. An irregular fringe of balls or pear shaped passementerie drops is sometimes added to these ornaments.

A long polonaise of *Pompadour peau de soie* on a pale pink ground is lovely for evening wear. This polonaise is draped from the shoulders, and fastened diagonally from the right shoulder to the left hip; the fronts open here over a lace skirt mounted on a pink satin foundation skirt, bordered with a plaiting. A narrow coquille drapery, ending in a point tipped with a pink passementerie tassel, falls like a sash end over the lace skirt, and ribbon bows are placed on the shoulders and on the left hip. The corsage, open front and back, is filled in with a draped chemisette of lace mounted on a lace collar.

NOVEL DRESS SKIRTS.

In many handsome costumes most noticeable are the panels formed by different styles of plaiting. One fancy, which is best for skirts of faille or moire silk, consists of a panel of narrow, deep close plaits, terminating rather more than half way down the skirt, and falling thence in a full, unrestrained mass; passementerie pendants or loops of ribbon mark the line where the plaits end, and loops of ribbon, a cascade of lace, or some material of different texture and color, spring from beneath the loose end of the panel, and fall to the edge of the skirt.

Exquisite dresses for evening wear show a panel of gauze or lace, ornamented with loops of ribbon, sprays of flowers, or the lovely plumes of marabout feathers.

The newest box-plaited panels are folded to the edge, where they are cut in swallow-tail shape, a fan plaiting of silk or lace emerging from the spaces thus cut in the velvet or plush plaited panels. In some models for mid-winter the ends of the plaits are ornamented with fur, with passementerie or bead appliques, or with fine embroidery. The plaits may also be separated throughout or divided at the ends only, and each plait enclosed in a passementerie cup. Three of these plaits, with a small space between them, placed on each side of a skirt, form very stylish panels.

HANDSOME BODICES.

Most convenient to ladies who have partly worn or outgrown waists, is the fashion of wearing a corsage in different material from that forming the skirt. For theater, opera and dinner some most beautiful bodices are made of a richly colored velvet or plush, handsomely embroidered all round with gold, bronze and colored beads, and are opened in front over a plastron of silk or satin entirely covered with the same embroidery. The neck forms a small V, and is edged round with a small Medicis collar of the embroidered velvet lined with the embroidered silk to match the plastron. Elbow sleeves of the same embroidered velvet are made quite tight to the arm, and from the elbows to the wrists wide, full sleeves of the embroidered silk or satin, and gathered into the wrists by gold bracelets. This bodice, which is partly Venetian and partly Asiatic in style, is made in all colors, but in light shades.

The plastron should be of a different color than the bodice itself. Pale green velvet, for instance, may have a cream colored plastron, and for a pale blue bodice nothing can be prettier than a silvery gray, while with bodice of garnet plush pale pink is perfectly lovely.

The Medicis jet collar is one of this season's novelties in passementerie, which can be worn with any rich dress. Then there are turn-down collars in jet and bead passementerie, which are finished with jet drops on a fringe of jet. Waist bands are also made of the same jet or beads to match the collar. These novelties are seen in colored beads, as well as in jet, gold, bronze and steel.

For young ladies' indoor wear pretty bodices are made of colored surah, golden brown, red, garnet or navy blue; they are plaited all round the neck, and below the chest the plaits are no longer sewn down, but are allowed to fall loose and ample. A surah sash fastened round the waist and tied at the side confines the graceful bodice.

COSTLY SKATING COSTUMES.

One of the most elegant and expensive skating suits shown this winter consists of a skirt of the finest, softest sealskin fur, with jacket and cap to match. The jacket is fastened by inside buttons, hence the costume has no trimming whatever. Such a suit is appropriate for sleighing as well as for skating.

Some exceedingly stylish costumes for skating have been recently fashioned by Redfern. In one the cloth front of skirt and corsage is elaborately embroidered. Jacket revers of fur, basque or jacket skirt outlined in fur, the bands crossing in front and carried down and round the lower skirt edge of polonaise or redingote overdress. Fur-bound cloth hat, trimmed with a bird, completes this costume.

For a slighter form Redfern has introduced a most artistic skating toilette, with cloth drapery fancifully arranged in front in knot and cascade, bordered with fur. One band of fur trims the skirt at the lower edge, and still another band seems to hold up the drapery, which begins just below the jacket edge. Revers collar, cuffs and hat finish of fur matching that on skirt.

A third suit has an elaborately braided underskirt, full over-drapery of cloth at the left side, pointed polonaise on the right, bordered diagonally with fur from left hip down to lower part of skirt at the right. Waist decorations in embroidery and fur, stylish hat trimmed with brim facing of fur.

TEA GOWNS AND BREAKFAST JACKETS.

The wardrobe of a society lady is hardly considered complete without a few of the convenient and very pretty garments for morning and afternoon home wear.

The jackets, which are generally in most comfortable shapes, are often in light colors in faille, surah, cashmere, and elastic or jersey cloth, with fanciful finish in soft silk or lace, with trimmings of ribbon in appropriate shades.

Although almost any colored skirt can be worn with such jackets, still no color looks so well with any shade as black, and with a handsome black silk skirt the character of a toilette may be changed at will of the wearer, by simply putting on another jacket.

Many of the newest indoor gowns are decidedly simple as to cut, but they are elaborately decorated, sometimes with rare laces, soft fancy silks and velvets, and again some specimens are richly embroidered all round the edge, up the fronts, round the neck, sleeves, waist-sash and pockets.

The tea gowns in Cox elastic cloth show woven embroidery decorations over a solid ground, such as gold over garnet, pale blue over navy, and light blue over steel. The trimming consists of surah in the color or shade of the embroidery figures, and the lace, which is generally full over the front of plain surah or silk, is often in the same figure as the design of cloth embroidery. The garments are finished usually with loops and bows of ribbon in the two colors.

Quite a brilliant tea gown in the elastic cloth is embroidered in leaf designs in Persian colors, and the lace, over pale blue surah, also shows a similar leaf to that on the cloth, and the ribbons are in the same pleasing Persian hues as the embroidery silks used in creating the leaf.

All the gowns, costumes, jackets and wraps introduced this mid-winter have sufficient fullness to require some under-prominence and support, and for such purpose we have yet to find a more

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1,000,000

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shapely, durable and comfortable improvment than the graceful Lady Washington bustle of braided wire, which is now used abroad in conjunction with a double flounce drapery of starched muslin, which falls over and below the bustle, and while this accessory is hardly needed when the skirt is in thick cloth, it adds much to the hang and fall of a skirt of soft or thin material.

LIGHT WEIGHT DRESS GOODS.  
One of the novelties in materials evidently designed for spring wear is a kind of cachemire, which appears in a variety of dark colors, with tiny dots in light colored silk on wide stripes alternating with narrow stripes woven in a different manner, and edged by a hair line of the silk, and quite as pretty is a stuff with dark twilled ground, showing over the surface a fancy silk stripe, with narrow plain and flecked lines in different well-blended colors.

Almost as effective and perhaps more useful than these materials, are the plaided cashmeres in dark and bright wools, the bright or gay wool threads being used to form the outline of the check plaid or block on the more sober surface. All of these materials can be made up alone, but generally they are combined with plain or self-colored fabrics in the same weave and color of the ground in the fancy textures.

A few decided novelties in cotton dress goods have been sent out from the Cleghorn mills, which are justly noted for the quality, beauty and novelty of their productions. Satinettas are entirely new, and show a firm, evenly woven body, with fine surface finish, and ground in all the approved colors and new shades, checked, blocked and plaided with twill, twist and stitch lines in white and bright colors, in contrast with the ground hues of the fabric. These goods are splendid for useful dresses for ladies and children, as they are strong; hence they wear well, and being in fast colors they laundry beautifully.

Braddettes were brought out late last year; but they were not nearly so attractive as the new materials bearing the same suggestive name, and which show small checks blocked and plaided by cord lines and mosaic stripes, which run up and down and across the body of the goods regardless of woven checks.

Moss stripes and tufted effects are shown in new groupings and in odd combination of colors, on self-colored grounds, while the very neat and pretty Ardenne suitings appear in delicate tones and all the popular street colors. These fancy fabrics are accompanied by plain materials in the same grade, weight, quality and weave as the plain part of the decorative cotton goods.

For general information regarding new styles and samples of choice dress goods thanks are due John Wanamaker and Sharpless Bros.; for specimen tea gowns and jackets in elastic cloth, Lewis S. Cox, Philadelphia; for samples of Cleghorn Mills novelties, Denny, Poor & Co., 114 Worth St., New York.

Wanamaker's

There's nothing that a boy, a girl, a man or woman wants to wear or fit the home properly with, that we haven't got, and at the least price. There's no made thing so trifling or so precious that is not likely to be at WANAMAKER'S, if it is worth your buying thought.

DRESS GOODS AND THINGS FOR WOMEN'S WEAR ABOVE ALL ELSE.  
52-in. Serge Diagonal Stuff, all-wool, winter weight, 6 desirable shades, 80c. Well worth \$1.  
30-in. Silk-and-wool cluster line Plaid, 5 colors. A \$1 stuff for 62 1/2c.  
54-in. Ladies' Cloth, like Doeskin. Plain or mixed 85c. Similar in weight and colors, 50-in. 70c.  
A just-in 30-in. all-wool Mixed Suiting, 37 1/2c.  
Mixed Tricot, 70c. Like y to be your first choice at \$1.  
Dress Patterns in neat boxes. A great variety of seasonable stuffs. 8 yds. \$3.50 to \$10.50.  
Enough material and Novelty for a Dress—a ROBE—from \$2.50 to \$10.  
Heavy weight Cloaking, 6 stripes, 4 plaids, 54-in. \$2.  
Astrakhans; black, \$2.50 to \$12; brown, \$3 to \$7. Two of 8 colors.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS—ALL LINEN. NOT ONE COTTON. Not one cotton mixed. We can't spare words for styles. Here are prices:  
Women's Initialed, white hemstitched, unlaundered, 12 1/2c.  
Fine hemstitched, 6 styles of initial, 1/2 doz. in box. 40c. each.  
Men's 1/4 unlaundered open work initial, 25c.  
Finer, laundered, 6 in a box \$3, or 50c. each.  
Men's colored woven borders hemmed, \$1 doz.  
Plain white hemmed, \$1.20 to \$6 doz.  
Printed hemstitched 12 1/2, 13, 20c. each.  
Women's plain white hemmed, 8, 10, 12 1/2, 15c.  
Hemstitched, embroidered corners 12 1/2, 15c.  
Diced or printed and embroidered, 25c.  
Hemstitched and printed 10c. to 25c.  
Mourning Handkerchiefs, printed, diced, blocked, scalloped or Embroidered, 12 1/2c. to \$2 each.

IN OUR BASEMENT EVERYTHING FOR INDOOR OR OUTDOOR SPORTS AND GAMES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.  
Skates from \$1; Roller Skates \$1 to \$3.75  
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Magic Lanterns \$1 to \$30.  
ALL SORTS OF GLOVES FOR MEN AND WOMEN. KID GLOVES 75c. UP. MEN'S FROM \$1.

If you write for samples say as near as may be what kind. If you write for goods say how you want them sent—mail, express or freight.

JOHN WANAMAKER,  
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LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Literally Everything

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CAN BE BOUGHT AT SMALL COST FROM  
E. RIDLEY & SONS  
DURING THEIR  
CLEARING-OUT SALES  
In January, 1888.

SPECIALTIES:

E. Ridley's Domestic Black Silks, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 a yard. Cheney American Silks, Plain, Striped in Black and Colors. Colored and Black Surahs for Spring, Good and Cheap. Choice Lines of Woolen Dress Goods in Spring weights, 45c., 50c., 75c., and \$1.00 a yard. These Fabrics are in Plain Cloths, Checks, Plaids and Mixtures.

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Containing Stories, Poems, Essays on Domestic Economy, with pages of Illustrations, Descriptions and Prices of Seasonable Materials, Made Up Garments, Fancy Goods and all articles for Home Decoration and Family Use and Comfort.  
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Ewd. Ridley & Sons,  
Grand and Allen Sts., New York.

Please mention LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in letter to E. Ridley & Sons.

Pot-Pourri.

FESTIVAL FACTS AND FANCIES.

"I intend to be kinder this year than ever I was before" is the New Year motto of George W. Childs, the well-known public benefactor, and there are dozens of prominent men in this city of brotherly love, who are always doing good.

Just a few days before a Christmas not so very long ago, a little girl, dressed in the cast off odds and ends of half-worn garments of older children, and holding a thin clad small boy by the hand, entered a side door of John Wanamaker's brilliantly decorated store. The pinched face of the child grew really beautiful with the love light, as she replied to the question of the kindly door-keeper, "What do you want, little one?" "I want to see Mr. Wanamaker, please, I want a pair of shoes for my little brother."  
She had no thought for herself although her small red toes were peeping through the holes in her own shoes. Well, to make a long story short, she got the shoes, two pairs, and what is more the case was investigated. It was the old story, a sick father, a worn-out mother, and starvation, that was all! What more could a charitable man or woman ask for?

(Concluded on opposite page.)

LEWIS S. COX,

1220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNSOLICITED expressions of complete satisfaction continue to reach us from those of our patrons who have purchased our well-known Elastic Suits. The idea is accepted as the best proposed in recent years. A lady is thus enabled to obtain a complete, handsome outfit for the price of an ordinary Dress pattern. Remember, a Ready-made Waist (perfect-fitting, stylish) and enough extra material to make an accompanying Skirt, for what a mere dress pattern has been costing you.

Prices, \$5, \$6, \$7.50, \$10, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16, \$17, \$17.50, \$18, \$19, \$20, \$21.

Pamphlets and samples upon application.

LADIES' JERSEY UNDERWEAR—superceding all other, being perfect-fitting and comfortable. Handsome colors.

SLEEVELESS FLEECE-LINED STOCKINET CARDIGAN JACKETS, in attractive colors. Warmer, neater, and in every respect superior to the old-style Knit Cardigan—perfect-fitting. Price, \$1.50.

The most fashionable line of Ladies', Misses and Children's Ready-made Garments. Interesting Bargains in Children's Coats at this time.

LADIES' TEA GOWNS and BREAKFAST JACKETS, fashionable, exclusive.

MEN'S SMOKING JACKETS, blue, brown, black and red—\$1.00.

JERSEYS for Ladies and Children. Unquestionably the largest and most diversified stock in Philadelphia, ranging from 8 cents to \$45.00 in price. Mail inquiries given immediate and careful attention.



NEW FASHIONS.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

Yes, she got the shoes, clothes, fuel and food, and the little boy, who had never heard of Santa Claus, thoroughly appreciating the only solid comfort he had ever experienced, asked, "Is Mr. Wanamaker God?"

Not the night before Christmas, but just at noon, a poorly dressed, sickly looking countryman stood by a shop window and pointed out the various toys and desirable articles to his little boy and girl. To buy one of the beautiful creations was never thought of by either of the twain, for he, poor man, had to count pennies when buying bread.

A passing gentleman took in the situation at a glance, as quick as thought his hand went into his pocket, and in a flash a bright new silver dollar glistened in the hand of the astonished boy, who gave a glad cry of "It is a dollar!" as he folded his empty hand over the one which held the precious coin, and again and again he pressed it to his heart, exclaiming, "It's a dollar, a whole dollar!"

"Who gave it to him?" and the father's eyes were not the only moist ones in that crowd, as a ragged urchin answered, "Don't cher know? It was Mister Slingerly. I know cause I was jus' thinkin' about givin' the little chap ten cents mysel, when I seed Mister Slingerly hand the dollar outen his pocket, and put it in the shaver's hand. I stays hereabouts, and I knows that man's always doin' them kind er things, private like."

In the window of an up-town laundry stands a very fine portrait of that eminent divine of this city, the Rev. Madison C. Peters, who expressed surprise at discovering himself in such quarters.

"I see nothing wrong about that," remarked a lady, "it is on y' clearfines next to godliness."

About the handsomest book out for the holidays, and suitable for presentation at all seasons, is "A Bunch of Violets," gathered by Irene E. Jerome, and published by Lee & Shepard. It is full of most exquisite pictures, and one can easily imagine the air filled with the fragrance of the flowers the artist has gathered from hills and vales, and bound in a bouquet which will brighten thousands of homes.

The odor of violets recalls an item which appeared in many papers during holiday week. It reads: "Men of taste indulge in pocket handkerchiefs of fine white linen hemstitched with a slight savoring of Colgate's violet, or some other of those sweet extracts of American flowers."

Now, any one at this time of the year can understand how savory poultry seasoning can penetrate every part of a large plump turkey, but it is difficult to realize how the finest and most subtle perfume can be materialized and concentrated to accomplish the feat of hemstitching a linen pocket-handkerchief.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not pleasant to be always finding fault, but why can't our readers help us as we try to help them, by thinking just a little? Complaints come day after day that no attention is paid to certain letters—in glancing over the books we find that the names have not been registered. Then we look over letters on file, and in many instances read on the outside, "No address given," or "No stamps enclosed." If a letter is registered in our books as answered, then the obligation on our part ceases, for we cannot be held responsible for accidents and delays of the mail.

Our advertisers, too, claim a share of consideration. How can they know what is wanted when your letter reads, "Please send us samples of dress goods?" A square inch sample cut from every line of materials in John Wanamaker's store would fill a ton measure, and some of these fabrics being worth their weight in gold, the cost would be large.

Again you write for samples of dress goods advertised in LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, neglecting to mention which number of the JOURNAL or the class of fabrics. It is so easy for a lady to write "Please send me a few samples of black surah silk," or samples of brown or blue faille Francaise, at \$1.25 a yard, or Henrietta cloth in pink, blue or cream, at \$1.00 a yard.

"Miss L. J. W."—Why not get enough new black satin to go with what you have? However you can use brocade, armure, serge or cashmere for overdrapery and body.

"Curious Reader."—You are correct in your views concerning Mrs. Knapp. Yes, she is —, and she is paid \$200 a week, and she really deserves that amount, if not more.

"Ignorant Housekeeper," "Young Wife" and others.—You can save anxiety and trouble by keeping a quantity of boxed and bottled food in the house. To aid in making your selections write for the Monthly Price List of Prepared Food, to E. Bradford Clarke Co., Chestnut and Fifteenth Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Mrs. B. C." Fall River.—Hang your wrap out in the wind, and brush the nap of the plush up—not down—and the cloak will soon resume its good looks.

"Young Housekeeper."—Your trouble is a very general one. In rooms warmed by heaters, and where gas is burned, silver will turn black. You must wash each piece well in hot water, poured off from boiled Irish or white potatoes, and then rub carefully with wet Electro Silicon, and afterwards polish with a dry cloth or chamois skin. This treatment will remove every particle of discoloration. If you have never tried this polish, write for sample to The Electro Silicon Co., No. 72 John St., New York.

"Mrs. C. A. M." N. J., and "Mrs. J. M. Barton," Floral City, Fla.—The new system of Annie-Jenness Miller can hardly be called dress reform, as she accepts any becoming style based upon hygienic principles. Her address is No. 19 East 14th St., New York.

"No Name."—To gain the information you desire, and really require, send a two-cent stamp, with your name and address in full, to Best & Co., Lilliputian Bazaar, 60 and 62 West 23d St., New York. Ask for Book on the Care and Dress of Babies.

"My Lady."—The satin is quite handsome enough to form a stylish dress if combined with Chantilly or even Spanish Gaipeure lace. Drape the lace over plain skirt and corsage of the satin.

"Doubtful."—Mistakes will occur, and accidents often happen. The large houses in Philadelphia and New York are certainly reliable, for no business can be built up by dishonest dealing, and the establishment you mention is one of the oldest and best in New York. The sales of ready-made muslin underwear take place about the middle of January. Sharpless Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., offer special inducements in various lines of underwear and night dresses or gowns at the lowest prices. The cheapest outfit for an infant at that store is \$15, the next is \$20 and the third is \$25.

"New Subscriber."—No! We cannot recommend any hair dye. Gray hair is beautiful and fashionable.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] FASTENING THE THREAD.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

Most women are situated in circumstances which should make them philosophers. The analogies of physical life, and the mechanical operations of the daily routine in every household display constantly to the unseen phenomena of mind and soul, should teach us many a lesson in ethics. Some keen-witted ones among the sex are full of these small bits of wisdom, which are suggested to them by the homely happenings of every day. It is better than a "summer school" to be under the tuition of one of these quaint analogists for a few months. One of them is Aunt Huldah, a dweller in an old-fashioned mansion among the New England hills.

"I thought I wouldn't throw away a bit of butter that I put in the back pantry in a jar, nearly two months ago, and found yesterday by chance. I've moved that jar a dozen times, but I supposed it was empty. Well, I washed the butter all over, and salted it, and put in a mite of saltpetre, and made cake with it this morning. 'Don't taste of it'—no, don't. I've tasted and that's enough. Well, it's a good lesson. I knew't wasn't just right, but I thought't would shorten the cake, and the sugar and spice I calculated would cover up the taste,—but they don't. We think we can get along with letting in a little sin, we're so good-tempered or industrious or something else; but it's no good. There's a bad taste all through us, on account of the sin we've let in.

One day she left the gate open, and some cows got in and trampled down her corn. This, too was not without its lesson to her. In telling of the occurrence that evening under the maple trees which shaded her pleasant little porch, she said, "It's happened before—and I've thought I would remember. I knew I had left the gate open, and I thought I would go back in a few minutes and shut it. My hands were full then. But Mrs. Tibbetts came in, and there was one thing and another,—and so my corn is pretty much spoiled. It's just as it was with my boy—the one I told you about that I haven't heard from for ten years now. I knew that going with that Dibble boy was bad for him. I knew it was leaving the gate open for the enemy to come in. But I neglected it, till I could see a change coming over him,—it was just as plain as the change in my corn now. Then I shut the gate and forbade his going with the Dibble boy,—but the mischief was done. My sweet, little innocent child was never the same again. My! how many of us are leaving gates open that oughter be shut!"

But Aunt Huldah was never in such a furor of philosophy as on a certain evening when she attended a church sociable. "It beats all," she exclaimed, "how folks don't fasten the thread when they sew!" There was Mrs. Judge Lyman, she or Susie—maybe 'twas Susie,—she's a heedless piece,—had sewed some ruffling in her sleeves, and both of them began to come out during the evening, because the thread at the end wasn't fastened. Then Mrs. Tredwell began to button her new cloak, and the very first button came right off. I knew well enough it was because she hadn't fastened the thread, when she sewed it on. Why, 'most all the troubles we have with our clothes coming to pieces is because we don't fasten the thread good and tight when we get through. And it's just so throughout life. We ain't thorough,—and that makes trouble for all of us. Now there's Squire Benton and his hired man. They're going to law, I understand,—and the trouble seems to be that when the bargain was made between them, it wasn't plain and square. One thought it was one way, and the other thought it was another. They didn't fasten the thread. I never sew but I think of this thing,—butto-night I had it come home to me more than I ever did before. That ruffling now, coming out of Mrs. Lyman's sleeves! How shiftless it did look!—now there was Henry Tibbetts. He inquired up,—as he supposed, for his journey out West, and then he never took any more thought about it. He might have known that the station agent in a little country place wouldn't be likely to know everything,—and, lo! the first he knew he was on the fast express for St. Louis instead of Chicago. I don't remember just where it was, but I know it cost him ten dollars or more just because he didn't make thorough work of his inquiries,—he didn't fasten the thread. I tell you, if we'd only attend to just that one thing,—just to leaving every piece of work we do fast and strong,—be sure it is done thoroughly, it would be enough in itself to make a man successful. Why,—there's men and men that I know,—right in this town,—that think if they just live a smooth kind of life it's well enough,—no need of attending church or giving any heed to religion—I tell you they ain't fastening the thread. I think of it every day—as I said, and now I shall think of it more than ever. But you'll say I've gone sort of crazy about this business. Well, it does seem queer to me that folks don't see and mind these likenesses—they might learn so much if they did!"

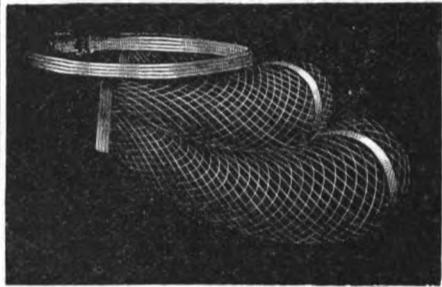
But everybody has not Aunt Huldah's keen eye to see the "likenesses."

In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmer's sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson, & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

"BROOKLYN'S MECCA."

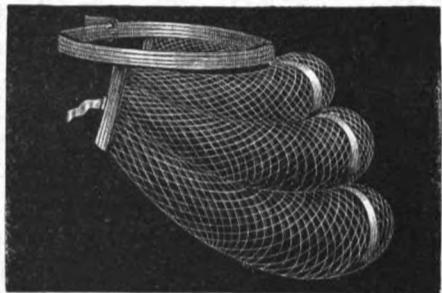
Wechsler & Abraham's place is in Brooklyn. In size their store is a colossus. 51 distinct depts. 200,000 square feet of shopping space. By far the biggest Retail Dry Goods Store in the entire State of New York. Their number of employees is upwards of 1,400. Their uniform standard of a high grade of goods and low prices have won for them the title of "the Mecca of Brooklyn." Folks far away—South, North, West, East, intrust their mail orders to them, because of their accuracy and despatch. Postage free all over the United States, except for bulky packages, such as Furniture, Muslins and Kitchen Utensils. Direct, "Mail Order Dept.," WESCHLER & ABRAHAM, Brooklyn, New York

A BRAIDED WIRE BUSTLE FOR 25 CENTS.



Patented—Aug. 25, 1885. Jan. 19, 1886.

No. 2 or Two Row, 35 cents.



Patented—Aug. 25, 1885. Jan. 19, 1886.

No. 3 or Three Row, only 45 cents.

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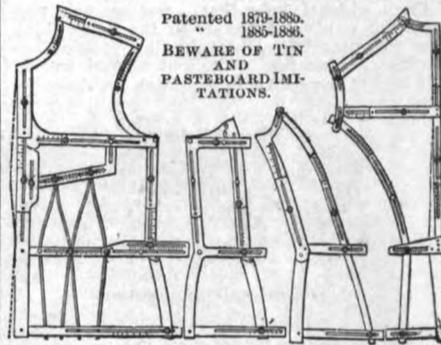


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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

**House Plants, and their Culture. (For Amateurs.)**

A stand full of healthy, blossoming plants gives the humblest room an air of cheerfulness and refinement. With a few good pictures on the walls, some good books on the table, and a window full of flowers, we do not need costly furniture to make a room attractive to persons who appreciate beauty in its truest sense.

A great many women say to me: "Oh, I do so love flowers; but I don't know how to take care of them. If I did, I would have every window full of them."

And once in a while one says: "I'd grow flowers if I had time to attend to them; but I haven't."

From which I infer that most women who have not cultivated flowers in the house think that to grow them well involves a system of horticultural education quite out of their reach, and that caring for them requires a great deal of time.

soil does not care to retain—to drain off. If drainage is not provided, the hole in the bottom of the pot often gets stopped up, and the water is kept in, and, in consequence, over-wetting makes and keeps the soil so wet that it becomes sour, and in a short time the roots of the plants growing in it become diseased. Draining a pot answers the same purpose that draining a field does, and any farmer can tell you of the benefit to be derived from well-draining a field that is too wet to grow good crops without providing for the escape of the moisture from the soil. Some persons think drainage of flower-pots a mere whim, but they will soon be able to convince themselves that there is no whim about it, by trying to grow plants in pots drained and undrained.

The second item is Light. No plant can be expected to flourish in a dark room. Perhaps I should say that no plant ought to be expected to flourish there, for it seems to be a fact that some persons cherish a belief that a plant will grow in a corner where they could not see to read a paper. I have in mind as I write a woman who came to me for cuttings, years ago. I gave her some. A month later she came for more. The first lot had very strangely refused to grow. I gave her a second supply. By and by she came for a third lot. I asked her where she kept them, after hearing her story of failure, which was unaccountable to her, as she was sure she had treated them exactly as I had advised her to. She told me that she kept them in the sitting-room. I knew that this room was unusually well-lighted, and concluded that the failure could not arise from lack of light. I gave her some more cuttings, and promised to come in soon and see how they were getting along. A few days later I called. Not a plant was to be seen in the sitting-room windows. I asked where she was keeping them now. She went to a cupboard, and from the semi-darkness of its recesses took out her poor slips, for my inspection.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you keep them there all the time; do you?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "The children won't let them alone if I put them in the windows, and they're such little things that I didn't suppose it would make much difference where I kept them now. When they get ready to blossom, I shall put them in the window, of course."

**THE PLUMBAGO. A MOST DESIRABLE WINTER-FLOWERING PLANT.**

I think I have already said a good word for the Plumbago in these columns; but it is a plant that deserves any amount of "good words," and I desire to call particular attention to it in connection with the fine illustration given with this article.

It is one of the winter-bloomers. It gives a profusion of flowers, and they are produced during the greater part of the season. They would be beautiful in any color, but the exquisite soft blue of their delicate petals makes them exceptionally lovely, because we have so few flowers of that color. I know of no other flower, with the exception of the Ageratum, of this shade of blue. It is a shade which contrasts charmingly with all other colors, and harmonizes with nearly all. It is not valuable for bouquets on account of the fragility of its petals, but for use in vases it is very fine.

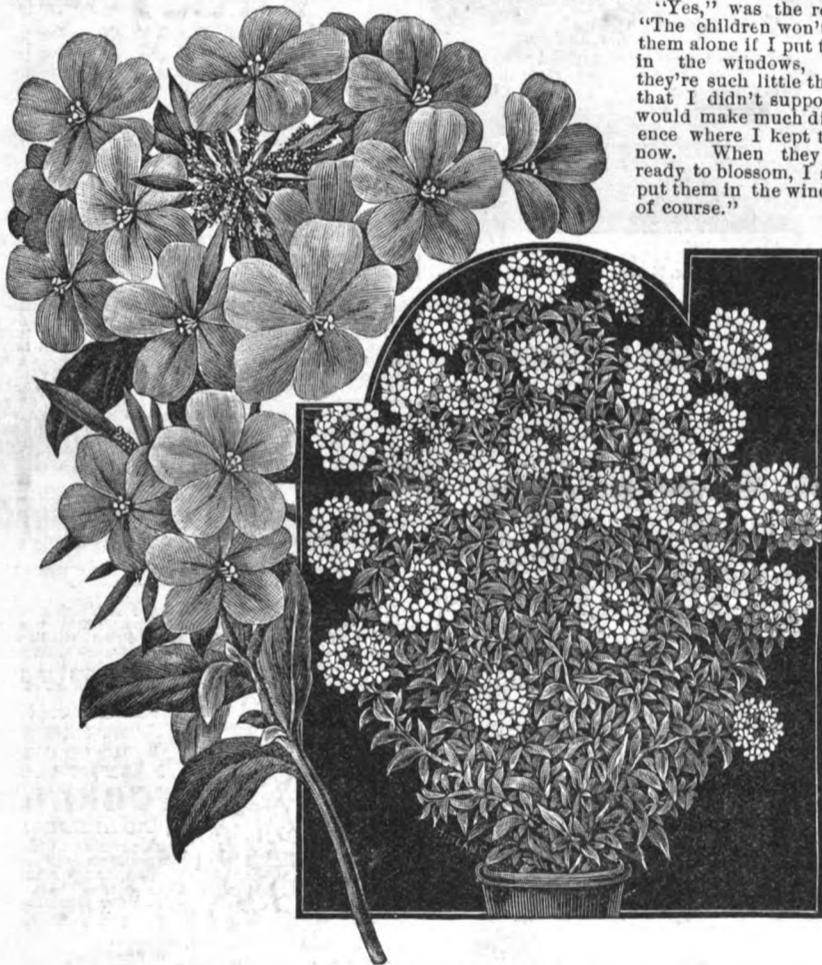
Its culture is simple. It is not particular about the soil it has to grow in, if it be rich enough to afford a good deal of nutrition. It requires about the same care of a Geranium as to water, light and heat. Its flowers are produced only on new growth, and in order to have a succession of them it is necessary to cut it back pretty frequently. I always cut off the faded clusters with six inches or more of stalk, and new branches start below, and bear flowers in a short time. By keeping up this practice of "cutting in" you keep the plant making growth all the time, and each new branch will bear flowers.

**DAPHNE ODORATA. A GOOD OLD PLANT.** There are some plants which are always greatly admired by lovers of flowers, when seen in full bloom, but, for some unaccountable reason, they never come into general cultivation. One of these is Daphne odorata.

I have a plant of it, and have had for some years, but I do not remember to have seen another in any greenhouse or in any private collection in the west. Very likely there are many plants of it scattered about the country, but one would naturally suppose that so charming a plant would be as common as the Oleander. Such is not the case, however.

It is an evergreen, with shining dark green foliage. It becomes quite a shrub in time, but is not a rapid grower. Its flowers are four-petaled, and resemble those of the Bouvardia somewhat, being tubular and borne in clusters. In color, they are what some would call pink, flushed with white, and others would say that they were white stained with a delicate pink. They are pinkish-white and the observer will have to decide which color predominates. They are very beautiful and exquisitely fragrant. They are borne at the tips of the branches, and last for a long time.

Its culture is not at all difficult. It should have a soil made up of turfy matter, loam and sand, and be well drained. It does best in a cool (Continued on opposite page.)



THE PLUMBAGO.

Both are wrong. If a woman really loves flowers she can grow them successfully. If she loves them, I say; for, loving them, she will study them; and this study of their habits and their requirements will soon enable her to give each plant its proper care. If she grows them solely because she thinks it the fashion to have flowers in the house, the chances are that her attempts at floriculture will turn out failures. Plants must be grown because one loves them, in order to grow them well. They must be grown for themselves, and not for the purpose of making them part of the furnishings and adornment of a room. They seem to know what one has in mind in attempting their culture, and when it is not prompted by love they seldom respond to the treatment given them. If one has only the idea of ornament in view, I would advise the purchase of jardinières of artificial flowers, which will produce an immediate effect, require no care and attention, save that of dusting, and are quite as likely to afford as much satisfaction to the person who considers plants as articles of furniture as the finest living specimens would.

In growing plants in the sitting-room, we must give attention to several important items. 1st. To soil. We must provide something nutritious for the plant to grow in, if we expect it to do well. It is like a person; it must have food. With poor and insufficient food it may drag out an existence, but it will not flourish. The best soil I have ever used for plants in the sitting-room is made up of good garden soil, turfy matter scraped from the bottom of grass sods, with the fine roots of the grass left in it, some well-rotted manure, preferably from the yard where cows have been kept, and sand enough added to equal parts of the above to make it light and porous. The grass-roots will make it spongy, and with sponginess, porosity, and substantial nutriment thus combined, we have a soil in which almost any plant adapted to house-culture will be pretty sure to do well.

A soil like this never retains too much moisture, if good drainage be given, and this should never be neglected, if larger than four-inch pots be used. Put at least an inch of broken brick or crockery into every pot before filling it with soil. This allows the surplus water—that which the

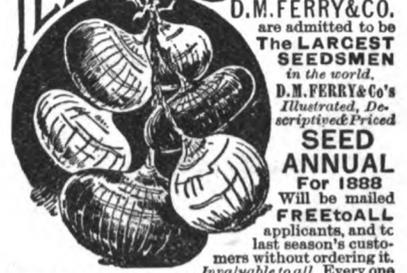
Poor plants, it wasn't long before they went the way of the others, and the woman gave up trying to grow any. She said she hadn't any luck with plants in the house; she couldn't get the "knack" of raising them.

Now this may be an extreme case; but there are many women who think light a matter of small importance, and fail to have good plants, in consequence. If you attempt to compromise between your plants and your carpet, you may succeed in keeping your carpet from fading, but you will be pretty sure to have such poor plants that sooner or later you will get disgusted with them and throw them out of doors. If you want fine plants, make up your mind at the start that you will give them all the light possible. The carpet may fade, but the plants will flourish, and their beauty will be sure to draw the attention of your visitors, so that the faded carpet on the floor will not be noticed. Plenty of sunshine will be of benefit to you as well as to the plants. Some kinds require less direct light than others, and these can be given places in the rear of those which demand strong sunshine. A south window is best, and if it is a bay window all the better. Good plants can be grown in an east window, and some plants which are fond of strong, warm sunshine will flourish in a west window, while shade-loving kinds will be better suited with a north one.

Another most important item is watering. It seems as if nothing need be said about this, for instructions have been given over and over again; but it is necessary to repeat them to amateurs, I find. They must be kept before them so constantly that they see them at every turn. Water only when the soil on the surface looks dry, and then water so thoroughly that all the earth in the pot is wet. You can tell when this occurs by the escape of water through the hole in the bottom of the pot. Never fall into the deplorable habit of giving a "little and often." Where this is practiced, the top of the soil is kept moist and one gets the idea that it must be moist all through, while the fact generally is, as one can readily ascertain by slipping the plant out of its pot and examining the earth about its roots, all the lower portion of the soil is dry as dust, and the only roots that get moisture enough to enable them to grow are those on or near the surface.

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BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

I stood and see it go on for mebbly two weeks—and then I told Josiah that he must put an embargo on him, or he would be lost. Josiah had felt like death to see it go on, and to think he had had a hand in it, and he says: "Dumb it, Samantha, if you want any more ministers hinted at, or embargoes put on, you will do your own hantin' and embargin' 'em through from this day."

he thought it wouldn't be good manners for him to get up and go out. And when the sermon wuz over he wuz weak as a cat. And he hain't been inside of any sort of a meetin' house sense. I knew they had a young child, a infant, and it come straight to me, I don't know how true it is, but I heard, and I can tell you just how straight it come to me, and then you can have it as cheap as I do.

what a sermon he would preach on the occasion, and said he had got to hurry right home and begin it. Wall after he went away it all come to me—what a case he wuz to go to extremes. And it all come to me in a minute what a sermon he would preach.

he dretful to preach a harrowin' sermon. But Miss Marvin's health bein' so poor, and her feelin's such, that I dreaded the consequences of too much harrow. And I begged of him to be careful, and not say too much in praise of the deceased on that occasion. Says I, "the hand of grief is a layin' heavy on their poor hearts, and you must try to say sumthin' that is consolin' and comfortin'."

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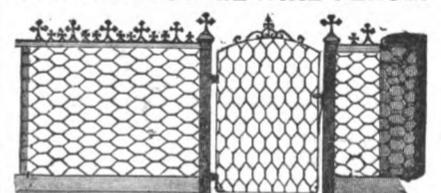
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL]. THE KINDERGARTEN.

VI.

BY ANNA W. BARNARD.

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Nathaniel Hawthorne has said, that "It must be a remarkably true man who can keep his own elevated conception of truth when the lower feeling of a multitude is assailing his natural sympathies, and who can speak out frankly the best that there is in him, when by adulterating it a little, he knows that he may make it ten times as acceptable to the audience." Which ever one of the many phases of the Kindergarten it may be sought to present, there shall be no lack of critics to suggest that the subject would be better treated from another standpoint. In the importance of the movement-plays which hold so prominent a place in the daily exercises, be dwelt upon, these critics cry out, "If children are only taught to play in the Kindergarten, our money shall be spent for no such foolishness!" Ignoring the fact that every play has been designed with the special purpose of giving strength to the child's muscles, health to his body, and joy to his spirit, and that by this means he is brought into a state of receptivity to all that is desirable for him to know. An attempt to describe the occupations, as mat-weaving, sewing, paper-folding, etc., is met by the protest, "The children's eyes will be ruined by such work," forgetting that the very plays lately condemned are interspersed at short intervals between all kinds of work, with the express purpose of insuring that such work shall prove as beneficial as it is attractive. If a faithful description of a gift be given, these fearful ones cry out, "Are children expected to understand all this?—It makes our heads ache to read it!" Not realizing that the description, which it makes heads ache to write as well as to read, is meant for adults, and not for children, who simply play with the concrete material described, and learn from it only what they are capable of learning. An allusion to the spirit of the Kindergarten, calls forth the remark, "We are tired of hearing of its spirit, tell us something practical!" To this it is answered that he who should spend a morning in the Kindergarten, would find it so very practical in its workings as to keep him busy even as a looker-on, and would at the same time realize that if it were possible to abstract the spirit from the work, only a dead body would remain, which it would be a relief to bury out of sight. In this series of papers it is proposed first to complete the practical study of the gifts, regardless of headaches, which after all may only be the sign of mental and moral awakening.

The boy who "liked hickory-nuts, if it were not for the trouble of cracking them, and picking out the kernels," evidently lacked kindergarten training, else the obstacles mentioned would only have increased his zeal in the work, while at the same time his wonder would have been aroused at the mechanism of the shell, and his thoughts led to the power and goodness of its Designer. Spheres, cubes, etc., make up the shell of the kindergarten system, within whose depths are hidden kernels sweet and sound which shall reward those who diligently search for them, and if but a small fraction of the many readers of the JOURNAL shall have patience to pursue with the writer this search to the end, the mutual task will not have been undertaken in vain.

SOLIDS. THE FIFTH GIFT.

The fifth gift is a cube three times the size of the cubes already described—three by three inches, twenty-one of which are whole cubes, and six of which are divided. The third gift is divided once in each of its dimensions;—the fifth gift is an extension or sequent of the third, and is divided twice in each of its dimensions, into three equal parts, each part consisting of nine one-inch cubes. When divided into upper, middle and lower thirds, the middle and lower thirds or sections are made up of whole cubes, leaving for the upper third or section, three whole cubes, three cubes divided into halves, and three cubes divided into fourths—in all twenty-one pieces, and these are so arranged that a cut may be seen running diagonally from the upper right to the lower left corner, and another from the upper left to the lower right corner of the section, which is thus divided into four equal right-angled triangles. The central cube, the cube in the upper left corner, and the middle cube at the right, are made up of quarter-cubes. The cubes at the upper right, the lower left, and the lower right corners, are made up of half-cubes.

In this gift the number three is a new and noticeable feature, there being three cubes in every direction, making in all twenty-seven, the first cubic number after the number eight; twenty-one of these are whole cubes,—three are divided once diagonally into halves, and three are divided twice diagonally into fourths, making in all thirty-nine single pieces.

The arrangement as above described, of all the half and quarter-cubes in the top third or section of the whole cube, admits of the removal of the gift unbroken from the box, and its easy separation into parts; and brings at once to view a new element, the slanting line, which is seen in the cuts which divide the section into right-angled triangles, and in the diagonal subdivisions of the six small cubes. The former gifts presented only vertical and horizontal lines—these opposites require their intermediate, which could only be indicated in the third and fourth gifts when side and edge, or edge and side touched each other, but in this gift, by the actual division of some of the cubes, the slanting line becomes a reality.

The fifth gift differs from the two preceding ones in being larger,—in being oftener and differently divided,—in offering a multiplicity of material, and greater variety of shape,—and in developing the slanting surface or inclined plane—the slanting line and the acute angle, which in this case is half the right angle.

The cube having been divided into thirds in each of its dimensions, the children are next taught to assort and place in separate piles all the whole, half and quarter-cubes. Thus when building from direction, and it is important that no time shall be lost in hunting for whole and divided cubes, the valuable habit of first classifying the material will have been formed. By this means attention is also called to the shape of the parts of the divided cubes. The children fit together two half-cubes to form a whole cube, and four quarter-cubes to form a whole cube, and then point out on the cubes thus formed, the slanting cuts by which they must be divided, before making the actual division.

Before directions are given for building with the whole gift, its single parts are to be carefully examined, and all surfaces, edges, corners and angles observed and counted. It is learned of the half-cube, that it has five sides, nine edges and six corners;—that two of its sides are square, two are triangular and one is oblong—and that a quarter-cube has also five sides, nine edges and six corners, but that one of its sides is square, two are triangular and two are oblong. On each one of the square and oblong sides of both half and quarter-cubes may be counted four edges, four corners and four angles, and on each one of the triangular sides, three edges, three corners and three angles, which latter the children are taught (in a way to be hereafter described,) to call "inside corners." To a knowledge of vertical and horizontal lines, is now added that of the slanting line, and to a knowledge of sides and planes in square and oblong is added that of the triangle, which is hereafter to appear often, and assist in the development of new forms. Two, or three, or four half-cubes are joined by oblong, square and triangular sides to gain new forms. It is proved that two half-cubes united by their oblong sides form a cube,—united by their square sides either a rhomboid or a triangle, and united by their triangular sides, a triangular prism. By joining two quarter-cubes all the above forms may be reproduced, except that of the cube, instead of which is gained an oblong figure or quadrangular prism.

Several sizes of squares and triangles can be formed by combining solid and divided cubes, and owing to the larger number of blocks and greater variety of shape at their disposal than heretofore, the children find unlimited amusement in familiarizing themselves with all the possible combinations of cubes and part-cubes. This constant repetition which is necessary to a complete understanding of the gift, exercises and strengthens the memory, and instead of being puzzled with abstract notions, the children in their play with real objects, learn to form their own judgment and conclusions.

Forms of knowledge begin as before, with the whole cube, which is transformed into other forms of knowledge when it is divided into halves, thirds, sixths, ninths, twelfths and twenty-sevenths, which have the form of lying and standing squares, oblongs, etc. During the last two years in the kindergarten course, the knowledge of concrete arithmetic is very much extended, but the capabilities of the fifth gift can by no means be exhausted by so young children, and it is reserved for the children of the primary school, and even for those of added years, to discover its hidden wealth.

Forms of life are unlimited in number and variety. Starting with the whole cube, it is first transformed into familiar objects of in-door life, and afterward into more complicated figures, to be built either from memory of things seen, or by direction. Conversations and short stories relating to these figures are made to convey instruction in an attractive manner, but the true kindergarten is careful not to talk too much. She does not in any way try to hasten the development of the children, by expecting of them more than they are able to do, thus sturdily refusing to aid in the popular "cramming" process which yearly adds so many to the number of "murdered innocents." But every day the children add to their store of knowledge—every day the little hands gain in dexterity, the bright eyes are being trained, the quick fancies are exercised, and the inventive powers called into action.

The importance of the thirty-nine parts of the gift is more fully realized in forms of Beauty than in forms of Life. It would be difficult to exhaust the possible combinations and permutations of thirty-nine different bodies, but limitations are found in the fact that the forms of Beauty being alike on all sides, necessitate a division of the gift which will allow an equal number of equal parts to each side. Each form is also divided into two parts, external and internal, which gives another limitation. The central part may be a square, triangle, hexagon, octagon or circle.

In making opposite movements with the blocks, the children should be taught to use both hands simultaneously, in order that they may gradually grow conscious of all the changes made, and realize that symmetry will be the result only when all the opposites balance each other.

The gift may be used in free building, first alone, then in connection with the third, then with the fourth, and lastly, with both third and fourth gifts together. But it is not to be used at all, until the child is five years old, and not then unless he is very familiar with the third and fourth gifts. If he entered the kindergarten at the right age, viz., three years, his physical and mental powers have been strengthened by daily systematic exercise, and he will now, at the age of five, be able to use greater skill than was required in the handling of the simpler gifts. In the words of Madame Kraus-Boelte, "The aim of all the gifts and occupations is to guide the child to correct action, to accustom it to follow certain rules, and to prepare it through play for self-consciousness, regulated, inventive work."

An attempt on the part of even an adult to follow too hasty directions can only result in confusion, while directions given more slowly, will as surely confer pleasant thoughts. The paragraphs that follow are from the "abstract" of an adult student, who after a thorough analysis and written description of the fifth gift, concludes with these reflections.

The forms of Beauty with their fixed centers, and the outer rings of blocks continually revolving around them, or the outer blocks stationary while the inner ones revolve, present an ever-changing picture, upon which we gaze with wonder and delight. But we have not time to fix the forms in memory, ere our fingers are nervously changing them to others. Thus in life are we hurried from one experience to another without time being given us to question the why or the wherefore, bearing with what courage we may the desecration of our airy castles, helped by the knowledge that upon the scene of their downfall, more enduring structures shall arise. A moment's pause in the tumult, and we are made aware of influences that cheer and strengthen us in the march to our destined goal. The flowers, a trinity of shape, color and perfume, woo us softly with their beauty, trees and grasses beckon us away from the littleness of life, birds fill our hearts with melody, waters bring coolness and calm, clouds lift our thoughts upward, winds touch our cheeks with whispered caresses, mountains and hills exalt, the sea subdues and soothes, and the sunshine is laden with blessing. To be in harmony with all created things, is not this the true prayer? Is not this to "pray without ceasing?" Every thought an aspiration, every heart-beat a psalm of praise! To echo the thought of Hugo, "There are moments when,

whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees!" And so also are those moments, which no clock can designate, supreme moments when neither soul nor body can kneel, and the revelation is made to you that your whole being is a temple, whose every court is thrilling with divine harmony, where is no room for prayer, it is so full of praise! And the dweller in that temple, even your own soul, must stand erect, and cannot kneel, it is so glad to be!

While writing a description of this gift, on reaching the process of transition from one form to another, a look from my window into the Park\* revealed a work of transformation on a much larger scale, and thought flew back to the weary months of labor required to perfect those beautiful Centennial buildings, which now were so swiftly and eagerly being torn down! Then came a vision of the thousands of people from all parts of the globe, who during the six months of the Exposition ceaselessly passed and repassed each other, a never-falling, never-resting throng. Where are they now? Can we ever forget that merry, eager crowd? And if sometimes the wish arose that it were not quite so large, was it not repented of, by those who a week after the Exposition closed, visited the grounds in search of one who could tell us how and where to study Kindergarten? On that gray, dreary, November day, only a few stragglers like ourselves, wandered about in an aimless sort of way, cold, spiritless and disconsolate, who missed the kindly, earnest faces, and knew then, that after all, it had been the people who kept alive the interest. The body of the Exposition was dead. The spirit that had warmed and vivified it had flown elsewhere. So let the beautiful structures be quickly overthrown, green grass and perfumed flowers shall soon heal the wounded earth from which they are torn. They who trod their floors, are widely scattered over the earth, some are resting in its bosom, but how many shall one day and somewhere give each other greeting! For every true spirit leaves a lasting influence upon whomsoever it touches. All souls that meet deliver their message, if it be but an "All hail, Comrade!" and "Good-bye!"

The pretty Kindergarten building echoes no more to joyous bird-songs or the happy voices of children. The birdies sing to other ears, and gladden other eyes and hearts. We know not where the children are who so lately made the air vocal with their songs and merry laughter, but we trust that each little, lonely orphaned heart is being shaped into a beautiful temple, fragrant with love's incense, and resonant with songs of Hope!

While examining the wood of which the fifth gift is made—for purposes of comparison with it, some polished woods from New-Zealand were given me—accompanied by pressed ferns and sea-mosses. As I observed with delight the fine graining and polishing of the beautiful woods, the perfect finish of each lovely fern-branch, and the delicate tracery and exquisite coloring of the sea-mosses with their clinging shells—and saw that no little seed-vessel, or humble root or tiny shell had been deemed too mean or too obscure to receive the finishing touches of the Perfect Artist, and considered of how small import these were in comparison with the value of one human soul, the thought arose then as often before, how little trust one must have, who could for an instant believe that the humblest one of these would be cast aside or forgotten! Then it was remembered that it is souls with whom we are all the time dealing, and that soon perhaps, the most tender and delicate of these, even the souls of the children would be given into our care, and I trusted and believed that no one would attach so much importance to the cubes, as to forget that they are only one of the many means by which those immortal germs are to be wooed to their unfolding. But when it was also remembered that these thoughts were awakened by the sight and study of the cube, it seemed impossible to give it undue prominence. What "law of opposites" shall reconcile such seeming contradictions!

\*Written in 1877.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"Waltham, Mass."—1st: "Does the Kindergarten unfit children for the public school?—That is,—are children trained in a Kindergarten the prescribed number of years, as well fitted for the public school and its methods, as when they enter the latter without such training?" To the first part of the question,—emphatically, no!—To the second,—children trained in Kindergarten have proved themselves to be so much more thoroughly prepared for school work, than those not so trained, that radical changes are being made in school methods with the purpose of bringing them into accord with the Kindergarten. The popular "Quincy methods all have their root in Kindergarten" as has been publicly stated by their able expounder, Colonel Parker.

2d: "Is Kindergarten a practical thing? And practicable?" Yes! Undoubtedly.

3d: "Can it be adopted into the public school system to the child's advantage? Which means the advantage of the whole community a few years later." Yes, if the school system shall allow, as does the Kindergarten, time for that gradual growth of mind which is essential to the highest culture, and if it be to the advantage of child and community to be early imbued with a love for honest work, a habit of taking all-sided views of things before judging and concluding, and a desire to become self respecting, law-abiding citizens.

4th: "Will it pay to spend on little children the money required to sustain successful Kindergartens?" Yes, even in a money sense, it will pay, for by this means the children are so educated in a love for Truth and Right, as in a great measure to do away with the desire for wrongdoing, and consequently with the necessity of later punishment at the public expense.

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(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)  
SOME HINTS ON MONEY MAKING.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

XIII.

A woman was, one day, walking the streets of a large town, in an aimless sort of fashion, with that flag of distress, a somewhat thick veil, drawn well over her face, when she became suddenly conscious that she was tired out and in need of food. A light breakfast, almost literally none at all—for the letter that came with the early mail had taken away her appetite—was a poor preparation for such feats of pedestrianism, and mechanically she turned into a restaurant patronized by ladies, and seated herself at one of the tables.

A regular procession of hungry ones seemed to be pouring into the place, and seats were in demand, until not a vacant chair was left in the establishment. Turning to the viands before her, Mrs. B—expected to find in them a reason for this popularity; but she was woefully disappointed. She had asked for an oyster stew and a cup of coffee, and found it difficult to dispose of either. Her neighbors were not so fastidious, but ate their portions with evident satisfaction, and our friend sat there lost in thought.

She had been doing a very foolish thing, and was reaping the consequences of it. A large slice of her moderate independence went to an investment that was to double itself speedily; but instead of doing this it vanished altogether. Mrs. B. never could understand the process by which this disappearance was effected; she only knew that the money was not there, and that she would never look upon its face again. A mere drop in the vast ocean of speculation, it yet represented a great deal to her; and she pondered sadly on the reductions that must necessarily be made in her modest style of living.

Among other thoughts, as she walked along, there had come to her the idea of some legitimate occupation to be carried on by proxy—say a little shop, for instance—through which she might at least reap enough to replace the interest of what she had lost; and then she peered about inquiringly at the various windows that displayed goods, until it seemed that every want that human nature could possibly entertain had been already provided for. Why must shopkeepers swarm so on every side, and leave no gate ajar, by which she could enter?

So it was in a disheartened frame of mind that Mrs. B—sat down to the unsatisfactory repast served to her in the restaurant, wishing that she were not so far away from a cup of her own admirable coffee, that would have set her on her feet, so to speak, and infused fresh energy and enterprise into her flagging faculties. This place made a specialty of supplying coffee at five cents a cup, and this feature alone attracted a large number of customers; but the first taste convinced this customer that it was not coffee. She was disposed to be strictly just and admit that the compound was probably flavored sparingly with some South American member of the family; but it had received no reinforcements from Araby the blest, nor spice-laden Java. She could certainly furnish a much better article at the same price and make money by it.

Presently a sound of masculine voices disturbed this reverie, and the dreamer became conscious that during her prolonged sitting the table just back of her had been vacated and re-occupied by two gentlemen, who discoursed in a low but distinct tone, so that she lost not a word of their conversation, which she found deeply interesting.

"The same old story on every bill of fare," began one of them. "I am sick of all these things, and I'd be willing to invest in starting a restaurant on new principles."

"What kind of principles?" asked the other. "On that, for instance, of furnishing good plain dishes, thoroughly well prepared and cooked, at reasonable prices. There are many things, not at all expensive, yet popular at least with men, which are never to be found in these places, and seldom enough in any other place, for that matter."

"You're a congenial soul," said his companion, "and you may count me in as a brother. This coffee, to particularize, needs a thorough reconstruction."

"It rather needs," was the disgusted reply, "to be thrown out of the window. I know where to get an excellent beverage for ten cents a cup—the ordinary price—but prefer paying five, and it ought to be furnished good at that price."

"My soul yearns for baked beans, such as we had in the country when we were boys, not such as you get at the ordinary restaurant. It also plaintively recalls the steamed brown bread that went, or rather came, with these beans, the apple turnovers and the home-made gingerbread."

"What ghosts of past joys you are conjuring up—a Barmecide feast that is never likely to be realized in the way of bought lunches; and even in the country the species is nearly extinct in these degenerate days, 'country fare' usually standing for the plainest and poorest of dishes."

"I am fully persuaded," was the rejoinder, "that the reason so many people don't succeed in business is because they are fools. If I kept a restaurant, I would strike out a new path, and make it pay."

"I'll patronize you," said the other, laughingly, "if you'll give me the super-extra coffee at five cents a cup, and the beans, brown bread, etc., in proportion. But here we are at the end of our feast, and our time as well."

Mrs. B—realized that this was also the case with herself; but she was no longer limp and discouraged, starting to her feet with the alacrity that comes of set purpose, and taking the nearest car to her own residence. This was a small suite of rooms in some one else's house; but she had every comfort about her, and she now felt entitled to sink luxuriously on the lounge in her sitting-room and think at her leisure over what she had heard in the morning.

Yes, she believed she could accomplish it without any great outlay at first; and it would certainly be worth trying. There was Martha and her little shop, all made to hand, as it were, and she could scarcely resist the inclination to start out at once and "talk it over." But brain and body were alike too weary to bear any further strain until after a night's rest; and Martha was left until the early hours of the morning when she was supposed to be more at leisure.

That worthy woman, however, had been well named, and if the idea of leisure ever intruded upon her thoughts, it was treated as a dangerous visitor, to be kept at a distance. Cast in the New England mould of fifty years ago, and regarding work as the chief end and aim of woman, her wiry arms accomplished tasks that seemed

incredible. Besides her little shop, which was a sort of variety establishment, she did her own housekeeping in a back room, and her premises had at least the advantage, as an Irishman told her, of being "contagious to everything."

It was this desirable quality of contagion to the business world that impressed Mrs. B— with the conviction that Martha's shop would be an admirable place for a beginning; and remembering a certain feast at which she had "assisted" in that back room, she felt equally sure that Martha would prove the right woman in the right place. From that cooking stove, and from a "spider" heated thereon, had emanated a New England "short-cake" that seemed little short of an inspiration. It was made quite thin, split and buttered when well-browned, then placed in a covered dish, cut in triangles, and deluged with boiling cream. The tea was strong and fragrant, the gingerbread and seed-cakes just what men's mothers made when they were boys, and the frizzled beef was above reproach. The invitation was quite unexpected; but Mrs. B— had the happy faculty of converting people whom she met in a business way into personal friends, and from buying spools of cotton and papers of pins of the prim-looking shop-woman she had advanced to a knowledge of her personal history and an introduction to the back room.

Miss Small—who was something less than six feet—paused in the work of brushing out her little domain, and rested gracefully against the broom, as though she were grounding arms, while her visitor unfolded the plan which had run riot in her brain during the last twenty hours. "I guess we can do it," was the concise reply at the first pause, and a gleam of joy lighted up the speaker's eye at the thought of revelling among the beloved viands of her childhood again.

Then both women traversed the space from end to end, and measured it, and decided to let a portion of the goods overflow into the next room, and bring them forth as they were called for. This left a fair-sized area for the introduction of four small tables, which were covered with spotless napery and made to look decorative at very small expense. The table-ware was both cheap and pretty, and exactly suited to the place. But the crowning triumph was in the name, which appeared on a modest placard in the window. This informed the passer-by that here was the "OLD FARMHOUSE RESTAURANT," and that such refreshments as good coffee, home-made bread, both white and brown, baked beans, real country doughnuts, pressed beef and veal, and "grandma's gingerbread and turnovers" were to be had for the asking—and paying.

Mrs. B—furnished, first the idea, then the necessary capital and arrangements, made all the purchases and kept the accounts, while Martha did the local work, provided the room, and with the help of a youthful maiden in the neighborhood waited upon the customers. It seemed, therefore, a fair bargain for the two women to divide the profits, and each was satisfied with this arrangement.

Miss Small got much actual enjoyment out of her part of the programme, and her "luck" with the various viands was most gratifying. Mrs. B— had the forethought to advertise the scheme of an "Old Farmhouse Restaurant," by a Daughter of New England," in one or two prominent papers; and she also had a number of circulars printed and widely distributed. This resulted in quite a large attendance on the very first day; and when the head of the firm, who was watching operations and counting heads from the back room, recognized among the visitors the very gentlemen who had unconsciously suggested the idea to her, she could scarcely restrain her satisfaction.

Their satisfaction was not in the least restrained; the coffee, which was a splendid success, was pronounced "ravishing," the beans, brown bread, gingerbread and turnovers received their full meed of compliments; and the rapid manner in which these viands disappeared was a species of ovation to the manufacturer, in which that good woman took solid comfort.

From twelve o'clock till three there was a steady stream of custom; and on that first day the four tables were increased to six. The little shop seemed likely to be elbowed out of existence by its mushroom neighbor, but it was a question of the survival of the fittest. Martha confessed, on counting up the day's receipts, that her share far exceeded what she received from her ordinary avocation, and she thought, too, that she liked the work better. It certainly was harder; but she did not care for that, when the employment was what she wanted. She always did hanker after cooking, and she believed she could set out a meal with any one. Mrs. B— felt that the New England maiden had hitherto been a square peg in a round hole, and that she herself was enjoying the privilege of introducing her to her real vocation.

That lady was in a most exhilarated frame of mind at the prospect of a flourishing business; but she did not feel satisfied with its present cramped quarters, and with her, to be dissatisfied was to go at once into action. So she perambulated the streets wherever they offered a desirable locality for the Old Farmhouse Restaurant, and at last the very combination desired appeared to be found. It was an "apartment" of three nice rooms on the lower floor, with a tiny one in addition, where an assistant could be accommodated; and here Miss Small could carry on her own housekeeping with comfort, and yet leave abundant space for the restaurant. But the shop must be abandoned.

Mrs. B— quietly took the rooms, without giving her partner any idea of her intentions; and then she set about carrying out a fresh scheme. She suddenly became interested in auction stores, especially those of an aged and battered appearance, while her favorite fancy-work at that period appeared to be the sewing of carpet rags. She was furnishing the new restaurant, and when it was quite in order she invited Martha to visit the new quarters.

"For the lands sake!" exclaimed the astonished woman, as she gazed about her in a bewildered frame of mind. She might have been transported bodily to the well-remembered "keeping-room" at home, except that the high-post bedstead that adorned it was missing. But there was the rag carpet on the floor, the wooden-seated chairs, the queer gilt-framed mirror over the mantel, the fire-frame for a wood fire, with its brass knobs and funny little mantel shelf, the chest of drawers, the ornamental shells from foreign lands, and the spinning-wheel. The illusion seemed complete, in the very heart of the city, too; and had Miss Small been acquainted with necromancers, she would have ascribed the aspect of things to the incantations of these gentlemen.

Her companion was highly gratified with the effect she had produced; and she replied to Martha's exclamations: "So it looks natural, does it? Well, I am glad you think so; for you ought to be a good judge; and I have felt from the first that to be quite in character our Old Farmhouse Restaurant should be held in an old farmhouse keeping-room. Then, too, I have another idea of dressing you in character, as well as the room. You remember the 'Old Folks,' who were really young folks, who went round the country singing, and how quaintly the women were dressed, with their scant skirts and short waists, and high combs, and hair plastered down at the sides? A bag on one arm and a big fan of turkey feathers helps the illusion wonderfully; why, you would be quite irresistible, Martha, if you served the New England viands in this attire!"

Miss Small was by this time the victim of uncontrollable laughter. "Where," she gasped, "would the turkey fan and the bag be while I was handin' round the dishes?"

Mrs. B— was obliged to laugh, too, at this ignoring of possibilities in her plan; but she added: "Well, never mind the bag and the fan, then, although you might have them at hand; but lay aside your 'friz,' and wear a straight up and down dress—in short, carry the aroma, as it were, of baked beans and brown bread and all the rest of it in your general aspect—and our receipts will probably be doubled."

This sacrilegious prospect was quite as alluring to one partner as it was to the other; and the "Daughter of New England" attired herself accordingly, declaring that no one would ever tell her from her own grandmother.

The new quarters were all that could be desired; and "the Old Farmhouse," as it came to be called, was a very popular retreat. The ingenious surroundings served to keep up the illusion, and it seemed refreshing to weary plodders to get a glimpse of old time country life in the heart of the busy city. Mrs. B— did not reap a fortune from the idea so unexpectedly encountered, but she did reap far more than enough to repay her loss.

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BY MRS. S. O. JOHNSON.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

"A. B. C.:"—1st. When calling upon a lady who has a lady visitor whom you may not meet again, while leaving the room you could say, "As I may not see you again Miss, I will make my adieu now, and I hope that we may meet again sometime in the near future."

2d. Yes, if the lady offers to shake hands, but it is not the gentleman's place to offer his hand first, unless he meets very intimate friends.

3d. If it is the first time you have met the lady, you can say in bidding adieu, "I am glad to have met you, Miss."

4th. Upon leaving your friends at night it is simply a matter of choice whether you say "Good-night" or "Good-evening." Both are correct.

5th. When calling upon a young lady whom you have met several times previously, it is better to wait for her to offer to shake hands. Upon retiring she need not repeat the form unless it is her pleasure to do so. But be careful not to shake the young lady's hand as though it were a pump handle, but shake it gently, and do not press it closely.

6th. Young gentlemen should hand their card to the servant who opens the door, if they are not intimate friends of the family. And if the ladies are out a card should always be left at the door.

7th. No, unless walking in the crowded streets of a city, there is no rule for a gentleman keeping on the outside of the pavement. If it is night time he will offer his arm for her support, and he need not change sides at the street crossings.

8th. The brother of the bridegroom always kisses the bride, and also the bridegroom if he likes.

9th. At a five o'clock tea party the guests leave soon after partaking of the entertainment, first making their adieus to the ladies of the house before they leave the reception room.

"A Beginner:"—When attending a dance where the supper is served at a restaurant, the gentleman should ask the lady what she would prefer, and offer her the bill of fare to make her selections. Of course the lady will select what she chooses, but usually some slight refreshments, such as oysters, or salads and coffee, or ice cream, cake and coffee. Her own good taste will guide her in her selections. When the gentleman offers the carte you can say, "What shall we have?" and let his tastes be consulted as well as your own.

"Evergreen:"—If a lady should receive a note from a gentleman stated thus: "Compliments of Mr. — to Miss —, and will be pleased to have her company at church," she can reply in the same way, "Miss — would be pleased to accept Mr. —'s invitation to attend church," giving the date. Always reply to notes written in the third person, in the same manner.

"An Interested Reader:"—1st. At any party where the guests sit at table it is the hostess' place to make the move to rise and leave the dining-room. She need only bow and smile at her guests as she rises, or she can say "Shall we adjourn to the parlors?" At a table where none but the family are present it is the mother or father—as the case may be—who first rises. No child should leave the table without asking to be excused. The father or mother will not leave the table as a general thing until they see that each one has finished eating.

2d. When company arrives it is often the custom in small towns and villages to go to the gate to meet them, and to express one's joy at their arrival. Of course in cities this cannot be done. City and country customs differ essentially in many points, but the courtesy of the heart is always pleasing.

3d. The guests are expected to enter the house first, the hostess leading the way up the steps and opening the door for her guests' entrance into her home.

"Will:"—When entering a room at a reception you should bow low and speak to the hostess, but not shake hands unless she offers to do so. Then speak to those nearest you with whom you are acquainted, offering your hand if you are on intimate terms with them, and bow to those whom you know who are not near enough for you to speak with.

"A New Subscriber:"—Anything of your own work will make a pretty gift for a gentleman friend,—initial embroidered handkerchiefs, a slipper case, a brush broom case, or a travelling case, etc. A pretty trimming for a black thin dress is jet passementerie and tulle lace. It is impossible to reply in the next month's issue after one asks questions. The circulation of THE JOURNAL is so large that it goes to press some weeks ahead of its issue.

"A Subscriber:"—Long bridal veils are worn with wedding dresses of thin or thick materials, but not with travelling dresses, when bonnets are usually worn. The prettiest dress for a bride, however, is white. For travelling dresses, camel's hair or any of the soft materials now worn are desirable. The most becoming color is always the best to select. Velvet is the appropriate trimming this autumn or combinations. A bouquet is usually held in the hand of the bride.

"A Subscriber:"—It is perfectly proper for a young lady to give a party in honor of a young man (her cousin) who is visiting her. She can word her invitations thus: "Miss — requests the pleasure of your company on — eve," mentioning the day, and also the hour.

"X Y Z:"—1st. If there are no ushers at a small wedding, and some of the guests are strangers to the parents of the bride, a mutual acquaintance should introduce them, and not force them to give their own names to the parents.

2d. White slippers and white silk stockings are worn with a white wedding dress. Never black or colored stockings or slippers.

3d. The bride can remove the right hand glove when partaking of refreshments.

4th. A colored dress would be better for the bride's mother to wear than a black one, yet it can be worn if desired.

"Caddie:"—The 30th anniversary of a wedding is rarely celebrated. After the silver wedding on the 25th anniversary there is a long hiatus to the golden wedding at 50 years. The engraver will supply the correct wording of the wedding invitations, which are always printed on large cards. It is impossible to reply in the November issue of THE JOURNAL which had gone to press when your letter was received. Can any of our readers inform "Caddie" what is the special inducement given for the anniversary of the thirty years?

"D. W.:"—No, it is not polite for a gentleman to enclose a stamp for a reply to his letter written to a young lady. You can return the stamps and

write: "Please let me return the stamps you kindly enclosed, because I am always well supplied with them."

"A New Subscriber:"—The groom and ushers at a morning wedding wear white lawn neckties and white or pearl-gray kid gloves.

"Blondette:"—1st. Wedding Cards are usually sent out from two to three weeks before the wedding takes place.

2d. The wedding ring is always worn upon the third finger of the left hand. The engagement ring is usually worn above it for a guard. The wedding ring is a heavy plain gold ring.

"An Old Subscriber:"—1st. If you desire to refuse an invitation to an "at home" card (being an anniversary reception) you can send regrets by a messenger. If you accept you need not reply, but you should leave your card upon the hall table as you enter or leave the house.

2d. Upon returning from the ladies' room you should enter the reception room, either with or without an escort, and speak to the hostess at once. Do not exactly understand your question.

3d. You should not address any of the company who are strangers to you and, also, long-time residents of the place, as it is their place to request an introduction to you if they desire to make your acquaintance.

"Tessie:"—Answers to this department are not sent by mail.

1st. When a gentleman thanks a lady after dancing with her no reply is needed but a sweet smile and a graceful bow.

2d. It is not proper for a young man to detain a lady on the street to talk with her. If he wishes to converse with her he should say, "Allow me to walk a short distance with you."

3d. When a young man is calling upon a lady and speaks of returning home, if the time is early in the evening she can say: "Oh! it is quite early," but if the hour is late she should not detain him. Some young men are quite bashful and are really afraid to rise and take leave. So if that is the case, and the young man is on his feet, do let him go at once and not prolong the situation to his disturbance.

4th. If a gentleman asks a lady's permission at a party to introduce her to a friend she should not refuse it but should say: "Certainly, I should be pleased to know your friend." As a rule, at a friend's house, there would not be any gentlemen whose acquaintance would be objectionable.

5th. When a young man invites a lady to drive out with him, and knows that she has no previous engagement, and she wishes to refuse his invitation she could say: "Please excuse me as I shall not be able to drive with you." Say it politely and with a smile, but let the young man see that his attentions are not agreeable to you. If a girl possesses any tact she can do this without making an enemy of a young man.

"A subscriber:"—If the gentleman of the house is present when "a lady attended by her coachman" is making a visit, common politeness would teach him that he should go with her to her carriage and assist her to enter it.

2d. The lady of the house should not go with her visitor to her carriage excepting in the country, where women are on very intimate terms, but even then etiquette does not require her to go out on the sidewalk.

"An Old Subscriber:"—Our subscribers are at liberty to ask questions upon any subject connected with the home circle.

2st. A Japanese tea party is all the style now, and as you suggest, the young ladies who tend the various tables of refreshments or fancy articles can be dressed a la Japanese. There are colored pictures which are sold very cheaply at the art stores showing the peculiar dress of the Japanese, and these can be copied easily, taking a solid color such as black, brown, blue or red, for the under dress, and draping over it flowered chintz or silks or gauzes in a jaunty style. Then twist a red, yellow or blue scarf in light folds around the neck, and cross it below the bust and tuck it at the left side. Old-style cashmere scarfs can be used in this fashion, or Turkey red, blue or yellow cloths can be thus draped, and cut in very narrow strips at the ends for a fringe. The sleeves can be cut in drapery and edged with a double three-inch band of the same color as the scarf. The hair should be dressed very high on top of the head and shell hair pins should be put in at the sides, while directly on top a small Japan round fan can be perched with a sideways effect. The eyebrows should be blackened and the eyes darkened with a charcoal pencil so that the oblique effect of the eye can be given. The room should be decorated with Chinese lanterns, parasols, fans, banners, etc., and the tables can be trimmed with red, blue and gold papers or muslins, so as to produce a brilliant effect.

2d. Yes, little girls can be dressed in the same fashion and employed to sell various wares, and carry baskets filled with little Japanese toys and fans and small parasols. A fishing pool will also add to the amusement of the visitors. A large basket of Japanese make can be filled with all manner of articles done up in papers and so tied that a large fishing hook can be inserted into the twine that fastens the bundle. Each fisher pays ten cents and casts his hook at the bundle he selects, while an attendant inserts it into the package and the fisher draws out his fish. Some articles are worth more than the ten cents and some less, so it is a matter of chance, but it will interest and amuse the audience much more than a grab basket. Two are needed to tend the fishing pool—one to take the money, and one to assist the fishers, and they can be dressed in Oriental fashion.

"Lena:"—1st. A hostess should comply with a request from a guest to play or sing, without first asking some one of her guests to do so. Unless she shows a desire to entertain her friends she cannot think that others will, even if "one of them is a better musician and older than herself." 2d. The hostess should, after having played or sung herself, ask one of her guests to do the same, and unless she is strenuously urged to perform again, she should request that favor of others, and not sing or play herself.

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ELEGANT LACES MADE AT HOME! THE CRUSH LACE PIN Is a new patented article, invented by a lady who is an expert in fancy work, by the aid of which, combined with the use of an ordinary crochet hook, the most beautiful and elaborate laces ever seen, either in Linen, Thread, Silk or Worsted, may be quickly and easily made by any one. It is so simple and so easily understood that even a child can use it successfully, and is without question one of the greatest and most wonderful inventions ever offered to the women of America. We give a small illustration of a single pattern of lace made with the Crush Lace Pin, but the number of beautiful designs and kinds and varieties of lace that may be made with it is only limited to the ingenuity of the operator. Hand-made laces, such as may be made with this article by any lady with great rapidity in her own home, cannot be purchased at stores at any price—they are vastly superior to the machine-made laces sold in stores—in fact there is no comparison between the two. The work produced by this implement is also in every way superior to any of the hand-made crochet laces now in use, being of much finer texture and capable of much more elaborate and elegant designs. This Pin produces an entirely new kind of Thread Laces. Almost every lady crochets or knits lace for trimming undergarments or children's clothing, and knows that thread trimmings outwear any other kind that money will buy. The Crush Lace Pin, in the hands of every lady who makes crochet work, will pay for itself twice over in one day's work. The article consists of a series of polished silver pins 7 inches in length, joined together by handsome and elaborate silver clasps. It is warranted not to rust or tarnish. Every kind, quality and variety of lace may be made with it with the greatest rapidity and ease. This great invention opens up a way by which every industrious lady may greatly add to her income by work at home. For such beautiful laces as the Crush Lace Pin produces command a ready sale at high prices either in stores or private families. Ladies may also make money rapidly by taking an agency for the Pin, for hardly any lady will refuse to buy it when she sees what beautiful work it will do. We will send the Crush Lace Pin, together with a fine steel Crochet Hook and a Book of Complete Directions, so simple a child may understand them, containing also numerous designs and patterns for making a great variety of beautiful laces, likewise terms of agents, all packed in a handsome box, upon receipt of only Twenty-five Cents, or five for \$1.00, and every sale is made with the distinct understanding that if the article is not found precisely as here represented—if it will not do exactly as we say—the money paid for it will be refunded at once. Ladies, send for the Crush Lace Pin, and be the first to introduce this beautiful home-made lace in your vicinity. Please mention this paper when writing. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

SEABURY'S MUSIC MENDER. A DURABLE, TRANSPARENT ADHESIVE TISSUE. For mending torn Music, Bank Bills or other papers, and all fabrics from the heaviest Silks to the finest Lawns. Invisible and cannot harm the fabric to which it is applied. One yard in beautifully decorated tin baton, to be had of all druggists at 50c. or mailed direct on receipt of price by SEABURY & JOHNSON, 21 Platt St., New York

FEATHERBONE THE NEW ELASTIC BONE MADE FROM QUILLS MANUFACTURED INTO DRESS-STAYS, CORSETS AND WHIPS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

History of Featherbone sent free. Address THE WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich. Patentees and Sole Manufacturers of Warren's Featherbone Dress Stays, Corsets and Health Waists.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE A new book containing plans and specifications for 25 houses, all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York. Ladies Follow Directions CAREFULLY Enamel your Ranges twice a year, tops once a week and you have the finest-polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

OUR NEW MINISTER.

(Concluded from page 14.)

achin' hearts, bring sweet thought from heaven to console 'em, for earth can't help 'em.

I talked first-rate to him, and considerable long, about 3/4 of a hour I should judge.

And just as he wuz a sayin' this, the children and a lot of other company come in to spend the evenin', and the Elder moved back his chair, and sot down in the what-not, that sot in a corner of the room.

You know a what-not is a piece of furniture that is sot in corners to hold everything in.

Wall, he sot the hind leg of his chair right through the bottom suet, and when he went to hitch forward, the hull thing come down onto his back, and fell round him in a torrent of anarchy and rulu.

Why three days and a hull bottle of glue, didn't make the rulu good, nor the anarchy, didn't get the what-not on its legs agin, so to speak.

But then I didn't wuz nothin' up, (only the things I couldn't mend, and hated to throw away), I didn't lay nothin' up aginst the Elder, knowin' it wuz one of the onfortunate moves.

But as I wuz sayin', he agreed that night to take my advice, he said he would not praise up Augustus too much, or work on the feelin's of the family.

And I felt quite composed in my mind agin about it. But good land! who would have thought that he would preach a gay sermon. I never wuz so mortified in my life, knowin' it wuz my advice that had done it, and then and there I made up my mind that never, never would I give that creeper a word of advice agin—and never under any circumstances would I forget my meanness.

No, I sez to myself I would rather let my left hand forget to be cunnin' before I would ever, ever forget my meanness, or leggo of it.

Why if you'll believe it Elder Rumsay preached a long sermon and never mentioned the deceased at all, nor in the first prayer—preached a sort of a gay, happy sermon—not really what you might call highlarious, but nothin' at all like a funeral sermon, not a mite.

But he prayed for lots and lots of 'em. And then he prayed for the nations right through from Arizony to Africa, and the Injuns, and the different political parties, and Grover Cleveland.

And in windin' up he said, as if it had just come into his mind axidental, "As for the deceased, oh Lor, thou knowest the least said the soonest mended."

The minute he stopped that prayer, I riz right up and started for home, walkin' afoot. I felt so dumbfounded, I never wanted to see a soul or speak to 'em.

I wuz sorry, sorry enough that I had been too good, that I hadn't been more mejum, and hadn't

mindid my own business more than I had mindid it.

And I says to myself over and over agin, as I wended my way onward, walkin' afoot—"Never, never agin, though my right hand forgets to be cunnin', never, will I forget to be mejum."

And oh! what a blessed thing it would be for Jousville and the world, if everybody could learn that lesson—and learn it well.

Sometimes I felt so curious that the heft of my principles didn't seem to comfort me as they ort to.

Mebby I shall feel different about it sometime, but I am dretful cut up about it now, dretful.

TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

(Concluded from page 13.)

posed I simply give the offer and address of the party making it.

Mrs. J. M. Lappam writes: "Some months ago I saw some inquiries about the culture of Cacti in the JOURNAL, and you could not give the information desired because you had had but little experience with these plants.

"Last spring I found what we call my 'Cane' Cactus rotted off at the roots. I cut off the stalks, planted them, and they have grown as if nothing had happened to them.

"Corinne?"—An article on the cultivation of Gloxinias and Cyclamens will be given soon. It was impossible to answer your questions in time for the information to do any good this fall.

"Saxie" wants to know how to carry flowers from one part of the city to another, in winter, without freezing. If she will line a box with several thicknesses of wrapping paper, and wrap it well in paper after putting in her flowers, I think she will have no difficulty in keeping flowers from frost.

Mrs. E. R. H.:—This correspondent asks why her Begonia's leaves turn red on the underside, and decay? I have never seen any change in the color of the leaves, except that which tells that a plant is sick, and that is always a pale green or yellow.

LADY AGENTS actually earn \$20 daily. I have something entirely new for LADY AGENTS that sells at night in every house. A minister's wife sold thirteen the first hour.

Books of HIDDEN NAME Cards, 13 Funny Stories, 500 Verses, Riddles, Speeches, Etc., and a copy of our newly illustrated paper, all for a 2c stamp.

WHITE WINGS 10c. Catalogue of Songs Free. H. J. WEHMAN, 130 PARK ROW, N. Y.

LADIES! Recommend "A'mond Meal" to prevent wrinkles and make the skin as soft as velvet.

These flower seeds are put us in well-filled packets, and wrapped in bundles, each containing the sixteen varieties; they are guaranteed to be first-class in every respect.

By a special arrangement with one of the largest and best known seed growers in N. Y. State, we have secured especially for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the best dollar's worth of flower seeds ever grown, which we propose to GIVE AS A FREE PRESENT to every person who will secure for us only 2 subscribers for one year at 50 cents each; or 4 subscribers for 6 months, at 25 cents each. A full dollar's worth free.

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING VARIETIES:

- Phlox Drummondii, all colors, mixed.
Carnation Poppy, " " " "
Double Zinnia, " " " "
Gilia, " " " "
Sweet William, " " " "
Perrilla, " " " "
Portulaca, all colors, mixed.
Petunia, " " " "
Balsam, " " " "
Amaranthus, all " " " "
Sweet Peas, " " " "
Acrocnium, " " " "
French Marigold, all colors, mixed.
Japan Coxcomb, " " " "
Fragrant Candytuft, " " " "
Ice Plant, " " " "

These flower seeds are put us in well-filled packets, and wrapped in bundles, each containing the sixteen varieties; they are guaranteed to be first-class in every respect; the same that seedmen sell for more than \$1.00.

SEEDS AT HALF PRICE!—The above collection is usually sold for one dollar. WE OFFER THEM TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—who can not send subscribers—FOR ONLY 50 CTS. We have made arrangements for thousands of these collections and can sell them for less money than any other concern in this country.

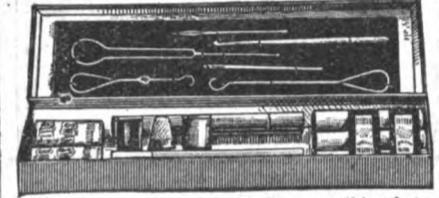
And do not "nurse them" too much. It is quite easy to give a plant more attention than it requires. Geraniums do not like to be coddled.

Mrs. M. V. M.:—I have a plant of the Constante Elliot variety of Passion Flower, procured last spring, and it has bloomed during the summer, so you see it does produce flowers the first season.

G. C.:—The Ivy Geranium will blossom in winter. I have never tried sawdust in a Rose bed, but presume it would prove beneficial, after it began to rot.

H. S. C.:—The best of all fertilizers for house-plants is liquid manure made by leaching droppings from a cow stable. If this can be procured, I would never advise the use of any other.

IMPORTED WORK BOX, FREE.



This Elegant Imported Work Box, something that no lady can fail to be delighted with, we had made in Europe especially for us, and only by ordering a very large quantity have we been enabled to procure them at a price which permits us to now give them free to our subscribers.

Beautiful colored designs, printed on hempen canvas, to be worked in rags, yarn, etc. Send for catalogue and price list. Agents wanted everywhere.

\$100 to \$300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business.

PATENTS F. H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No pay until patent is obtained. Send for Inventor's Guide.

Send for free Catalogue of Books of Amusements speaks, Dialogues, Gymnasium, Fortune Tellers Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquette etc. DICK & FITZGERALD, 18 Ann St., New York

LADY AGENTS actually earn \$20 daily. I have something entirely new for LADY AGENTS that sells at night in every house.

Books of HIDDEN NAME Cards, 13 Funny Stories, 500 Verses, Riddles, Speeches, Etc., and a copy of our newly illustrated paper, all for a 2c stamp.

WHITE WINGS 10c. Catalogue of Songs Free. H. J. WEHMAN, 130 PARK ROW, N. Y.

LADIES! Recommend "A'mond Meal" to prevent wrinkles and make the skin as soft as velvet.

IMPORTANT NEWS FOR LADIES! NO MORE WRINKLES. NO MORE SMALL-POX MARKS. YOUTH AND BEAUTY CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED BY USING

PASTA POMPADOUR.

No discovery in toilet chemistry has ever obtained a greater acknowledgment and so much popularity throughout the civilized world as PASTA POMPADOUR.

Facial Blemishes. J. H. Woodbury, Albany, N. Y. Send stamp for 50 page book. Dr. BEST HOLD PILOT, 8 pages, 40 columns, six months on trial 10c.

FREE The Finest Sample Book of Gold Beveled-Edge Hidden Name Cards ever offered with Agents Outfit for 2c stamp. U. S. CARD CO., Cadiz, Ohio.

BOOK OF BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE CARDS. 200 Imp'd German Pictures, Puzzles, Songs, Transfer Pictures, 16p. Sample Book of Silk Fringe Cards & Solid 18k. Rolled Gold Ring, all for 10c. Bird Card Co., Meriden, Conn.

FUN CARDS Set of Scrap Pictures, one checker board, and large sample book of HIDDEN NAME CARDS and Agents outfit, all for only two cents. CAPITOL CARD COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio.

10 SECRETS, including one to develop the form, and a cake of Toph's finest perfumed soap on earth, for 2c. Agents wanted. Toph & Co., Cincinnati, O.

LADIES you can have a Sewing Machine, and a half on many useful articles. Agents wanted. Address: The Western World, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR Name printed on 50 Mixed Cards, and 100 Scrap Pictures, 10c. Ray Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

LADY AGENTS for LADIES' WEAR, outfit free, conditionally. You are protected against loss and guaranteed \$5.00 daily. All about it for stamp. MRS. F. C. FARRINGTON, Box 648, CHICAGO.

990 Funny Selections, Scrap Pictures, etc., and 100 Sample Cards for 2c. Hill Pub. Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED Goods Sell Everywhere BIG PAY. Pocket Case of eight lovely cards, with terms, FREE TO ALL. Send 4 cts. for mailing. M. A. SAMPLES FREE. Rose & Co., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

This Stone Ring, 1 Band Ring, 30 page Book, 150 Scrap Pictures, etc., all for only two cents. CARD CO., East River, Conn.

BEAUTY Wrinkles, Black-Head, Pimples, Freckles, Itchings, Moes and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Complexions beautified. The Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book and testimonials sent sealed, 4 cts. Madame Velar, 241 W. 23d St., New York City. Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper.

941 HIDDEN NAME CARDS, scrap pictures, puzzles, games, etc., also a report on the largest and finest sample book of ever published. All for a 2-cent stamp. Swan Card Works, Station 15, U.

WATCHES and JEWELRY: Big line, Low Prices. 100 page Wholesale Catalogue FREE! The Domestic Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.

ONE PAOK May 10 U. House Cards, One Pack Excort Cards, One Pack Filtration Cards, One Pack Hold-to-the-Light Cards, The Maple Tree, with which you can tell any person's age and large sample book of Hidden Name Cards. All for only a 2-cent stamp. Swan Card Co., Cadiz, O.

CARDS FREE Book rich new sample pictures, and our big terms to Agents free. Send 4c. for mail. 12 lovely Basket Hidden Name, 10c. 25 plain gilt edge, 10c. Circle 7 Packs, 50c. HOLLEY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn.

160 New Scrap Pictures and large Sample Card Outfit, 5c. AETNA PRINT CO., Northford, Conn.

AGENTS Wanted for my fast-selling articles Samples, etc. free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

MUSIC SALE To reduce our stock of music, we will send by mail, postpaid, 60 pieces full sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes quadrilles (with calls), &c. by Mend' esohn, Beethoven Mozart &c. 20c. Money refunded if not satisfactory WHITE WINGS & 100 songs words and music 10c. Q. L. HATHAWAY, 39 Wash. St. Boston, Mass.

FUN Cards, Scrap pictures and books of beautiful sample cards for 2 cents. A. B. HINES, Cadiz, Ohio.

A SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY. \$1.00 WORTH OF FLOWER SEEDS FREE! To any person sending us only two subscribers at fifty cents each per year.



FLOWERS AT YOUR DOOR. A dollar's worth flower seeds will be delivered free of all charge, at your door, if you will send us only two yearly subscribers, or we will sell them at half price—only 50 cents.

By a special arrangement with one of the largest and best known seed growers in N. Y. State, we have secured especially for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the best dollar's worth of flower seeds ever grown, which we propose to GIVE AS A FREE PRESENT to every person who will secure for us only 2 subscribers for one year at 50 cents each; or 4 subscribers for 6 months, at 25 cents each. A full dollar's worth free.

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING VARIETIES: Phlox Drummondii, all colors, mixed. Carnation Poppy, " " " " Double Zinnia, " " " " Gilia, " " " " Sweet William, " " " " Perrilla, " " " " Portulaca, all colors, mixed. Petunia, " " " " Balsam, " " " " Aramantus, all " " " " Sweet Peas, " " " " Acrocnium, " " " " French Marigold, all colors, mixed. Japan Coxcomb, " " " " Fragrant Candytuft, " " " " Ice Plant, " " " "



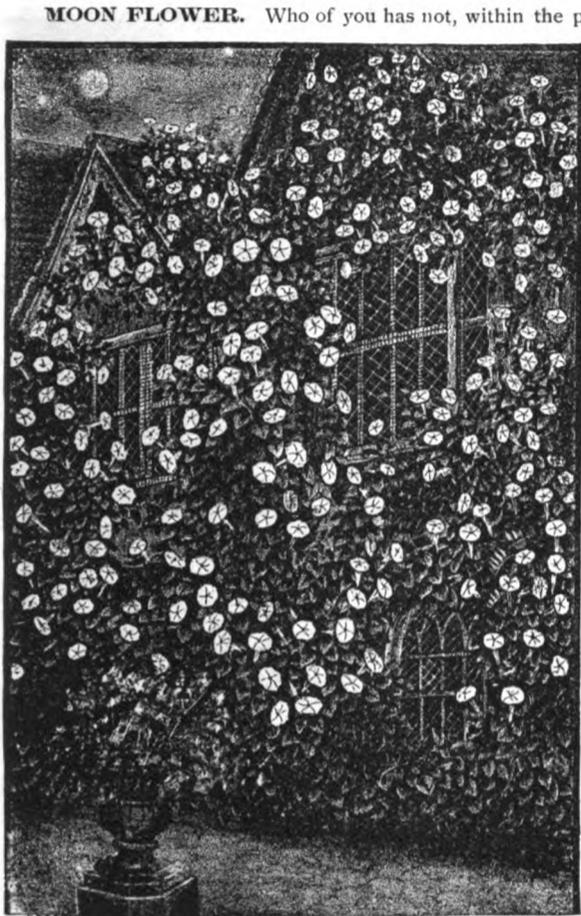
Flowers at the window indicate a home of taste and refinement.

SEEDS AT HALF PRICE!—The above collection is usually sold for one dollar. WE OFFER THEM TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—who can not send subscribers—FOR ONLY 50 CTS. We have made arrangements for thousands of these collections and can sell them for less money than any other concern in this country. A full dollar's worth for only 50 cents, sent postpaid to any address. Address: CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**FLORAL PREMIUMS FOR NEXT SEASON.**

It has been our aim to offer our subscribers nothing but the very best premiums we could get hold of, and in our floral premiums all have taken so well that now we come to you with something new and especially fine. Every reader will want one or more of these plants, and you will want to act quickly so as to secure just the plant you want. Our motto now is, "On to a million;" let every reader do her best, and our subscription list will be swelled to the round million during the year. We are willing to pay you for your trouble. Run in now to your neighbors, show them your paper, and send us a club of ten or a dozen if you can—**AT ONCE**. Remember these are not cheap, catch-penny novelties, but real floral gems. *Secure them all.*

**FLORAL PREMIUM NO. 1.**



MOON FLOWER.

Who of you has not, within the past year, heard the praises of this flower sounded far and wide? It is one of the very best climbing vines ever offered to the public. It will grow anywhere, often growing fifty feet in a single season; blooms continuously from June to November, but only at night and on dull days. Flowers of a pure, satiny, delicate white, twelve to fifteen inches in circumference. If you have any verandas, ends of old buildings, or unsightly objects that you want covered up quick and made objects of beauty, by all means procure this plant. It is just as desirable, however, as an ornament on the house, fences, or to climb lawn trees, and is a thing of beauty everywhere. A customer writes the introducer as follows: "We set out a plant about May 15th, at the foot of a large dead tree, and by the end of August it had completely covered the tree (forty feet high) and was hanging in great festoons of lovely pure white flowers from every branch." The plant should not be set out doors until May, as it is not hardy; it can easily be kept in the house till all danger of frost is over. It is readily propagated from cuttings in September, and kept during the winter in an ordinary sitting-room; in fact it can be trained over the windows of your room in winter and will bloom there, too. The engraving is a good representation of the plant.

Send us a Club of 3 Yearly or 6 Half Yearly Subscribers, and we will send you a nice plant of the Moonflower.

**FLORAL PREMIUM NO. 2.**

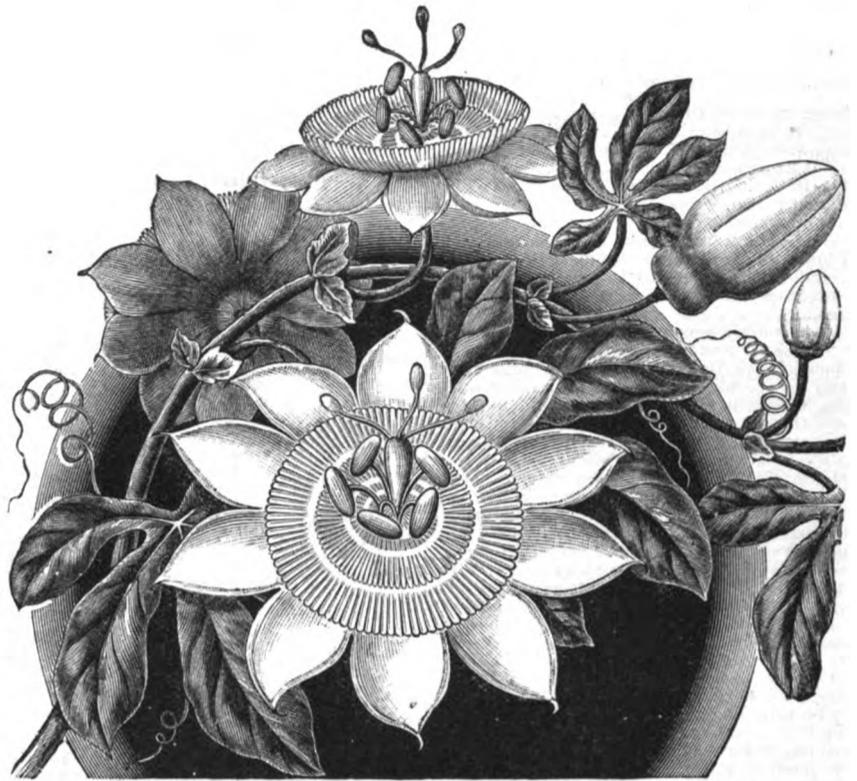


ROSE, PERLE DES JARDINS.

**PERLE DES JARDINS.** When we come to Roses, it is a very difficult matter to choose from among the many kinds one possessing every good quality, but when we mention this sort, we can safely recommend it to all. It is really one of the finest roses in cultivation to-day. Tens of thousands of these roses are grown for their buds in the neighborhood of our large cities. Its color is a rich yellow; it is of large size and perfect form, has the real Tea fragrance, is a healthy, vigorous grower, and, in short, is a rose we can heartily commend to you all.

For 2 Yearly or 4 Half-Yearly Subscribers, we will send you a nice Perle des Jardins—Try it Now.

**FLORAL PREMIUM NO. 3.**



PASSIFLORA, "CONSTANCE ELLIOTT."

**THE NEW HARDY PASSION FLOWER, "CONSTANCE ELLIOTT."** As a climbing vine this plant rivals some of the Clematis in size, color and free blooming qualities. It does surpass them in vigorous growth and delicious fragrance. Flowers very large, pure white; excellent for cemetery planting. It is a fine, hardy climbing plant, and well worthy of general cultivation.

Send us 3 Yearly Subscribers, or 6 Half-Yearly, and we will send you a nice plant of the Hardy Passion Flower—a Gem for you all.

**FLORAL PREMIUM NO. 4.**

**LA FRANCE.** One bloom of this hardy rose will repay you for all your trouble in obtaining it. It is becoming more and more popular every year. Flowers are large, of an exquisite fragrance impossible to describe. It is difficult to convey an idea of its exquisite coloring, but the prevailing color is bright silvery pink, shaded with silvery peach, and grand in every respect. It flowers continuously the entire season, often blooming so freely as to check the growth of the plant; in which case a portion of the buds should be removed; stands first among roses. If we had to do with only one rose, this would be it. To grow *La France* in perfection outdoors, put it in good, strong soil and in a place where it will not get quite all the rough winds and hot sun that it is possible for it to have—it likes a little petting, both as to situation and treatment, which it will well repay. At first the plant may not make a very rapid growth; don't get impatient at this, but wait a little. After it has attained some size, it will please you greatly with the size, beauty and quantity of its flowers, which it keeps on producing until frost. A very little protection will take it safely through our winters—just a little encouragement, not a heavy blanket. Try *La France* once, and you will join the army of admirers it has been gathering for over fifteen years.



ROSE, LA FRANCE.

For 2 Yearly or 4 Half-Yearly Subscribers, we will send you a nice strong *La France*.

**FLORAL PREMIUM NO. 5.**

**HYDRANGEA OTAKSA.** One of the finest ornamental flowering shrubs of late introduction. It is not perfectly hardy in cold climates, but is believed to be so in the Middle States, and of course is so in the Southern States and California. It is new and scarce. Heads of flowers very large, often twelve inches across; bright rosy pink, contrasting beautifully with other sorts. We can safely recommend it as a great acquisition where choice plants are desired. Try one and your neighbors will surely envy you when they see it in bloom. Blooms very freely and remains a long time in full flower, and it truly a beautiful sight.

For 3 Yearly or 6 Half-Yearly Subscribers, we will send you a good *Hydrangea Otaksa*.



HYDRANGEA OTAKSA.

Now, friends, here are our offers. Let us have your list of subscribers *at once*, and we will guarantee you a very fine selection of plants. Don't forget that all our former plant offers are still open to you. If this list does not contain what you want, look at the others and send your list. Let there be *work* now all along the line, and we believe the million will be reached and our friends all well repaid in nice plants for all their trouble. *Speak out now* and ask for what you want. Remember directions for culture are sent with every order. Be very sure to give every subscriber's address plainly. Remit by postal note, post-office order, bank draft or registered letter, and address all to

**LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,**  
485 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
**SCRIBBLER'S LETTERS TO GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND JULIA, HIS WIFE.**

SECOND SERIES, NO. VI.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

Now, my dear Julia, I'm going to preach you a little sermon, and my text shall be "Nutmeg-grater and cinnamon." Queer text, isn't it? O yes! I know you can't find such a text in the Bible, but I've learned, in the course of a long life, that there are quantities of texts upon which to found a homily or sermon, when even a single word of it is not to be found in the Bible.

I think, though, you are trying hard to look as if you did not understand, that you are not quite so stupid as you would have me think you.

Yes, my dear Julia, "nutmeg-grater" as you already strongly suspect, stands as a synonym for "nagging" and "cinnamon" for "obstinacy."

Once upon a time, in the weeks gone by, as nearly as I could gather without asking questions, Gustavus forgot to buy you the nutmeg-grater that he promised. Poor fellow! I came to the conclusion that it was indeed an unlucky day when he forgot the kitchen utensil. If you told him of that piece of forgetfulness once, I think you told him of it fifty times while I was with you. Well, perhaps I do exaggerate, it might have been only forty-nine, but it was forty-nine, anyway, and that's bad enough. Not only that, but you told the whole story in a very minute way to two or three people as a good joke against Gustavus. It became very unpleasant all around, and I must confess, that, knowing Gustavus as I do, I rather wonder at his forbearance in this matter. In the first place, Julia, let me tell you that the little private jokes that go on between Gustavus and yourself, while they may be quite interesting, nay, even "intensely funny" to you two, lack that element of wit, when rehearsed to a third party, that they possess to yourselves, and married people often unconsciously become bores by permitting themselves to get into the habit of repeating the "funny things" that happen, or are said by themselves or children, beside the domestic hearth.

Further than that, as I say, the point of your arch smile and your warning, "Remember the nutmeg-grater," was entirely lost, after it had been repeated five or six times, but when it comes to forty-nine, O Julia!

What have I got to say about "cinnamon?" Well, I'll tell you. You're getting sort of set in your ways, Julia, unpleasantly set. It happened to be "cinnamon" this time, but I've seen it in quantities of other things.

Why should you favor Gustavus' favorite pudding with cinnamon when you know he can't bear it? "You like it yourself, and he might as well conform his taste to yours once in a while?"

O, that's it, is it? You are educating him to cinnamon, are you. Well, now let me tell you, that's rather a dangerous process. If your husband or children have decided tastes or prejudices, it is well to consult them a little. Remember that they have no redress. They must either eat, or go without. You, who hold in your hand the reins of the kitchen, can see that you have a little of this, or a small dish of that, to your taste, if you don't like what they like, but for them there is nothing. I don't believe in people being "pernickity" about their meals, but there are some things positively nauseating to some people, and they should not be obliged to swallow such articles.

You have seemed to think lately that while Gustavus' duty to his family is heavy, his privileges are few, and when things do not go to suit you, you are inclined to feel abused. In short, you are unreasonable. It was the same thing about keeping the mat just where Gustavus was sure to stumble over it when he came in in the dark (much to the detriment of both his temper and his morals), when it would have been just as useful one foot to the left or right, and would have been out of the way. But no! you had set that place for the mat, and there it should stay. Gustavus might learn where it was, and keep out of its way.

These seem like little things? So they are, but reflect and deny it if you can, that just these two small things have been the source of much inward heart-burning, and outward expression of unpleasantness. Gustavus makes unpleasant remarks about the mat, and you retort in kind, and a family feud is started, and you are both ugly tempered for an hour, over a silly little thing, that might have been obviated, without any trouble.

Julia, you have grown arbitrary and unreasonable, at times.

Who is it says, "A reasonable woman is rare. O daughter, be rare!"

It is good advice, whoever says it, though I deny that reasonable women are rare.



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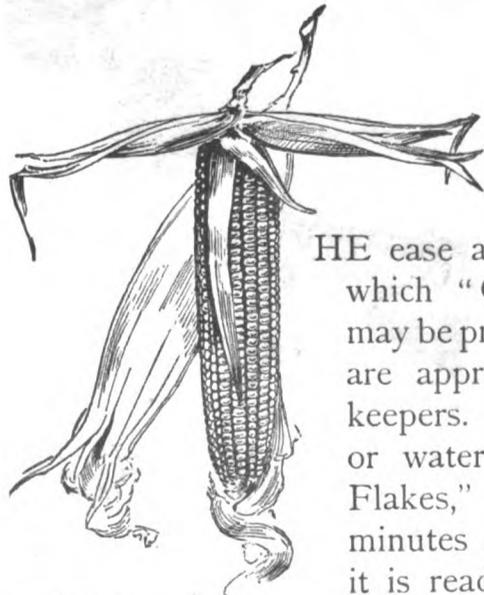
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