

LADIES

JOURNAL

AND PRACTICAL

HOME

HOUSEKEEPER.

VOL. II, NO. 11.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1885.

Yearly Subscription 50 Cents
Single Copies 5 Cents.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

The House on a Back Street.

BY MARY ABBOTT RAND.

The Skittles family lived in a tidy, little box of a house, on a back street in the city. But, though small, it was as pretty and pleasant as possible.

There was a little parlor, dear to Mrs. Skittles' mournful heart, where funeral wreaths and hair bouquets and a portrait or two hung in the shade and never a wanton sunbeam was allowed to disturb the colors of the carpet and upholstery.

Then, there was a bright sitting-room, where geraniums smiled and fuchsias swung their crimson bells and a canary sung from morning until night. An open fire vied with the bay window for cheerfulness. There was a low book-case filled with pleasant volumes, a lounge heaped with gay pillows, easy chairs at tempting angles, an old organ that for sweetness far exceeded the smart, new piano in the dark parlor. In fact, that pleasant sitting-room contained a wide range of delights for a contented mind.

In front of the house, a blossoming linden perfumed the air in May; and later, spread its broad, green sunshades so that Mr. and Mrs. Skittles and their little girl could sit under the pleasant arbor it made.

But Mrs. Skittles did not enjoy the shade of the linden. And then, the leaves were no sooner on than they began to fall and she must keep the broom wagging till December if she would have her door-steps tidy.

The kitchen windows looked out upon what Mr. Skittles called "the garden." With Mrs. Skittles it was only "a back yard," though a grape vine trailed its graceful leaves and hung its purple pendants right before her eyes. Beds of verbenas and pansies made rich mosaics beneath the windows and the boundary fence was all overhung with morning glories that made the place look like fairyland the moment the sun was up.

But it was the prospect beyond that spoiled the garden for Mrs. Skittles. This was the beautiful home and grounds of their landlord, Charles Melliss, Esq. His mansion fronted on Main street, but the terraced garden with its fountain, its exotics, its velvet sward and rare shrubs, reached quite to the Skittles' morning glories.

Mr. Skittles rejoiced in his neighbor's possessions and was thankful, every day of his life for the sight of so much freshness and beauty.

But, to Mrs. Skittles, as she expressed it "twas a constant aggravation." Fortunately, the Skittles' only child was like the father.

She had, to be sure, the shell-pink complexion, the dimples, the lovely blue eyes and wavy golden hair that had won for Mrs. Skittles long ago the title of belle.

But all these external beauties were made radiant by a sunny disposition.

No wonder strangers would turn their heads on the street to look at the charming girl.

It was the great disappointment of Mrs. Skittles' life that her child was a girl. It had been her dream to have a boy,—to name him Robert Dalrymple for her father. But the best she could do was to name the baby Roberta Dalrymple and insist on having her called by the second name. Of course it became shortened to "Dallie" by her father and playmates, but Mrs. Skittles always called the child Dalrymple. She was such a beauty that Mrs. Skittles was sure she would never live to grow up and was fond of quoting,— "Death loves a shining mark."

Nevertheless, Dalrymple weathered all the children's diseases and at sixteen was a specimen of perfect health.

And now began another worry. Mrs. Skittles did not forget that at sixteen she had a lover and in two short years from that time was married.

The idea of Dalrymple and a lover! That would be a drop too much for Mrs. Skittles. So the girl was restricted like a prisoner of war.

She could not go to a prayer-meeting or a party unless her father was her escort. She was forbidden to associate with her boy school-mates,—was not allowed to speak to a boy on the street, or to acknowledge the bow and lifted cap of the most innocent acquaintance. Even Tom Butterfield, their next door neighbor, never but once ventured to say "How do you do, Dallie?" when Mrs. Skittles was with her. All the boys could get by way of recognition was a deeper tint of pink in the cheeks and a conscious drooping of the eye-lids when they met the pretty girl.

To do Dalrymple justice, she was as dutiful as she was modest and earnestly meant to please her fretful mother, whom she served in spite of every thing.

She could not help a day or two in thought, and when she saw the ladies pairing off with the boys, she thought "Marry."

ently in a few years. Meanwhile, there's nobody so dear as papa."

Dalrymple was untold comfort to both parents,—a perfect sunbeam in the home,—a model scholar, excelling in all her studies, particularly in mathematics, and by the time she was fifteen, the entire business of family accounts, marketing, settling of rent, etc., was entrusted to her.

The landlord, young 'Squire Melliss always

What was a serious matter to the elders in the family, however was great fun to the children.

Dallie, dear child, was sorry for her hungry papa, no doubt, but she, as well as Jake enjoyed the freedom that Mrs. Skittles' absence afforded, and they would not have been "young folks" had they not smiled at one another gleefully across the table, while Cressy, the girl, scolded because the stewed oysters were turning cold. The more sharply she scolded, the more gently oblivious became the weary master of the house, till he nodded an unconscious assent to Cressy's remarks.

He had a happy faculty of going to sleep when the wind blew, and had wisely learned to receive a woman's gusty temper with the same philosophic treatment.

fairly land beyond. She placed the roses in her pet vase and set it, thoughtlessly perhaps, on the window-sill, not noticing that the morning sun was glaring in there and would soon wither the crimson petals.

But 'Squire Melliss was glad to observe them there, and exclaimed, as he turned from his window to go to his office,— "I'm glad Dimple got the roses."

After that, every rent bill was sweetened with a bouquet.

One Saturday morning, some months later, Dalrymple had just attended to her usual duty of receiving the landlord at the door and came in with her hands full of lilies. Perhaps it was the contrast that gave her such an unusual color her mother thought.

Dalrymple drew a low stool beside her mother and said, with much hesitancy.

"Do—you—suppose—mother—you—could—ever—bring—your—mind—to—such—a—thing—as—my—being—engaged?"

"Engaged! Why, Roberta Dalrymple Skittles! You are not acquainted with a single boy in town!"

"I know it mother. But this is a man."

The truth flashed, at once, upon Mrs. Skittles.

"I told your father, years ago, when we talked of hiring this house that it never worked well to live under the landlord's eye, and now see what has come of it! To think, after all we have done for you, that you should disregard our wishes at the first temptation. Ready to leave poor papa, and to cross you. No matter anything about your mother,—I won't mention her. Ready to leave home and school and go over and keep house for Mr. Melliss! You can sit up there in your fine drawing-room and see your mother washing dishes by the kitchen window."

"Oh mother, mother!" cried Dalrymple. "Don't go on so. I only asked about being engaged. I had not thought of all the dreadful things you are talking about."

"What ails my pet?" interrupted Mr. Skittles, coming into the room, his honest face troubled at sight of the unusual tears in Dallie's sunny eyes. "Don't say anything about it, mother," whispered Dallie. "This is the last of it. Of course, it is all out of the question and I could not leave you."

A smile of satisfaction came over the mother's face. "Oh, Dalrymple is all right, father," said she. "She was crying, silly child, at thought of leaving home supposing she should ever be married. I tell her soon enough to cry when the time comes."

The next morning, Mrs. Skittles and Dollie could not help noticing the unusual expression of Mr. Skittles' face after the carrier had left the morning mail. He did not look unhappy, but evidently, something serious was on his mind. At last, it came out.

"I have just had a letter from our landlord, Dallie," said her father, tenderly. "You can guess what it is about, I suppose. Well, child, I'm not the one to hinder you. You've been a good child and the light of the house, and I've looked for this question to be put to me by somebody sooner or later. Your mother has tried to prevent anything of the sort, but even if she had kept you in her pocket-book,—and dear knows how hard it is to get that open!—somebody would have spied my girl."

"Don't talk like a fool, Mr. Skittles," exclaimed his wife, fairly crying.

"Dalrymple knows it is silly for a child like her to think of such things; and, in my state of health, how am I ever going to spare her, I would like to know? She wouldn't want to leave home herself, either, would you, Dalrymple? Wild horses wouldn't drag you, would they?"

"No, no," sobbed the girl, thoroughly humiliated. This new, sudden vision of love and marriage was as startling as it was delightful, and was naturally regarded by her as forbidden fruit when thus dragged into the dazzling light and ridiculed by her mother.

Silly or not, most girls of seventeen and eighteen have their heroes. Perhaps the admiration may be a most distant sentiment for somebody they do not know even to speak to. In this case Dallie's landlord had ever been in her estimation like a prince in an enchanted castle. She had far too humble an opinion of herself to suppose he cared in the least for her, but she loved to look out upon his beautiful grounds and at the fine mansion she could see from her chamber windows and try to fancy how the beautiful rooms she had never seen were furnished. Secretly, she thought him the finest-looking person she had ever seen, and, though she always dreaded to answer the bell when he came for the rent, she cherished every tone of his voice and every word he spoke from one month to another.

As for Mr. Melliss, he had not lived to the age of twenty-eight without an affaire du coeur or two of his own, but these had resulted in nothing. Both ladies in these cases proved unworthy. For a couple of years he had turned his back on society and devoted himself to business.



THE HOUSE ON A BACK STREET.—"THE MORE SHARPLY SHE SCOLDED, THE MORE GENTLY OBLIVIOUS BECAME THE WEARY MASTER OF THE HOUSE, TILL HE NODDED AN UNCONSCIOUS ASSENT TO CRESSY'S REMARKS."

collected his own rents, and Mrs. Skittles had formerly met him herself, but, she declared, nothing so stirred her up as to meet that man who had everything in this world below, while she

"But, mother!" interposed Mr. Skittles, using the name that reconciled him to his lot more than any other he could call his wife. "Just think, he is a love-orn bachelor, and nobody to speak to in all that great house but servants. I wouldn't give our Dallie for all he is worth."

"He isn't an old bachelor," replied Mrs. Skittles. "Not over twenty-eight I am sure. Plenty of time yet for him to put the fine name of Melliss alongside some Smith or Murphy he may wish he hadn't. Moreover, it's because we have got Dalrymple that we ought to have the riches. That man has no use for half he owns. It fairly aggravates me, the very sight of him."

And so it came to pass that the unpleasant duty of paying the rent money devolved finally upon Dalrymple. If it were a trying thing for her, she never complained, but always answered promptly the ring announcing Mr. Melliss' call the first Saturday in each month, and returned from the brief interview with no other sign of disturbance than the heightened color in her cheeks.

Surely, there was never a more agreeable landlord than Mr. Melliss. He was as courteous as he was fine looking, and he was quite as neighborly as Mrs. Skittles would permit. As it was, many choice baskets of fruit or early vegetables found their way over the morning glories with "Mr. Melliss' compliments for Mrs. Skittles."

That lady however did not allow herself to taste the luxuries in the presence of her family, though she might just "try what they were like" in secret. Openly, she avowed that the very sight of them made her sick. Mrs. Skittles was one of those ladies possessed of such delicate nerves that the slightest ruffle of the waves would stir the very depths of the ocean. The wrong shade of trimming on a new dress had been known to give her a bilious headache; a trifling omission in the grocer's orders would send her in tears from the table, and it would be hard to estimate the hysterical attacks brought on by dear Mr. Skittles' blunders.

He was a man that dearly loved his home, and all through the busy day looked forward to the bright supper time when, with Dallie on his right hand and his orphan nephew, Jakey Billings, on his left, and his wife opposite him, his idea of earthly bliss was realized. That is, when she was opposite him. But he was never quite sure that he should see her. Slight causes and no causes at all were sufficient to keep her in state in her shaded room up stairs.

Sometimes, she would deign to send a message that "Mr. Skittles need not wait for her. It was no consequence whether she ate alone or not. But she was able to raise her hand to her

Jake was never quite so happy as on these occasions when his aunt was absent. She viewed him with the sternest disapproval because he was a boy, and tortured herself with many a distressing vision of Dallie's falling in love with him one of these days.

But I will say, here and now, before Jake has outgrown his jackets, that Dallie never did fall in love with him. He was "only Cousin Jake" to her,—the one boyish companion of a brotherless girlhood, remembered with a smile as she recalled his merry face across the tea-table; and thought of with a sigh in later years for poor Jake ran away to sea and was lost on the first voyage.

As for Jake, however great his admiration for his cousin Dallie, he declared he liked his uncle the best of the family, "because he was all Skittles." Jake had a wholesome disgust for the "Westcott Dalrymples,"—the "Wedgewood Chinas" he would say when speaking of Dallie's maternal ancestors.

Light-hearted children they were, Jake and Dallie, and lucky for them that the pitiful spectacle of an ill-mated couple looked to them at that time only like a comedy.

But with Mrs. Skittles, life though hardly tragic, was not worth the living. The little comforts of their own humble home and the luxuries of their landlord alike irritated her discontented mind. What is to be done with such naughty, grown-up children? We can't stand them in a corner till they come out pleasant, and so they go on till they drive all love and comfort out of the home and fret themselves into chronic invalidism or an insane asylum.

God pity those nervous sufferers who can't behave, and pity the friends of those who can, but won't.

With every year, the kindly relations between landlord and tenants increased, always excepting Mrs. Skittles. One would suppose she believed that Mr. Melliss cultivated hyacinths and sweet-water grapes for the sole purpose of tormenting her.

Once, when Mr. Melliss made his usual business call, he brought a choice handful of Jacqueminot roses for "the lady of the house." "If your mother does not care for them," said the landlord pleasantly, "please keep them for yourself, Miss Dimple."

The sitting-room door was ajar and Mrs. Skittles' quick ear caught the remark. "Squire Melliss does not seem to get hold of your name, my dear," said the mother. "Next time he comes, tell him it is Dalrymple, and that your grandfather was one of the Westcott Dalrymples. I thought I had told him so myself, more than once." (It was quite probable she had, for Mrs. Skittles' acquaintances were not suffered to remain in ignorance of that fact.) "Take the roses out of my sight," she continued. "Oh why are they in my world?"

The little time he had spent at home was generally in his own room and, from its windows he could not only see his own lovely garden but the humble home of his tenant, Mr. Skittles. It was a pretty picture that often met his eyes;—this dazzling beautiful girl, as modest as she was beautiful, tripping about the kitchen, carrying dishes from the sink to the pantry; or, on baking days with bib apron and sleeves rolled up, cooking as deftly as her mother. Prettier still was it to see her helping her father in the garden, for then she seemed the happiest, and her light laugh rang out as joyously as a bird's song.

Mr. Mellis's proposal however, was almost as unexpected to himself as it was to Dallis. A sudden impulse prompted him to say what he did, but it was an impulse seconded by sober afterthought. "I should have spoken to her father first," he reflected, and made the amende honorable by writing a most respectful request to Mr. Skittles that he would favorably consider him as a suitor for his daughter's hand. As we have seen, Mr. Skittles was willing to forget his own comfort for the sake of his daughter's good, but Mrs. Skittles, though secretly flattered that their landlord admired Dalrymple could not bring her mind for an instant to think of giving up her daughter, and Dallis was in such subjection to her mother's will that she did not presume to question it.

The result was that Mrs. Skittles carried the day. She persuaded her husband that Dalrymple was distressed and alarmed at the idea of marrying anybody.

Mr. Mellis received a respectful letter from Mr. Skittles conveying the reply that his daughter was yet too much of a child to know her own mind and that both she and her mother did not favor the marriage.

"I kinder hated to send that letter, Dallis," he remarked, the evening after the decisive missive had been forwarded. "I don't never want to get red of you Dallis, as far as that goes, but Mr. Mellis is a fine man, and one of these days, if you and he make it up, I am not the one to say no. You can't keep your father and mother always with you, my child."

Dallis, distressed now beyond measure, fled from the table to her own little chamber. She glanced out upon the "enchanted castle," but the sight only gave her pain. She seemed forever shut out from the right to admire and enjoy the beautiful flowers and terraced slopes again.

In a few days, Mr. Skittles received a brief business note from Mr. Mellis announcing that he was about to leave town to travel abroad for an indefinite absence and that Mr. Skittles could hand the rent money to his agent, giving the address. Mr. Mellis closed with a regret that his late proposal had been unwelcome and trusted that Mr. S's daughter would ultimately gain the happiness in life she deserved.

The mansion in sight of the Skittles's windows was closed within a week. Beggar boys stole the pears and grapes and trampled down the rare flowers with no one to molest unless a policeman chanced to be in sight. And no tidings of their landlord came to the family in the house on the back street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

ONE PICTURE.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Wasn't it Franklin—I believe it was—who said, when asked why he was building a pigeon house, as he had no pigeons, "Build the pigeon house, and the pigeons will come." I first heard this little—shall I call so slight a thing an incident? from my dear old teacher of painting, when I was a struggling art student. He quoted Franklin's saying, then adapted it as follows: "Have a portfolio and the pictures will come." In other words, begin and make a collection of prints, engravings, and so forth, even if you have nothing to begin with. I was struck with my teachers advice, and began at once, as soon as I reached home, after leaving the studio, that day.

Quite in school-girl style was the manner in which I began my collection. I threw down my paint-box, caring little whether it crushed the crown of my hat, or not; rushed immediately to the piano, dragged out from under a pile of music-books a worn and dingy holder, long doomed to certain old songs and waltzes, upon yellow, dog-eared sheets, which had been thrown aside when none of us cared for them. The edges of the despised music-holder were so frayed out that the boards showed; the once glittering, German-text letters spelling "Music," had turned to a dark, brassy tint—but this was to be my "pigeon house," my portfolio, for the projected art collection. I dusted it off, still in school-girl fashion, by two rapid sweeps of three fingers, then carried it upstairs, flung it down upon the bed in a mode calculated seriously to endanger the integrity of its back; and then proceeded to—hunt pigeons!

I pulled upon the little top-drawer, which had once held my paper-dolls; later, my school-girl love-letters—for, though I began my collection in school-girl style, I had ceased to be a real school-girl some time before—that is, a school-girl who writes love-letters to other girls. They all do it—I did, too. We all vow undying devotion to some Lillie or Katie, pledging ourselves never to forsake each other, for the sake of any man—until some man steps between, and one of us is left in the lurch, either to remain a bitter, young old maid, until another man comes to console us, or we take up with another Lillie or Katie, to be disappointed in love a second time. I had been disappointed twice. But, for a long time I had kept Lillie's letters in one corner of the drawer, and Katie's in the opposite corner, and shed over them both the regulation amount of sentimental, salt tears. The two piles of letters were just as alike as two peas, both externally and internally—they all affect dainty note-paper, and write exactly the same kind of moonshine, you know—except that one pile was tied with old-gold ribbon, the other, with Nile-green. Now, if I were writing a novel, you see, I would have had my colors correct—pink and blue, to signify love and truth. But, all this wasn't so very long ago—the tints in fashion gave me a good chance to express my spite. Lillie's meant fickleness, green meant forsaken—what difference did it make that Fashion had rechristened certain shades of yellow and green? Of course, I would have been lovely and true—but they were fickle and had forsaken me—the ribbons around their letters should express their shortcomings, not mine.

It isn't, even yet, very long since old-gold and Nile-green were at the height of fashion. They were just at the height when I tied up the letters. Measured by time, it is not literally so long since I bandaged my heart, so to speak, in yellow and green, it seemed a great, a very long while, when I opened that little top-drawer and found that a few imprisoned pigeons

fly out. For I had, I thought, cast both of these fair, false ones, out of my mind forever; I had ceased to think of their letters, had forgotten whether they still existed or not—I only remembered that in that drawer, piled upon a heterogeneous collection of odds and ends, were two or three wood engravings, which I wished to secure at once.

Now, although I was an art student—as I still am—do not imagine that I really knew what art was. I was only feeling my way—I did not consider myself a competent judge of any picture. But the very first engraving at which I glanced struck me as something remarkable. It was not a pleasant subject—only a poorly dressed woman, with a child, standing upon a wharf, gazing out over the water before her. Whether it was a production of merit or not, I was unable to say—but that picture fascinated me. Had the woman any great sorrow for which she could find no relief? Was she tempted to suicide, or to drown her child, rather than that they both should die, by slow, agonizing starvation? Was she anxiously looking for her husband home from a perilous voyage? To none of these questions could I find any satisfactory answer—the expression upon her face, intense as it was, might have given the key to one more experienced in art, or even in human nature—but it only puzzled me. The sole decision which I reached was, I will put it in my portfolio.

Beneath this, in the drawer, had lain two little wood cuts, which I now drew out, and placed in the portfolio also, but without giving them any examination. The first picture had impressed me so, that I scarce wanted to see a second—impressed me, too, in a way which I could not analyze. I picked out, mechanically, empty cologne bottles, half worn pencils, broken brushes, things that ought to have been disposed of long ago,—and here still were Lillie's and Katie's letters. How untidy I have been, thought I. This drawer hasn't been cleaned for a year—I had forgotten all about these letters. I'll put the ribbons in my crazy quilt, and throw the letters in the fire! So saying, I picked up both piles, and mercilessly started toward the stairs.

But a softer feeling took possession of me. I did really love both Lillie and Katie once—I was perfectly sincere. "Do them the justice to believe that they may have been, too," whispered my good angel, "You know very well that if Albert asked you to marry him, you would say yes, no matter how much you cared for either Lillie or Katie. At least, read what they said to you—remember what they were to you—before you burn their letters." So, when I reached the head of the stairs, I sat down upon the top step, and opened a letter at random—it happened to be the last that Katie had ever written to me.

How well I remembered the stab which that letter had sent through my twice-deceived heart! Yes, I knew—she was going to be married—I had told her to go on in her wayward career, but henceforth I wanted nothing to do with her—nothing!—she had failed me, just as Lillie had done before her. I remembered—no, this I did not remember! She mentions the name of Albert Marston—my Albert! Why, what did she know of him? She had never mentioned him before, had she?

"Albert Marston," Katie wrote, "I tell him she is a splendid fellow"—Katie, I believe I do like you, even yet!) "and the girl that gets him will get a prize." (I know it.) "He and Jack traveled in the West together, and then came here to the city, to visit us. Jack wants me to go back to Colorado with him, but Albert is going to stay here, permanently."

To stay here permanently! Because he had come to visit Katie! And, only for this, I might never have met him! Suppose now, after telling Katie I wanted nothing more to do with her, I became her aunt? Oh, Katie, Katie, perhaps you have given me my life's happiness! Of course I love you—just as much as ever I did! Burn your letters? No, indeed! Never, as long as I live!

After this, surely I can find charity for Lillie! Let me see. I said that they both wrote alike, but they didn't when you came down to fine points. They both professed undying devotion—but Lillie was older than Katie, far more imaginative, far more poetic. She rambled on sometimes in a manner that would strike a very practical person as father nonsensical. For instance, the following from the first letter that I opened:

"My heart's twin, Dora: Do you know that Dora is interpreted to mean gift, literally, the gift of God? No, I do not agree with this interpretation. Dora is allied to doree, and it means gilded. It is, in your case, particularly appropriate, for you are my idol—gilded in the eyes of the world, but to me, knowing your precious worth, my golden idol. Only to you, my idol, would I reveal the secret thoughts of my inmost heart. My latest secret is a vision of the night. I slept and methought I beheld a woman standing upon a wharf, with a child—a poorly-dressed woman gazing away into eternity. This may seem to you a small thing—but to me, momentous beyond compare. That vision is my heart's one secret—for I feel that my life is that woman's—that I, too, shall stand desolate and gaze into eternity."

Why did I not laugh at this mixture of bombast and commonplace? Why did I not say, as almost any one else would have done, that the whole passage was a bundle of affectation? Because, in spite of myself, I recognized its sincerity—I felt that her vision really was prophetic—she lauded me extravagantly because she felt that it was an effort to tell such a vision to any friend, however trusted. An hour before, I might have laughed—I remembered that, though I knew Lillie's poetic whims so well, I had smiled when I first read the passage, five years before. But now, in a singular, awe struck voice, I exclaimed, "The picture!" Instantly I realized that I knew all of Lillie's life since her marriage—or thought I did. I had never seen her, nor heard a word, for five whole years—but, Lillie, my dearest idol, was in distress. How could I find her and help her? That was the question.

But, just then, I could think of nothing better to do than to clear out the little top-drawer, and return the letters to their places; then, to go downstairs, put the disarranged music in order, and lay my "collection" upon a table where it could be seen, if not admired.

Seen, it was, before many hours had passed. "Is that an art collection?" asked Albert, quizzically, as he half opened the old portfolio.

"No," I answered, "It's a pigeon-house."

"A—what?" he queried, not catching my drift.

"Do you call this a pigeon?" he continued, pick-

ling a circumstance—then remarked, "I've seen this before."

"The picture?" I inquired.

"No—the scene itself. I was walking along the wharves about two years ago, when I suddenly came upon a woman and child, in exactly the same attitude—the dresses, the faces were the same. Perhaps I never should have thought of them again, but, instantly, I noticed a richly dressed lady standing only a few steps in front of me. She had a book and pencil, and seemed to be sketching the figures. I do not think she had time to notice the surroundings—the figures, themselves, seemed to hold her attention. There is to me something remarkable about this picture—I cannot say what—but I would scarcely be afraid to say that it was taken from that lady's sketch. Where did you get it?" Albert turned to me as though he felt a deep interest in the engraving—why, I could not tell.

"I—don't—know," I replied, hesitatingly, "Oh, yes—now I remember. It was sent to me by mail a few months ago. I could not imagine where it came from, concluded that it was some sort of an advertisement, and laid it aside."

"I am curious to know," continued Albert, "because I particularly observed the lady. She seemed filled with a wonderful enthusiasm, which I thought rather strange, as there was, to me, so little in the subject, of which an ideal picture could be made. The woman was gazing out over the water—but, from the lady's face, I should say that she imagined her model gazing out into eternity."

"Gazing out into eternity!" Who can tell by what occult influences human souls are bound together? Albert was using the very words that Lillie had used before him.

"Perhaps she was!" I cried, impulsively, "The woman was Lillie!"

"Lillie! who?"

"A school friend of mine. Two years ago, you say! Oh, how can I ever find her?"

Albert's eyes brightened. "You do care for your school-friends, then?" he asked.

"Yes—always!" I exclaimed, decidedly.

"I thought so," he remarked. "Then you would like to see another school friend, my niece, Katie Sanford that was?"

"See her! I should be delighted! Is she here?"

"Yes—she came to the city yesterday, and asked for you immediately. She would like very much to see you, but she says you said, after she married, that you never wanted to have anything to do with her again. I told her that it was only school-girl talk—that that needn't keep her away from you—but she still felt afraid, and does not want to come until she is sure that you care to see her."

"How silly I was! Bring her around to-morrow—promise, now!" And, in talking to Albert about Katie, is it any wonder that I forgot all about Lillie and the picture?

Nor did I think of either again, until the following afternoon—when, after anticipations, and explanations and kisses and embraces galore, Katie and I were sworn allies again. Then she, too, spied my "pigeon-house"—got out my particular pigeon, the picture. I began to think it was a picture bewitched—for she, also, started in surprise.

"I saw the original of this last year in Denver!" she exclaimed. "A large oil painting, what was the next development would be."

"Certainly I am," replied Katie, "it was on exhibition a long time, and attracted a great deal of attention. It was admired very much, but the title was criticised. It was called 'The Unattained.' People said the title did not express the subject, or else the subject did not express the title. The painting was the work of a lady who had great genius, but who never succeeded in finishing any pictures but this one—so it was said. She was not satisfied with this, and said she never would attempt another—the general public did not know who she was, for she exhibited it under a fictitious name."

"Oh, if I could find her!" I cried, despairingly. "She could tell me where Lillie is, or was."

"H. w?" asked Albert. "Is it probable that she knows any more than I do?—if Lillie is the original of the woman in the picture as you seem to think?"

"Of course Lillie is," I declared, "She dreamed of just such a picture—said it would be her life—I can show you her letter." And, in another minute, I had placed Lillie's letter in Albert's hands.

He read it aloud, carefully, thoughtfully—then made a statement which fairly took my breath, and Katie's too.

"What!" I exclaimed, in wonder.

"Yes, she is," pursued Albert, "the letter is just what I might expect from the lady whose face I saw, were she only a little younger—the pure enthusiast reaching out vainly after the ideal. To her, the poorly dressed woman and child only typified an imperfect humanity—the woman's gazing out over the water was only imperfect humanity's effort to fathom the infinite. Katie's account corroborates this—people did not understand the meaning of Lillie's picture because it was too realistic for what she meant to express—she did not fully succeed in expressing it."

"But I thought she must be in distress," I murmured.

"Can you conceive of any greater distress than living a lifetime, with your highest ideal unattained?" asked Albert, with a rapt look in his eyes.

"Oh, Dora!" suddenly exclaimed Katie, pitifully, "She lost her ideal of friendship when she lost you—I know it by my own feelings, although mine were not Lillie's—she was my superior. She sent you the picture—an engraving from her painting. She thought you would understand—I know she never forgot the letter in which she told you that that one vision would be her whole life. It was—she tried to work it out in a picture."

A solemn silence fell over us all. Tears in my eyes would have been a relief, but they refused to come. Had I, indeed, misunderstood a true friend, a friend of whom I was not worthy, and added so much as one straw to the aggregate of human woe? Had I, in ever so small a degree, intensified the hunger of one human heart? If Katie feared to meet me—light, vivacious Katie—after my foolish spurning of her friendship—how must intense, dreamy Lillie have felt, particularly if I had never acknowledged the receipt of the engraving from her life work, her one picture? Is it, then, so easy to wound a fellow creature? Who but God?

But Albert's back of the head was the last I saw of him.

By the man-

started,

Yes—it was really true, as I found next day. Lillie had been living in Philadelphia for nearly a year. She had wandered about, ever since her marriage—seeking the unattainable, perhaps—but now she had settled down into a lovely, beautiful home of her own. It was even so—she had sent me the picture as a means of feeling her way back into my friendship—but, as I had never noticed it, she had given up all thought of winning me, being far too sensitive to make a second attempt.

I knew very well that it was her home before I had seen her, even, just as soon as I was ushered into the artistically decorated parlor. For there, upon a massive easel, stood the picture—a wonderful painting. My first thought was, how far the engraving falls short of the original! I think she has succeeded in expressing what she intended—humanity's effort to reach the infinite. The picture is not so much of a failure as she thought.

Lillie! My old, school friend Lillie, indeed, it was. But with a new light in her face, an added dignity to her bearing, an air of perfect happiness about her, such as I had never before seen. No need for my fearing to meet her—had I ever wounded her, even unwittingly, that wound had long since healed. She was my Lillie again, and more. I had expected to find her in distress, but if distress had ever been her portion, that time was past.

We spoke of old days, then of our long separation, and then of the picture. To my surprise, she laughed merrily at my first allusion to it.

"Yes," she said, "I did build great hopes upon that picture. It represented my thoughts, my dreams, my struggles, for years—when I finished it, I believed my art life ended, and comparative failure was all I could hope for. But now I know that I am capable of much better work. Come upstairs and see my new picture."

She led me to a second-story room, evidently boudoir and studio in one. I only had time to notice that it was radiant with flowers and pictures, and flooded with golden sunshine, before she pulled aside a curtain, and there, nestled among pink satin and snowy swan's-down lay—a baby!

I was too much surprised to speak, at first—then I laughed, and asked, "Is this the picture?" "Isn't she a picture?" queried Lillie, half indignantly, "What could be a sweeter picture than a sleeping baby? Look at her shell-tinted cheek, her dark curls falling over her white forehead, her tiny waxen hands on the pillow. You should see her lovely dark eyes. Isn't that a better picture than the one in the parlor?"

"Because you have this baby, you are never going to paint any more?" I queried, a little bitterly.

"No," answered Lillie, "I don't say that—I still paint a little, as you can see, if you look around you. But I do say that I have outgrown a great deal of my school-girl sentimentalism—I do not believe in the 'unattained,' as I once did. We can, sooner or later, attain just as much as we are capable of appreciating—it is so in this world, and my faith tells me, it will be so in the next."

"And you have attained a baby!" I remarked, crisply.

Such a solemn, earnest look as I saw upon Lillie's countenance—how can I describe it? The baby is one of my life's treasures, or which I have more than one. But with the baby, came to me a higher ideal of beauty, of perfection, than any I had before possessed—but not an unattainable one. I feel now that the time may come when I can paint a picture. I have great hopes for the future—meanwhile, I call the baby my picture."

I ought to have understood Lillie then—but I didn't. For all I was almost engaged to Albert, for all I had forgiven Katie and Lillie, too, for jilting me—for all, after losing Lillie, I had consoled myself with a second love, Katie—I realized that I had not quite recovered from my old-maidishness of five years before, when Lillie first left me—the bitterest old maid in the world is one of seventeen. As I walked home from Lillie's house, I felt that old-maidishness springing up again—I had expected to find my aforesaid sentimental friend still melancholy because I had mortally offended her—but now I found her quite a comfortable looking, rational woman, only doing one ridiculous thing, and that was, gushing over an absurd little baby! Truly, Lillie had disappointed me a second time.

But, as I walked home, I suddenly began to realize that it was later than I had supposed, and that the beautiful afternoon was waning. Gazing up the street, at the vanishing point before me, I saw that the whole sky, so far as it could be seen for the solid brick houses, was aflame with crimson and purple and gold. What a glorious sunset! I exclaimed, involuntarily. And then the thought came to me—I am an art student; is it too soon for me to aspire to paint that sunset? Quick as a flash, followed a second thought—I understand Lillie now—I have attained an ideal—I have seen my highest conception of color. Lillie and the baby shall form part of my great picture.

It is true to-day as ever it was that no human being liveth to himself alone. All human lives are bound together by invisible but none the less real chains. This is how Lillie's picture created mine—although she once thought it comparative failure, it was, in fact, complete success, inasmuch as it helped other lives—Katie's, Albert's, and mine, as well as her own. Renewing of friendships is a good thing—aspiration towards nobler lives is a great thing—and that these may, in some degree, affect eternity, is a solemn thing. And, if you, my reader, say it was only a picture, after all, that simply proves how little you understand life, and how unaccustomed you are to looking beneath the surface of our everyday lives.

Did I think this before I told you? Yes, indeed—felt ashamed of myself that, after I had found Lillie, and rejoiced that she was happy, I had again misunderstood her. Thought it all out on my way home, and then, in my mind, perfected my picture.

The picture is not yet complete. But this is what it will be. A queenly woman in black velvet, with Lillie's face, wearing the rapt expression which I have so often seen—but this time, the rapture shall be that of perfect happiness. In her arms shall be her baby, with that baby's shell-like cheek, dark hair and eyes, and waxen hands. Lillie shall be gazing upon that gorgeous sunset which I saw—I only saw such a sunset once—and the title of the picture shall be, "The Attained."

you send us a club now, and you want your to come when your present sub-

mistakes will occur.



SYMPATHY FOR OUR DARLINGS.

Mrs. M. McO. touches the right key-note when she asks for letters of advice in regard to family government. Surely this is the most important theme for young mothers to contemplate; and elder "mothers in Israel" should come often and give advice from their "storehouse of wisdom;" as knowledge gained by experience, though hard, is ever the most reliable. Some writers contend that children need a "judicious letting alone." But did not that wisest of writers say: "A child left to himself brings his mother to shame?" I know many mothers that allow their children—in their own sweet wills—to roam the streets from morning until evening; and such children! Well, they indeed verify Solomon. Other parents, perhaps, keep too strict surveillance over their offspring. Now in this regard, if we avoid Scylla, are we not in danger of Charybdis? We are, I think, prone to expect too much of children, in the way of goodness; as if they were of a different order of beings than ourselves. So pained are we at manifestations from them, which mature men, and women, often exhibit. In our anxiety we would fain have them perfect, and groan in spirit, thinking they are so very bad, when we view their naughtiness. Discover mayhap, a tell-tale lie upon their lips. We punish, feeling the while so discouraged. Then, perchance, our mind's eye glances back, as it were but yesterday, recalling the time that we told that lie, played truant, or acted naughty generally; and hope revives. Why, indeed, should we expect perfection in our offspring, since we, ourselves, are so very imperfect? Apropos of this, my little six-year old having gained something that he had for some time been pleading for, said: "Mamma, what shall I give you to pay for this?" "Oh, be a good boy; that's all I ask," I replied. "I will, I will!" said he. "I'll be good all day to-day, and all day to-morrow." "Why not be good always?" asked I. He hung his head, saying: "I can't promise that, mamma, I might be bad." I looked at him reproachfully, and he continued: "Well, mamma, nobody's good always." Then such an earnest, grave expression passed over his face as he added: "Sometimes your naughty, and you don't know it." Ah, could I do other than laugh at his little trism, so quaintly expressed? Yes, indeed. We "children of a larger growth" are often naughty when we don't know, or realize the fact; but oftener, when we do know and feel condemned for it. Like Paul, we find evil painfully omnipresent, when we would do, or be good. This being the case, ought we not then to have more sympathy for our darlings, when they commit their childish transgressions? Once, at the point of punishing my little boy for making mud pies, I desisted, for I saw myself, a little, mud-be-spattered girl, happy, oh, so happy! fashioning mud pies. So I put aside the switch for the pencil, and wrote the following lines:

MUD PIES.

"My child, my child, where have you been?
Just see your mud-be-spattered clothes!
You're covered o'er with filthy dirt
From crown of head, down to your toes.
That suit was clean this very morn,
My patience now is worn out quite;
Were I to get a whip, and use,
I'm sure I'd serve you right—just right."

"Don't whip me, mamma, 'twas such fun!
Me, boo-hoo and Kitty Keyes,
We're in the lane, behind the house,
Just making lots of soft mud pies.
I never thought of my clean suit—
How did the mud get up on me?
I only mixed it with my hands;
I'm just as sorry's I can be."

Yes, mother, stay the chast'ning rod,
For naughtier act, and graver sin,
Be patient with each little fault,
Their lasting love and trust to win.
Look backward on your childhood's days—
Alas! how fast, how fast time flies!
And see when 'twas your great delight
To manufacture "soft mud pies."

Dear mothers, do not these poor verses apply to other little traits, or desires, that are strikingly natural, if not hereditary? What is the best plan to pursue with a peevish, teasing child? One whose constant cry is: "Can't I do this, or that?" "Can't I go here, or there?" etc. Are not children of a nervous temperament born teasers? One more query and I am done: How old should a boy be before he is let loose from mothers "apron strings?"

FANNIE FANSHAW

OWENSBORO, KY.

DEAR JOURNAL SISTERS:—Can any of you tell me how to make my little boy's cloth dresses and aprons, particularly for the coming fall and winter. He is learning to walk, and I thought what he wears now will not be suitable for him then. I am very ignorant, as this is my first experience with little folks, and any hints will be, as they always have been, very gladly received. Will pay postage or any other charges for patterns. With my sincere wishes for the success of this paper I remain Very respectfully,
A. F. CASTLEN.

Cherish the babies' bright sayings, write them down if you will, but don't let the child believe that wisdom is to die with it.

LETTERS TO PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

Inexpensive Infants' Wardrobe.

I read somewhere the other day that a very modest outfit could be had for forty dollars. Now to many readers of this paper that sum of money for this purpose is truly appalling, and this article is especially written for persons in modest circumstances. Nine cambric slips, two robe dresses and four nightgowns are sufficient for any baby. The best physicians in Europe and America advise the length of dresses not to exceed three-fourths of a yard. Heavily trimmed long skirts injure the infants' spine and limbs.

The most sensible clothing I ever saw did away with shirts and skirts. Besides diaper and band there were two slips. The inner one was of the finest Shaker flannel, the seams to the waist all bound with white ribbon. It was buttoned from the throat down with small pearl-agate buttons. A pretty shell trimming was crocheted around the bottom with white Saxony, and a vine of double herring-bone and point russe worked above it and up the fronts with linen floss. Four of these slips are sufficient. If the wide flannel is used three-fourths of a yard will cut one if the goods be reversed. This flannel is very pretty, and shawls can be made of it. Three or four rows of shells make a handsome finish. A square of the goods makes the shawl. Three pinning blankets may be of the same or a coarser quality. The finest sells from fifty to sixty cents per yard, and only the finest should be used for the slips. The pinning blankets should be twenty-four inches long, with a band five inches deep, and eighteen to twenty inches long. The skirt should be only the width of the flannel, made open and hemmed on three sides. The outer slip is of cambric, at ten cents per yard. It has some groups of tucks each side of the fronts, and is closed with the smallest pearl-agate buttons. A narrow soft linen edge is around the neck and sleeves, and the bottom may have a three-inch hem or be trimmed with cheap Hamburg.

To dress a baby the cambric slip should be put on over the flannel one before the child is taken up, and should be put to warm even in hot weather, then as the child is washed the soiled clothes are pulled off and the fresh ones put on by simply putting the arms through both pairs of sleeves at once. There is none of the troublesome turnings and fussings that occur when the old-fashioned shirt and two petticoats, besides pinning blanket and dress were used. Still, if any one prefers the old-fashioned way, there will be required half-a-dozen shirts. If the child be born in warm weather cambric is advisable to use; linen chills the flesh, and knit shirts of zephyr or Saxony are apt to irritate the delicate skin. A yard and a fourth will make six, which should not be trimmed with anything harsher than a soft linen edge. Three flannel petticoats are enough—Shaker flannel is advisable as it does not shrink, linen floss is preferable to silk as the latter turns yellow in washing; Saxony makes pretty edging and does not shrink. Five white skirts are sufficient—and right here let me say that it is very foolish for a young mother to shorten baby's skirts—new ones cost very little beside the trouble of making them, and it is always safe to lay away all good articles of baby's wear. If another does not come to need them, when the baby grows up he or she will take pleasure in having the first clothes. In cutting baby's slips select a good pattern with large armholes and sleeves—babies sometimes grow so fast—and the neck should have a small hem with a narrow tape run in it to draw it up to fit a small neck, and let it out, if necessary, to fit a large one. Torchon lace trims infants' clothing pretty, and is easily done up. Socks should be provided for every baby. Just now they are selling very low. I saw a lot of beauties to-day marked ten cents per pair. It is best to get four pairs, all alike if possible, as very often one will need changing and the other not. Little crochet sacks are useful, and can be bought about as cheap as the yarn. I have seen a box marked twenty-five cents. Caps can be made at home. Oriental lace wide enough for the front can be had at seventeen cents per yard. It is advisable to get point lace purling and sew around the scallops so as to wash well. Three-fourths of a yard is a large pattern for crown and all. It should be lined with thin silk or silesia. Thirty-six diapers are not too many. I prefer the best canton flannel, a yard wide, cut into squares, and then diagonally. Too great a bulk makes a child bow-legged. I use rubber diaper drawers, made at home; half a yard of wide rubber will make two pairs. The wide rubber costs \$1.25 per yard. I have the pattern of them and of the slips, and will send them to any one sending me ten cent stamps. I will also state that I cannot answer private letters unless they contain five two cent stamps. I am forced to do this. Last year I answered nearly five hundred letters of inquiry free of charge, and it became a great burden.

HELPER.

Box 61, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

PHILA., August 5, 85.

EDITRESS OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—After reading in your August number of the desire of Mrs. McO. for something to help her little three-year-old child, whose papa is opposed to the use of drugs, I thought it would be well to give not only to her but to many other mothers the recipe of my great-grandmother for worms (truly an old woman's remedy I hear you say) but so simple yet so powerful and sure it is, that for near a century it has been the only vermifuge used in our family.

Take a large black radish, grate skin and all together, straining the juice through a cloth; give the child a large spoonful upon an empty stomach and watch for the result. I feel sure it will surprise any who uses it. My own sister when a little child was thrown into violent spasms by worms and was entirely cured by this remedy, and I have never known it to fail; the dose can be repeated until satisfied that there are no longer any worms to destroy. Many persons take a large black radish and hollow out the interior filling it with brown sugar, and if left to stand for a few days is said to be one of the best remedies for whooping cough ever used. I have never tried it myself, so cannot say, but the worm medicine I know all about and can recommend. Hoping this may meet with approval.

Yours truly,

M. H. W.

I wonder if the mothers of the L. H. J. know that elderberry blossoms gathered and dried make a nice tea for costiveness. I give it at night, about two tablespoonfuls of the blows steeped in a little water; cold water is better to put on herbs than boiling, and just let them come to a boil.
GUS'S WIFE.

STORIES FOR GIRLS.

A "Lark."

ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

When her father—at the close of the interview which she would never forget—asked if those mysterious packages were from one of her correspondents, she thought she would almost rather die than be obliged to answer "yes" and see the look of scorn on his face. It was followed immediately by a troubled one, however, and crossing the room to where Sadie sat, a miserable heap in the "sleepy hollow." Mr. Brennan laid his hand gently on her head and said: "This is much worse than I expected, Sadie, and I fear your punishment will be very severe. I will shield you all I can; but I must work in the dark, for a time at least, and there are so many ways the fellow can take to make himself obnoxious. If I can keep the affair out of the papers I shall be only too thankful."

"O papa—surely you can't apprehend anything as serious as that!"

In a grave voice Mr. Brennan replied "I must take some means to make that fellow stop his presents and letters; and in the inquiries which I must make it is more than probable that in spite of every precaution the affair will come to the knowledge of some reporter."

Sadie grew so white that her father was frightened; he placed her quietly back in the chair from which she had risen and said sorrowfully, "I would spare you if I could my proud darling, but I fear it is impossible."

"Shall you tell mamma—oh, don't!"

"I must. In all the years of our married life we have had no secrets from each other, and I can't begin now. You'd better go to your own room, daughter, and your mother will see that no one disturbs you. I hope that this will be a lesson which will never need repetition."

"O, father! As if I could ever forget it; but truly I didn't see the slightest harm!"—and Sadie laid her head on her father's shoulder, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"No, I feel sure you didn't mean to do wrong; but when there is anything you hesitate to tell the truest friends you have on earth, steer clear of it, for it bodes no good."

All that day Sadie kept her room, suffering with a nervous headache, and no one saw her but her mother.

Mr. Brennan went to see Mr. Hammond, Mabel's father; but all Sadie ever knew of the interview was told by the following note from Mabel, which Mr. Brennan brought with him on his return:

"If we had never been so reckless. Oh Sadie, my punishment is greater than I can bear! Don't ask me anything at school next Monday; if you do I shall break down. I'll tell you when I can."

Monday, both girls were reproved by their teacher for inattention and failure in recitations. This was an unheard-of thing, and, as they were walking home Mabel said: "I feel so disgraced I can't tell you—it seems as though every one knew our secret and it seemed right and fitting that we should be reproved."

Sadie had spoken a word or two in reply, when a flashily dressed fellow stepped out from a restaurant and placed himself directly in the girls' path. He lifted his hat, and said with a leer: "How do you do, Miss Brennan? I trust you are well, though you are looking a little pale." Sadie, who choked with indignation, she said:

"What do you mean, sir! Stand aside and let me pass."

"Don't be in such a hurry, my dear. You have written letters which are the light of my life, and I almost searched heaven and earth to discover you; having done so I am not to be set aside in this manner. There are several things I wish to say to you, and if you and your friend will step quietly in here with me, we will discuss them over an ice-cream; otherwise I shall be forced to walk to your home with you."

For an instant Sadie half turned to accompany him, with a wild idea of buying his silence at any price; then as she raised her eyes she saw a policeman moving slowly toward them on his beat. She said in a strained, unnatural voice: "Let me think a minute, what is it you wish me to do?"

He repeated his words slowly, the policeman coming nearer all the while, and as he finished Sadie made an impulsive dart towards the blue coat and star crying:

"Arrest this man, my father will explain to you why!"

The policeman said mildly,—laying a detaining hand on Sadie's tormentor who made no effort to escape—"You must make some complaint, Miss."

"She will hardly care to do that, I fancy. I'll go with you if you like, but," turning to Sadie, "I shall talk liberally, and I may tell a good deal—do you think I'd better?"

Sadie looked first at one then the other, trying to speak, but words were beyond her. Mabel stepped before her and said: "Take this fellow to the station house, and see that no one sees or speaks with him until after you have seen James M. Brennan, 7—street."

The officer, with a puzzled look walked off with his willing captive—who still wore that malicious smile—and Mabel stopped a passing hack and put Sadie, who seemed incapable of walking, into it, and saw her safely to her own home.

Mabel had recognized several familiar faces in the crowd which had gathered round them, and it was with a quaking heart that she went to her home and, after telling her father, awaited the result.

Mr. Brennan hastened at once to the station, but he was too late. The prisoner—who was a "man about town" with half-a-dozen aliases—had contrived to bribe some one to carry a note from him to the manager of a dirty daily, been visited by a reporter, and told all there was to tell, receiving a round sum of money for his story. He was discharged, Mr. B. making no complaint, deeming it best to hush the matter up as soon as possible.

Shortly after, while Sadie was still ill with a nervous fever induced by sorrow and excitement, her father received a letter from her former correspondent, saying that unless \$500 was left for him at a place which he designated, he would give some of Sadie's letters to a low paper, dropping the rest over the city after signing her name to them. Mr. Brennan promptly placed the letter in the hands of a detective, with instructions to arrest for attempt to blackmail; but the fellow could not be found.

The letters were dropped, however, as he threatened, and in spite of all that Mr. Brennan could do the papers told, or hinted, the story, making it much worse than it really was. Imagine this if you can, girls—your letters printed and thrown broadcast over a city. The newsboys crying it as an attraction under your windows perchance.

Sadie had such a morbid horror of meeting anybody, and staid so closely confined to the house, that Mr. Brennan decided to sell, and move to a distant town. This he did, though at a loss of money, and Sadie tried in her new home to hold up her head and begin life anew. She was never the same—she could not be; her trouble and disgrace had so nearly crushed her. After a two years' residence in her new home, the story followed and found her there.

Weeks after the affair Mabel wrote Sadie the following letter:

"DEAR SADIE:—I told you that my punishment was greater than I could bear, and once I thought I could never speak of it to any one, but I have told you everything always and I want you to know this. You know what Harry Fielding has been to me ever since we could remember; but you did not know that for two months prior to that awful correspondence we had been conditionally engaged, because both families were anxious that nothing should be said about it. As soon as I graduated the engagement was to have been announced. When your father told papa of our disgrace, he at once sent for Harry, saying that it was only right and fitting that he, Harry, should hear the story first in our home, and there in papa's library I had to tell Harry. Oh Sadie, I felt like sinking with shame! Harry never said a single reproachful word, but I could see how I had fallen in his esteem. After a few days I felt sure he would never respect me again as much as formerly, and I sent him back his ring. He accepted, Sadie; and, after those letters were printed, I was thankful I hadn't waited for him to ask for it, for I was almost sure he would. I hate everything, and I had almost written everybody here. Papa is now talking strongly of moving South—if he only would. I can't live here.

Your loving "MABEL."

Dear girls, was it a "lark" you would care for? It is safest always never to meddle with edged tools.

THE END.

An excellent remedy for weakness arising from whooping cough or worms: Apply Allcock's porous plaster across the kidneys and small of the back. I have a great boy who was similarly troubled from the same causes. I know it will be of great benefit, as he is improving. Please try it for the little sufferer. The old-fashioned remedy is ten drops of spirits of turpentine, with always a cathartic of some kind after for stomach worms, and the same for intestinal, in a warm water injection, the only remedy that will effectually remove them in that part of the body.



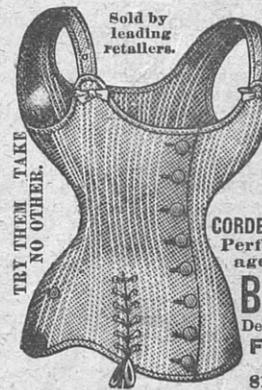
THE only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commanded by Physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free. DOLIBER, GODDARD & CO., Boston, Mass.

TO MOTHERS!

Every babe should have a bottle of DR. FAHRENEY'S TEETHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphia mixture. Will relieve Colic, Griping in the bowels and Promote Difficult Teething. Prepared by DR. D. FAHRENEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell it; 25 cents.

INFANT'S WARDROBE.

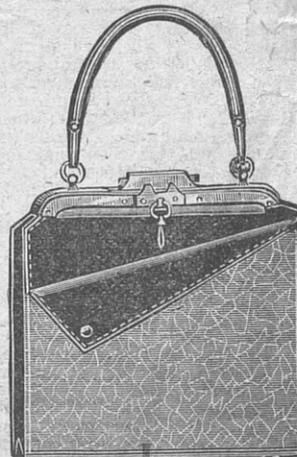
For fifty cents I will send, to any one wishing them, ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE), Brattleboro, Vermont.



75,000 Families now using the celebrated FERRIS PATENT GOOD SENSE CORDED CORSET WAISTS. Perfect in Fit for all ages, infants to adults. BEST for Health, Economy, and Beauty. Descriptive Circular free. FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers, 81 White St., N. Y.

LADIES' SHOPPING BAGS.

This is a very popular shopping bag with ladies, and is a very convenient arrangement for carrying purse, handkerchief, and other such small articles when on the street or shopping. It has nickel trimmings and is made of fine leather. The style in shape is constantly changing, and we will send the best shape or style at time it is ordered. Given as a premium for 20 subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, including one year's subscription, \$1.50. Given for a club of 12 subscribers and 75 cents extra.



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

AND

PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.

Published Monthly at 441 Chestnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMP'Y,
Publishers.

Terms: 50 cents per year, 25 cents for six months.
In clubs of four or more, only 25 cents per year.
Advertising rates 50 cents per agate line each insertion. Address,
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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. No notice is required to stop the paper, and no bill will be sent for extra numbers.

Receipts.—The fact that you receive the paper is a proof that we have received your remittance correctly. If you do not receive the paper promptly, write us that we may see that your address is correct.

Errors.—We make them; so does every one, and we will cheerfully correct them if you will write to us. Try to write us good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write to us any way. Do not complain to any one else or let it pass. We want an early opportunity to make right any injustice that we may do.

Philadelphia, October, 1885.

76,000 CIRCULATION!

The regular circulation of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER is over seventy-six (76,000) copies each issue. For proof we refer to Ferguson Bros. & Co., who do our press-work, and to the Scott Paper Co., who furnish us with paper.

We also offer our subscription books and post office receipts for inspection to any one interested in the matter.

An original affidavit is on file at all advertising agencies.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

An exchange has a long article on "Reform at Funerals." The trouble with a good many men is that they put off reforming until the day of their funeral.

Fashionable mottoes for pillow shams are "Good night," "Bon Soir," "Did you forget to lock the front door?" "Sweetly Dream," and "Be sure and leave the milk pitcher out."

For a city of its population, Washington is said to be the greatest fish market in the world. This will do away with the idea that a fish diet is good for brain, or results would be different.

The daily milk supply of the city of Philadelphia averages about 200,000 quarts, or one-fifth of a quart to each man, woman and child composing its 1,000,000 of inhabitants. To produce this vast daily supply requires the maintenance of from 35,000 to 40,000 cows.

Many tears have been shed over kisses—over those "dear remembered kisses after death." Kiss your children, man of business, before you leave home, kiss the mother of your children, and then go about your day's work with a "thank God" in your soul that you have some one at home to kiss.

Lovers too often impoverish themselves and do violence to good judgment and sound sense and insult the sentiment they seek to serve, by injudicious, inappropriate and untimely gifts. A love that may be bought by show and pretense alone, is neither worth the giving or receiving, or having about the house in any form.

Get up a club for this month. If your subscription does not expire until later in the season, remember that your own renewal will begin when your present subscription expires, so do not wait, to begin your club.

All renewals of old subscriptions count the same as new subscribers.

Dr. B. W. Richardson says that when any so-called moderate drinker arrives at the conclusion that alcohol is a necessity, he is then in the first stage of alcoholic disease. The sense of the necessity he asserts to be the first symptom of the disease; the declaration of the necessity is the declaration of the disease.

A young Englishman who was recently married went home lately, and finding his wife frying meat for supper kicked her so savagely as to break one of her legs. She retaliated by throwing the panful of hot meat and grease in his face. It there could be anything which would justify such contemptible cowardice as wife-beating, it is finding a woman determined to ruin the digestion of her family by frying meat.

When mothers talk less of dress before their little children; when school girls have less time to gossip over the cost and variety of clothes; when young ladies are cordially welcomed in social circles for what they are, and of themselves, and not for what they wear; when wives cease to annoy their husbands because they cannot dress as well, or better, than some men's wives; in short, when conscience and common sense control this whole matter, the ideal dress will be in vogue, and, probably, that then will usher in the "millennium."—Good Housekeeping.

"GREEN."

"An English writer declares that green has become so fashionable a color that in society as to give much trouble to those ladies to whom it is not becoming. The shades in vogue are numerous enough, and have curious names as well as some pretty ones."

Any woman is foolish who attires herself in unbecoming costume simply because it is fashionable; and a girl who puts on a green dress, which does not comport with her complexion, is green in more senses than one.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
"HOW TO KEEP GOOD NATURED."

By avoiding things that fret us, so far as is possible, taking into consideration the comfort of others and our own best good.

It isn't the great trials of life that wear me out, so much as the little, nagging, nettling, pestering things, against which we seldom fortify and brace ourselves to meet or to endure," said one who lived the christianity she professed.

It's the constant pin-pricks that tell on a woman's face and temper, not the great waves of sorrow that come but seldom in the majority of lives, and then foreshadowing themselves.

Against these great sorrows and calamities a christian woman rallies her forces and meets them, we trust, as one should who professes to believe all things are ordered for her good, by Him who rules the universe. And through the grace of God is not shorted in regard to the little, every hour perplexities and annoyances which come to most of us. Someway we do let them harass us, and grow irritable in consequence.

Accepting it as our duty to keep sunny-tempered, we must also accept it as our duty to steer clear of snags that we know will swamp our craft of good humor and sunshine. Hateful, aggravating, nettling things, around which and between which we can consciously steer, and so avoid "ruffling the spirit's plumes," is our privilege and duty, because there is enough in life that must come to tax our patience, strength and faith.

When I was up on the mountain to-day, I could look down and see in a clear light some of these "snags" that Dame Fashion, and Dame Custom, and old Dame What-will-folks-say, had anchored in the current ready to hector and unman my boat. One of them is the paint on our sitting-room walls. Now I did want it painted a delicate creamy or green tinted shade, and the new wall hangings to be a beautiful light brown sprigged with dainty, gilt leaves, but light paint and delicate paper are readily soiled, and I knew the fingers of our three little people would get grimy and restless, and surely track them, and then in consequence I should get cross and discouraged as with wash-cloths and chalk I constantly warded against greasy finger marks. So I have had our sitting-room grained in imitation of brown ash, and as we were fortunate in securing an artisan to paint it who had a true artist's eye for color and grain of natural woods, having made their study and imitation a life work, he has wrought a pleasant transformation in the dingy wood-work of the room. Beautiful veining, wavy lines, knots, curvatures and gnarls, representing sections of wood from heart to bark, he has painted upon panel and post so skillfully you are ready to believe the room is finished in hard wood.

One will tire of artificial things. The stiffness and sameness of wall hangings weary one, especially a sick person who has to lie and look at them day after day. But there is nothing trite and set in nature. She is full of happy, refreshing changes and surprises, and never more so than in the beautiful patterns she has drawn on wood panels, a graceful, delicate, wonderful tracery of curve and wave and crinkle and curve again; no angles, no tiresome repetitions. They will bear close and exhaustive study, and they also rest with their cool, woody suggestions, the tired eyes of an invalid.

All this, with new hangings a country-colored group, work nearly covered with unfastened clove pinks and fringed bachelors' buttons, and sprigs of feathery "southern wood" in shades of brown, with a border of cardinal roses has bro't about such a change for the better in our sitting-room walls it's a real pleasure to sit within them; and the best of it is this beautiful grained wood-work is so easily cleansed. Dingy finger tracks no longer annoy when one knows a simple wipe with a damp cloth,—a cloth wrung from sweet milk is best—will readily remove all such tracks, and to know as the varnish wears away, one can easily give the paint a fresh coat of it themselves, not being dependent on any one to keep such grained rooms bright with cleanliness and varnish, which counts still more.

And then there is the bed which, necessarily, has to stand winters in this same living room. With what housewifely pride, in years past, I kept it! Counterpane, valance, pillows and shams, white as the heaped snow drifts outside, and starched to a glossy smoothness that the least rough disturbing would show for itself. Before there were little people in our home I could keep this bed plump and white and smooth without very much painstaking and no fretting, but now, with a boy whose long-legged boot legs are just high enough and black or muddy enough to delight in wiping themselves against these starched valance folds, and another little one so restless she must do something every moment of her waking hours, and shut up in our one warmed room from noon till night of winter days, this something is apt to be a thoughtless swinging and jumping and leaning against the soft, white sides of this bed, and still another toddler who likes to creep back and forth under its white curtains, but she is happiest when she can pat her moist, eager little hands on the polished hearth of our Franklin stove and then, with little screams of delight, pat these same busy, glossed palms onto the white spread, leaving marks which, when you discover, may aggravate you into thinking if not saying something naughty. I know perfectly well if I tried to keep that sitting-room bed in starched, spotless whiteness, last winter it would be at the expense of temper and comfort for myself and children. Every day and many times a day through the long winter it would be: "Here, children, keep away from that bed!" "Look out, Frankie, don't hit the bed with those boots!" "John, what makes you lean back against that bed! Don't you see what a muss you are making of it!" And I also knew in spite of my constant cautioning and fretting, little smutty hands and frocks would smooch the white bed sides and I should get tired and cross undoing the mischief.

How much better to avoid this source of annoyance by discarding altogether a white drapery for that bed, while the children are small, and substituting for spread and valance, an old-fashioned blue and white counterpane my grandmother wove years ago, and with such ample proportions its curiously knotted fringe reaches to the floor.

A real treasure that old, campfire-steeped counterpane has proved to be, for it will bear weeks of hard wear before it looks dirty, and then will wash as clear and bright as a blue bell in the rain.

Oh! how much better it is, when it is consistent to christian growth of character, to avoid all these little pestering sources of annoyances which spoil our comfort and temper! I do believe it is our duty to keep just as comfortable as we can if

it is not at the expense of others comfort and our own self-respect. We do not know into what sloughs of despondency or extremities of irritability we may be led by a stylish collar that rasps and chokes our neck, or a fashionable, narrow arched boot that tortures our feet, or a merciless steel-clamped corset that goads us to say unhappily, unwise remarks, working mischief that a lifetime can't undo.

JOHN'S WIFE.

SCRIBBLER'S LETTER TO GUSTAVUS.

NO. III.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

I fear, Gustavus, from what Fitznoodle tells me, that things are not going quite as well with you as they might. Fitznoodle had no business to speak of your affairs to me? No, perhaps not, but one reason I have in speaking to you is to warn you about the mistake of talking about your domestic difficulties to any one. Things that are not spoken of in so many words are always a matter of mere conjecture to outsiders, and any unpleasant report may die out for want of food to live upon. But if the main actors in it give definite information as to their private affairs, they can hardly expect the scandal-loving public not to repeat or even to enlarge upon it. Whatever may be your domestic difficulties, do keep a serene exterior both as to actions and words, for rest assured that seven out of every ten of your acquaintances would infinitely prefer to be able to tell how dreadfully you and Julia quarrel, than that your domestic happiness is a marvel.

I sadly fear, however, from what I hear, Gustavus, (to refer to Fitznoodle again) that you and Julia have somehow or other got hold of opposite ends of the tangled skein of life, and it stands to reason that once in a while these threads must cross in a way highly unpleasant to both, and having the effect of increasing the tangles; and if neither one of you gives in and goes round to the other's side and helps to wind his or her end of the thread, but tries perforce to go on in his or her own way, the time will come when the two threads will be hopelessly snarled, and there will be nothing left but to snap them both off short or let them drop and start in a new place together.

Obstancy, my dear Gustavus, is a dreadful failing. That's just what you have been telling Julia? Oh! I dare say, quantities of times, but how did you account to her for the stand you took? I've no doubt you tried to persuade or force her to believe you kept your opinion because you as a man were firm! While she persisted in hers because she as a woman was obstinate, didn't you? Well, now, reflect a little; may she not have some reason for taking the ground she does, and being a free born American she certainly has a right to a certain amount of opinion, even if it does not happen to accord with your own. Your attitude towards each other reminds me very much of one of La Fontaine's fables which impressed me very much as a child, partly because it was illustrated, I think. Two goats endeavored to pass over a chasm on a plank but wide enough for one. They meet in the middle, and the illustration was a picture of the meeting. There they stood, feet firmly planted, forehead pressed to forehead, both firm in their determination not to give way to the other, but not obstinate; dear me! no. You remember that picture, Gustavus, when we used to pore over those fables together. Do you remember the disastrous result? The one who was a shade the weaker gave way by force of superior opposing strength, and was precipitated into the gulf below; but ah! woeful case! the impetus carried over the victor also, and the two lay below, dead, victims of an ill-judged adhesion to firmness, where to yield would have been to really triumph. In very many of the controversies of life, paradoxical as it may seem, the one who yields is the conqueror—the victor alone is the vanquished one.

It would be well to yield sometimes if only from selfish motives, and the next time Julia don't quite agree, if it is not a question of principle with you, just see if you can't give up your prejudice a little in favor of hers, and if it should be a question of principle with you, be as little aggressively as possible, and don't tell her she is a fool because she doesn't feel as you do about it; and, above all, don't tell Fitznoodle or any one else about it. Believe me you will be much happier, and Fitznoodle won't have an opportunity to talk about you.

SCRIBBLER.

IF THEY ONLY WOULD.

It is said that married people would be happier if home trials were never told the neighbors; if they kissed and made up after every quarrel; if household expenses were proportioned to receipts; if they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days; if each would try to be a support and comfort to the other; if each remembered the other was a human being and not an angel; if women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers; if fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work; if both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better; if men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts; if there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private; if wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake. If men would remember that a woman can't always be smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year old, gather up the playthings of a four-year old, tie up the feet of a six-year old on skates, and get an eight-year old ready for school—to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

Mrs. Mary Safford, of Detroit, Mich., gains a comfortable income by making and selling mince pies and English plum pudding, the real old-fashioned kind, such as our grandmothers made. The pudding is put up in three and six-pound packages, and is sold at fifty cents a pound and will keep a year unspoiled. Mrs. Safford also supplies fine cakes; the best families in the city are her patrons, and she has her customers in Boston and many other places in New England, and easily disposes of all she can prepare.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ETTA L. OSBORN will find Mrs. F. A. Warner's address as given in the paper to be E. Saginaw, Mich.

MIGNONETTE.—You evidently have either gallstones or liver trouble, for which you had better consult a reliable physician

CAN any of the sisters tell a new subscriber where she can get the health corset—the kind that is so short over the hips and lace on both sides behind? MRS. B. H. WILLIAMS.
COLONY, KAN.

"CONSTANT READER."—Hen's oil, if applied several times a day with the end of the finger, will partly obliterate if not destroy a scar of a cut, bruise or a slight burn.
MRS. WM. TURNER.

MRS. N. SMITH, WILLIAMSTOWN, inquires for a remedy for canary birds troubled with asthma. [Geo. H. Holden, 9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass., in his book on birds, gives a great deal of useful information. His bird cure No. 5, for asthma and loss of voice, is well worth trying. Price, 25 cents.]

A SENSIBLE WOMAN'S ADVICE.—Don't use any patent medicines. I would not under any circumstances. Regulate the diet, bathe frequently; take plenty of exercise and plenty of sleep, and eat all you want of good, nourishing food, and live for something; have some aim in life, then, if medicine must be taken apply to some reliable physician. I prefer a homeopathic, for several reasons, but more depends on the man than on the school of medicine.
Hope I have not made too long a call.
MRS. E. F. T.

HINTS FROM "A COUNTRY GIRL":—Mrs. M. Ella Turner can make a paint of any white powder, mixed with a little linseed oil, and enough turpentine to make it about as thick as paste; lay the pattern on the goods and rub the paint over it with a small cloth. I have been told that ink stains could be taken out of any such things as the inquirer speaks of by soaking the things over night in buttermilk and washing them out in it. If the "Subscriber" should use this paint I think she would succeed. I have never seen any stamping powder that would not rub off. Have any of you ever made any pretty blotters? I made one last Christmas by fastening a spray of autumn leaves (the leaves having been varnished) to three sheets of blue blotting paper 8 inches square by a garnet ribbon; pressed ferns may be used but they must be varnished first. Pretty watch hooks can be made by cutting pasteboard in the shape of a shield, and covered with velvet, plush, or satin, and painted or ornamented in any way, and fasten a small hook of some kind to the center; this is very convenient. I am making a set of toilet mats of Turkish toweling, and crocheting a border of white darning cotton; these are very useful as they can be washed. I would suggest to any one not able to buy a stamping outfit that they buy their alphabet pattern and make the rest. Secure some linen parchment paper and lay it on the pattern, trace it with a lead pencil and pick it with a sewing machine needle; this is much better to use than a common needle, as one side is grooved and the holes are not so easily stopped; this is not so much work as you would think. I have made a number of patterns in this way. If that stamping paint is to stamp on very light goods the paint may be made blue by shaking in a little common blueing of the kind that comes in a powder.

A COUNTRY GIRL.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—In the June number of the JOURNAL is a nice little story with a nice little moral, written with the evident and very laudable desire to elevate and educate the minds of the degraded portion of our otherwise perfect race, viz: the girls, to a clearer, and more thoroughly understood view of the duty they owe to their superior, man! Said little story relates how the unfortunate Milly lost at once and forever the heavenly felicity of becoming the wife of the most desirable "catch" in the village, because his lordship saw her at 3 p. m. washing the front door steps, arrayed in a black silk dress! Mercy of mercies! What a special interposition of Providence to save his transparently pure and undefiled life from the contaminating influence of such a woman! Of course it is not supposable for an instant, that his life was not all the most pious and pure-hearted could desire; oh, dear, no! And granting that his training, like hers, was not all it should have been from his infancy; that made not the slightest difference, for on reaching the interesting state of manhood, he at once burst through the shackles of previous bad training, and rising superior to the allurements and influence of bad example and worse precept, he bloomed forth into that creation par excellence, a perfect man! But for her, poor soul, there was no possibility of a triumph over her educational errors; and having once sunk to such a depth of degradation she could do nothing but accept the justly (?) deserved punishment conveyed in what we trust she considered a very bitter disappointment; and the fact that he continued to rise to a prominent position, and she, apparently, became perfectly obscure, is only another proof that she should have been possessed at birth, of all those angelic qualities which would have fitted her for the most prominent position in his affections.

We are very much inclined to believe with his daughter, that his affections, if he possessed any for aught save himself, were not very firmly centered in the hapless Milly, or, if so, it were well they found a home in a piece of perfection equal to himself, for of all the housekeepers I have ever known, I will venture to assert that there are very few who have not at some period of their busy lives, and that, too, after years of active training, have not forgotten some minor detail of the numerous duties consequent on the care of a house.

Now, let us add our benediction and we will close. Firstly, we believe it to be a modern outcropping of old-time training and forced belief in the natural, and therefore right, superiority of man, that permits a woman to give form to an idea that serves to further such an imperfect principle. Therefore, in the name of Heaven, justice, mercy and common sense, let us have our principles of morality a little more evenly applied; let us strive to impress our young men with their responsibility in regard to the morals and well being of future generations, and in the meantime give the girls and their mothers a respite from the avalanches of good advice they are obliged to take.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER



DOMESTIC JOURNALISMS.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS, CONTRIBUTED BY JOURNAL SISTERS.

LOT, KY., Aug. 10, 85.

Will some of the ladies please give a recipe for making ripe tomato catsup, also for pickling peaches, and oblige a

CONSTANT-READER.

"Louie":—To remove paint from windows rub the spots with the old-fashioned nickel penny. There is no safe remedy to remove freckles and tan from the face. The black heads can be removed only by squeezing between the two thumb nails. You will find the Canfield dress shield the best protector you can use.

Genevieve Aylmer Farwell, a little 11-year-old girl of Arlington Heights, Ill., has been engaged in silk culture for the past three years. This year she has managed 100,000 silkworms and has harvested a crop worth \$317.20. She will gladly answer any questions relating to silk culture, where parties enclose stamp for return postage.

Do any of the sisters ever pack string beans for winter use? Pick the beans when just right to string, pack in jars or tubs with salt, the same as you would for cucumber pickles. Then when wanted for use take them up and soak the brine out, and they are ready to use as pickles, or cut and cooked with cream and butter the same as in the summer.

SOMEBODY'S SISTER.

DEAR EDITRESS:—I will give you a recipe for soap which is cheap as well as good.

Four pounds bar soap, (White Russian is best) one and one-half pounds of sal soda, four ounces aqua ammonia, eighteen quarts rain water. Put the water, sal soda and soap cut in small slices into your boiler and set on the stove but do not let it boil; stir occasionally and when all is dissolved set off; when milk warm stir in the ammonia and it is ready for use. Can be used in boiling clothes or without.

JULIE BECKER.

BRUSH CREEK, IOWA.

In cleaning silver kerosene may be used with advantage.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauce.

Wall paper may be cleaned by covering the top of a broom with a cloth and gently sweeping over the paper.

Remove iron rust by moistening the spot with cream of tartar and salt, and expose to the heat of the sun.

It is said canned berries retain their flavor, and keep better when a buttered cloth is laid over the top of the jar before screwing down the cover.

Milk will remove ink stains from any kind of goods in a few minutes if used before the ink has time to dry; otherwise the goods must soak in the milk, until removed. The milk may need changing, as it must not get sour.

Melted paraffine poured on top of jellies, jams, etc., also on the top of canned fruit when the covers are discolored, will be all the covering necessary, excepting a cloth or paper to exclude dust. One can use the paraffine many times.

You will find empty salt bags very convenient for straining starch, fruit juices, etc. One lady of my acquaintance keeps them especially for covering pots of butter. They are washed, cut open, laid smoothly over the butter and covered with a half inch of salt. The pots are then tied down with several thicknesses of paper.

LINEN THAT HAS TURNED YELLOW.

When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour, then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water; wash the linen in it and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

THE FLORENCE LAMP STOVE.

This little gem has recently become a part of our kitchen furniture, and we speak truly when we term it a household treasure. The early breakfast, so often a trial to the housewife, becomes a pleasant task, with the assistance of the Lamp Stove. Water for the coffee will boil, and the oatmeal begin cooking, while you are preparing the kindling to heat the range. With a family of children, where there is so often need for prompt action, in sudden sickness, these stoves will be found invaluable. Light the lamp, and you will have hot water, and warm irons, in less time than it takes to tell it, and you will be saved the exertion of running down stairs. During the summer months it is often all the fire that is needed to keep the domestic machinery in motion, thereby doing away with much unnecessary heat and unprofitable labor. We wish that every housekeeper in the land had one of these modern conveniences. The advertisement will be found in another column of the JOURNAL, and we would recommend all who may need such an article, to send for full particulars to the Florence Machine Co., of Florence, Mass.

HOME COOKING.

ORIGINAL RECIPES CONTRIBUTED BY THE JOURNAL SISTERS.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL desires choice recipes for preparing delicacies for the coming holidays. For the best of these sent in previous to November 1st, cash prizes will be given.

TIP-TOP CAKE.—1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 eggs or whites of 3, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder, 2 cups flour, flavor to your taste; bake in a form or high pan.

FEATHER CAKE.—1 cup sugar, ½ cup sweet milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 cup flour, little salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, flavor to taste. A. E. H.

BACHELOR'S BUTTONS.—2 oz. of butter in 5 oz. of flour, add 5 oz. of sugar, beat an egg with half the sugar, flavor with almond, roll size of a nut, sprinkle with sugar, put on buttered paper.

SPICE CAKE.—very fine—1 cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 cup sour milk, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1½ teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cups flour.

SPONGE DROPS.—Beat 3 eggs with 1 cup sugar, 1 heaping coffee cup of flour, in which 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar and ½ teaspoonful of soda have been mixed, flavor with lemon, drop in spoonfuls three inches apart; eat with ice cream.

PEPPERMINTS.—Two cups sugar, nearly one-half cup of water; boil seven minutes by the watch; thin, add one-half teaspoonful of oil of peppermint; when a little cool drop on buttered paper; do not put the oil in until you take it off the stove. These are nice. GUSSE.

COFFEE JELLY.—Put ½ a box of gelatine into a quart measure. cover with cold water, when dissolved pour on 1 cup of strong coffee, add ½ a cup of granulated sugar, and fill up the measure with hot water. Strain into a mould to cool. Serve with sugar and cream. MRS. R. T.

SPONGE FINGER CAKES are made the same as sponge cake, dropped on the baking pan a spoonful at a time; do not let them touch. Put two together with chocolate filling. 1 square of Baker's chocolate, 2 tablespoonfuls of hot water, ½ cup of sugar, 1 egg. Dissolve the chocolate in hot water, add the sugar and egg well beaten, set on the stove to thicken, spread while warm.

COCONUT CAKES.—1 cup of sugar, ½ cup of butter, 2 eggs, ½ a cup of milk, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar, ½ teaspoonful of soda, or 1 teaspoonful of baking powder sifted into 1½ cups of flour. After the cake is mixed, stir in 1 cup of desiccated coconut. Take a teaspoonful and drop on a shallow pan; do not let them touch, nor spread them out, they will form themselves in the oven.

JUMBLES.—1½ cups of granulated sugar, 1 cup of butter, 3 eggs, ½ cup of sour milk, ½ teaspoonful of soda. Do not mix with flour as hard as you would for cookies. To form the jumbles sprinkle a teaspoonful of granulated sugar on the rolling board, cut off a very small piece of the dough, roll under the hand in the sugar out long, pinch the ends together to form rings. If kept in a covered stone jar, they will keep moist and nice two or three months. MRS. R. T.

ESCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Take a deep baking tin, and, after scalding and peeling the tomatoes, slice a layer of them in the bottom of your deep tin, next put in a layer of bread or cracker crumbs, then season with butter, sugar, nutmeg, and a very little salt; put in alternate layers of tomatoes and crumbs with seasoning, until the dish is full, being sure to top out with the crumbs and seasoning; bake ¾ of an hour. I think this is the best way tomatoes can be cooked, many can eat them cooked this way, when they think they do not like tomatoes at all.

EDITRESS L. H. JOURNAL:—I see that "A Friend of the JOURNAL" wrote to the last number advising persons to use salads instead of worrying over the hot stove, cooking so much this warm weather. But I think she forgot to tell them how to make a dressing for the salads. There are persons that do not know how to make dressings for salads. The following is a good and cheap dressing, and can be used over lettuce or cold meat or fowls, or over lettuce and cold meat or fowl cut up together, or potatoes and cold pieces can be made very palatable by using the dressing.

BOILED DRESSING.

1 heaping teaspoonful of mustard,
1 teaspoonful of sugar,
1 tablespoonful of melted butter or olive oil,
2 tablespoonfuls of cream or buttermilk, sweet milk or sour,
6 tablespoonfuls of vinegar,
1 egg.

Mix the mustard smoothly in part of the vinegar, add the remainder of the vinegar and the sugar. Beat the egg and butter or oil together, stir in the cream or milk. Then stir egg, butter and milk into the vinegar and mustard. Set over the fire and allow to boil, stirring briskly. Pour off and allow to cool before using. Being cooked it will keep good several days. F. A. M. LOWBER.

WASHINGTON, August 10, '85.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—A friend once told me she allowed each of her nine children to choose their birthday dinners, and was always sure of nine "pot-pies" during the year. I have been sorry I did not ask her how she made the "dumplings," for they must have been good. For those who seldom make "pot-pies" for fear the dumplings will "fall" and be "heavy as lead," I would like to give them the benefit of Miss Parloa's recipe, which has been a comfort to me, and always successful when the directions for cooking (the most important part) are carefully followed.

Dumplings:—One pint of flour, measured before sifting, half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream tartar, (or one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder) one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and run through a sieve. Wet with small cupful of milk and stir it into a smooth ball. Roll to the thickness of half an inch, and cut into small cakes, or drop from a spoon.

Directions for cooking:—Remember that the soup should be boiling rapidly when the dumplings are put in; that they should never sink too deep in it; that they must be covered immediately with a tight-fitting cover so that the steam shall not escape; that the pot must boil all the time so the steam is kept up, and lastly that they should boil just ten minutes. Very respectfully, MRS. S.D.

SALADS.

[Potato].—Take from 6 to 8 medium-size potatoes, (cold boiled) cut in size of dice. Two silver skinned onions chopped fine. Mix and season with salt and pepper, (parsley chopped fine can be added to the above if desired). Take 1 tablespoonful of dry mustard, moisten with a teaspoonful of hot water, put the yolks of two eggs in the same dish, beat together with an egg-beater until well mixed, then put in sweet oil drop by drop until it thickens like custard, add 1½ teaspoons of vinegar, put it over your potatoes and onions, mix all together, garnish the top with small lettuce leaves, celery tops or parsley.

[Cabbage].—Small head of cabbage cut fine, ½ a cup of sweet milk, ½ a cup of sugar, ½ a cup of flour, ¼ of teaspoon of mustard, ½ a teaspoon of salt. Mix mustard and flour together with just enough vinegar to wet them. Then mix other materials except cabbage together quickly, put them in a porcelain lined kettle, stir over the fire until it comes to a boil, throw it over the cabbage, stir it thoroughly and cover tight till cold. Celery may be cut with the cabbage. It is a great improvement.

[Another].—1 pint good vinegar, 4 well-beaten eggs, ½ cup of butter. Put on the fire and stir constantly until the mixture begins to thicken, then add 1 tablespoon made mustard, 2 tablespoonfuls of salt, 1 tablespoon of black pepper. Chop one head of cabbage very fine with one bunch of celery, soak in salt and water two hours, drain well, pour the mixture over and mix well. It will keep all winter in a cool place. By mixing lobster or chicken with it you will have a nice salad.

[Chicken].—Boil young and tender fowls until the meat drops from the bones. Remove all the fat and skin and cut in half-inch pieces. Take two heads of well bleached celery, wash and cut in inch pieces; mix chicken and celery in salad bowl and cover with sauce made as follows: 2 eggs, (the yolks only) wineglass best olive oil, tablespoonful good cider vinegar, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of mustard. Take the egg, stir slowly in the oil drop by drop, then add the mustard, next the vinegar and pepper, last of all the salt when the sauce will thicken.

COOKERY FOR COLDS.

APPLE WATER.

This is a refreshing beverage when a bad cold has the effect of making one thirsty. It is especially appreciated by children. Cut four slowly-baked apples in quarters, put them in a jug with a couple of cloves. Pour a quart of boiling water on them. In three hours strain and sweeten to taste.

LEMON WHEY.

This is often recommended to excite perspiration after a chill, and is less heating than the white wine whey sometimes given for that purpose. Pour into boiling new milk as much lemon juice as will make a small quantity quite clear. Add enough hot water to make it a pleasant acid, and sweeten to taste. Strain and drink not before going to bed.

A PLEASANT DRAUGHT FOR A COLD.

Boil a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in a pint of new milk. Reduce it to half the quantity, add sugar to taste, and a drop of almond essence. This should be taken at bedtime, not too warm.

RICE CAUDLE.

This is an excellent remedy for any case where a sudden chill has brought on diarrhoea. Soak some rice for an hour in cold water, strain it, and put two tablespoonfuls of the rice into a pint or rather more of new milk. Simmer till it will pulp through a sieve. Put the pulp and milk into a saucepan, with a bruised clove, a bit of cinnamon, and loaf sugar to taste. Simmer ten minutes more. If too thick, add a little milk. Serve with exceedingly thin strips of dry toast.

OATMEAL GRUEL.

Mix two tablespoonfuls of fine fresh oatmeal with a pinch of salt and a little cold milk; when quite smooth, gradually pour into it half a pint more. Set it over a clear fire in a lined saucepan, and stir without intermission. Many cooks let the gruel stand to simmer at the side of the fire, only stirring occasionally, but this is a great mistake. To be good, gruel must be stirred the whole time. After it comes to boiling point, pour in another quarter of a pint of cold milk, and boil for twenty minutes. If approved, sweeten the gruel with loaf sugar, and flavor it with a pinch of nutmeg and a small shred of cinnamon. If it is not approved, serve it plain. There is nothing more delicious than a basin of well made gruel, and nothing more unpleasant to take, or even to look at, than the badly made gruel so often sent up to an invalid by a lazy cook. Gruel is also a most soothing remedy for a bad cold.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT A FREEZER.

Make a boiled-custard in the following manner: Set a quart of rich milk to boil, in an oatmeal kettle or in a pail inside a kettle of water. While it is heating beat the yolks of three eggs and add to four cups of sugar. Beat the whites of the same eggs very light. When the milk just begins to boil pour it over the yolks and sugar, well mixed, stirring it briskly. Then stir in the frothed whites and set back over the fire. Stir constantly till the mixture has thoroughly boiled and thickened, then set to cool. When quite cold add, stirring well, three pints of sweet cream and five teaspoonfuls of vanilla or lemon flavoring.

It is well to make the custard the day before freezing, or in time for it to become quite cold. It should be in a tall covered pail, and this must be set inside another larger pail. Pack the space between closely with ice broken into very small pieces and rock salt, in layers. The last thing before you set all to freeze, beat the custard long and hard with a long wooden ladle. Cover the custard pail closely, pack ice and salt upon it and cover all with several thicknesses of thick cloth—blankets, carpeting or old coats. After about an hour uncover and open your pail and give another thorough beating when the cream is partly frozen. The smooth texture of the cream depends upon these beatings. Cover your pail, turn off the brine and pack in more ice and salt, covering all thickly and well. Leave it three or four hours and then pour off the brine again and pack in more pounded ice and salt. In two hours you may take it out for use. Use plenty of salt and break the ice in very small pieces. The custard should be opened only once after it begins to freeze, though it may be necessary to pass off the brine and add salt and ice more than once. Ice cream should be eaten with moderation and not immediately after a very hearty meal.

To Wash Colored Garments:—Delicately colored socks and stockings are apt to fade in washing. If they are soaked for a night in a pail of tepid water containing half a pint of turpentine, then wrung out and dried, the color will "set," and they can afterwards be washed without fading.

The Cheapest and the Best.



WHEAT BAKING POWDER.

PURE and WHOLESOME.

It contains no injurious ingredients. It leaves no deleterious substances in the bread as all pure grape Cream of Tartar and Alum powders do. It restores to the flour the highly important constituents rejected in the bran of the wheat. It makes a better and lighter biscuit than any other baking powder.

MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS, NEW YORK.



If a child is properly nourished, quiet nights and a joyous, happy childhood are the results. Thousands of infants are peevish and fretful because they are being slowly starved, owing to the inability of mothers to supply the proper nourishment. Ridge's Food produces good, healthy flesh, with plenty of bone and muscle. Indeed, thousands have been successfully reared on Ridge's Food alone. Put up in cans, four sizes, at 35c. and upward. Sold by Druggists. WOOLKITCH & CO. on labels.



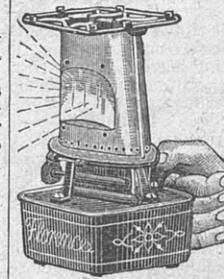
We have made a specialty since 1871 of giving the Premiums to those who get up Clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 80 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 80 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTORS as Premiums with \$3, \$7 and \$10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$13. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS of 4 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a HOST of other premiums. Send us postal and mention this publication, and we will send you Illustrated PRICE and PREMIUM LIST. Freight charges average 75 cents per 100 lbs. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE ARNOLD Automatic STEAM COOKER is fast becoming a household necessity to all who study economy, and value the health and happiness of those committed to their care. It cures and prevents disease, and saves food, fuel, and labor. No house is complete without one. Price from \$1.50 to \$4.75. Send for circular. It will pay any active and intelligent man or woman who wants to secure a paying business to apply at once for our confidential terms to Agents. 177 Address WILMOT CASTLE & CO. Rochester, N. Y.

FLORENCE

Lamp Stove.

PRICE, \$1.50.



Weight 4½ lbs. No glass to break. Will boil a quart of water in eight minutes. This Stove combines both heat and light.

If not for sale in your city, we will send one to any address in the United States, express prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.

Send for Catalogue of "Florence" Oil Stoves. FLORENCE MACHINE CO., Florence, Mass.

HANDSOME

Silver-Plated Sugar Shell Or Butter-Knife

Given for Four New Subscribers at 25 Cents Each per Year.



A new, handsome, neat and stylish pattern, triple-plated, on finest English white steel. Will wear for years. Almost as good as solid silver. All the objectionable qualities of German Silver and brass, which are known to have a disagreeable taste, and are, when a little worn, poisonous, will be avoided in the use of these goods. They are also stronger, and of greater durability than any goods produced.

A Butter Knife will be given instead of the Sugar Shell, if preferred. For 12 subscribers we will give a set of Tea Spoons, same quality, and for a club of 20, a set of forks.

At 25 cents per year, in clubs of four or more, every lady in the land can afford the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Send for sample copies to distribute among your friends and neighbors.



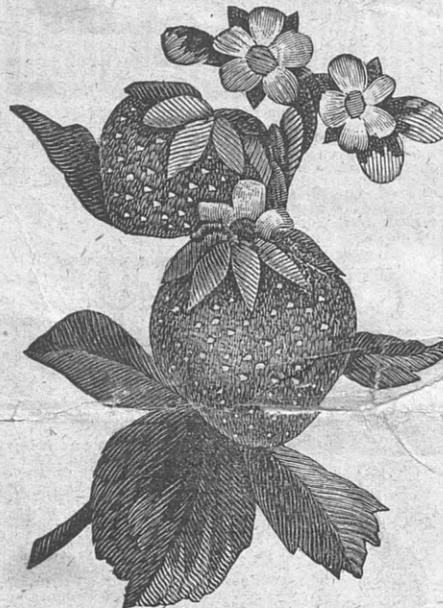
ARTISTIC NEEDLE WORK

FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. DEPARTMENT OF ARTISTIC NEEDLE- WORK.

Suggestions for Present-Givers—Pretty Deco- rations for the House and for the Toilette—Beautiful Appliques for Borders and Centre Pieces.

It is a wise plan for those who intend making the articles they design to bestow as Holiday gifts, to begin them early, for it is generally those who have only moderate income and but little spare time who create pleasant surprises and kindly tokens with their own industrious hands, for loved and loving friends.

Something novel and exceedingly pretty in the way of a wall decoration can be easily constructed of such odds and ends of ribbon and velvet as are often found in the house scrap bag. On a foundation of thin pasteboard cut in open fan shape, arrange deep purple velvet, or velvet in any dark, rich tone, garnet, plum, or even black, to form the upper part of the fan decoration. The velvet should be smoothly applied; to its lower edge attach in stick fashion, alternating strips of purple and gold or red satin ribbon, all to be drawn together at a proper distance to simulate the sticks of a fan, and the many loops are then arranged to form a rosette. Where each ribbon joins the velvet, one of Kursheedt's standard colored silk embroidered applique, the ripe strawberry cluster, with leaves, buds, and blossoms, as shown in our illustration, is placed;



eight of these pretty conceits being used on the fan. Some ladies may prefer alternating the strawberry cluster with some other design; if so, the daisy spray is very pretty and appropriate. In fastening this ornament to the wall, to a banner, screen, or plaque, care must be taken that, while tight enough, it is not drawn out of position.

The just introduced fashion of wearing wide sashes of velvet with dresses of silk and cloth, gives another opportunity for taste to be exercised in fancy needlework, and many of these rich accessories are ornamented with exquisite designs outlined in gold and silver tinsel and filled with hand embroidery in colored silks, or with appliques. One such sash, to wear with a brocade, showing water lilies in Kursheedt's beautiful appliques which come in cream, the natural color, with green leaves. The sash is about half a yard wide, so one yard of the embroidered applique bordering is required for both ends which are further edged with chenille balls.

Embroidery grows more popular not only upon decorative household articles but it is the favored trimming for dresses. One reliable authority states that embroidery is employed for the ornament of all styles of toilettes: for silk dresses and elegant mantles the patterns are worked in beads of all colors. The skirt fronts and panels are covered with jet pendants, small gold sequins, or designs in leaden beads that have the appearance but not the weight of lead. For warm days in the fall, morning dresses are made of a heavy linen in dark blue, finished with open-worked embroidery in Turkey red cotton. The embroidery consists chiefly of circles and of large wheels filled up in lace-stitches. The edges are scalloped out and worked round in buttonhole stitch; the embroidery almost covers the dress, and scalloped-out band form the trimming. Many ladies are making morning dresses after this design in navy blue cashmere, worked with red zephyr, or gold, other combinations are bronze and garnet, dark and pale blue, orange green.

If ladies have no time to embroider the trimmings of their dresses, they will find the Kursheedt's embroidered colored silk appliques most convenient and very handsome. This season there are many new designs in these beautiful and artistic creations.

It is now quite time for school girls who have but little leisure, to begin making up their presents for Christmas, so we will give some models for fancy articles or their special benefit. A simple work pocket may be easily copied. The outside of pocket is of bronze satin cut sixteen inches in length and seven in breadth; it is lined with satin in a rich ruby, and one end is turned up four inches to form a pocket, while a flap two inches in the deepest part, turns over the pocket and is fastened by a small silk button and elastic loop. A piece of satin six inches long, and the width of the pocket, is bound at each end, and herringboned down in three places to form slides for silk and cotton, and the whole is bound with ribbon. The inside of our model is embroidered border in long

stitch, surrounding any one of Kursheedt's standard applique floral initials, in which all the letters are represented. A flap of white or tinted flannel, for needles is fixed at one edge under the binding, and is bound to match the edges of pocket.

Chair bolsters are decorative and comfortable. One is covered with peacock blue plush, and is bordered at each end with band of applique in exquisite water lilies, Kursheedt's standard. The cord by which the bolster is suspended from the back of the chair is in cream, blue, green and gold. The ends of the bolster and centre of cord are ornamented with rosettes and bow of peacock ribbon.

Inexpensive and very pretty lamp-shades can be made at home of dried leaves or ferns. First place the leaves between two pieces of muslin, or sheets of thin paper, gumming them very lightly to the under piece of paper or muslin. Both pieces must be cut the exact shape required, and all the different parts of the shade are bound with ribbon or colored paper and gummed or sewn together. Neat screens, both large and small, are made in the same way.

A new Antemacassar for sofas is a yard and a half long and fourteen inches wide. It is of cream or white woven lace, with a design of figures on a clear ground. The figures are embroidered with flosselle silk in the natural colors, the thick and clear parts of the lace form a guide for the shading. The ground is lightly darned in some pale, harmonious tint, and the lace border to match is embroidered in the same way. A fringe of silk pompons finish the edges of this ornamental creation.

Flowers may be easily preserved by dipping them into melted paraffine, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should be only just hot enough to maintain its fluidity, and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stalks and moved about for an instant to get rid of air bubbles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Art-Loving School Girl."—Yes, dear, we know by experience how much materials for fancy work really cost, but then the articles are so pretty, and besides, you can save a considerable amount of money if you know just how to buy. There is no need to pay the price you mention for silk to embroider your crazy quilt. By sending 40 cts. in stamps or postal note, to the Brainard & Armstrong Co., 621 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa., you can get an assortment of silken factory ends, called "waste embroidery," all of good silk and beautiful colors, in pieces from one to three yards long. One dollar would not buy so much silk if arranged in skeins.

"Mrs. S. C. L.," Altoona.—No, we do not keep the publications at this office, you can procure Kursheedt's "Fashionable Specialties" or descriptive publications which are issued quarterly, by enclosing 3 cents in postage stamps, and writing direct to the Kursheedt Manufacturing Co., New York City.

"Mrs. Haven," Boston, Mass.—You can procure the articles you mention quite as cheap in Boston as in New York or Philadelphia.

Address all letters of inquiry to M. E. L., Editor Artistic Needlework, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 441 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

If any of the sisters have the directions for Palm Leaf Welch Lace, will they please send them to the JOURNAL, and oblige HETTY MARSHALL.

Will some of the sisters send directions for crocheting baby sack with some sort of shell stitch, or something different from afghan? MRS. F. GRAHAM.

Annie Denbroeder, E. Weymouth, Mass.—You can get the shaded floss by sending to Eureka Silk Co., Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Correction in Zona Diehl's collar pattern:—The commencement of the 7th row should read 7 stitches instead of 17. A subscriber has knit from it and her friends are delighted with it.

DEAR EDITRESS:—I have tried many of the lace patterns in the JOURNAL and like the collar pattern of Zona Diehl's the best; have knit a collar, also have it on aprons, both full widths and the edge only. Would like her to send her other collar pattern to the JOURNAL. I like the JOURNAL very much. Yours truly, MRS. M. WALTON.

LANSINGBURGH, Aug. 25, 1885. EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—Will "Aunt Ruth" please say what kind of cotton and what number for torchon lace. Also will "Lillian A. Poor" say what she means in the clover-leaf edging, and the very pretty edging in the August number by "o. n.," and is each row finished or does some stitches remain on the needle after each row. ELIZA J. CURRY.

TUNISIAN LACE.

Cast on 15 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row. Knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 3, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 6. 2d row. Knit 6, make 1, knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 1. 3d row. Knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 6. 4th row. Bind off 5, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 3, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 1. 5th row. Knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3. 6th row. Knit 3, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 2, knit 1, bind over the 2 slipped, make 1, knit 4, make 1, narrow, knit 1.

TERMS IN CROCHET.

Single Stitch, or S. C. Put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the cotton through in a loop, and also through the loop on the needle. Double Crochet, or D. C. Put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the cotton through; take up the cotton again and bring it through the two loops. Treble stitch, or T. C. Turn the cotton round the needle, put it in a stitch, bring the cotton through; then take it up, and bring it through two loops twice. Long stitch or Long Treble. Turn the cotton twice round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops three times. Extra Long Stitch. Turn the cotton three times round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops four times. Ch.—chain, a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one.

INSERTION.

Cast 18 stitches. 1st row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 1. 2d row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, purl 9, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1. 3d row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 1. 4th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, purl 9, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1. 5th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 1. 6th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, purl 9, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1. 7th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, over, slip 1, narrow, and bind over the slipped 1, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 1. 8th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, purl 9, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1.

FANCY MITTEN PATTERN.

Use Saxony yarn, and No. 16 needles. Number of stitches cast on for wrist must be some multiple of 7. For a hand that wears a 6 1/2 glove, 63 stitches will be the right number. Knit once round plain. 2d round; knit 1, over, knit 3, over, knit 1, purl 2, repeat. 3d round; knit 3, over, knit 1, over, knit 3, purl 2, repeat. 4th round; slip 1, knit 1, draw slipped stitch over, knit 5, narrow, purl 2, repeat. 5th round; slip 1, knit 1, draw slipped stitch over, knit 3, narrow, purl 2, repeat. Knit this long enough for wrist, then carry three fancy stripes down the back. Knit what is on two needles, plain, 'til it is one inch and a-half long. Then take 30 stitches on one needle for the thumb, and knit the 30 stitches on two needles. Knit 1 row and purl 1 row 'til you knit 30 times. Use 4 needles, taking 10 stitches on each of 3 needles. Use 4th needle and join round. Knit long enough, and narrow in usual way. Pick up 30 stitches on edge of the stripe, knit on 2 needles, and proceed same as before the thumb was commenced. When long enough narrow in usual way. MRS. W. D. G.

To the sister who asks for a crocheted hood rule I will give the following, which is quite simple, and is done in the star stitch, which I will describe first.

STAR STITCH.

Make a chain the length desired, then take up the first stitch in the chain nearest the hook, and pull the thread through the loop. Then take up each of the next 5 stitches in the chain in the same way, retaining all the loops on the crochet hook, and carrying the thread on the hook; pull the hook through all the loops at one time, then make one chain to close the star; take up the next 5 loops in the same way as the stitches just described, retaining all on the hook; then draw the hook through, and make one chain stitch to close the star. Continue in this way till all the stitches in the chain have been used; then fasten the thread by making a chain stitch, breaking the thread and pulling the ends tightly through the loop.

2d row of star stitch:—Draw the thread through the first loop of the star stitch, make 3 chain stitches from this loop, and take up the next 5 stitches keeping all the loops on the hook, then draw them off the needle closing them with one chain stitch. Take up the next five stitches in the star from the first row, and close this star like the other. Then proceed in the same manner all along the line, and when finished commence the 3d row in the same way as the 2d, and so on till the article is complete.

HOOD.

With bone crochet hook and Saxony yarn, cream white, make a chain 19 inches long. On this chain do star stitch till you have a piece 13 inches long. This forms the head piece. Now take off half the stitches on to a hairpin, and do star stitch on the other half till it is 36 inches long; end off. Now do the same on the stitches which are on the hairpin, end off; lay this one side. Now with blue or pink Saxony do another piece exactly as you did the white, lay the white and colored together and crochet a simple edge round the whole thing except across the top. Now gather the top all in a bunch and place on it a handsome ribbon bow, and the hood is finished. Cross the ends at the back, bring to the front of neck and tie loosely. Crazy stitch or any fancy stitch may be substituted for the star stitch. If you get in deep water I will help you out. EVA M. NILES.

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

THE NOVELTY RUG MACHINE! Patented Dec. 27, 1881. Makes Rugs, Ties, Hoods, Mittens, etc., with ease and rapidity. Price only one dollar single machine with full directions, sent by mail on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Apply for circulars to E. ROSS & CO., Patentees and Sole Manufacturers, Toledo, Ohio; Lock Box 184. Also Manufacturers of Rug Patterns. Beware of infringement.

HEADQUARTERS FOR LADIES' FANCY WORK. SPECIAL OFFER! We will send you our LADIES' BOOK OF FANCY WORK, and INSTRUCTIONS FOR STAMPING (Price 15c.), for 3-cent stamps. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE. The best elastic bone in the world for dress-making purposes. For sale by the wholesale and retail trade. Samples free. THE WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich.

LACE REMNANTS. We will send you 71 styles of Laces which can be bought at half price if you will send the names of 5 ladies in your vicinity to T. E. Parker, Lynn, Mass.

TOKOLOGY. A Book for every woman. Alice B. Stockham, M. D. A COMPLETE LADIES' GUIDE. 20,000 Sold in Little Over a Year. Agents find it the most popular work on the market. The very best book to put into the hands of a girl or woman. E. M. HALE, M. D. Cloth, postpaid \$2.00; Morocco, \$2.50. Circulars Free. Sanitary Pub. Co., 459 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS. THE ONLY REED ORGANS WITH QUALIFYING TUBES GIVING PIPE ORGAN TONE. Not only equal, but superior, to all others, \$50 to \$500. Send for Illustrated Catalogue (mailed free). Clough & Warren Organ Company, 44 E. 14th Street, NEW YORK, OR DETROIT, Michigan, U. S. A.

LADIES' beauty and charms can unquestionably do so by using CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL. It not only removes every blemish but gives a glow and bloom to the complexion. It is absolutely harmless. Ladies of Fashion give to it the highest recommendation. Send for testimonials. Ask your druggist for it and take no other. Beware of imitation! 50c. a bottle. Equal, if not superior, and as much if not more in quantity, than any article sold for 75 cents. CHAMPLIN & CO. Props. Buffalo N. Y.

WANTED. Ladies who can Knit, Crochet, or do fancy work, to make goods for our trade at their homes in city or country. \$5 to \$10 weekly, easily made at our business. Goods sent by mail. Send 10c. for sample and postage. HUDSON MFG CO., 265 Sixth Ave., New York.

WANTED. LADIES TO REPRESENT AND SELL our celebrated sanitary toilet articles and necessities; entirely new; all the rage; everybody buys. Earn \$18.00 per week this season. Genteel, steady employment. \$400 outfit free. Send stamp for particulars. Address: SANITARY APPLIANCE CO., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES DO YOUR OWN STAMPING with our Artistic Patterns, for embroidery; by easily transferred, and can be used fifty times over. Outfit postpaid of 23 Elegant Patterns, with material, etc., 60 cents. PATTERNS PUB. CO., 38 W. 14th Street N. Y.

FACIAL DEVELOPMENT. Will mail you rules to develop muscles of cheeks and neck, making them plump and rosy; also rules for using dumbbells, to develop every muscle of the arms and body—all for 50 cts. Prof. N. L. Dowd, Home School for Physical Culture, 16 E. 14th St., N. Y.

Estab'd 1850. THE INC'D 1888

CARPENTER ORGANS. Are thoroughly well built. They are in all respects a reliable instrument. They are not a "CHEAP ORGAN." Send for Illustrated Descriptive Price List to the E. P. CARPENTER COMPANY, BRATTLEBORO, Vt.

KURSHEEDT'S STANDARD FASHIONABLE SPECIALTIES. ADAPTED TO THE METROPOLITAN FASHIONS.

EVERY LADY who regards FASHION and ECONOMY should send three cents in postage stamps for specimen number of DESCRIPTIVE ILLUSTRATIONS, which are issued quarterly, or twelve cents yearly subscription.

"EMBROIDERIES," "LACES," "BRAIDS," "RUCHINGS," "APPLIQUES," ETC., ETC.

IMPORTANT ! !

Ladies who desire to procure our Illustrated Fashion Sheets and Supplements, have only to cut out the following, and enclose stamps, (3 cents if for one issue, or 12 cents for a year's subscription, and send to THE KURSHEEDT MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK CITY.

THE KURSHEEDT MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK CITY.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me your Descriptive Publications containing the Illustrations of your Specialties and Novelties, for which, find enclosed, three cents in postage stamps.

NAME..... ADDRESS..... Hosted by Google

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
BRUSH STUDIES.

NO XVI.

Screen Decoration Continued.—Some Good Backgrounds—A Handsome Stand Scarf, etc., etc.

BY LIDA CLARKSON.

[Copyright by the Author. All Rights Reserved.]

A very handsome fire screen may be made at home by anyone who can fashion a rustic frame similar to illustration given below. The cost will be very moderate, which will recommend it to many of my readers. The dimensions of canvas or other fabric used for mounting, may be about 28x20 inches. If canvas, a good firm linen is preferable, primed a delicate drab, or fawn shade. Or, the decoration may be done in Kensington, and in that case a heavy sateen silk face, sometimes called Turkish satin, may be substituted, or a fine quality of velveteen. If the latter, it will be necessary to make the screen smaller, say 24x18 inches, as the velveteen does not come in the extra widths. This material may be backed with enameled cloth, ladies cloth, a nice quality of canton flannel, or any suitable fabric, letting the color harmonize with the ground used for screen.

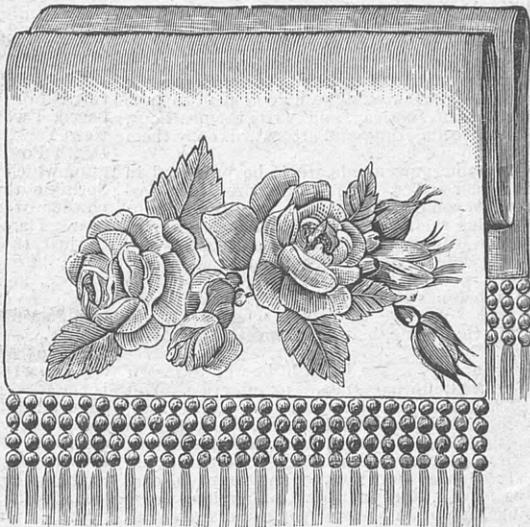
Among the fancies of the day are screens mounted with paper, lithographic prints sold at prices ranging from one to four dollars unmounted. Landscapes surrounded by flights of birds, or conventional designs, suggestive of nothing but ugliness. How a person of taste can be satisfied with these libels upon art, I am at a loss to imagine. Better the plainest fabric and the simplest design.

The illustration given below shows a design easy of execution yet showy and effective, one which may be used as a painting upon canvas, or for Kensington decoration. If canvas be chosen very rich background is a deep red shaded down to a delicate rose at the centre. This has the merit of oddity, and yet is not ugly as odd things so often are. It imparts a look of warmth and brightness to a room. To make this ground with madder lake alone would be expensive as the paint must be laid on heavily and this color is high priced. We get an effect quite as good by using light red, with a little burnt sienna and ivory black in the shadows, and vermilion, madder lake and white for the high lights. This for the first painting. Canvas should always be well oiled out before the paint is laid on, that is it should have oil rubbed in freely with a soft cloth or with the fingers. I prefer the latter method. A mixture of boiled and raw linseed oil is best. After the first painting is thoroughly dry, glaze with madder lake. This is done by thinning the paint with oil until transparent, and then rubbing in with the fingers, or else laying on with a flat bristle brush. This, if properly done will give the brilliancy of coloring desired, almost as rich as if the madder lake had been used for the first painting. The waxy white blossom of the water-lily thrown against this ground is charming in effect.

For the general tone of the water lily blossom we will use silver white, yellow ochre, a trifle permanent blue, or Antwerp blue will do, adding madder lake in the shadows. In the deeper accents burnt sienna, and for the high lights, silver white and yellow ochre. For the deep centres, we will use cadmium, white, and a little ivory black. The deeper accents in the very heart of the blossom are painted with cadmium, burnt sienna, raw umber, ivory black and silver white.

the velvet, making a surface of its own to work upon.

Several correspondents ask for a sky background for screen decoration. The palette is simply cobalt, silver white, light cadmium toned with ivory black. Use plenty of paint and lay in with large bristle brushes. A very pleasing effect may be had by throwing shadows back of the flowers upon the ground as described in September number of the JOURNAL. Remember to let these shadows fall below and to the right of flowers, stems, or leaves. I am also asked what is meant by "painting loosely," in reference to a background. It is that the color is not to be laid on in one flat, uniform tone, but should be diversified by uneven strokes of the brush. Do not mix the tints on the palette but taking them up on the brush lay them upon your board or canvas just where they belong. For instance, if the background is very dark at bottom, and lighter at top with intermediate shading between, you will lay your color on first in order, then taking a fresh brush blend them, not by actually mixing, gradually working together until they are united harmoniously. Put the paint on thickly and be careful not to go over it until the brilliancy of color is lost. Work rapidly which will give a crispness of touch and boldness of effect.



STAND SCARF IN KENSINGTON.

The illustration given here is of a handsome scarf of velvet, or close nap plush, finished with chenille fringe. The color may be either a sage, or olive green, peacock blue or old gold. Or, a very deep ruby shade finished with gold fringe is attractive. The decoration is in Kensington, and the design seems to be a leading favorite this season. If the roses are to be a pale creamy pink the palette will be madder lake, silver white, yellow ochre, a little vermilion and a trifle ivory black. The leaves are painted with Antwerp blue, silver white, cadmium or zinc yellow, ivory black and a little vermilion. For the shading burnt sienna and raw umber. In putting on your color in Kensington, lay on with a brush, as in ordinary painting, putting in the shadows and high lights where they belong, and afterwards using the pen to scratch in the stitches. Be careful to keep the pen free from paint, so as not to dull the lights or muddy the coloring. The rich yellow of the Marechal Niel rose may be substituted for the pink. For this use cadmium, silver white, yellow ochre, raw umber, with a trifle ivory black. The high lights are put in with white and cadmium, and the deeper accents with zinc yellow, white, a trifle vermilion, and a little raw umber.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

Miss Pearl S. and Mrs. F. N.—For first painting or laying in the general tone, you will need flat bristle brushes. For details and finishing, flat pointed sables Nos. 2, 5 and 6.

I still continue my offer for subscribers. For four names, club rates, a piece of iridescent painting; eight names, Kensington and iridescent combined; one name, full rates, handsome piece in iridescent.

I will rent studios in oil, flowers and landscapes, at most reasonable terms. Address, enclosing stamp for particulars,

PLEASANT VALLEY, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y. MONEY ORDER OFFICE IS POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

We have had a personal acquaintance with the Great London Tea Co., of Boston, for the last 8 years, and have watched with interest a wonderful business built up in that time, by methods of fair dealing that has never failed to hold a customer for good when once secured. Whatever they advertise they strictly perform, and we know the quality of goods sent out by them to be only the best grades. They have large capital, years of experience, and have built up an enormous business by filling orders in such a way as to not only keep a customer, but gain new ones in every locality where once their goods are introduced. We know the Company and we know their way of doing business, and will cheerfully guarantee to our practical housekeepers that every promise held out in their advertisement will be strictly fulfilled.

The Pennington Seminary, at Pennington, N. J., has been enlarged and improved the past season, and now offer facilities unsurpassed by any similar institution in the country, for the health, comfort and education of both sexes. Address: Dr. Hanlon, Pennington, N. J.



DR. PEIRO has devoted 23 years to the special treatment of Catarrh, Throat, Lung Diseases, founder of the Am. Oxygen Co., for the production of that wonderful remedy, used by Inhalation, so widely known as the

OXYGEN TREATMENT

For the relief and cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Nervous Prostration, etc. Send stamp for the "Manual," an interesting book of 120 pages. Four Colored Plates. Address DR. PEIRO, Chicago Opera House, (Clark and Washington Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.) We refer by permission to a few of our patrons: Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, Ed. Inter Ocean, Chicago. F. H. Tubbs, Esq., Manager W. U. Tel. Co., Chicago. Gen. C. H. Howard, Mrs. T. B. Carse, Chicago. O. W. Nixon, M. D., Mrs. Netta C. Rood, Chicago. Henry R. Stiles, M. D., New York.

N. B.—Our Oxygen is safely sent anywhere in the United States, Canada or Europe by Express, Easy, plain, complete directions with each treatment.

LUSTROUS METALIC COLORS

For Painting on Velvet, Plush, Satin, or other Textiles, and for Decorating Household Ornaments, all articles of Wood, Metal, Plaster Paris, Frames, Wickerwork, Leather, etc.

Also for Bronzing LINCRUSTA WALTON.

These Colors are all of our own importation, and the assortment comprises 40 different shades, many of them new and quite unique, having never been offered before.

Send for Price List to

J. MARSCHING & CO.,

Importers of Artists' Materials, 27 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

"With the Odors of the Forest."

THE GARDNER PINE NEEDLE SOAP, made from fresh young pine leaves; a delightful toilet soap, superior to tar soap; no rank smell of tar; softens and stimulates the skin; makes complexion bright and clear. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. Sample cake (4 ounces) mailed on receipt of 25 cents, by PARK & TILFORD, Gen'l Agents, New York.

TEACH

Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with The Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents Wanted.

A. H. CRAIG,

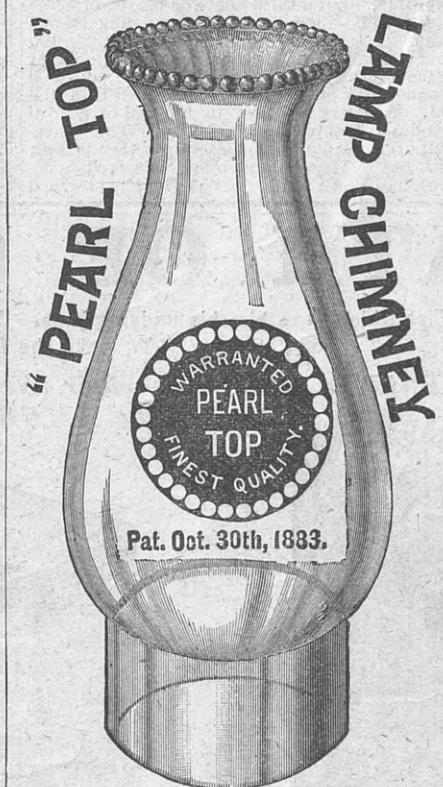
PUBLISHER, Caldwell, Racine Co., Wisconsin.

SCHOOL

THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR. Library, Smoking, Reclining, and Invalid Chair Combined. 50 CHANGES. Price, \$7 and up. Send Stamp for Catalogue. LUBURG M'FG CO. 145 N. 8th St., PHILA. PA.

NOTES & CARDS, Elegant Styles, Shortest Notice, Least Money. Stationery and Fine Engraving. S. D. Childs & Co., CHICAGO, ILL.

WEDDING IMMUNITY from ANNOYANCE



Made only of the finest and best quality of Glass for withstanding heat.

Every good thing is Counterfeited, and consumers are CAUTIONED against IMITATIONS of these Chimneys made of VERY POOR GLASS. See that the exact label is on each chimney as above. The Pearl Top is always clear and bright Glass.

Manufactured ONLY by GEO. A. MACBETH & CO. Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works. FOR SALE BY DEALERS. BILIOUSINE.

A two-cent stamp sent to SNOW & EARLE, Providence, R. I., will obtain by mail a "trial package" of Biliousine, thus enabling everybody to ascertain by personal experience and not by the testimony of others that there is a sure cure for Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Liver Complaint, and all diseases which arise from a disordered stomach. How To Grow STRAWBERRIES

PECKHAM'S FROSTING

OR, PREPARED ICING FOR CAKE. READY for FROSTING in a moment. Never flakes nor discolors. Healthy and economical. No eggs required. 25 cts. a Package, of all first-class Grocers. Try it! PECKHAM FROSTING CO. 138 Chambers St., N. Y.

Pennington Seminary,

After an outlay of \$20,000 in improvements, offers rare facilities for the health, comfort, and education of both sexes. Convenient to Philadelphia. Address: DR. HANLON, Pennington, N. J.

ALL IMPERFECTIONS of the Face, Hands and Feet, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Moth, Red Nose, Eruptions, Scars, Pitting, and their treatment. Dr. John Woodbury, 37 North Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Send 10c. for Book

50 HIDDEN NAME, Embossed and Floral Souvenir Cards with name, and new samples, 10 cts. Elegant Present Free. TUTTLE BROS. North Haven, Ct.

CORPULENCY

Recipe and notes how to harmless rid of obesity and rapidly cure obesity without semi-starvation diet, etc. European Mail, Oct. 24th says: "Its effect is not merely to reduce the amount of fat, but by affecting the source of obesity to induce a radical cure of the disease. Mr. R. makes no charge whatever; any person, rich or poor, can obtain his work gratis, by sending 5cts. to cover postage to F. C. RUSSELL, Esq., Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, Eng."

ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER instantly relieved by using Powers' Specific for Asthma; 50 cents of Druggists, or by mail. Sample sent free. E. C. POWERS, Danvers, Mass.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. & you'll get by mail A GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than any other class in America. Absolute Certainty. No need of capital. M. Young, 133 Greenwich St., N. York.

LADY AGENTS WANTED FOR the grand new book "OUR FAMOUS WOMEN: A History of Their Lives and Deeds." By 20 Eminent Lady Authors. 247 pages. 42 Fine Engravings. Lady Agents easily earn \$5.00 to \$10.00 a month sure. Send for Circulars, Terms, etc., to A. P. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

WOMAN WANTED SALARY \$55 to \$50 for our business in her locality. Responsible house. References exchanged. GAY & CO., 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE FOR \$1200. This marvelous house has been built more than 300 times from our plans; it is so well planned that it affords ample room even for a large family. 1st floor shows above; on 2d floor are 4 bed rooms and in attic 2 more. Plenty of Closets. The whole warmed by one chimney. Large illustrations and full description of the above as well as of 39 other houses, ranging in cost from \$400 up to \$6,600, may be found in "SHOPPER'S MODERN LOW-COST HOUSES," a large quarto pamphlet, showing also how to select sites, get loans, &c. Sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Stamps taken, or send \$1 bill and we will return the change. Address, BUILDING PLAN ASSOCIATION, (Mention this Paper.) 24 Beekman St., (Box 2702,) N. Y.

YOUR BABY, the cause of more trouble else in the world, respectfully requests you to subscribe, for his benefit, to the only periodical in the world devoted to considering his health, comfort, and well being generally. It is edited by Dr. Leroy M. Yate and Marion Harland, and should be had every year by sending \$1.50 to BABYHOOD, 18 Spruce St., New York. Single numbers, 15 cents. Examine a copy at any newsdealer's.

BEAUTIFUL ART CARDS Samples of New and Beautiful Art Cards for home decoration and scrap books, sent upon receipt of 10 cents (silver). These cards are Works of Art and must not be confounded with the cheap cards offered by "card dealers" and "card companies." Marshall's Steel Engraving of Gen. Grant free with orders. BURTON & CO., 24 Hall Building, Troy, N. Y.

Hartford Silver Metal. This is the best article ever invented to take the place of solid silver and plate; it is almost as white as silver and will last a lifetime. Send money order for \$1.50 for sample dozen of Teaspoons. HAFF & CO., Box 24, Hartford, Conn.

50 All Concealed Name Cards and Imported Scrap Pictures 10c. CURTIS & CO., North Haven, Conn. 40 HANDSOME chromo cards, 100 album verses & 15 games only 10c. St. Louis Card Co., St. Louis, Mo. CRAZY QUILT MANIA—Song & chorus, new, 1c. per copy; 12 for \$1.00. L. F. WRIGHT, Mendota, Ill.

LADIES ELASTIC BELTS, A necessary article of toilette. Write for circular. G. W. Flavell & Bro., 248 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa.

RUSTINE should be in every household; it removes rust stains or iron mold from white goods in one to ten minutes, without the least injury to the cloth. Ask your store keeper for it, or send 25 cents to the manufacturer for sample box by mail. A. B. DODGE, Manchester, N. H.

STERLING IMPROVED INHALING TUBE. CONSUMPTION MAY BE PREVENTED or its progress stayed. Expansion and exercise of the lungs is better than medicine. The use of this tube will expand the chest several inches by simple inhalation of PURE AIR. No vapors, drugs, or liquids. Only three inches long, solid sterling silver (not plated), always ready for use. Sent postpaid with instructions \$2. Send for circular with description and Actual Facts Accomplished. G. C. PILLING, 101 So. 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Stamped Pieces of Satin, Silk, Ribbons, etc., for Crazy Patchwork. Stamped ready to be worked, with quaint designs. Each package contains 12 pieces, 5 to 10 cents each. Given for 50 cents.



RUSTIC FIRE SCREEN.

For the green leaves we will use silver white, cadmium, Antwerp blue, a trifle vermilion and ivory black. When the leaf shows underside, light red, yellow ochre, white and ivory black. In the shadows we will use burnt sienna. If this design is done in Kensington the same palette may be used. The paint may be laid on with a brush, and the strokes taken with a pen to imitate the embroidery stitch. The leaves are prettily painted with the brush, and as decorative work may be less realistic, and more for richness of effect, it is a pretty conceit to vein them with vermilion. In painting upon velvet be careful not to mat down the pile or nap, but to rub it in which gives a softness which is very rich and is much more beautiful than that style of coloring in which the paint is plastered upon the pile of

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
MUSICAL STUDIES.

NO. IX.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

At the end of the major and minor scales, you find another called, the chromatic scale. This is only the natural scale, with all the intermediate sounds between its degrees expressed,—thus, after playing C, play C sharp, before passing to D, etc. The fingering, which is given, is quite easy, and it may be continued from one end of the keyboard to the other, if you like. The name chromatic, ought to help you,—it means, literally colored. The chromatic scale is founded upon nature, just as the others are—it shows the half-tones, or colors, of which music is composed. Strange, that all sound should consist of seven different colors! And still more wonderful it is that there are just as many shades in sound as in color!

Thus, from the printed scales and cadences, you may gain your first ideas of time, of harmony, of expression, and many other incidental items of information. Practice these scales and cadences, faithfully, for a month to come. For practice, write out upon your foolscap, then copy into your blank book, examples of the same major and minor scales, but in two-four time, in four-eight, and in other styles, thus practically teaching yourself the differences between the various kinds of time. And don't forget the hammer idea—practice your finger exercises, and the scales, as rapidly as possible, merely for finger development. Practice the cadences, for time, in two-two, four-eight, etc., as well as in four-four.

The cadences form capital singing exercises. Sing these, for twenty minutes at a time each day, and you will feel the benefit, not only in your voice, but also, in your ear,—the latter will soon begin to appreciate the nice distinctions between sounds. In singing these cadences, as exercises, first take the highest note of each chord, forming a continuous row of five notes; then the middle notes of the same chords, with the upper of the two in the fourth; then the middle notes, with the lower of the two in the fourth; and then, the lowest notes in all the chords. The syllables used for the first row are do, do, do, si, do; the second, sol, la, sol, sol, sol; the next, sol, la, sol, mi, sol; the last, mi, fa, mi, re, mi. The same syllables are used for the cadences of all the scales, major and minor. One caution—don't scream. Never force your voice to take the highest notes, if it will not do so readily. Practice upon the lower notes, until the voice gains strength to mount naturally. Train your ear to listen, so that it will hear all the sounds of the chords at once, and be able to separate them—the notes sung, and the treble and base notes struck, at the same time. Many beginners find that the base, or one or more of the instrumental notes, will drown the sound of their own voices—but, it cannot be too often repeated, the human voice leads, and if any part must be subordinate, it is the instrumental. To the uneducated ear, harmony sounds like a confused jumble of noises,—or, the base only sounds plainly, overwhelming all the finer tones. But you must perceive every strain like a strand in a colored skein of silk, all the strands braided together to form one.

If several brothers and sisters are standing together, let them help each other, and at the same time, themselves, by singing these chords in chorus, the brothers taking the lower notes, the sisters, the higher. In this case, sing to every note the syllable, la. By way of variety the same syllable may be used in singing the scales. Singing the chromatic scale will be found excellent practice, care being taken to give to each note its exact sound—by this means, both the voice and the ear will be trained to the fine differences between notes. In ascending the chromatic scale, use the following syllables: do, dee, ree, ree, mi, fa, fee, sol, see, la, lee, si, do. In descending, the following: do, si, say, la, lay, sol, say, fa, mi, may, re, ray, do. You know why no odd syllables for black keys are given between mi and fa, and do and si,—simply because here occur the half-tones, and so at these points there are black keys in the key-board of the piano or organ.

At the risk of making myself tedious by repetition, I insist upon the necessity of constant scale-practice. Now your critic—who is always on hand, whatever you may try to do—speaks up again, somewhat in this wise: "Why don't your teacher give you something besides exercises? You have been studying music for six months, and can't play no piece yet." You can, if you like, repeat what I have told you, that playing pieces is not the chief object of musical culture; but you can also say, that any one who can play all the scales perfectly can generally teach himself a piece, when required, precisely as any one who can spell and pronounce, can read any literary composition. Most music teachers attempt to instruct their pupils, very much as a teacher of elocution would, if he or she tried to force students to interpret Milton or Shakespeare before they had mastered the contents of a primary school reader. No wonder so many amateurs give up their musical studies in despair.

You may grow tired of so much scale practice. You, however, would grow far less tired, did not somebody take every possible occasion to say to you, "You must be very dumb if you cannot get any further than scales." But, for your encouragement, let me tell you that the great pianists, as Gottschalk and Thalberg were "dumb" all their lives—that is, they practiced scales. Thalberg was accustomed to say, "If I neglect scale-practice one day, I feel the difference; two days, my friends feel the difference; but, three days, and the public feel the difference." Weber practiced scales, but found them extremely monotonous. That his mind might be free, while practicing, he formed the habit of propping a volume of poems upon the piano rack, and read, keeping his fingers moving all the time. His scale-practice was thus purely mechanical—but the great point is, he practiced scales, several hours a day. Your scale-practice will not become purely mechanical for a long while, perhaps for years—but, after you have practiced to make it so, you must expect to continue practicing to keep it so. This I have told you, to help you head off your critics, but not to discourage you. Nothing short of absolute deformity of the hands, or defect of the mind, need discourage any one.

You know all the scales by this time, I presume. Now you are ready for a set of modifications generally known as "Grand Practice of the Scales." The scale of C natural is taken as the model,—if you can play all the varieties of this scale, you can soon learn those of the others. The first movement in this set consists of the natural scale, up and down, for two octaves, repeated indefinitely. The second movement is the natural scale in alternate order. That is, put both thumbs upon middle C, and strike with them at once. With the right hand, continue to run up the scale in the treble, for two, or three octaves; with the left hand, continue to run down the scale in the treble, for two or three octaves. Then, run down the scale with the right hand, and up with the left, the two thumbs again meeting upon middle C. This is not difficult, as the fingering with both hands is precisely the same, up and down. Repeat indefinitely.

The third movement is in thirds—that is, one finger may be placed upon any given note, and the corresponding finger of the other hand will be an interval of a third above or below, or three notes will be included by the two fingers, one note under each finger, and one note between the other two notes. Place the fourth or little finger of the left hand upon C in the base, and the second finger of the right hand upon E in the base. You now see that an interval of a third includes the three notes, C, D, E. This movement of the scale comprises thirds throughout. With the left hand, run up the scale for two octaves, and down again, just as you have learned

to play the base in the natural scale. At the same time, run up the scale with the right hand, and, of course, down again, for two octaves. You need not fail in the fingering of the right hand, if you suppose that you had already run a natural scale as far as the second finger, before beginning with the series of thirds; and had lapped over into another octave, as far as the second finger, after ending an octave of a natural scale.

The fourth movement is in sixths. You are now prepared to know what an interval of a sixth is—any two notes, having the four consecutive notes between. Place the second finger of the left hand upon E in the base, and the thumb of the right hand upon middle C. Run up, in sixths for two octaves, and down again. The fingering is precisely like that of the natural scale—only, in the base this time, you are to suppose, when you start, that you have already run a scale, in the base as far as the second finger. This movement need present no difficulty, if you remember that the third fingers of both hands cross and strike at the same time.

The fifth movement is in tenths—interval of a tenth, you now see, includes any two notes, with eight notes, or an octave between. Place the fourth finger of the left hand upon C in the base, the second finger of the right hand upon E, above middle C. Run up and down, for two octaves, in tenths, the fingering being like that of the third movement.

Of course, all of these movements are to be practiced until they can be run as rapidly as the natural scale. It would be a good plan to take your sheets of foolscap, and write them all out, marking the fingering, and afterwards copy them into your blank book.

These same movements are to be practiced in all the other scales. It is hardly probable, however, that you can learn them readily, without first writing them out. With patience and perseverance you can do this. The fingering you can easily copy from your "Scales and Cadences." For every octave, it is exactly like the scale to which it belongs—only, you must sometimes suppose that you have already reached a certain point in that scale, before beginning the movement.

Before going further, it might be well to fasten upon your mind what is meant by intervals. You have learned to recognize an interval of a third, a sixth, and a tenth, and are not surprised to hear, that there are, also, intervals of seconds, fourths, fifths, sevenths, etc.—an eighth, you already know as an octave. Take your foolscap, and write out, for your own edification, every possible kind of an interval you can discover upon the key-board. Keep the paper, in case I take up the subject again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

The Glaxinia.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The Glaxinia is one of the best of all the summer-flowering plants. It can be raised from seed, which should be sown very early in the season, in light, fine soil, or tubers can be purchased quite cheaply of all florists. It likes a soil made up of well decomposed cow-manure, leaf mould and sand. If seed is sown, care must be taken to cover it lightly, and on no account should the surface of the soil be allowed to get dry. When the seedlings have put out their second leaves, put them into small pots, and after that shift to larger ones when the ball of earth becomes full of roots. The tubers you buy from a florist should be planted in four or five inch pots and watered sparingly at first, as they begin to throw up leaves increase the supply of water, but never give enough to keep the soil wet. A good deal of sand should be used in making up the compost for these plants in order to keep it light and open. They should have plenty of light, but will

do better if kept out of strong sunshine. Good plants will bloom all summer, and often until late in the fall. After they begin to show signs of a desire to rest, by ceasing to bloom, and a turning yellow of the leaves, withhold water, and let the plant dry off. After it has shed its leaves, put the pot containing it in some out of the way place where it will be free from frost, and keep it comparatively dry for some months. On no account give enough water during this period of rest, to induce any growth of leaves. In March bring to the light, dig out most of the old soil, and supply new, and gradually increase the supply of water until the plant begins to grow. I have several plants now in bloom, which have received this treatment, and some of them have leaves seven inches in length and five across them, with dozens of buds in all stages of development. The flowers of the Glaxinia are shaped something like those of the Canterbury Bell, and are very rich in coloring and marking. Some are pure white with purple blotches on the lower side of the throat, others are beautifully spotted with brilliant colors, while some are pink, crimson, purple and rosy lilac, with rich markings. It is a plant that is not ordinarily seen in the collections of amateurs, but there is no reason why it should not be grown there. The idea seems to prevail that it is somewhat difficult to manage successfully, but I do not find it so.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. M. V. W.—In reply to your inquiry if there is not some less disagreeable way of getting rid of the aphid than by fumigation with tobacco, I would say that Peter Henderson & Co., New York, put up a preparation called "Insect Death Powder" which is applied with a powder-gun, which is a sure death to the green louse. Sprinkle the plant lightly, and then blow this powder over them and the lice will soon disappear. I am using it this summer, and find it to be just the thing I have long wanted. It does not injure the plants, is always at hand when wanted, and does away with the nauseous fumes of tobacco smoke which fill the whole house when fumigation is resorted to.

M. T. S.—I cannot tell you why your Fuchsia does not grow and blossom well, because I do not know the conditions which exist regarding it. If the leaves turn yellow and the buds drop, you have either let it get too dry at times, or your soil is heavy and sour and the roots have become diseased. The Fuchsia likes plenty of water, but the soil must be porous and drainage good. Look at the underside of the leaves, if covered with little nobs, or you see tiny redish atoms there, you may be sure that the red spider is doing his destructive work. Give the plant a good bath daily or twice a day, letting the top remain under water for five minutes at a time. This will soon rid it of spiders. After getting rid of them, keep them away by syringing the plant all over every day. Throw the water up under the leaves for there is where the pests lurk. The Fuchsia likes water over its leaves as well as at its roots, and does not like a very sunny window to grow in, unless the light can be tempered during the heat of the day.

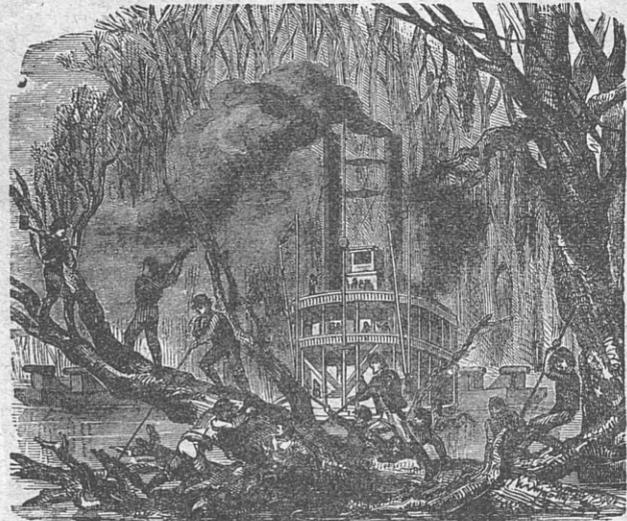
S. V. T.—The shrubs of which I spoke in a former paper can be procured of any good florist. They can be set in fall, before cold weather comes, as well as in spring. When cold weather is at hand, lay them down and give them some protection. Do not lift in spring until cold, freezing is over. It is the alternate freezing and thawing of plants which injures them more than steady, continued cold weather.

Young ladies who are interested in Lida Clarkson's Brush Studies should procure material from J. Marsching & Co., who's advertisement is in another column of this number. To have perfect work we must first have the proper tools and good material. As all colors sold by them are of their own importation, they warrant the quality. Many new and desirable shades are among the assortment. We advise all who may need anything in this line to send for price list at once.

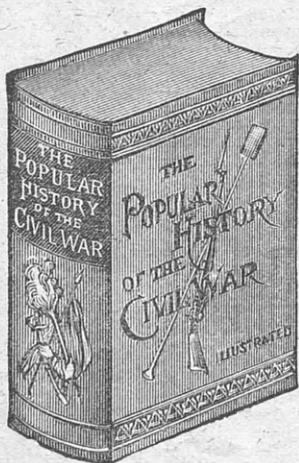
THE DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT

Revives interest in that Great Civil Conflict which gave him his undying fame. To meet the popular demand, the Publishers of THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME, of Rochester, N.Y., make the following unprecedented offer:

We will send FREE (Postage Paid) to every Subscriber (New or Old) who remits ONE DOLLAR for a Year's Subscription to the AMERICAN RURAL HOME,



Cutting through the Bayonet. [Specimen illustration from "Popular History of the Civil War."]



Pickets on Duty. [Specimen illustration from "Popular History of the Civil War."]



"THE POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR."

This is not a Cheap-John Edition, but a Beautiful Book of 420 Pages, printed on good paper, from clear, large type, SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED, and handsomely Bound in Cloth. Both sides of the War described and illustrated. Portraits of all the prominent Generals both Union and Confederate; spirited illustrations of Battle Scenes, Naval Engagements and incidents of Camp Life.

Besides the above "Splendid History," you also get **WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE** for one year, postpaid,

"THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME,"

the finest HOME PAPER published in this country, with Special Departments for Ladies and Children.

SEND FOR SAMPL

Address

AMERICAN RURAL HOME CO., Limited, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"HAPPY HOURS AT HOME."

The subscribers of "Happy Hours at Home." will please take notice that in the future they will be supplied with the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, in place of the aforesaid monthly, the list of which has been purchased by us entire.

All subscriptions will be completed as originally contracted for, by the publishers of the aforesaid journal.

We want every lady who reads this paper to send their address to H. C. F. Koch & Son, of New York, for their fall and winter catalogue as advertised. It will be sent free to any part of the United States, and with this guide you can buy from a reliable house anything in house-keeping goods, or any article of clothing that you want. To those living at a distance from large cities this opportunity is especially desirable, and the reputation of this firm is such that we are sure satisfaction will be given in every instance.

John Medina, of Boston makes the extraordinary offer to send hair goods to any part of the United States for examination and approval, on receipt of order and address. It is particularly desirable, with goods of this kind, that the style should be suited to the face of the wearer, and that the hair should match perfectly the head on which it is to be worn. This can never be better decided than in the quiet of one's own home, and we think this a special inducement for the JOURNAL sisters to give him a trial. All goods sold by John Medina are of his own manufacture, and are warranted. We are sure if our friends will give him their patronage the result will be entirely satisfactory.

The Equipoise Waist, advertised by Mrs. A. Fletcher, of New York, is one of the most complete garments made, and coming under the head of Dress Reform. In it are combined all the advantages of the corset, with the ease and comfort of a perfect-fitting underwaist and skirt supporter. They are endorsed by the best authority, are recommended by physicians, and used with great success in many cases where the wearing of a corset is an impossibility. We would also call the attention of our readers to the Union Undergarments advertised by the same firm. Made in scarlet and white, in heavy or light merino, they are adapted to all seasons of the year. The Union garments are of widespread reputation, and if once tried are preferred to any other make. Send for the new enlarged illustrated catalogue now ready for free distribution.

Every lady knows how much a good cake is improved by smooth white icing, and yet how often the cake is a complete failure, because the icing has been improperly made. Puckham's Frosting can be mixed ready for use in a moment, and is always reliable. Used without eggs it is an economical luxury at all seasons of the year. It can be bought at all first-class grocers. We have used it and can recommend it.

Mothers should use Stewart's new Child Pin, advertised in another column. Cold weather is coming and the children can be saved from much cold and exposure if, when they are put to bed, the blankets are securely fastened with these convenient little pins. We know their value and would like to see them in use in all the JOURNAL nurseries. Send stamps for sample, and the comfort and health of your little ones will amply repay you for your effort. When sending for them mention this paper.

A trial package of Biliouline will be sent to any one sending a two-cent stamp to Snow & Earle, Providence, R. I. This valuable medicine is a reliable remedy for headache and dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a disordered stomach. Biliouline will speak for itself if given a fair trial, and to all sufferers from that common malady the headache, this is the golden opportunity for relief. When sending for it mention the JOURNAL.

For polishing silverware and household metals of all kinds, the Matchless Metal Polish is the best that can be used. It is a clean white paste, entirely free from grit, polishes quickly, and is lasting. For brass kettles and stair rods it is unequalled. Having practically tested this polish we are prepared to recommend it as one of the greatest labor-saving articles known. All readers of the JOURNAL should send for trial sample as advertised.

The Inhaling Tube—it is impossible to overstate the importance of this little instrument; it is designed to inflate and strengthen the lungs and chest. In all cases where there is any weakness of the lung, a tendency to take cold etc., or where the person has a small, narrow chest it should by all means be used. It should especially be used by persons belong to consumptive families. Being made of pure silver it is easily cleaned and can be carried in pocket. See Mr. Pilling's adverb. and send for circular. Tube is made in Phila.

Work for ladies is offered by the Chicago Specialty Co. They are reliable and their goods are of the best in the market, strictly first-class, and to be depended upon. If you want a money-making business why not send to them for illustrated catalogue and see what they have to offer?

HOW LAMP CHIMNEYS ARE MADE.

What Kind is the Best.

No kind of manufacturing is so interesting to many people as glass making, and it really deserves attention, for the use of glass is universal, being exceeded by no other article unless it be iron. There are quite a variety of kinds of glass, and the composition has been very much changed during the past few years. For instance, we seldom get the good flint glassware formerly made. We may visit the stores in vain to find a dozen good flint goblets. Hence the frequent and easy breakage, at which so many have wondered. This difference is explained by the use of what manufacturers call lime glass (made of lime, soda-ash and sand) which makes cheap and nice-looking glass, but it is the "easy break" kind. While real flint (or lead) glass, made from potash, lead and sand, is much more durable, being a better conductor of heat and a very much tougher ware. It is somewhat more expensive but cheaper in the end to the consumer.

This is particularly true of lamp chimneys, and one reason there is so large a breakage of them (and a most annoying breakage it is) is that so many are made of Lime Glass, and so few comparatively of the real Flint Glass.

Many people think "glass is glass," and do not know what to buy or what kind of chimneys to call for. One thing can be depended upon, viz.: that if no mention is made, and even then sometimes, the commonest

kind of breakable Lime Glass chimney will be handed over the counter, and ten to one, by the time one gets comfortably seated to read, away goes the chimney.

There is one glass manufactory in Pittsburgh, Pa., where the finest quality of glass is made, especially for Lamp Chimneys, and where their goods are known this firm have a very extended trade. The firm is Geo. A. Macbeth & Co., proprietors of the Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works.

On a visit to their works about 300 men are found busy as bees, making lamp chimneys at the rate of from 25,000 to 30,000 per week. Their process of manufacturing, and materials used, are both curious and interesting.

First they use the pure white sand found in but few localities, which, when thoroughly washed and dried, is almost white as snow. Then the potash (purified) and the lime, in the form of oxide, perfectly pure, are added to the sand and thoroughly mixed, and the batch re-embodies ordinary sugar in grain, but is quite red in color. It is now ready to go into the pots—twenty-four in number, made of a peculiar kind of clay, being from 42 to 48 inches in height and about the same in width. These pots are closed at the tops, to prevent the fire from injuring the melted glass, with the mouth of the pipe near the top. The furnace being circular, the pots when placed in position, and covered with fire brick, present their open mouths only, and when looked at resembles a hot summer's sun.

When in this condition the pot is filled with the mixture above mentioned, close the light, and in about twenty-four hours it is ready to work. A workman called a gatherer dips his pipe into the melted mass and gathers enough on its end to make a chimney. This he rolls on a smooth iron plate to get even on end of pipe, when he blows it about the size of a boy's top, and hands it to another workman, who further blows it up, and proceeds to form the lower part of chimney, which fits the burner, which he does by forming a small knob on the end of the pipe and putting a "snub," an instrument which holds it as one would clutch an apple firmly in the hand, and heated red hot again.

It is now heated red hot again and the lower end of the chimney formed by the blower whirling and spreading the glass with a tool resembling sheep shears, but larger and narrower blades. The chimney is now broken off the pipe and put into a "snub," an instrument which holds it as one would clutch an apple firmly in the hand, and heated red hot again.

The top is finished by machinery invented and owned by this firm, making it bell shaped, and beaded on the top, from which the chimney gets the name "Pearl Top," distinguishing them from the ordinary crimped or seal opened tops made of poor glass.

This form of top has been close imitated and it has been found necessary early to affix a label and wrapper with special mention of the name.

There is no process by which poor glass can be made good, and all "fancy" processes of "annealing" and "tempering" are lost from the first or second time the chimney is heated on the lamp.

The firm of Geo. A. Macbeth & Co., make about one hundred and fifty different shaped chimneys, all of this fine quality of glass, and as some are so shaped that the "Pearl Top" cannot be put on, each chimney is labeled with their trade mark.

Strangers visiting Pittsburg would be well repaid by a trip through the extensive works of the firm, where, although lamp chimneys are the leading product, yet they will find globes and a great variety of other lamp appliances.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, address, and express office at once, THE NATIONAL CO. 23 BEY STREET, N. Y.

LADIES!

We want active Lady Canvassers for our New Rubber Under Garment for ladies, also Boston Forms, Dress Shields, Rubber Aprons, Rubber gloves, Children's Necessities, &c. We have lots of ladies making big pay. Send 4c. postage for illustrated Catalogue. Address: CHICAGO SPECIALTY CO., 322 E. Division St., Chicago, Ill.

Table Scarfs.

Given as a Premium for a Club of Only 8 Subscribers at 25 Cents Each per Year.



Special offers in table covers, scarfs, and square covers made of felt and embroidered on each end or in each corner, to be thrown over tables, work-stands, &c.; are now among the most popular pieces of fancy work. They are very ornamental and easy to finish. These table covers are sold at from \$1 to \$2 each, but by a special arrangement we can make the following great offer: We will send a table scarf 18 inches wide and 50 inches long, made of any color felt desired, stamped on each end ready to be worked, with designs of your own choosing, either for Kensington embroidery, Ribbon work, Tinsil or Outline embroidery. Given for only 8 subscribers, or 60 cts. For 15 cents extra we will send 25 skeins of silk, assorted colors, with which to work the designs.

Offer No. 2.—We will send a Felt stand cover, any color, one yard square, with designs stamped in each corner, for only 12 subscribers, or \$1.00.

Offer No. 3.—We will send a large square table cover, one-and-a-half yards each way, stamped in the corners according to directions, for 20 subscribers, or \$1.75.

Order now, and have ample time to work your Christmas presents.

TIDIES STAMPED READY TO BE WORKED.

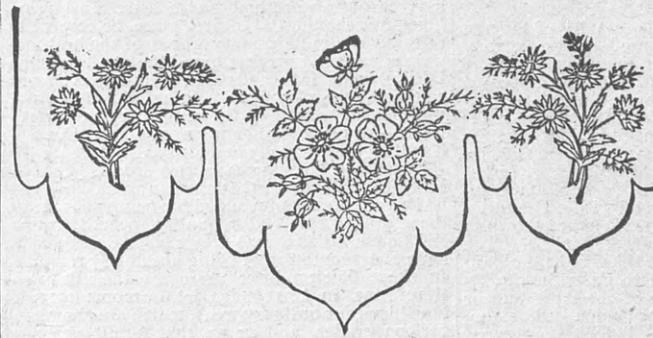
Given as a Present for a Club of Only 4 Subscribers, at 25 Cents Each per Year.

These elegant Tidies are 14x18 inches in size, are made of the very best quality of Felt, and the same as are sold in all the stores at from 40c. to 50c. each. You can select the color of felt you like, and have it stamp'd with any design you wish, either for Kensington or Outline, or Ribbon embroidery. All ready to be embroidered. With these Tidies we give a book, which contains the stitches used in a tinsil embroidery, giving such clear and explicit descriptions as to be easily understood; and also, a lesson in Kensington and Lustrine painting. We will send one of these Tidies and the book of stitches, for a club of only 4 subscribers or 25 cents.



Bracket Lamberquin.

GIVEN AS A PRESENT FOR A CLUB OF ONLY 4 SUBSCRIBERS, AT 25 CENTS EACH PER YEAR.

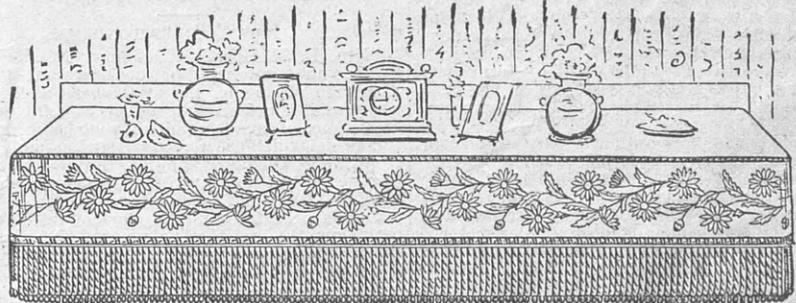


These Lamberquins are made of Felt, the same as the Tidies, on any color you may choose; they are 12x20 inches in size, and are exceedingly ornamental when finished.

We will send one of these Lamberquins and the book of stitches, for only four new subscribers, or 35 cents.

Mantle Lamberquin.

GIVEN AS A PREMIUM FOR A CLUB OF ONLY 12 SUBSCRIBERS AT 25 CENTS EACH PER YEAR.



For the past year or two it has been the fashion to cover the mantelpiece with an embroidery a foot or more in width in front. These drap-eries usually cost from \$1.50 to \$5.00, but we will send a lamberquin 13 1/4 inches wide and 2 yards long, of any color, and stamped as desired, for a club of only 12 subscribers, or \$1.20.

LINEN SPLASHERS.

GIVEN AS A PRESENT FOR ONLY 6 SUBSCRIBERS AT 25 CENTS PER YEAR EACH.

A Morning Dip.



These are designed to be placed back of a washstand to protect the wall from being soiled by being splattered. They are embroidered mostly in outline with cotton or etching silk, and are washable. They are finished by fringing and drawn work, according to taste. We will send one Splasher and three skeins of French cotton for a club of only 6 subscribers, or 50 cents.

We have all the new and latest designs. One of the most popular premiums we have to offer. Only six subscribers required to secure it. Easily done, by simply showing a copy of the paper to six friends or neighbors. Splashes mailed to any address, postage paid.

A SILK PLUSH ALBUM!

GIVEN FOR 50 SUBSCRIBERS AT 25 CENTS EACH PER YEAR.



An elegant silk plush Photograph Album holding 28 cabinet, 2 panel, and 24 card portraits. Soft padded sides with round corners, openings for portraits beveled; fine nickel extension clasps. The word "Album" in fine nickel letters. The finest quality of silk plush is used, guaranteed to contain no cotton. Extra size, 9 1/4 x 11. Thoroughly well made in every way, and will wear for years. It takes 50 subscribers to get it, but it is something well worth working for to one who wishes the finest goods only. This is the best album made; regular price \$5.25. Can be sent by mail for 75 cents extra.

We give this elegant Album for 50 subscribers at 25 cents each, or we will give it for 40 subscribers and 50 cents extra in cash; or for 30 subscribers and \$1.00 extra in cash; or for 20 subscribers and \$1.50 extra in cash; or we will sell it at the regular price of the manufacturers, \$5.25.

Mailing, 75 cents extra, or sent by express well packed, recipient to pay express charges.

For a holiday, birthday, or wedding present, nothing could be better than this splendid album. It is not too soon to commence getting things for Christmas. A club of 50 can easily be secured in a few days.

MAGIC LANTERN!

GIVEN FOR 20 SUBSCRIBERS AT 25 CENTS EACH PER YEAR, OR FOR ONLY 12 SUBSCRIBERS AND 50 CENTS EXTRA IN CASH.



Magic Lantern with fine lenses, coal oil lamp, 12 long Colored Slides containing 40 Views; Screen, Posters, Programmes and Tickets.

Home Entertainments.

The large picture suggests the pleasant evenings which may be in store for the boys and girls who obtain this instrument. With this magic lantern very fine entertainments can be given to friends and neighbors.

A DELIGHTFUL AND PROFITABLE PASTIME FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

We can now send a Magic Lantern complete, for only 20 new subscribers; so small a club can be secured in half an hour by any bright boy. The lenses are fine and the same as used in high priced lanterns. We also send views, show-bills, tickets, and full instructions, enabling any person who gets a lantern to give delightful evening entertainments in churches, school rooms, and their own homes, charging an admission of 10 cents or more, and make \$5 and upwards, on each exhibition.

How to Earn Money With It.

Become familiar with the lantern and views, select a convenient evening to give your exhibition, then announce it and sell the tickets to your neighbors and friends, or give an exhibition for the benefit of some church Sunday-school, or charitable object, and thus enlist many others to sell tickets.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] FALL FASHIONS.

Some of the New Materials for Autumn—How They are Combined—Just Introduced Styles in Toilettes.

One of the most acceptable features of the new styles, is that the garments are largely constructed in combinations. Plain materials are used with striped, corded, figured, brocaded embossed goods, and what is still more convenient, only fancy regulates what manner of texture to make up one with another, for instance: light weight velvet is used with the gossamer gauzes, and lace over satin is combined with heavy velvets, serges and cloths are trimmed with velvets, and cashmeres and merinos are finished with soft surahs.

Embossed and brocaded wooleas are shown to go with almost every grade of fabric. The ground in these goods are in the tone of the plain fabric with which they are to go, while the figures come in a darker shade of the same hue, or in a pleasantly contrasting color. Silks too, come in the same varieties, indeed the figured woollen goods show designs that are copied after those in the silks of last season.

A new fabric specially manufactured to combine with cloth or plain velveteen is called Cord-De-La-Reine, which comes in all the new and approved colors of plain velveteen and cloth, has an attractive ribbed surface, and is particularly adapted to the construction of tailor-made jackets, perfect-fitting basques, and to form such portions of combination costumes as are made plain, such as pastrens, panels, collars and cuffs.

A reliable foreign authority says of the coming materials that canvas and pius are the favored fabrics. Nothing that is smooth or closely woven is considered en regie, everything is coarse and rough. The Khayyam serge introduced in the spring has become the most popular material for fall and winter wear, because it has been thoroughly tested by ladies of fashion, and is known to possess certain qualifications which render it desirable. It is artistic, handsome and durable, can be worn in damp and salt atmosphere without injury; and it by chance it should become soiled it will laundry like canvas. This serge for winter comes in all the rich dark hues and neutral tones. There are many self-colored fabrics characterized by fancy weavings, but as a rule all plain colored goods are intended to be made up with stripes. Another new fabric is something like bunting and is called Mountain baize.

Our illustration shows a costume of Panama matting, a n w and peculiar fabric with inter-plaited ground, which can be used for combinations or to form entire costumes, as only the front and front sides of the figures are to be seen, we leave to imagination the full puffed effect of the hidden back.

Tinsel is inter-plaited with diagonal corded cloths, when they display knickerbocker stripes, a term which means loose irregular loops and tufts apparent on the surface.

Public spirited or patriotic ladies will be glad to learn that our American silks



are popular abroad as well as at home for their wearing capacity, indeed some of these silks seem determined never to wear out, however, like Pim's Irish poplin, when American silk is in black, or any good color, it can be made over to advantage as long as a piece of it lasts. The Cheney silk does not rub shiny nor break in gathers and plaits, nor does exposure to damp atmosphere injure it, as moisture will any of the "loaded" silks, which are made stiff with gum.

Our domestic surahs are also worthy of approbation, for they look and wear quite as well as the imported specimens. These surahs come in dark rich hues, also with solid grounds and printed or embroidered designs, and for trimming purposes in check and plaids in two or more color combinations.

Toilettes of all the above fabrics can be made either plain or elaborate, just as one may fancy, for one style is quite as fashionable as the other; the plain round skirt with the plain or full bodice, basque or sash is worn, but if you wish to use quantities of draperies and trimmings you can do so.

For a young lady a neat dress has a blouse bodice with a short round basque fastened round the waist with a belt. This bodice is gathered front and back on to a plain square shoulder piece; the sleeves are gathered at the wrists onto plain bands matching the belt. The skirt is arranged in wide treble plaits and trimmed with a band of figured material, over this there is a very short tunic skirt draped up very high in front and looped up with a sort of puff at the back.

Chenille and silk net-work are very fashionable and will soon be taking the place of open work materials in walking dresses.

"Giant" braid is the novelty in trimmings for garments of cloth and serge. It is a pronounced braid with defined meshes, and finishes very handsomely.

Walking skirts are generally made plain, and are trimmed round the lower edge with one wide or two or three narrow plaits of the material. Above this comes a skirt of some fancy goods, gathered at the waist, but slightly in front, and in large round plaits at the back. The bodice to be worn with such skirts is formed in front of a gathered plastron, coming down into a long fan-shaped plaiting to the foot of the dress, with a small belt in the shape of a V. At the back there is a similar one which is fastened down in the middle. This is placed over an ordinary plain bodice. The sides and sleeves of this bodice are alone visible.

Costumes of Bison cloth and Khayyam serge are most effectively trimmed with the new woollen laces which now come in all the new shades of dress materials. These wool laces are used to form plastrons, panels, scarfs and draperies en suite with ruffles and edgings of the same design as the nettings. The laces can be arranged over the dress materials, or, if desirable, in the same position but over lining of surah, cashmeres, silk or satin, in some bright contrasting color from the hue of the hue of the dress fabric.

RELIABLE BLACK DRESS GOODS.

No toilettes are more elegant and serviceable than those in black, and as black never goes out of fashion, a dress of good material can be refreshed or made over for many seasons so long as a piece of the original fabric lasts. In buying black one should, in the first place, be careful to select a desirable quality goods of the best materials, perfectly prepared, and then to have such fabrics made into a dress in a style that is not common, and will not soon go out of fashion, and whether the toilette be for mourning or ordinary wear,—for black is to be worn on all occasions,—it will be always ready and always stylish.

Priestley's black dress fabrics are made of the best silk and the best Australian wool, and can be thoroughly recommended for being kept up to the approved standard in quality, weight, width and shade, so that Priestley's black dress goods have the reputation of being absolutely reliable. In these black fabrics there are the silk warp Henriettas, in two shades, jet for mourning and blue-black for ordinary wear, which are shown in various grades, and in weights for all seasons; striped Henrietta a beautiful fabric, and cloths in the Melrose weave, one of Priestley's own conceits, which rank the same as the Henriettas.

Hints for Home Dress Makers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mrs. E. M. Hills," Woodbury, N. J.—The bodice you mention will not do for a stout figure. The wide plaited basque at the back adds precisely what is not wanted, namely: an increased appearance of breadth. Make your bodice after this model which has a moderately long point in front, short basque at the side, the side piece of the back cut without a plait, as if it were to join a pointed back, and the two backs each forming a double or treble box plait, divided in the center below the waist. The pointed side piece is shorter than this plait and disappears under it. You will find these narrow box plaited basque very becoming, and they may begin about an inch and a half below the waist; the chief point is to omit the plait from the side piece.

"Rose Newfield."—The fawn cashmeres will be very pretty for your tea gown, so you need not get the other material. Use cashmere for the back and sides of the garment, but make the front of the blue surah covered with a lace plastron, and flounces, or as you have quite enough surah you can make a gauged and puffed plastron long enough to extend from the neck to the lower skirt edge, with gauged sleeves of surah to correspond.

"Earnest Dressmaker."—Glad the information was of service to you. Shall be pleased to answer such questions at any time for the benefit of our lady readers. Yes, panels, collars, cuffs, revers, and plastrons, all require a stiff or moderately stiff lining; Crinoline is used but Leno answers best, as it is less harsh and less likely to chafe and cut the material at the edges, than even Victoria laws. To such costumes as you mention there must be a foundation skirt about two yards and twelve inches round, and if this is well cut and the fullness brought to the back, it can be worn without steels and without tying the skirt back. Fashion dictates that there should be no appearance of tying back or straining the skirt of a dress, even the skirts that fall straight and flat should flow easily from the waist, and this effect is realized by sloping the gores and front width very little at the top, and fitting them to the figure by a series of small plaits.

"Elsie Warner."—You are mistaken and your friend is right; Sharpless Bros. establishment is both wholesale and retail, and through the mail order department you can get one small article or a full line of goods in everything appertaining to dress or housekeeping. Write directly to Sharpless Bros., Chestnut and Eighth Sts., Phila. Pa., for dressmakers outfit, specifying desired articles.

"Home Lover."—No; the magazine you mention is not published in New York. It is entirely novel in character, and contains valuable reading matter of interest to ladies who need instructions upon domestic and social topics, as well as fashions. It is issued quarterly by Strawbridge & Clothier, Market and Eighth Sts., Phila., Pa.

All letters asking for specified samples must contain 4 cts. in stamps. Address: Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 441 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

SHARPLESS BROS., FALL FASHIONS!! NOVELTIES IN FABRICS & GARMENTS.

Inquiries Answered About Late Styles; Estimates Given of OUTFITS IN DRESS and HOUSE FURNISHING. Specified Samples Sent and Commissions Promptly Executed.

Write for COLOR CARD, and CIRCULAR of INFORMATION regarding the NEW METHOD of sending all ARTICLES and GOODS Purchased through the Mail Order Department, FREE OF COST FOR TRANSPORTATION!

Address: SHARPLESS BROTHERS, CHESTNUT AND EIGHTH STREETS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Priestley's Silk Warp Henriettas ARE THE MOST

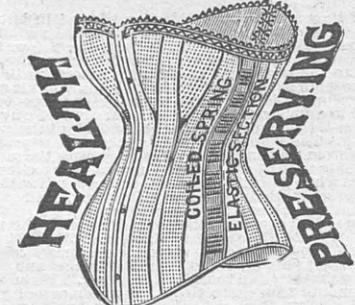
THOROUGHLY RELIABLE GOODS in the market. They are always the same in Width, Weight, Quality and Shade. They are made of the finest SILK and BEST AUSTRALIAN WOOL.

H. C. F. KOCH & SON, 6th AVE. & 20th ST., N. Y. CITY, Publish September 5th, their

Fall and Winter Fashion Catalogue. A complete guide as to What to Wear & Where to Buy economically everything for Ladies, Gents, Children's and Infants' wear. Housekeeping Goods, etc. Beautifully Illustrated with Fashion Plates and about 2,000 Engravings. Prices lower than those of any other house in the United States. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Sent free to any address not in immediate vicinity of New York or Philadelphia. "A domestic jars" and "family breaks" of all most every description may be mended with LE-PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE.

EIGHT Excellent reasons why every Lady should wear

BALL'S



CORSETS

- 1st. They need no breaking in. 2d. INVALIDS can wear them with ease and Comfort, as they yield to every movement of the body. 3d. They do not compress the most vital parts of the wearer. 4th. They will fit a greater variety of forms than any other make. 5th. Owing to their peculiar construction they will last TWICE AS LONG as an ordinary Corset. 6th. They have had the unqualified endorsement of every Physician who has examined them. 7th. They have given universal satisfaction to all ladies who have worn them, the common remark being, "WE WILL NEVER WEAR ANY OTHER MAKE." 8th. They are the only Corset that the wearer is allowed three weeks trial, and if not found perfectly satisfactory in every respect the money is refunded.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRY GOODS DEALERS. CHICAGO CORSET CO., 240 & 242 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. NEW YORK SALESROOM, 13 Lispenard Street.

DRESS REFORM. Jersey Fitting Undergarments MADE TO ORDER.



Price \$2.25. NEW ENLARGED ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. 6 EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK.

Special Notice to the Ladies! Ask your Druggist, Grocer, or Hardware dealer for a box of the Celebrated

MATCHLESS METAL POLISH.

(Highest Award, World's Exposition, New Orleans, '85) It is a clean, pure and creamy white paste, entirely free from acid, grit or poison; put up in very neat and convenient boxes (with directions). You will find it superior to anything heretofore offered for cleaning Tin, Brass, Copper, Zinc, Nickel, etc., also Glass, Marble, Jewelry, etc. Try it and you will use no other. Manufactured only by the MATCHLESS METAL POLISH CO., (Incorporated), 198 & 200 Market St., Chicago. N. B.—If your dealer does not keep it ask him to send for sample and refer to this Paper. Upon receipt of \$1.00 we will send you by express prepaid, 1/2 doz. 1/4 lb. boxes.

FOR ONE DOLLAR

and 65 cts. is offered a six months' trial subscription from July 2d, to the Art Interchange, which will include 6 beautiful colored studies, viz.: Pink and White Chrysanthemums (size 20x14), Cardinal Flower and Golden-Rod (10x15), a Marine Water-Color Sketch (10x15) by Harry Chase; an Autumn Landscape, by Bruce Crane; a decorative arrangement of Pink Blossoms for cup and saucer, and an exquisite Wild Rose design for fan mount. This design is most beautiful, the background being a marvelous bit of co or work. In addition there will be 13 large supplements of outline designs (full size) for painting and embroidery, besides between 10 and 15 pages of designs and text, giving careful instructions in artistic house-furnishing, painting, embroidery, and all other kinds of art work. Any question from subscribers answered in the paper; over four thousand individual replies to date. Sample copy, with colored plate of La France and Marmel roses, 15 cts. Address THE ART INTERCHANGE, E. 37 and 39 W. 22d St., N. Y. [Mention this paper.]



3 Pins, 24c. in stamps. Ask your storekeeper for them. CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO. 33 Bleecker St., New York.

CORNISH & CO., ORGANS Beautiful Parlor and Sabbath School Organs, 5 Octaves, 5 Sets Reeds, 13 Stops, Solid Walnut Case, highly finished ONLY \$45.00. Every Organ Warranted for 6 Years, and shipped on 10 day test trial before payment is required. Be sure to write us and save money. Catalogue Free. Address Manufacturers CORNISH & CO., Washington, New Jersey, U.S.A.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness. Unequaled. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass. ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD For Children PAST Teething. Write us for testimonials of the medical profession regarding it. ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO. P. O. Box 3773, New-York.

READ THIS! NEW STYLES OF HUMAN HAIR, Of our own invention and manufacture, just out.



On receipt of order with sample shade will send goods to your address in any place in the U. S. for examination and approval before risking your money. La Pompadour, Lisbon, Sea Foam, and other Waves, all warranted natural curl and to withstand dampness. Switches in all shades and sizes; Wigs, Front-pieces, etc. Send for circular to JOHN MEDINA, 463 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

CLUB ORDERS

Since September, 1877, we have made a specialty of offering Premiums to those who get up Clubs for our goods, or order in large quantities. After a careful estimate, we find that during 1884 we have received from our advertisement in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, over 500 replies asking for our circulars, and have sold to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL readers over \$100 worth of Tea and Coffee; more than one-half coming from those who have repeated their order two and three times. We import and buy directly from the manufacturers all the goods we handle, and have abundant capital to do with, and to the largest Tea and Coffee business in Boston. We keep in stock every variety of Tea known, and at all prices. We have a very large list of premiums, a very few of which we quote below. With a \$5.00 order we send a Silver-plated Castor, or Silver-plated Sauce Dish. With a \$10.00 order, English China Tea Set of 45 pieces, or Chamber Toilette set of 10 pieces. With a \$20.00 order, French China Gold-Band Tea Set, or Moss-Rose Gold-Band China Tea Set of 44 pieces or an English China Dinner Set of 16 pieces. With a \$25.00 order, Gold-Band Tea Set of 50 pieces or a Waltham watch, Solid Silver cases, or an English China Decorated Dinner Set of 24 pieces. We have a great many unsolicited testimonials like the following.

DALLAS, TEX. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., Boston, Mass. Gentlemen:—My wife desires me to write you acknowledging the receipt of the tea ordered from you, and the handsome Tea Set (Moss Rose) and English Goblets, all of which give the best of satisfaction; in fact she says she was agreeably surprised to find them so nice. The tea is said to be the best by all the ladies who ordered. Not one thing was broken, and everything was as represented in your circulars. Thanking you for your prompt attention to filling the order, and for the premiums, I am, very respectfully, ALBERT N. MANN. BATTLE CREEK, MICH. Gentlemen:—My tea and dishes arrived safely the 29th. Many thanks. My customers are delighted with the tea. Hoping to have large orders soon. Very respectfully, MISS NELLIE SANFORD. NORTH NEWRY, ME.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO., Boston, Mass. Sirs:—My barrel and decorated dinner set came in good time, not a dist was broken. Tea proved good as far as I can learn. Accept thanks for premium with which I am well pleased. MRS. J. B. LITTLEHALE. LONDON TEA CO., Boston, Mass. Gentlemen:—Enclosed I send a Twenty-eight dollar order for tea and coffee, which entitles me to a \$25.00 premium. Please send me the English Porcelain Stone China dinner set of 140 pieces. Since I got up my first club over a year ago, there has been over twenty-two clubs sent from this place, mine being the first; that will show you how well your tea and coffee is liked in this neighborhood. Gratefully yours, MRS. F. A. WARNER. Mt. Carmel, Conn.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO., Boston, Mass. Gentlemen:—I received my tea and tea set safely some time since. I would have acknowledged sooner had I been at home. The tea has given perfect satisfaction and I am delighted with the handsome gold band Tea Set sent as a premium. I feel amply repaid for my trouble in getting up the club. Accept my thanks for premium and prompt attention. I will assure you of my recommendation to friends, and will get up another club soon. With my best wishes for your continued success, I remain very respectfully, LILLIE PHILLIPS. COLUMBUS, MISS.

LONDON TEA CO., Boston, Mass. Sirs:—Please accept my thanks for the beautiful and useful premium which I received with my \$20.00 order yesterday. The set is just what I wanted. I hope soon to send an order for one of your beautiful hanging lamps, or a parlor lamp. The teas are delightful. I shall recommend them to all my friends. Respectfully, MRS. E. B. WARDWELL. MANCHESTER, N. H.

LONDON TEA CO., Boston, Mass. Dear Sirs:—The barrel containing tea, coffee and dishes is here. Everything all right and in good condition. The decorated dinner set is very much better than I expected. I am more than pleased, I am delighted. Many thanks for the good and useful premium. Respectfully, MRS. WM. PURDY. BELMONT, N. H.

LONDON TEA CO., Boston, Mass. I received your tea and dinner set all right. Nothing cracked or broken. Am very much pleased with both tea and dinner set. Yours, truly, MRS. MYRTLE BICKFORD.

It would please us to increase our acquaintance with the readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL during the next year, and to all who will send us their address upon a postal, plainly written, we will send our full Illustrated Premium List. As to our responsibility we are pleased to refer to Publishers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington St., Boston.