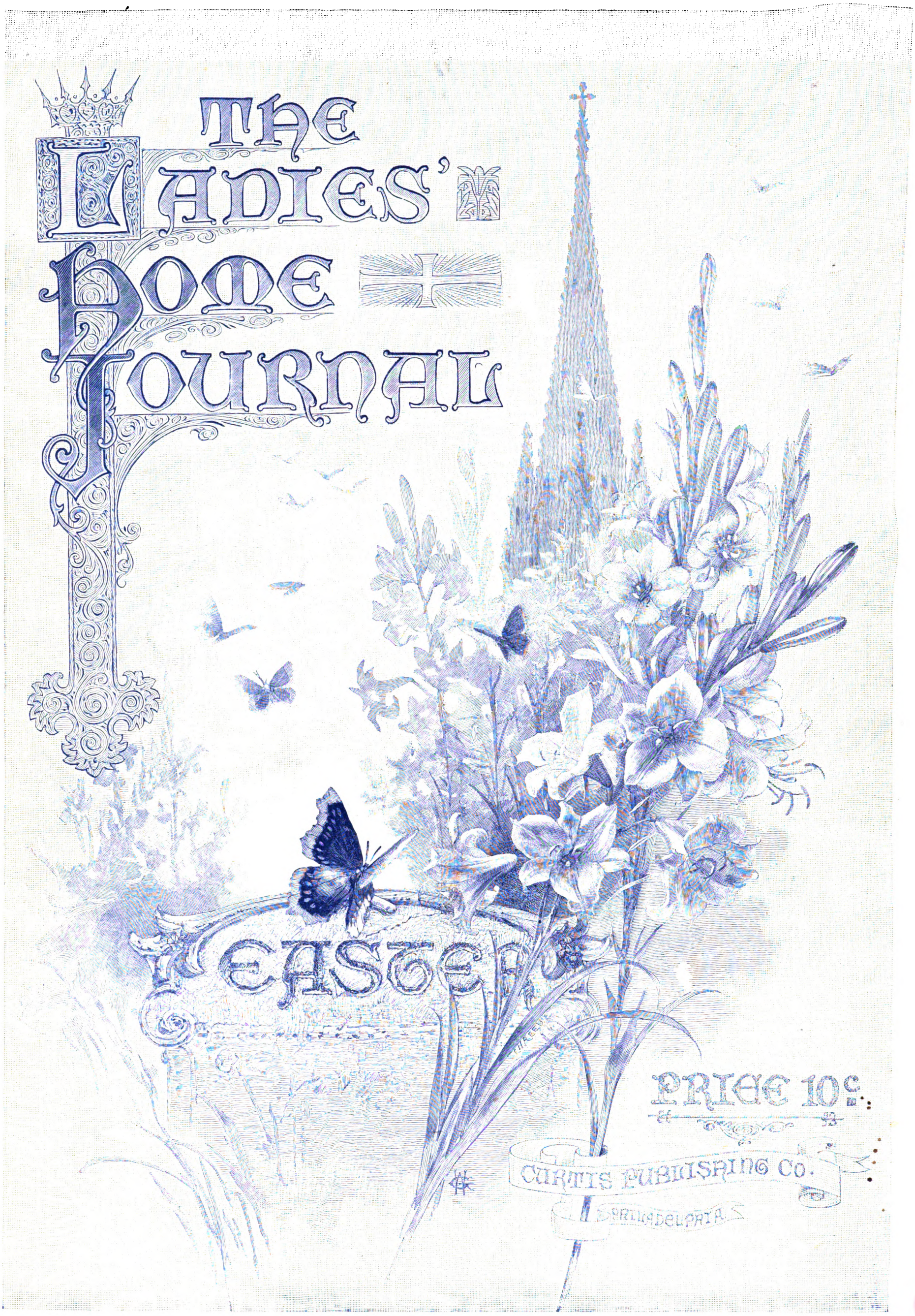
The Ladies' Home Journal



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MRS ROSSITER LAMAR

BY CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

AUTHOR OF A DAUGHTER OF THE DUNE. ETC. ETC.

HONORA WHITNEY lived with her brother-in-law, and it was he who had shortened her name to "Honor." To even her closest friends she was known only by her contraction which, however, fitted her character most admirably.

We all know that a brother-in-law is an excellent thing, and James Carnochan had excellent points. He was generous of money, honest, sensible; fond of his wife, Honor's younger sister, especially so of himself, and moderately fond of his wife's sister. He had not reached the age of thirty-five without firm and well-defined opinions. His respect for these opinions was even firmer than the opinions themselves. He lacked, perhaps, in fineness of perception and delicacy of expression, but never in emphasis or directness. To call a spade a spade was to him the highest intellectual achievement, and he prided himself on achieving much in this line.

Mr. Carnochan's ideas of women were, it must be confessed, Oriental in Mr. Ibsen's sense. He petted his wife, and poked fun, after his own fashion, at his wife's sister. Honor lived with the Carnochan's.

A cardinal point, in his opinions, regarding women, was that marriage was the end and aim of their existence. Honor was nearly twenty-six years old and unmarried. She was, in the eyes of her brother-in-law, an "old maid." Her *chances* were growing less from year to year, according to his ideas, and it was altogether likely that she would be left for life on his hands. She was not to teach—that he would not allow; he had money enough to support her, and never objected to handing her out ten or twenty dollars when she needed it. She did not expect him to keep her in sealskin and sable as he did his wife. No; Honor must not teach, neither must she go elsewhere to live—that would make Delia, his wife, miserable, and Delia was not to be made miserable under any consideration.

Accordingly, Honor had her home in the big brick house on the main street of Milldale. She had her own room, her place at the handsome table, her seat in the carriage behind the stylish horses, and her own particular and private tribulations. Of these she did not speak. But when James Carnochan felt moved, as not infrequently happened, to call an old maid an old maid, and to express his sympathy for the unhappy beings who had not succeeded in securing what Delia had—a husband to adore and to be adored by. At these times Honor would show signals of distress. Her cheeks would flush, and a certain hardness would come into her eyes to be softened only by hot tears when alone in her own room.

"James, dear," Delia would say on these occasions, when Honor had left them; "I almost think sister doesn't quite like those things you say about old maids and all that."

"Maybe she doesn't, maybe she doesn't! But I must say what I think; and it's a good thing for Honor to know how men feel about these matters. It may have its effect."

And it did.

For it was hard upon one of these conversations that Honor made a memorable call upon Mrs. Frank Arnold.

She tied on her little gray bonnet, and buttoned her gloves, with her eyes smarting with unshed tears, and an unspeakable soreness of spirit, and betook herself to the charmingly pretty yellow, brick cottage on Laurel Terrace. Not that Mrs. Arnold was Honor's most intimate or cherished friend; she had none in Milldale, though many elsewhere.

It was a sudden impulse which led her there that afternoon; a vague feeling that Mrs. Arnold's perfect manner and quiet voice would be a rest after James Carnochan's rude insistence.

When Honor entered the parlor she found Mrs. Arnold engaged in bidding a complex and protracted farewell to an earlier caller, one of Milldale's literary ladies, Miss Osborne. Honor understood perfectly that it was Miss Osborne who prolonged the leave-taking, not Mrs. Arnold, and yet the hostess wore a winning smile and an air of marked attentiveness.

Miss Osborne laughed a great deal and fluttered even more than she laughed. She underscored every fifth word when she wrote, and every third one when she spoke.

"Oh! *did* you see that *wonderful* brother of yours while you were away, Mrs. Arnold?" she was saying, now, as she rose to leave, and Honor sat turning over the leaves of "Thackeray's Letters" on a table beside her.

"Yes; I spent two days in Dunbridge."

"And is he *just* as wonderful as *ever?* Oh, Mrs. Arnold, I *really* have the *greatest* admiration for him—fairly hero-worship, don't you know? He is to me the *typical scholar*. Is it *so* that he *dreams* in Sanskrit, and *thinks* in—oh! what is it?—Syro-Phœnician, or some other archaic tongue?"

Mrs. Arnold quietly disclaimed such practices on her brother's part.

"Poor man!" (this was very nearly final.) "I suppose he is *perfectly* inconsolable. I always *heard* he was *so* devoted to Mrs. Lamar. Such natures feel *so* deeply!"

Mrs. Arnold, soon after this, re-entered the parlor, lifted Honor's chin between her slender, white hands and kissed her forehead.

"Child," she said, gently, "it rests me to look at you."

They talked for a little of various things, and then Mrs. Arnold said—

"Oh Honor, I do want to talk with you about my brother! If you knew how constantly you have been in mind of late you would understand how glad I am to see you."

A faint color rose in Honor's cheeks.

"It is so pitiful there at Dunbridge, dear, you cannot think. Rossiter is lonely, and the house is desolate; and the children—it would break your heart to see them so pallid and comfortless, some way. You cannot tell exactly what is the trouble. They are looked after, of course, but you know children do not thrive with only a man and servants to care for them."

Honor murmured assent.

"I do not think that Rossiter is grieving bitterly. Truly, my dear, Flora was a sweet, little woman and he was devoted to her, but she was in no sense a companion to him, and he misses the care of her more than anything else, I fancy. She was always an invalid after Gwendolen was born. That was almost three years ago. She lived, you know, a year and a half after that."

"Yes, I know."

"Honor," Mrs. Arnold spoke very low and with evident agitation. "I wish I dared to tell you the desire of my heart. Guess it, Honor; it is easier than for me to say it."

Honor's face had become strangely white. The room grew dim for a moment to her, but she still heard Mrs. Arnold's low voice. Now it was saying—

"For he thinks of you, my child; he remembers you and speaks of you as he does of no other woman. Oh, Honor, my poor brother could not make you a 'braw wooer'—it would not be his way. You know his extreme reserve. But if you would let him he would give you the highest place a woman can have—the queen of a good man's heart and home."

* * *

It was a strange wooing. Mrs. Arnold did most of it, ably seconded by James Carnochan. Professor Lamar, indeed, visited Milldale once and wrote punctual and pleasant letters during the six weeks' engagement which followed, but the element of tenderness and sentiment on his side was supplied by his sister. The demands of the situation brought Mrs. Arnold's matchless *finesse* into full play. So well did she succeed that Honor lived and moved during those weeks in an atmosphere of homage and devotion, and of delicate and flattering attentions to which she herself failed to realize how little Professor Lamar himself contributed.

Honor had a measureless capacity for love and self devotion which since her young lover died, when she was a girl in her teens, had been held back and repressed. Other men had sought her but had not touched her heart. Professor Lamar, whom she had met a few times at his sister's and whose scholarly fame was well known to her, had impressed her as the most distinguished and the most interesting man she had ever met, high bred, high minded, grave and gentle of manner and speech. She had looked up to him with the delicate admiration and reverence which a pure-minded, imaginative girl often feels for a mature and intellectual man. When Mrs. Arnold said: "*He thinks of you; he remembers you, and speaks of you as of no other woman,*" Honor was overwhelmed. It was as if Olympian Jove had descended to her side in flame and clouds. Did she love this man? She could not have told. She *could* love him—ah, yes, that she knew!

Honor was a graceful woman with sweet gray eyes, a quiet face and way, but with a capacity of spiritual and emotional illumination which at moments made her rarely beautiful. She knew her own power to charm those who loved her, and she did not fear when she promised to be Rossiter Lamar's wife.

* * * *

They were married at nine o'clock in the morning in church, and were driven at once to the train. Only the Arnolds and Carnochans witnessed the marriage. James Carnochan was oppressively proud and pleased. Delia remarked behind a very damp and very expensive handkerchief as she drove home:—

"I should think he would have kissed her when it was over. You kissed me, James, and we were married in church, and it was packed too, and everybody said how lovely and chivalrous it was. Don't you remember?"

Honor found herself established in a private compartment of the Pullman car for the long day's journey to Dunbridge.

"Now," she thought, "at last, and *almost* for the first, we are alone together. *Now* my husband will tell me of when he saw me first, and how and why he remembered me so well; now we shall have a glimpse each into the other's hearts."

But Rossiter Lamar simply sat with a face which showed a strange pallor and weariness, silent and abstracted, looking out at the monotonous, flying landscape. He had made sure that she was comfortable, and after that Honor became sure that he had forgotten her very presence.

Suddenly her husband turned towards her, and as if rallying his forces from a sense of necessity, said with formal politeness—

"Let me see, Miss—" here he stopped him-

"She came down in the morning twilight, white lilies in her hand."

self, struck by a sudden recollection—"I mean Mrs.—yes, certainly—what I started to say—I met you, did I not, several years ago at my sister's?"

Plainly the Professor did not know how to address her. It struck keenly upon Honor's sense of humor that he should call his wife "Miss." But she replied quietly:

"Yes; it was at a reception, the first time, I remember."

"Was it, indeed?" I cannot recall it, but Mrs. Arnold told me that we did meet on such an occasion. And I think I have a vague recollection of seeing you on another visit."

Honor made no reply. Something great and high was crashing down about her. She seemed to herself just then as likely to be buried beneath the ruins. Had not her engagement, her marriage, been built upon Mrs. Arnold's representation that Rossiter Lamar had remembered and cared for her? And now—here was his side of the story! What did it all mean? She was silent; she must take time to find the truth.

"How did you happen to think of me, Professor Lamar?" she asked, directly.

He looked fully into her face, surprised at the question and at the change to something like sternness in her eyes, usually so gentle, as she added,"

"Your sister gave me the impression that you had had an especial interest in me, dating from years past."

"Oh no, not at all, not at all!" he replied hastily, and with agitation, and then seeing in Honor's face that this was not the happiest possible response, he continued—

"That is—no, I can hardly claim that, though it might easily have been. No, it was simply my sister's description of your character and qualifications and my very great need, or rather that of my little children—you understand? To tell the truth, something of this kind seemed forced upon me. I hope you will not find your new cares too arduous." Plainly, Rossiter Lamar had none of his sister's strategy.

Honor looked straight with her true gray eyes into his.

"I understand," she said, simply. Her lips trembled as she spoke; an awful indignation was rising within her.

Soon after this the Professor left the car, and returning handed her a magazine. Then, taking a volume from his satchel he settled himself in the farthest corner of the compartment and apparently forgot everything around him until poor Honor, who was so commonplace as to become desperately hungry, in spite of her anguish, was fain to remind him that she would like her dinner.

Such was Honor's wedding journey.

At six o'clock they had to wait for an hour in a pleasant town, and at Honor's suggestion they went out for a walk.

When they found themselves on a quiet, rural street where it was easily possible to talk without interruption, the results of Honor's all-day thinking were produced.

"May I ask you one or two very direct questions?" she asked.

"You may."

"Is it the case that you have not succeeded in obtaining satisfactory service in the care of your house and of your children?"

"That is perfectly true."

"Is it also true that your sister convinced you that the only way out of your difficulties was marriage, and that she suggested me as a suitable person?"

"You are quite correct in these deductions."

Honor smiled a little bitterly.

"Then it is certainly true that our marriage is merely a business contract, entered into from purely practical considerations, on your side, and hence in the sight of God no marriage at all."

The Professor bowed his head in silence.

"I cannot deny it," he said at length. "I have aroused to the perception of what I fear is almost a crime. Forgive me, if you can. I have suffered inexpressibly all day from the perception of the indignity I have brought upon you. How can I atone for it?"

"It would be impossible for you to atone," returned Honor, sadly, "and yet you are not alone to blame. The solution of our trouble is perfectly clear to me. Let our relations continue to rest upon the same business basis that they have hitherto. Sentiment is out of the question. You need a housekeeper and a governess for your children. I am competent to serve in these capacities. I can remain in your family on the understanding that I shall receive a fair compensation for my service, and shall do my best, but that I am as completely independent and mistress of myself as before what is called my marriage."

Professor Lamar looked relieved. Here was a woman with a clear head and a firm hand.

"I will conform to any plan you wish to suggest," he said.

"Very well. I will make this proposition: I retain your name—I suppose that is unavoidable—I will sit at the head of your table, receive your guests, go with you into society when it is absolutely necessary. I will take the domestic management and care of the children into my own hands, subject, of course, to your direction. As this will consume all of my time and attention, it will perhaps not be exorbitant to place my salary at six hundred dollars a year. Beyond this, I can accept nothing from you."

Honor's voice was so cold that the Professor fairly shivered.

"Oh, I beg of you," he exclaimed, "do not talk of a salary. Everything I have is yours. I want you to feel that you have only to name your wishes and they will be satisfied."

"I beg your pardon. Let us confine ourselves to business, Professor Lamar. If agreeable to you, I would like my salary paid monthly, in advance."

The Professor nearly had a congestive chill. Decidedly, Honor was a new type! But her very remorselessness only made him admire her. He felt that he deserved it all.

"It shall be done," he almost gasped.

"Perhaps I can have a week's vacation in the winter and two in the summer, if suitable arrangements can be made for the children."

"Anything, anything," murmured the Professor.

They were on their way back to the railway station now.

"Just one thing more," said Honor in her cold, clear tone, her face as white as marble. She had removed her left glove. "I have no further use for this," and she handed him the wedding ring which he had put upon her finger a few hours before.

He stood still in the street, aghast.

"But we were married this morning!" he exclaimed.

"Were we?" Honor asked the question a little wearily. "I think *not*, Professor Lamar."

The home coming was not precisely festive, but it was the one bright spot of the day to Honor. They went up the steps of the large, square house. The lights were turned low in the hall and parlor. The Professor opened the door with his latch key. No one was to be seen, but in a moment the sound of small, bare feet scampering overhead was heard, and three little figures in white night-gowns met them on the stairs. All three were in their farther's arms at the same time.

Presently Baby Gwen pointed to Honor and said—

"*Who* dat?"

"That is mamma," replied the father softly, with a wistful glance at Honor as if imploring her not to reject this name. She smiled assent with her eyes, and took Gwen into her arms. The baby looked at her for a moment and then cuddled down on her shoulder.

"Gwen's been awful bad, papa!" Louise, two years' older, was saying. "She got the mooflage from your desk, and she painted the parlor carpet wiv it, she did."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Professor.

"Yes," shouted Arnold, the only son, "and then she sat down in it, and after that she sat down in all the parlor chairs."

"And she stuck just like a postage stamp," put in Louise, "without being licked, either. It was lots of fun pulling her off."

"Yes, but she did get licked though!" cried Arnold. "Ellen gave it to her, didn't she, Baby?"

Gwen nodded with a pensive sigh.

"Mamma whip Gwen now, won't her?" she asked looking up into Honor's face.

There were tears in Honor's eyes, and the Professor's eye-glasses grew very dim.

"Darling child," whispered Honor, kissing the baby tenderly, "mamma has come to help her baby to be good so that nobody shall whip her any more."

And with Gwen clinging round her neck, she went on up-stairs to the great, cheerless guest-chamber to which Professor Lamar directed her. But Gwen's little arms were around her neck all night, and though her hurt was great and sore, she did not refuse to be comforted.

"God knows about it," she said again and again, too tired to think or to pray, but with clasped hands outstretched on the pillow beyond Gwen's tumbled curls. God knew the prayer which those hands outstretched to Him meant. For Honor had needed love before, and strength and guidance as we all must; but that night, for the first time, she had the conscious need of the Divine pity.

* * * * * *

"Mrs. Lamar, there's a gentleman down stairs with Professor Lamar, and I heard him ask him to stay to dinner. Could I help you with your dress?"

It was the housemaid, Maggie, who spoke, standing at Honor's door one late afternoon in January. Honor was putting a few finishing touches on a new dress of creamy cashmere.

"Yes, thank you, Maggie; you may put the ruffles in for me. It is dinner time I see. Who did you say the gentleman was?"

"It said 'Mr. Turner' on his card, but Professor Lamar calls him Doctor, I think, ma'am."

"Oh yes, Dr. Turner, from Baltimore," and Honor looked interested. "I am glad my gown is ready."

"It be's that becoming to you, Mrs. Lamar, with the bits of pink about, I wisht you'd always go dressed that way! Gwen, deary, don't hug your mamma so tight. Don't you see you crush her pretty dress."

"We don't mind that Maggie, when Gwen wants mamma," said Honor, taking the child up in her arms.

"Mamma's so pitty dis day," said Gwen, patting Honor's soft hair.

A moment later Honor ran down the stairs and was about to enter the parlor. A half smile of something very like happiness was on her lips, springing from the thought so common to happier women, but a new and daring one to Honor, that she might be fair to look upon in her husband's sight. She paused for an instant, hearing Dr. Turner say—

"And so you have been married within the year, Lamar?"

"Yes," her husband's voice replied, with a sudden change from free-hearted cordiality to the reserve with which she was familiar. "The step was simply forced upon me by the necessities of the case. The arrangement has proved entirely satisfactory."

Poor Honor! "The heart within her was ashes and dust." Her face grew fairly gray for a moment, all the sweet, bright gladness forsaking lips and eyes. "Entirely satisfactory!" Rossiter Lamar had no need of anything more at her hands than the year had brought him. It was not *her*, the woman with heart and soul and brain all his, that he cared for—it was only the domestic machine. A great hope had been stirring to life in Honor's heart. In that hour it died.

She received the gentleman at dinner a few moments later—a pale, proud woman, with a brilliant light in her eyes, and a bearing of shy, sweet dignity.

Dr. Turner, an accomplished scholar and man of the world, addressed himself to the wife of his friend—whom he inwardly characterized as "an exquisite woman"—with the attentive and admiring deference which the relation of guest and hostess permitted.

Before the soup was removed, Honor found herself deep in a discussion with him of Browning's Paracelsus, enjoying—with a subtle sense of healing to her woman's pride so long and sorely wounded—the perception that she could still please and charm.

Professor Lamar was silent for the most part, looking on. Honor was a revelation to him that night. She had been to him hitherto, a pale, quiet, modest girl, who held herself under an intense reserve and avoided him persistently. Now he saw her with luminous eyes, cheeks delicately flushed, her whole face radiant with beauty of a rare order. He watched the swift play of thought and emotion and perception as she spoke and listened; he saw for the first time the beautiful soul of the woman through the transparent face. He marveled at the intellectual power, the wit, the fine discrimination shown in all that she said. "My wife is a brilliant and beautiful woman," he thought, but quickly followed the admonition:

"In reality she is not your wife at all. You have injured her beyond recovery. She will never be stirred to this high, magnetic word by you."

It was as they rose from the table that Rossiter Lamar said this to himself, and before he had followed his wife and Dr. Turner into the library, he had felt for the first time in his life a pang of jealousy, fierce and strong, and even more amazing to himself than it would have been to them could they have guessed it.

Dr. Turner left soon after dinner. Honor bade the Professor a cold good-night, and withdrew to her own room. He sat alone for hours before the library fire.

The next morning, entering her room, after breakfast, Honor found a quantity of exquisite pink roses on her dressing-table. They were replaced in a day or two by carnations, and these again by violets. A week demonstrated the intention that "my lady's bower" was to be kept supplied with fresh flowers. Nor was this all. A set of Browning's Poems, with sumptuous binding, and enticing, uncut pages, was brought to her that same week, with a hastily penciled note:

"I did not know that you read Browning. Will you not read to me some evening?

ROSSITER LAMAR."

Honor met the Professor at the foot of the stairs when he came home. He scanned her face eagerly, but it was cold and grave.

"Do not send me any more flowers and books, please," she said quietly.

"Ah, you reject my poor little peace offering? That is not kind."

"So it is in that sense you have sent them? It is useless. 'Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.' Besides, to what purpose? I heard you say to Dr. Turner that the 'arrangement'—referring to our marriage—was 'entirely satisfactory' to you. Roses and poetry were not 'nominated in the bond.' Like Shylock, '*I stay here on my bond!*'"

"You would do better as Portia, Mrs. Lamar, than as Shylock." The Professor spoke sternly, and with a certain vibration of aroused will in his voice, which gave Honor an inner trembling.

"You can hardly blame me for acting upon the line which you yourself laid out for me," he continued. "The *arrangement* is entirely satisfactory to me, as I told Dr. Turner. My housekeeper is a paragon, and my governess is perfection. Still I am not satisfied."

Upon which Honor, with an intuition of danger ahead, moved on to the dining-room.

"Dinner is served, I believe, Professor Lamar," she said quietly.

The winter passed with no tangible change in the relation of these two. Honor held herself quietly, but resolutely aloof, while Rossiter Lamar waited, biding his time with a patience which was born of penitence.

April came. Snow and ice and winter winds were gone. Life and joy and color, promise and power were at work everywhere.

Honor, standing by the library table Easter eve, looking at a new review, did not hear the Professor enter the room behind her, until he closed the door. She looked up quickly then, laid down the magazine and started to leave the room, saying—

"I was just going up stairs."

"Undoubtedly," replied Professor Lamar, laughing merrily. "You always are when I appear."

Honor had never seen him in this mood. There was a thrill of power and purpose in his voice, a firm decision in his very step, a new light in his eyes as he confronted her now, saying—

"But this time I have captured you—you inexorable, you relentless creature—and I shall hold you fast until I choose to let you go."

He had put an arm around her and drawn her gently to his side. Honor's breath came quickly. A tumult of feeling seemed almost blinding her. She tried to release herself but he held her firmly, saying—

"Do not try to get away. I have something to tell you which you must hear. You notice I say *must*. I have been studying St. Paul and the prayer-book, and they both assure me that I have a certain authority over you. For I am here to remind you—as the public speakers say—that I am your husband. Did that ever occur to you?"

"Not that I remember."

"So I have inferred. Well, it has to me. My girl, I love you with a love great enough to overflow and blot out all the wrong of the past if you will only let it. Honor—how well the name fits you—do you positively hate me?"

"Not positively."

"Do you like me a little?"

"N-no."

"Do you *love* me?"

"You know I do, with all my heart," but with that she escaped from him and fled away to her own room.

Easter morning!

Honor awoke early with the words,

"Rise, heart! Thy Lord hath risen,"

on her lips, and in her heart a great and solemn joyfulness. The Easter chimes seemed to ring out at two-fold gladness—the great Resurrection, glory unto all people, and for her—morning after the long night; light after darkness; life full and glorious after the long death of hope and love.

She had thought before of going to the sunrise communion service. Now, nothing could have kept her away. There, in the holy place she would present herself with her new life, a sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto Him who had died for her and risen again. So she came down in the morning twilight, white lilies in her hand to be carried to the church, a radiance on her face as of a soul which had been very near to God.

Some one was standing at the foot of the stairs in the shadow, waiting for her. It was the master of the house. He guessed where she was going. Touching the lilies, he said gently, "Thou wert up at break of day and broughtest thy sweets along with thee. May I go with you, Honor?"

She did not speak but put her hand for a moment in his.

"Together now, together always," he said as they walked through the silent streets. After that they hardly spoke.

The church seemed strange in the dim, early light, with one or two long gold-colored beams shining through the painted windows, and the few worshippers here and there in the hush and silence.

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs and voices high,
Sing ye heavens; thou earth reply!"

The Easter hymn was sung, and Rossiter Lamar and Honor with faces awed but glad, walked together down the aisle and knelt side by side at the chancel rail to receive the communion. Only their own hearts knew what that moment meant; the hand that administered the elements, did not guess that these two received a double sacrament. Who but they could know that this was their marriage morning?

As they left the altar, Rossiter Lamar slipped upon Honor's finger the ring which she had given him back on that June evening, which now seemed so long ago; and so "filled with all spiritual benediction and grace" they left the church together, husband and wife.

And no happier woman is there to-day in this big and beautiful country of ours than is Mrs. Rossiter Lamar.

HOW THE VIOLETS COME

By Will S. Faris

I know—blue, modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn—
I know the place you come from
And the way that you are born!
When God cuts holes in Heaven,
The holes the stars look through,
He lets the scraps fall down to earth—
The little scraps are you.

FLOWERS IN THE HOME

By C. F. Klunder

To write about flowers always carries back my memory to the years when I was a child. I can recall the table in the little parlor, whereon reposed, day in and day out, a bunch of homely flowers in a vase. The first sweet flower that peeped up from the ground, after the cold breath of winter had passed, always found its way onto that table. Wall-flowers, moss-roses, mignonette, sweet-william, snowdrops, daffodils, and the old-fashioned damask tea-roses, all were placed, in their season, in the old china vase. There was always a sweet perfume in the room. I loved to enter it. Those flowers proved one of the most potent influences in my life to stay at home. My mother's garden was always covered in the spring with the sweet white crocus and the snowdrop, single violet, daffodil, wild primrose and mignonette. She used to take me to the woods and gather for me primroses and bluebells, and all the other flowers that grew in such profusion there. And such is one man's recollection of his early home.

But this is a digression. There is no place where flowers show to such advantage as in the home. I have worked all my life, here and in Europe, decorating the homes of the wealthy, and perhaps I may be able to give the Journal readers a few hints. While we of moderate purses cannot emulate the examples of the wealthy, there are many little hints, I have found, which we can copy from them and apply most charmingly and tastefully to our less affluent surroundings.

Let me say at once, that the success of the home decoration of flowers depends entirely upon the skill and taste of the decorator. The flowers and plants should be placed in their proper shading so as to produce the best effect. Never overcrowd in floral decorations. This is very important. The most popular way of decorating the home consists in placing beautiful foliage plants, in different shades of green, in corners, on small stands and étagères. Flowers are used with long stems and their own foliage, put in cases. A very neat thing is a small number of miniature vases and cut-glass bowls, placed on little tables and filled with different-colored carnations, lilies-of-the-valley, mignonette, or other seasonable flowers. Each specimen should be by itself. This produces an exceedingly pretty effect. The fire-places should be well filled with potted plants, such as ferns and variegated foliage plants. Over pictures and doors a neat effect is obtained by draping long-trailing ferns and passion-vines in bloom. Orange trees in fruit are very much sought after by some who can afford them, and they certainly add considerably to the beauty of the decorations. The Japanese maple, with its dark maroon, beautiful green and white colors, is the newest, at present, in home decorations. Within the past two years an effort has been made to introduce hardy foliage plants imported from Holland, which are very handsome in their variegated shades of green and brown. They are generally used for adorning the halls.

In the large cities, like New York, it is a common thing for wealthy people, to spend from $100 to $500 a week in flowers, exclusively for home use. Where do they put all these flowers, you ask? You are wrong if you think there is a large quantity of flowers. Whenever I have been asked to decorate a house, or furnish flowers for daily use, I have selected quality rather than quantity. In the matter of hue, also, it is a sign of the worst possible taste to have too much of a variety. Let there be two or three vases, and in each one specimen plant or flower, garnished with a little foliage and a few sprays of mignonette or geranium. The modern houses are well adapted to floral decorations, and the style of furnishing offers opportunities for tasteful arrangement of flower-vases. Many people like cut flowers; many like growing plants. These later may be bought as low as five dollars, but they run up to two hundred dollars, according to quality and rarity.

Now, let me say to the housewife in moderate circumstances: Two dollars each week can be laid out in two semi-weekly supplies of carnations, mignonette, and tea-roses. These are hardy plants, and also exhale a sweet perfume. Placed in a small vase on the table at meals, or on the parlor table between meals, they are a never-failing source of pleasure and delight. One hundred dollars a year is not too much for any one to spend on flowers for the home. Their influence is greater than many imagine, specially upon the young mind. Many a flower is a gospel all in itself.

To those who can afford to spend a little more, three or four dollars per week will purchase some old-fashioned tea-roses, geraniums and hyacinths of different colors. For an outlay of ten dollars per week, the beautiful lily-of-the-valley can be had, and so on. The more one is able to lay out the richer the variety, of course.

To keep flowers fresh as long as possible, be sure to cut a little off the stem each day. A hard crust forms on the end of the stem which prevents the water from ascending, and this should be cut away each day. A little charcoal in the water in which the flowers stand, will sweeten them and keep them fresh longer.

As regards the use of flowers for dinner decorations:—The most expensive dinner decoration I ever had charge of was on the occasion of a banquet given to General Cutting, at Delmonico's. The whole outlay for flowers alone was three thousand dollars. But even this does not approach the lavish extravagance of the Roman Emperor Nero, who gave a feast where one hundred thousand dollars was spent in roses alone!

For a dinner of twelve people, it is an ordinary thing to spend from fifty dollars to five hundred dollars upon flowers. For a banquet, one thousand dollars to three thousand dollars is usually laid out. But these latter outlays are seldom made, because of the infrequency of large dinners. One hundred and fifty dollars is an expenditure of every-day occurrence.

Among wealthy people, the choicest flowers for the dinner-table are orchids. These flowers exhibit a remarkable variation; in fact, it is difficult in some species to find two flowers exactly alike in size and color. Two very beautiful varieties are the "Catalya" and "Philanopsis," in shades of lavender and white, arranged with Valienses fern, with their exquisite light-green color, in silver bowls. When these are used, specimen flowers of the same varieties are thrown loosely on the table with ferns. A boutonnière for the gentlemen should be made of a "Philanopsis," and about three "Catalyas" tied with a cluster of narrow ribbons to match, for the ladies. This is the most beautiful manner of table decoration, if well-arranged and properly carried out. But it is also the most expensive.

Decorations within the reach of a larger number of people are made of lilies-of-the-valley, arranged in the same manner as the orchids, with green lamp-shades. The effect produced is very beautiful. This style is much favored. La France roses are much in vogue at present, arranged in silver vases and cut-glass stands, high on the table, long-stemmed and with abundant foliage. A novel idea is to make a Roman garland of the same, and lay it around the table. A boutonnière of white violets for each gentleman, and a bunch of the same flowers, tied with pink ribbons to match the roses, for the ladies, should go with this style of decoration. On many dinner-tables small fruit-bearing plants, such as the orange, strawberry, etc., are used, and go to make up an exceedingly handsome effect. The pots of these plants are smothered in crepe paper to match the lamp-shades, and tied together with the same shade of ribbon.

For those who give small dinner parties, or have friends at dinner, five dollars will most beautifully fill a small vase with carnations, or roses, and mignonette. Placed in the centre of the table, it is an agreeable relief from the array of dishes and the aroma of comestibles. I have known some housewives to spend five dollars in carnations alone, divide them into two vases, wreathed in smilax—one vase at each end of the table. And the effect was pleasing to the eye, without any striking attempt at elaboration.

And thus may flowers be used by all—each according to her means; but I believe that they should always find a place in our homes, large and small. The most modest purse can afford a trifling outlay for flowers, and such an expenditure is never wasted.

I

Break brightly, glorious Easter morn,
Now that the wintry days are sped;
And so deny, with splendid scorn,
That Earth is haggard, old and dead!

II

A million-million emerald spears
Rise to proclaim her ever young;
And hark! her ever youthful years
On lily bells are sweetly rung.

III

O freely swing and grandly swell,
Ye church-tower bells, with merry din;
The shadows from our souls expel,
And let the light of love come in!

IV

Break brightly, glorious Easter morn,
Into these gloomy hearts of ours!
That they, too, may this day adorn,
And shed a perfume like the flowers.

Charles H. Crandall.

PARLOR AND PUBLIC SINGING

By Clementine De Vere

It does not always follow that every girl who makes a good parlor singer is a success upon the concert or operatic stage, and the reverse is equally true. The home singing is often a good preparation, though it is by no means a necessary one for the later and more professional work. Many singers make the step, direct from the conservatory to the stage, though an intermediate condition of parlor singing may be most happy in its consequences. It doubtless does give a certain amount of confidence, which, however, I think is apt to vanish when the singer appears for public approval. Should this be the case, she must be careful to conceal her feelings as much as is possible, for fear begets awkwardness, and the effect of the latter upon an audience is unfortunate.

By parlor singing too, a singer's *repertoire* may be extended, and, as a good singer should adopt more than one style if able to do so, this is most desirable. Ballad singing, which is so successful in parlors, loses as much of its effectiveness when transplanted to the stage as do the arias, and more florid examples of concert and operatic music, if removed from their proper environment. A good parlor singer can do the former work, perhaps better than the average public singer, but the good public singer should be able to sing both styles of music equally well.

The criticism one receives in the two cases, is—paradoxical as it may seem—at the same time more severe and more lenient. A paid audience is always a critical audience, and one severe in its judgment, hence the public singer is at their mercy. But—and here is the explanation of the paradox—defects which are most apparent in a drawing-room, owing to the smallness of the room and the nearness of the audience to the singer, are to a certain degree lost when the singer is placed on a platform, a little distant from her hearers. Defects of enunciation and phrasing, I am alluding to, of course; tone and quality must be always true. A good public singer will not allow herself to take advantage of these facts, but will endeavor always to have her work as near to perfection as she can approach.

Another thing which girls must remember, if they wish to do much in the future with their voices, and that is to avoid singing too much. Sing as much for your friends as is wise, but avoid doing more under mistaken ideas of obligation.

And now, in conclusion, Which is the better—to sing well at home and in your friends parlors, or to be a public singer of mediocre ability? Does not the question answer itself? Mediocrity is never desirable. Good public singers are scarce, and although good parlor singers are far from usual, the possibility of an increase in their numbers is rather more to be expected. A girl who can sing well at home, unless she possess unusual talent, a voice of more than ordinary beauty, and be in a position to receive the best of instruction, will do well to remain there.

HOW TO PACK A TRUNK

By Belle Fulton

In the first place, if you have any regard for clean carpets and unmarred walls, have your trunk brought down stairs empty, divested even of its trays. Having placed it where it can be easily and safely moved by the expressman, bring your clothes down in a large basket, or in any other convenient way; underwear, shoes and stockings, corsets, and other things which do not rumple easily should come first, and the articles requiring more care afterward.

Take each piece of clothing separately, lay it down, and fold neatly and tightly as possible, avoiding lumps and wrinkles. Begin to pack at the upper left-hand corner of the trunk, and remember the order in which you place each separate class of articles. Take your under-vests first, and then corset-covers, drawers, short skirts and long skirts. In packing your wash dresses, wrappers and such things, you will find it best to fold the skirts lengthwise without wrinkles and roll them; they take less room this way, and can easily be smoothed out. The waists should be folded wrong side out, taking care that the sleeves are laid straight and smooth.

A tea-gown you should fold carefully, first brushing out the train and straightening the lace and ribbons; lay the sleeves flat and fold the gown just the length of your trunk. Silk dresses and others, of which you wish to take special care, would better go in the bottom tray, folded lengthwise and then through the centre; place properly all plaits, folds, and ornaments, and put a newspaper neatly over all, to protect them from dust and rubbing.

By far the most convenient trunk has its upper tray divided into compartments, each of which has its use. The large one on the left is for such light articles as fans, gloves, handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, etc., things you will often want to reach quickly; I have always found it best to keep them in separate pasteboard boxes. The large square receptacle at the other end of the tray is for your best bonnet, pinned securely in stiff paper; you may not find room for two hats, but will certainly be able to stow away a small wrap or two at the bottom. In most trunks there is another large receptacle in the lid, which may be devoted to the waists of nice dresses and to a large hat, if you have one. Put your parasol in that long compartment just back of the top tray, and you will probably find space around it for hosiery, and extra shoes and slippers, which should be wrapped in soft cloth.

Before locking the trunk, sit down and take a mental survey of the things you have put in it. You may find that something has been forgotten; or that you have packed bottles which are likely to break, or that your purse and ticket have been put in. Having corrected all such oversights wait until the last moment before turning the key, and then put the latter at once into the pocket of the dress you will wear, thus precluding all possibility of leaving it behind.

If you are wise you will leave out one gown, a wrapper, and pack it, together with your toilet articles, all bottles containing liquids, an easy pair of slippers, a shawl and a gossamer in a traveling bag which you can carry; then if your trunk is delayed, you can exist several days, if necessary, in comparative comfort.

WOMEN'S CHANCES AS BREAD WINNERS

*IV.—BEE-KEEPING FOR WOMEN

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

By Julia Allyn

BEE-KEEPING offers to women an agreeable, healthful, and lucrative employment. While there may be no fortunes in bee-keeping, except to the few, yet to all there is, usually, satisfactory reward for labor and money expended.

Thousands of women long for a change of occupation—for release from the store, the shop, the factory, the school; indeed, in many cases, the saving or prolongation of life demands a change. Naturally, their thoughts turn to the country—to a life that may bring them into the open air a part of the time.

It is saying very little for bee-keeping to say that it will bring more than thousands of women earn by city occupations. Indeed, bee-keeping has proved so profitable to farmers and others successful in other occupations that they have given all their attention and time to the production of honey. There are many women bee-keepers in the land, and they are as successful as men. A school-teacher was told that she must find employment that would take her into the open air. She became a bee-keeper, was successful, had a large apiary, and employed several women to help her. Health, enjoyment, independence and money was the result.

Women ought to be better bee-keepers than men for they have, usually, a gentler, finer touch than men. The qualifications of a bee-keeper are gentleness, patience, absence of fear and perfect command of self. Fear must be overcome or concealed. It may be present at first, but usually gives place to confidence after a little experience. The theory that bees instinctively select some persons as natural enemies, has no foundation in fact.

Nearly all bee-keepers wear veils, and all beginners should wear gloves of rubber. The dress is a divided skirt, but made so full that it is not noticed. Each part of the skirt is gathered at the bottom into a hem or band to button round the ankle below the top of the boot. In working among bees, the bees often crawl over the person, but they do not sting except in self-defense when pinched in the folds of the clothing, or otherwise.

To begin bee-keeping, buy in the spring two colonies of Italian bees, and then with bees and books serve an apprenticeship during the season. Let no beginner attempt to keep bees for profit the first season. It has been done, and been successful, but it is the exception, and often, if not usually, has resulted in loss and disappointment.

The bees should be bought as near home as possible to save express charges, and long journey for the bees. When the bees come, place them where they are to remain. One colony is to serve as a standard. It is to be studied as a full colony, and allowed to swarm in the natural way that the bee-keeper may have the experience of hiving a swarm. While the beginner is acquiring experience, she may raise bees for use next year.

Therefore, the other colony is divided equally immediately on arrival, placing half of the colony in a new hive, and removing to the place where it is to remain. There are now three colonies, a full colony and two half colonies. Later in the season, when the half colonies have become whole colonies, they are divided again.

Supposing that the standard colony will cast a swarm, there will be six colonies in the fall with which to begin in the spring. The swarm cast by the standard colony may be divided, also, if desired, giving seven in all. Of course, the divided colonies will store no surplus honey, only honey for their own use.

With a year's study and practice the student of apiculture is prepared to undertake bee-keeping for profit. In the spring the six or seven colonies may be increased to twelve or fourteen, and that number will be enough to manage in the first year of actual work. The different methods adopted for the production of honey need not be given here. When the bee-keeper comes to the practical work in an apiary, she will have learned of these methods and will follow the one that seems to be best.

As to the product of honey. In an ordinary season, a colony of bees, by the non-swarming, double-hive system, will produce not less than fifty pounds of honey, often seventy-five and a hundred pounds. This honey, if properly marketed, will bring the producer twenty cents a pound.

By the system referred to, one person, with occasional help, may attend to one hundred colonies if comb-honey be the product. If extracted honey be the object, assistance will be required in extracting the honey. As to the sale of honey. This fact may throw some light upon it. Though millions of pounds of honey are produced every year, yet honey is practically unknown to the great body of the people. On the tables of the rich or poor it is a comparative stranger. In some of the larger cities very little honey is on sale.

There are abandoned farms north, east, south and west, and there are tons of honey on these farms running to waste; and at the same time there are thousands of women, pinched by want, wearied by toil, who could earn on these farms, with the help of the bees, more than they earn now and be comfortable and contented.

FROM A MAN'S STANDPOINT

By Dr. C. C. Miller

A WOMAN in Michigan "commenced with but two colonies of bees; her net profits, the first season, were over one hundred dollars; the second year but a few cents less than three hundred dollars; and the third year about two hundred and fifty dollars." The woman who reads that statement, and is told that bee-keeping is "light work, especially fitted for invalids and women," is likely to go to figuring how much can be done with one hundred colonies, and many a one has thus had her head turned.

Let me give you a bit of my own experience. In the year 1887, from about three hundred colonies, my honey crop amounted to thirty dollars, ten cents per colony, and I then had to buy twenty-eight hundred pounds of granulated sugar to keep my bees over winter. After paying for my help and other expenses, I was several hundred dollars out of pocket, to say nothing of losing my entire year's work. That's the other side.

As to the "light work." When I put in from twelve to fourteen hours a day, in the hottest weather, dripping from head to foot with perspiration, stooping and lifting till I have as much backache as can be packed in one spinal column, I hardly feel like calling bee-keeping "light work."

Having said thus much by way of caution, I am bound to say that for those who have the taste for it, I do not know of any more fascinating or healthful pursuit. Your true bee-keeper goes into the business, in the first place, for the love of it. I have kept bees for thirty years, and for the past thirteen years honey raising has been my exclusive business, and to be frank with you I must confess that I think I would have been better off in this world's goods if I had never seen a bee, but I am healthier, better-natured, and have a good bit better chance for long life, and every year has been one of enjoyment.

Many a woman engaged in in-door employments might keep a few bees without interfering with her other duties, and find it a delightful recreation, adding greatly to her health, besides adding something to her purse. So, if your taste runs that way, try it. But you must have a taste for it, to succeed.

If you have decided to try bee-keeping, don't commence with twenty colonies or ten—two at the utmost. You'll pay from five dollars to ten dollars per colony, depending on kind and where you are, and if you succeed you can increase. But don't try to increase too fast. That's the rock on which so many beginners have split. You can easily make three, five or six from one colony in a single season, and then—find them all dead the next spring.

If you start with two in the spring—and I wouldn't advise you to buy at any other time—don't try to have more than three or four at most, at the close of the season.

Get a good text-book and read as you work. Learn all you can as to the habits of bees, and the plans of others. You will find it's a business into which you can put plenty of brains.

Stings?—Of course you'll get stings. You can wear a veil and gloves and make yourself sting-proof, but you are not likely to continue gloves very long. They are uncomfortable and in the way. Still, some do wear them. For your comfort I may tell you that one becomes, to a great extent, hardened against the effect of stings. When I first worked with bees a sting on the hand swelled it so I could not close my fingers, the swelling reaching to the shoulder and lasting two or three days. When I am stung now I think it hurts just as much as ever for a minute or two, sometimes making me groan if I think no one is in hearing.

If possible, get Italian bees. They are gentler to handle than the common blacks, and better workers. If you cannot get Italians at the start, the books will tell you how to Italianize them by getting an Italian queen. Queens are sent by mail from all parts of the country, and even from across the ocean. A dollar will get you a pure queen.

Be sure to have hives with movable frames, that is, frames containing the combs, so you can lift out each comb separately.

Bees may be kept even in cities. In Cincinnati a prosperous apiary has, for years, been kept on a flat roof in the heart of the city. But don't keep a hive near a sidewalk or close by a road where passing people or animals might be stung.

How many colonies can you keep? Perhaps fifty to one hundred, maybe more. It all depends on yourself and the resources of your field. If you keep a large number you will find it too heavy work, but you can hire some of the heavy lifting done.

For the past eight years my principal assistant has been a rather slender girl. I favor her, somewhat, as to the heaviest part of the work, but in many things that require deftness rather than strength, she will accomplish more than I can, do my best, and I wouldn't swap her for any man I could get. She left teaching to work with me, and, I think, the outdoor life she has led with the bees has been her physical salvation.

How much can you get from each colony? That depends much on the flora of your locality. Every flower doesn't yield honey, but the bees will work in all directions, perhaps, two miles from their home. If you get fifty pounds to the colony you are doing very well. You will get a larger yield per colony with only a few in a place than with many.

* This series of papers "Women's Chances as Bread-winners," was commenced in the January number with "How to Become a Trained Nurse," and continued in the February number with "Women as Stenographers," and in March with "Women as Dressmakers." The back numbers can be obtained at 10 cents each.

Future papers in the series will consider "Women as Telegraphers," "Women Behind the Counter," "Women as Journalists," "Women on the Stage," "Women as Artists," "Women as Doctors," "Women as Teachers," "Women as Type-setters," etc., etc

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

*IV.—MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

By Edward W. Bok

THE year 1863 was but a few days old when the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, then a Philadelphia pastor, went to the church of his elder brother, the Rev. Goyn Talmage, in Greenpoint, Long Island, to deliver a lecture on "Rocks on Which People Split."

It was after the lecture, while the two brothers stood talking, that the elder said—

"De Witt, let me present you to Miss Whittemore—Miss Susan Whittemore, one of the brightest young members of my church."

And with these words the future Whitefield of the American pulpit was introduced to the woman who was destined to share his later honors and triumphs.

MRS. TALMAGE

Miss Whittemore's father was a prosperous real estate broker and architect of Greenpoint. Previous to his settlement in Greenpoint, the family resided on East Eighth street, at that time the aristocratic part of New York city, and it was there that his daughter, Susan Curtiss Whittemore, was born. Her education was most carefully regarded, and when she was fifteen the family moved to Birmingham, Connecticut, where she finished her training at the High School. Clara Louise Kellogg was one of her classmates. A few years later the Whittemores settled in Greenpoint, practically a portion of Brooklyn.

On May 7th, 1863, Miss Whittemore was married to T. De Witt Talmage in the building where they had first met a few months before, the Greenpoint Dutch Reformed Church. The bridegroom was then simple Mr. Talmage. He was but little known outside of his own field; reputation had not yet come, and thus Mrs. Talmage started with her husband at almost the foot of the ladder of fame which he soon began to climb so quickly. And few wives have proved such helpmeets to their husbands as has Mrs. Talmage. She has, in every respect, fulfilled the best idea of a helpful wife, and proved her husband's richest endowment.

All the appointments of the Talmage home, in Brooklyn reflect the woman who presides over it. Gaudiness in furniture or decorations is absent, and, instead, one sees a harmony of good taste on every hand. Mrs. Talmage is an excellent housekeeper and her home shows it.

The rear apartment of the second floor is Mrs. Talmage's working room. It is tastefully furnished, but more with an eye to utility than ornamentation. In this room Mrs. Talmage spends most of her time. It is "her private den." All the mail that is left at the house for Dr. Talmage is taken into this room and is opened by her. It is not an unusual thing for the postman to deliver between one and two hundred letters a day, all of which pass through Mrs. Talmage's hands. Business letters are answered by her, and all letters that may be of an unpleasant or annoying personal nature are destroyed. Dr. Talmage never sees them.

A day in Mrs. Talmage's home would be a revelation to those who believe that the life of a public man's wife is a succession of pleasures, dotted here with a pretty compliment, and there with some token of honor. While many people are yawning and preparing to break their night's rest, Mrs. Talmage is already up, opening the first mail. Breakfast is promptly at eight o'clock. Then the family separate and the wife begins to receive callers—which alone is a task. It is a well-known saying among the neighbors that "the Talmage bell is never still." All kinds of people must be seen, innumerable appointments made and kept, the pastoral work of the largest church in America must be looked after, the details of a score or more missionary, church, literary societies with which Mrs. Talmage, or her husband, is connected, have their demands, and, in addition to all these, are the household cares of a large house and a family of growing children.

Mrs. Talmage is distinctly her husband's right hand, and all the details of his busy life are looked after by her. She is a splendid business woman having a rare executive ability, capable of easily handling a number of things at the same time. Much of Dr. Talmage's daily work is planned and laid out by her. She makes his pastoral and social engagements, and all his lecturing interests are in her hands. She knows his capacities even better than he. Whenever a journey is to be made, it is she who lays out the route, procures the tickets and staterooms, and attends to all the details. No public man, perhaps, is saved so many annoyances as is Dr. Talmage by his wife's foresight and ability.

Even if Mrs. Talmage never shared her husband's life work, she would still be one of the busiest women in Brooklyn. If there is a sociable, a ladies' meeting, a fair in the Tabernacle, she is at the head of it. She is President of the Missionary Society of the church, and presides at its meetings. She is a member of almost ever society in Brooklyn having to do with religious, literary, musical or humane objects. Her social duties are naturally numerous, and she fulfills them all. Two young daughters, receiving their first educational training, demand her constant care and attention. The home table must be looked after. She must always be ready for guests, for rarely is the family alone at the table. There is, in fact, no end to her work.

In her personality Mrs. Talmage has been favored. Her disposition is sympathetic by nature. Like her husband, she sees only the cheerful side of life. Her whole *personnel* suggests activity. Her eyes are a good index to her life: they are never still. Her features are pleasing, and are rarely without the smile which continually plays upon them. She is in the prime of life, of medium height, full of figure, and is more often considered handsome than fair. Her face is youthful, because she keeps her heart young and her hands busy. She is a good dresser, always tasteful in her wardrobe, but never showy.

Mrs. Talmage's parents are dead. One brother still lives among the scenes of her early home in Greenpoint, prosperous and well-doing. Two unmarried sisters live together but a few blocks from the Talmage home—as close in spirit and relations to the great preacher's family as if they were material parts of it.

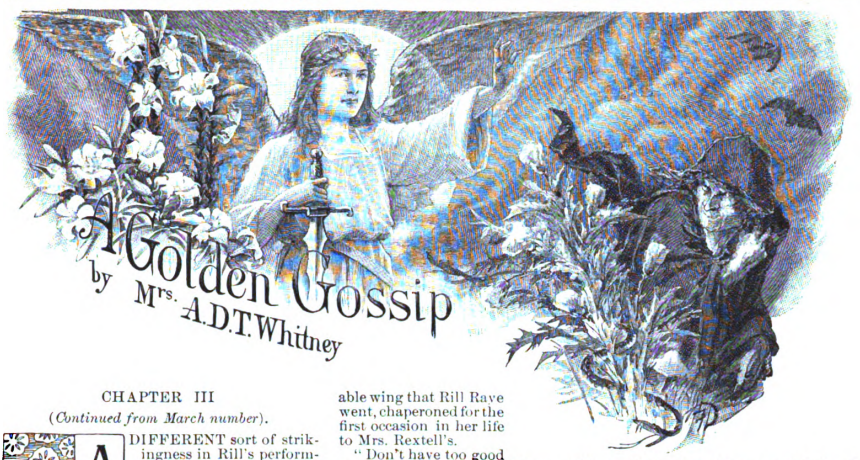
Five children have resulted from the marriage. The eldest daughter, May Mortimer, is her mother's constant companion and her social representative upon many occasions. The second daughter, Edith Elwood, married five years ago, making a most desirable and happy marriage for herself, and adding the dignity of grandmother to her mother's other attributes. Jeanie Gasherie, nicknamed "Daisy" by her fond father, is third in age, and promises to fulfill her mother's fondest hopes. Maude Demorest is the "baby" of the family—a pert little miss of fifteen. The only son is Frank De Witt, now studying for the ministry, and of whose talents, at twenty-three, the public has already judged from his public lectures. In him is centred the hopes of thousands that the light of the Talmage genius will not extinguish with the father.

Two other children were given to Dr Talmage by his first marriage. Of these, Thomas De Witt, Junior, is dead, while Jessie, happily married, is the counterpart of her mother in all that appertains to womanly graces.

It is not so strange, therefore, that T. De Witt Talmage is proud of his family. For them he has worked, and success has come in a generous measure. "My home is my altar," he said once; "and my family my inspiration." And who will deny, who know her, that this wonderful man's greatest source of inspiration, next to his Creator, has been, and is, his loyal and devoted wife? Unknown, comparatively, to the great world at large, but how well-known to her husband!

* This series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men" was commenced in the January number with a sketch and portrait of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison; in the February number, Mrs. P. T. Barnum; March number, Mrs. William E. Gladstone.

Future sketches will present the Princess Bismark, Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Will Carleton, Mrs. John Wanamaker, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Mrs. Bishop Newman, Lady Tennyson, and other women.



Golden Gossip

by Mrs. A.D.T. Whitney

CHAPTER III

(Continued from March number).

A DIFFERENT sort of strikingness in Rill's performances had begun to appear. Some old stories got a new moral to them, and started on a fresh run. Nobody knew how it was found out, but a supplement had here and there been put to fragmentary narrations which both rounded out and pointed them, making them good for another circulation.

"That Miss Raye is a pretty girl; but she makes mistakes," said one lady to another at a social gathering where Rill was prominent. "Wasn't there some sauciness of hers at Lill Upson's, when three or four partners came to her at once for the reel?"

"O yes, that's an old story. She flirted her fan in their faces, told them there were too many of them, and she wouldn't dance at all; and then marched off, leaving them *plantès la*. Afterward, for oddity and fun, she got up and danced on the men's side, with a girl partner."

"But that wasn't all of it," said a third person, standing by. "Mollie Wythe had been sitting out, forgetting, in her meek little way, that there was anything possible for her to do but to look on and admire Rill Raye and the rest. Plain, awkward little thing, she has got used to it. Rill suddenly took in the injustice of it, when all those boys stood round her, asking at once, and sticking out their elbows; she fairly pushed John Lownes's down. 'It's a shame of you, all coming for one girl,' she said. 'Why don't you divide round?' and she turned her back, and walked up to Mollie. 'Dance this with me,' she said, 'I'll be gentleman. They're scarce here to-night.' And off they went, and Mollie had her good time of the evening. Rill never thought of the men's line till she got there, except to show them what a gentleman should do, as she said."

"It made a new conspicuousness for her, though; she had her fun out of it; marching them all after her up and down the room, like captives at a Roman show," said the lady who had told the tale.

"That was how it appeared, and was as far as it went. But it wasn't the best of it, or what she did it for. There's something in Rill Raye besides audacity."

"I wish there wern't that, then," returned the matron who had spoken first of all; but her tone relented. "It isn't the right style, you know; somebody ought to tell her not to have too good a time."

The three speakers—Mrs. Rextell, Mrs. Vance and Mrs. Sholto—were of the high ladyhood of Wewachet.

It was not long after this that Mrs. Rextell made one of her biennial calls upon Miss Bonable, and followed it by cards for that lady and her niece to her large garden party.

"No, indeed," Miss Bonable had said to Miss Haven, who spoke of it, taking acceptance for granted. "It's her hash party. She's had little private companies all summer. Why didn't she ask me to any of them, I wonder?"

"For the same reason, I suppose, that she did not ask me. I had not any little private rights."

"Poh! Everybody knows you can go anywhere!"

"I don't admit the contrary of you."

Miss Bonable saw that she had admitted it, and retreated into momentary silence.

"If you do not go, let me take Cyrilla."

Miss Bonable opened her eyes wide. "*Take* Cyrilla!" she ejaculated. "It's rather late in the day to begin on that plan. She has taken herself—wherever she could get—so far."

"Maybe that has been a mistake. I should like to have her with me?" The interrogative was a petition.

"*I* can't hinder," said Miss Bonable, concisely.

"So it was under Miss Haven's unimpeachable wing that Rill Rave went, chaperoned for the first occasion in her life to Mrs. Rextell's.

"Don't have too good a time, dear," said Miss Haven, with gentlest significance, as they drove up the long, sweeping approach, on either side of which, under the splendid groups of tall trees, the guests, in dainty array, were, already scattering about upon the green velvet of the closely mown grass. Had Mrs. Rextell ever suggested the kindly hypothesis to Miss Elizabeth, or had Miss Elizabeth herself originally started it on its way—that the only trouble with Rill Raye was that she had too good a time, too undisguisedly? I think it had been a bit of the gospel gossip.

Miss Haven would have had her hands full to-day if she thought to scatter good seed as fast as the evil one would cast the tares. Everything was astir and afloat, from the minute Dr. Harriman and Connie Norris walked up the lawn, as they did a few minutes after Miss Haven and Cyrilla had arrived; and certain comments reached Mrs. Rextell's ears which inclined her to regret, notwithstanding the comprehensive intent of her neighborhood gathering—her hash party—that these two should be there together. They had met just below the gates; these little fortuitous circumstances had fallen into a law of recurrence that seemed to work now of itself, really without premeditation; to the doctor it was beginning to present a difficulty; it was becoming too invariable; yet every time he fell for the moment into the pleasant snare.

"*Do* you see? *Did* you notice?" passed from lip to lip among certain of the observers; and one connected tale was set forth with fresh gusto by a brisk little lady with an animated bunch of tall rudbeckias in her hat, that bobbed and danced from left to right and up and down, in the eager motion of the wearer, as she addressed her speech and nodded its emphasis and tossed its sneer; and from her it traveled till the lady of the manor listened, displeased, to the slighter remarks conveying the impression of the story into which it condensed itself in the rendering of the thoroughbred.

"*Actually*, she got off the train within half a minute of its starting. I put my head out of the window and saw the whole. She met him at the gate. There was some pretense or other, as usual; I suppose he told her there wasn't time; and then they both hurried down the platform. But the bell rang, and we slipped off, just as they came alongside the last car. *He* could have got on, but he wouldn't let her, and he couldn't leave her; so there they were, and no train for two hours and a half—and *evening!*"

"So they went back, and sat down, and looked at decorated plates, I suppose, instead of going home to their suppers?"

"My *dear!* waste opportunities like that—and go hungry? No, indeed! They went up town, and had tea at Bever's, and walked about afterward till train-time; she told of it herself, *as a great lark*. I wonder they didn't stay in and go to the theatre. Perhaps they will, next time."

And next time that story was told, or took a fresh departure, the theatre addition was put on as an assertion; and so in the end it worked its way round, till Dr. Harriman heard it, to his intense annoyance and disgust: the more that he perceived he had really been going too far, and that he had only himself to thank for whatever misconstruction might accrue. That there was a glaring inconsistency between these escapades and the quieter significance of the visits at Crooke Corner, aggravated both the young doctor's self-dissatisfaction and his difficulties with Cyrilla Raye. Meantime, on the Rextell lawn to-day, the last named young lady was superbly inaccessible.

CHAPTER IV

FRANK WORDS AND KEEN DEFINITIONS

"You're on a new tack, Rill," said Connie Norris, coming up to her after she had a third time evaded a prolonged interview with the doctor, whose sudden "dividing of himself round" by no means pleased Miss Connie. "And you are taking all the wind out of other people's sails."

"I haven't set any sails," said Rill, with the brief gravity so new and so particularly becoming to her.

"I wish you would, then," said Connie, frowning. "It would be fairer than the way you're doing now."

Rill flashed a look at her without speaking. Just then Dr. Harriman appeared once more, escorting Miss Haver. "There is tea down there, under the beeches," he said. "Would you like to go for some, or shall I bring it to you here?" He addressed the three ladies, as he paused with Miss Elizabeth.

"We will go down, I think," said Miss Elizabeth. "There is more there than tea. That, one can take at home, you know. We came here to enjoy people."

Rill had a high color, and her eyes burned yet with the light that had made Connie's blink. She took Miss Haven's arm with a little private grip of determination, and there was nothing left for Dr. Harriman but to follow with Cornelia. Another moving group brushed by. The breeze brought back some semi-detached words spoken just after it had passed.

"Engaged?"

"Or ought to be."

Rill and Miss Haven both heard it. Each wondered silently whether the pulse of sound had reached back to the other two. Rill's head was an inch or two higher as she walked on. She hurried Miss Haven, drawing her forcibly forward, and putting an increasing distance between the other couple and themselves. This was quite practicable, for Connie Norris did not hurry Dr. Harriman at all. She stopped him, indeed, just beyond the outskirt of the groups about the tables.

"Miss Haven," said Cyrilla, in a quick, intense way, "Connie is an awful goose. But they are talking hatefully about her. Can't you hush it up?"

Around one of the tables, where the eldest Miss Rextell was dispensing chocolate, had gathered an admiring bevy of friends, in the midst of whom she sat, a stately beauty with dark hair distractingly knotted high upon the graceful head, close against which shone a single aster-like flower of luminous pale violet, color of the ethereal heart-flame of the diamond, born of highest light. She served with dainty fingers the delicious beverage topped with white foam of cream on every cup, and with dazzle of smile gave right and left at the same time the light-whipped cream of talk, without which, at such moments, conversation would seem too seriously nutritive.

As Miss Haven and Cyrilla came up, some one who had finished her chocolate was turning the empty cup about with little airs of apprehensive ecstasy, exclaiming with soft, well-trained vehemence at the rare coloring and design of the frail bit of porcelain. "And you have these things out *here!*" she said. "How do you *dare?* What are your servants made of? Anything corresponding to Dresden in comparison with Delft?"

"Hardly," said Miss Rextell, with the smile that was like a summer electric flash, soft and swift, that one watches eagerly for, because it was never fixed for the merest space of a breath. "But now that people can all paint their own teacups, and everything can be copied, one doesn't seem to care so anxiously—do you think?"

This was Miss Haven's chance. "Miss Norris paints beautifully. Did you ever see any of her work?" she asked.

The momentary drop of silence befell that marks some otherwise imperceptible little chasm to be leaped. Some one claimed Miss Rextell's official attention. Then the lady next Miss Haven, not to slight Miss Haven herself, responded with a touch of remoteness. "Miss Norris? I don't think I have. Does she paint for sale?"

"Partly," returned Miss Haven, serenely. "Not from need, of course; but she makes her lessons independent, and she has other pleasant little things in her power, you know. I could tell you better if she were not close by," she added, rapidly, in a lowered voice. "But it was very nice of her paying a livery bill for that poor little sick dressmaker of hers, for a fortnight's rides. And the things she does must simply be an exquisite pleasure to do."

"Ah, indeed?" the same lady returned, with the same far-offness.

There was still a little chasm. The name of Miss Norris had been too recently quoted in a different connection; and there was Dr. Harriman, bringing her at this moment among them for her tea.

Miss Rextell leaped the gulf. It was the prettiest leap possible. She left her chair, her soft white draperies making a gracious light about her, and moved gently through the way that was parted for her, out upon the open lawn.

"Good evening, Miss Norris," she said to her guest. "I had not seen you before. Will you have chocolate? Or, there is tea close by. Dr. Harriman, please to find what Miss Norris likes. The chocolate is at my table." And with one of her bewildering smiles, and a word about the lovely weather, and that she was so glad there could be so many here, she glided back again.

"Here is a place by me, Miss Haven. Will you have more sugar? One of these little cocoanut puffs? I'm glad you told that nice thing of Miss Norris," she said, in a quiet, friendly tone. "There is always more than one story to know. Don't you think, Miss Haven," she went on, in a clear, sweet, incisive voice, "that, after all, the chief difference between people is their different way of doing the same things?"

All her immediate circle heard the words, and a counter wave to the creep of the hostile motion in these Wewachet waters was set stirring around Cornelia Norris. The drift of it touched her at once; she found herself more in the pleasant current. An edge opened where she stood, and she was taken in, by some gentle, casual recognitions, when she might have remained quite outside, without having any positive rudeness to complain of.

When Miss Haven had finished her chocolate, she rose and quietly made her way again toward her escort.

"Good evening, Miss Norris," she said to her guest, "I had not seen you before."

"Dr. Harriman," she said, "will you be kind enough to help me find Mrs. Rextell?" and taking his offered arm, she walked away up the lawn with him. She had effected a modification and change among the elements toward a more beneficent solution. But, blessed busybody that she was, she had not yet done for the day. She meant that this afternoon, which threatened to be the turning point for ill, socially, in a heedless young girl's life, should revert to quite an opposite accomplishment.

Joining Mrs. Rextell, she slipped into conversation with her, leaving Dr. Harriman to such liberty as he might like to take. So, presently, for a brief chance, the two ladies were left apart a little.

"Dear Mrs. Rextell," said Miss Haven then, "your daughter Margaret has just done such a sweet and gracious thing." And she told her the how and the why. "I wish—I think—you will do another."

"In what fashion?"

"Your own fashion. You will know how. It will make such a difference. There was a cloud coming up for that young girl."

"I am glad Margaret behaved just so. But—" and the lady's fair dignity that was shy, even, in its own purity, took a touch of regretful shrinking. "I don't like girls to get under a cloud," she said.

"Beam out upon her, please! Drive the cloud away—for this time at least. You can."

At the moment, the two young girls approached up the slope; pausing a little way off when they saw Miss Haven engaged with Mrs. Rextell.

"How pretty she is!" said Mrs. Rextell. "But I like the other one's face better."

"Yes; they are both pretty girls. And I am very fond of Cyrilla Raye."

Mrs. Rextell moved forward. "Miss Norris," she said—and there were people enough about to see and hear and be surprised, among them the very lady of the rudbeckias, who had hovered within speaking distance of Mrs. Rextell and her changing coterie for half an hour, without apparent reason or result—"Miss Norris, I hear you are fond of art, and do pretty things in color yourself. Will you come into the house with me? I should like to show you something. Miss Raye, you will come too, won't you?" And, with that way a lady can have of being occupied with just the persons and the errand she chooses, Mrs. Rextell, laying her hand on Miss Haven's arm, led the little party indoors. It was a distinguishment. It left people turning their heads, and wondering quietly. Dr. Harriman himself noticed, and was impressed.

Upstairs, through Mrs. Rextell's own beautiful room, out into a corridor beyond, which connected with a new wing lately added to the mansion, with a pretty staircase coming up from another side, they passed to a suite of dainty, small apartments in a row, all fronting upon the lawn. Doors, easily sliding, but as easily closed to complete separation, linked and divided them within.

"I want to show you my pond-lily room," the hostess said, walking on to the door from the gallery in the farther end and throwing it open. "We shall hardly have time for the others now; but I would like you to see this. It is where I put my very dearest, sweetest young-girl friends, when they come to me. I made it for them. There are not many to whom I give it. They are of the pond-lily nature themselves. I have a wild-rose room besides; and a marigold chamber, and a little fernery, where my older visitors who want real rest and invisibility, can stay. But this—" and she stood aside, and let the lovely surprise speak for itself.

Cornelia Norris was in a real ecstasy. The art—the perfection of the execution—excited her with delight. She moved from one thing to another, hanging over each, or glancing up and down at answering touches of beauty, with an eager taking-in of the charm of the purpose and the marvelous skill of the carrying out. Rill Raye stood by, very quiet, in the midst of it all. Mrs. Rextell turned to her. "You like it?"

There were tears in the girl's eyes.

"I think," said Rill, "that if it were not quite a pond-lily nature, to be put in here would almost make it so."

"That is the sweetest thing anybody has ever said of it yet!" said Mrs. Rextell. She laid her hand upon Rill's shoulder with a friendly, caressing touch.

"O see this bud, Rill! How the pink blushes through the olive! It is just celestial to see color laid on so!"

"One thinks of the laying on; the other feels the heart of the meaning. I like your girl best," said Mrs. Rextell to Miss Haven as they went down stairs.

* * * * *

Connie Norris found her coincidences becoming less felicitous. Her story all at once was running bare of occurrence. Dr. Harriman was growing indifferent, or cautious, she could not tell which; he was certainly a little queer. He had gone into another car, one day when they had taken the same train to the city. She had been in the file of passengers with him at the steps; he had seen her and bowed, then he had gone across the platform to the rear carriage, and when she had paused, glancing hesitatingly that way herself, and had half followed, he had turned, and said politely, "This is the smoker, Miss Connie," and disappeared over the threshold.

Miss Haven had been very disagreeable one day. "Old Meddleprate," Connie in her inward wrath had called her, then and afterward. Miss Haven had meddled, in the only way consonant with her principles, by going straight to the person concerned with her comment.

"Miss Connie, my dear," she had said, "an old woman sees things sometimes that a young one does not. We hear things, too. I am going to say frankly to you what I would resent for you, if I heard your affairs impertinently discussed. Don't you think it would be wise, perhaps, to change your day for going to town? People will remark when an attractive young girl receives continued attentions—and sometimes the remarks are a little unkind."

Connie had tossed her head, and said she didn't see that she could help it. People went in the cars every day, and her days with Miss Tintwell could not be managed differently.

When Dr. Harriman took coldly to the smoker, or cruelly read his evening paper, she wondered if "old Meddleprate" had been frank with him also.

Somebody had been frank with Dr. Harriman, but it had not been Miss Haven. Indeed, since that word "Engaged?" which had reached his ear with its significance, he had begun to be a little frank with himself, and to shape his behavior accordingly. But another word had been spoken with a directness of which perhaps only one person in Wewachet was exactly capable. Rill Raye was really fond of Connie Norris, though she did call her an awful goose. She felt herself to blame in the matter of Dr. Harriman, that she had helped on that first wild escapade which had begun the acquaintance; and a certain little guiltiness troubled her, innocent of design as she knew herself to be, in the perception that what Connie called "sailing on a new tack" was drawing Dr. Harriman toward her with some interest more evident than was manifest in all the light devotions which Connie complained were interfered with. Rill was moved by a threefold indignation—or impatience; with Connie, with the doctor and herself. So one day when she came into the library at the Point, and, passing through the reading-room, saw Connie and Dr. Harriman on opposite sides of the same pamphlet-strewn table, she went on to the desk without salutation, and was returning in the same manner, her head a little higher than was quite necessary, when the librarian spoke her name with a recall. "The book you asked for has just been brought in, Miss Raye," she said, as Rill returned to the upper end of the room; and in the little delay of transfer and delivery, Rill caught involuntarily a side glimpse of a transaction which sent her chin up a slight lift higher. Connie had written something on a slip of paper and pushed it across upon a Saturday Review to the doctor. The gentleman read, and answered verbally, in the low tone and few words to which the rules restricted conversation. Connie pulled back the book and crumpled the paper. At a table close by, Rill saw glances and smiles and eyebrow-creeps exchanged, and the expression of her own face became unmistakable. As she went out and drew the door behind her, she was conscious of a movement, and of a step following; a moment after, Dr. Harriman was beside her on the street. He gave her a pleasant greeting. Rill turned and flashed that strong expression full upon him. "Don't you know, Dr. Harriman," she said, in her clear, unflinching way, "that you are making Connie Norris talked about?"

"Am I?" He was too much of a gentleman to say more; but in the inflection of the two words there was, with unaffronted deference to herself, a slight under-query—"Is it all my fault?"

"You are an honest friend, Miss Raye," he said, "and a brave one; but isn't there sure to be talk in Wewachet, whatever one does—or does not do?"

"It must needs be that offenses come, I suppose," Rill said to that, succinctly; and left him to supply the remainder of the quotation for himself.

"I should be sorry to have you think ill of me, Miss Raye," said Dr. Harriman, when they had walked a few steps further in silence.

"The hardest thing is to have to think ill of one's self," said Rill gravely; "that is terrible." She spoke almost impersonally; whether in caution, or admonition, or any exaggerated consciousness lay her meaning, Dr. Harriman could hardly judge.

"I think you cannot possibly know much of what that would be," he said.

Rill looked up at him suddenly, as if out of momentary abstraction. "You cannot know anything about that," she answered him. And then she turned to leave him. "I have an errand for my aunt," she said, at the threshold of a shop door. "Good afternoon, Dr. Harriman."

It was after this that Dr. Harriman began to be queer and uncertain about his railway arrangements, and to take to evening papers and the smoker.

Miss Haven had not stopped with the disagreeable, however. She had been kind as well as frank with Cornelia Norris. She had made her welcome as a visitor to herself; and Connie, notwithstanding her resentment and her epithets, had accepted the sweet with the bitter, and availed herself of what she could get.

Miss Haven began to have quiet little afternoon teas. On certain days, when her friends came in, the silver teakettle was found upon her table, with baskets of delicate cakes; and people lingered in pleasant pairs and knots until sometimes the not very large room was full. But somehow it was never a "hash party"; the little word of being usually at home on these days was only spoken to a few, and they were mostly young people whom Miss Haven attracted about her, and among whom was a promotion of pleasant, informal intercourse that made them all really better acquainted, under such conditions of open limit as called for neither surveillance nor criticism. Miss Haven disliked very much a set form of matronizing; it was only required, she thought, when most really useless, or as an endorsing of what had better not be endorsed. She thought more homelike social opportunities ought to be arranged, and that much of what is called "going into society," was a mere hindering bewilderment, and no sociality at all.

Perhaps the immediate reminding motive of all this was a generous interest for Dr. Harriman and Connie. If there must be observation and talk of them, let it be brought here, under her countenance; it should be diverted, at any rate, from the railway trains. If it meant anything more than flirtation, let it have its fair, suitable chance, where the meaning might be apparent and responsible. Miss Haven was bent upon no one thing so much as that all things should be exactly right and true for every one. Possibly the good lady had not reckoned on the extension of Putnam King's opportunities; her "afternoons" were not the same on which he had ordinarily come; but the young man's arrangements proved very flexible, and he not only contrived to time himself with these new privileges, but fell into the way of frequent unexpected arrivals, which were rapidly establishing themselves into a rule of exceptions. Aunt Elizabeth, however, was no believer in manœuvre or control, to advance or repress. With her own gentle presence and oversight, she ventured to let things take their immediate unembarrassed course. The two young men were beginning to know each other better, and she liked this. If Putnam King were gravitating toward another special attraction, it was with no nonsense of trivial demonstration, but with a certain manly sobriety that now and then surprised her with its contrast to his ordinary gay, free, almost boyish fashions of speech and bearing. And it pleased her to see how the pond-lily beauty grew in the sweet reserves of Rill Raye, and how the new, fair dignity enfolded the girl with its garment of grace.

Dr. Harriman found in the safe limitations of the intercourse now opened, a happy retreat into friendly courtesy from more express and compromising assiduities. But Miss Connie Norris was not so satisfied, as we have seen. She must have conspicuous attendance. She delighted in events, adventures, situations. Miss Elizabeth Haven's afternoon teas would do very well just now, in an interim; she did not disdain them; but she chafed at dull proprieties and averaged pleasures. She consoled herself with the anticipation of gayer, freer things; with fun at large, and the chance and test of it, that were coming soon, in the great yearly picnic to Shepaug.

This had been talked of one afternoon at Miss Haven's. In a week or two, it would come off. Everybody would be there; everybody always was; it was the last festival afield of the season.

"It is the great event of Wewachet; and there is nothing so lovely as Shepaug," some one said to Putnam King, taking his attendance for granted, and describing to him the delights he might expect. "You'll be with us, of course, Miss Haven?"

"I am afraid not. I am to be with friends in Newport at about that time."

"Oh, don't! Come back for the day, at least. You mustn't miss it, and we can't miss you. We want Mr. King, too."

"I'm not much good at a picnic," said Mr. King, laughing. "They always have seemed to me like Dickens's circumlocution office—a how-not-to-do-it sort of institution. You can't get the things you want to eat, and you can't find the people you want to see, and the lovely place you go to isn't there; it's all blotted out by the crowd."

"All the more reason you should go with us to Shepaug. We manage things differently; and Shepaug can't be blotted out."

"I dare say; I have great confidence in you," returned Mr. King, smiling. Connie Norris came up with a little rush. "Shepaug?" she cried. "O, I wouldn't miss it for a farm! No, not for a copper mine, or a whole western railroad! Dr. Harriman, *you* have never seen Shepaug."

Dr. Harriman, taken *en passant*, like a pawn at chess, stopped perforce.

"O yes, Miss Connie. I have driven there," he said.

"Indeed, you can't have half seen it that way," rejoined Miss Connie. "The loveliest walks and climbs and views! Why, Mr. King was objecting to the crowd. You wouldn't know a crowd was there, except right in the middle. We all go our own way, and the only trouble is which way to choose."

"Or *whom* to choose as fellow pilgrim," said the lady who was talking with Putnam King, as Connie and the doctor moved along a little toward Miss Haven and the teacups. "It is just the place for a good, honest, open-air flirtation."

"Is there such a thing?" inquired Mr. King.

"As what? The thing, or such quality of the thing?"

"What is flirtation?"

"Really, it is very undefinable. Miss Haven, this innocent young man wants to know what flirtation is. Suppose we resolve ourselves into a debating society and find out. Don't you know, Miss Connie?"

Connie Norris laughed. "We're in a library. There's a Webster's Dictionary here, somewhere, I suppose," she answered, not unreadily.

"Very well, let us put it to Webster, then. Only it will be like picking a field flower out of a herbarium."

"O, really!" exclaimed Putnam King. "That *is* defining it beforehand with a coolness and freshness. That is imputing innocence and simplicity at once."

"Yes. I don't mean the cut and dried article, bear in mind. There *is* a fresh and innocent sort."

"Maybe. If you look far enough back for it, in the early and unconscious years. But I thought we were speaking of men and women. Of a good, honest, recognized thing."

"You hold to your point with a legal exactness. Well, we will concede it—I did mean that; only I spoke of young people, not case-hardened old stagers."

"I see; there must be lines; it all depends upon where you draw them."

"Of course. And that is what our survey is for. Dr. Harriman, won't you look?"

Dr. Harriman had no choice. The big dictionary was at his elbow.

"What is it?" asked the impatient lady, the moment he ceased furling the leaves.

"Playing at courtship, Mrs. Sudley," the doctor answered, clearly and unabashed. Brought to bay, Dr. Harriman could face the occasion. "But that is not an inside definition, I think. It is the statement of a looker-on. Dr. Webster probably never flirted."

A gentle, musical laugh was the rejoinder. "Shall we look to you for an inner interpretation, Dr. Harriman?" and the laugh broke out, irresistibly, around him.

With a perfectly composed face Dr. Harriman met the assault. Connie Norris, who had shrunk a little backward, was all pink and fluttering, like a breeze-shaken rose.

"I should say it might be tentative acquaintance, Mrs. Sudley," Dr. Harriman replied.

"And the question is, how much of that is allowable?"

"Precisely, I suppose."

"Mr. King, it is your turn. You raised the point."

"From all that I have ever seen of the thing, I should say it was a self-defeating experiment."

"Oh, that won't do! That is more outside. You are worse than Webster."

"You could hardly expect me to try an inside view, holding such a theory, Mrs. Sudley?"

"Mr. King, I prophesy for you a brilliant career at the bar. But won't you explain?"

"I think Dr. Harriman's argument, in the nature of the case, should have precedence."

"I do not know that I have undertaken any case. The demand upon me seems rather of the character of a subpœna," said Dr. Harriman, with careless good humor.

"Very well; bear witness, doctor," said Mrs. Sudley, gayly. "Yet, after all, it is a debate, you see, not a case in court. Now don't pun; we want serious work."

Perhaps Dr. Harriman was not sorry to define indirectly his own position.

"Seriously, then, Mrs. Sudley," he said to her, with an air that might carry gracefully either jest or earnest, "I do not see, unless we are to rush blindfold into matrimony, or adopt French customs and leave arrangements to our ancestors, why we should not be entitled to what I call 'tentative acquaintance.' I don't see how we are to do without it."

"What do you call 'tentative acquaintance,' Dr. Harriman?" questioned Putnam King.

"Why a certain degree of intimacy; a certain amount of——" he hesitated.

"Monopoly?" suggested Mr. King.

"Well, yes, if you put it so," replied the doctor, laughing. "Some chance to try sympathies, and find out character, and prove how much or how little two persons may like and suit each other. But if there is to be watching and outcry, and the whole community either down upon them or forcing their affairs to a conclusion, then—I don't see what becomes of the preamble to the constitution of the United States."

"Or of any united states at all," said Mrs. Sudley, laughing.

"You punned; I didn't," quoth the doctor.

Mrs. Sudley turned to Mr. King. "Dr. Harriman has explained 'tentative acquaintance,' she said. "Suppose you instruct us as to how it is a 'self-defeating experiment?'"

Putnam King was absolutely grave. His boyish banter was laid aside. At this moment he seemed the maturer of the two men. "I think," he said, "by being a trying on of an intimacy that is not expected necessarily to last. There isn't any real test in it. It assumes what was first to be found out: leaving, as the only thing to be found out, the probable mistake. I think acquaintance needs to be a slower, more mixed, process; that people should see each other in their other relations, where the play of character comes out. Monopoly, through a mere passing attraction, isn't acquaintance at all. Two persons are just what they choose to seem to each other, for the sake of pleasing. It isn't a fair thing, especially to a woman."

"Where is the unfairness, if it is understood as tentative?" asked Dr. Harriman.

"In that very understanding," replied Putnam King.

(*To be continued*).

HER clothes were certainly very ragged; no one could dispute that. Her toes were rebellious and objected to staying in her boots. 'Lis'beth looked at them despairingly. She was only nine, yet she could reason. "If I was as cold as my feet am," she mused, "and had any place to go, I just wouldn't stay out in the cold. So now!" And made a desperate attempt to get her resolute little members under cover. It was useless. They would persist in peering out at the world, so 'Lis'beth gave in and started on her travels once more.

Nearly all that day she had wandered up and down Washington street looking for a home. Her father had left her three days before on a drunken spree, with no place in particular to lay her head. She was not greatly disturbed at that, however, being used to it. It was not the first time she had been left to herself since her mother died. What troubled her was the fact that during those three days she had eaten nothing but a piece of bread an old Irish woman had given her. A nine-year-old stomach isn't proof against everything, and 'Lis'beth, too proud to beg, couldn't always keep back the tears. Somewhere in all that big city, she thought, there must be something for her; but the ragged boots had flopped on all day, obedient to the tired little feet, and still 'Lis'beth was hungry.

Suddenly she made up her mind she would go up where the rich people lived and see if they didn't want a little girl. "So much money to spare," said 'Lis'beth, "somebody'll surely take me." Poor little trusting soul! Not to know that among all those riches there was no corner of a home, no single penny to spare a tiny outcast.

She turned her steps and went towards the west. It had been a cold, gray February day, and the short winter twilight had already commenced to deepen into the long winter night.

"Boston's a big place," said 'Lis'beth cheerily, watching the electric lights one by one flash into being. "Guess its most as big as the world." She could afford to be philosophical now. She could even talk cheerfully to herself for company. Wasn't she going home —somewhere?

She turned into Commonwealth avenue, and paused a moment before one of the long flights of steps, praying a little prayer her mother had taught her. Prayed with all her baby might for a home, in the only words she knew—"Please, God, bless everybody and make me a good girl." Yet I think the listening angels understood, and laid a blessing on 'Lis'beth's head.

The child climbed the long stone steps and timidly rang the bell. How warm it looked inside, she thought. Through the long draperies at the windows she could look in where the soft light flooded beautiful pictures and rich furnishings. "I guess I'll like to live here," she said. Just then a servant came to the door and 'Lis'beth raised her eyes. The girl regarded the ragged mite before her, curiously. "What do you wish for?" she asked, not unkindly.

"Please, marm, a home," said 'Lis'beth.

The girl laughed. "There is none here for you," she answered, and closed the door.

'Lis'beth sank down on the door-step, stunned and sobbing, feeling as Rasselas might have felt when the gates of the Happy Valley clanged behind him. The snow had begun falling, and 'Lis'beth watched the soft flakes through her tears, almost envying the harsh, bare pavement they covered so tenderly. "There ain't no place for me," said she.

The door behind her opened softly once more, and a little boy looked out. He had heard the servant's description of the little waif who so coolly demanded a home, and his childish heart was touched, so he had quietly crept out, intending to follow that poor little girl and bring her back. A little startled at having his search so suddenly rewarded, he stood motionless for a moment, looking down at the shivering, ragged heap before him. Then he stooped over and touched it. The heap stirred and moaned, then two bright eyes, that all the tears and hunger had not been able to dim, looked up at him.

"What is the matter?" asked the child.

"I'm hungry," sobbed 'Lis'beth, "and I'm cold, an'——" she broke down and cried bitterly.

"Hush!" said the child, "Don't cry. You shall come in and have somefin' to eat. I'll ask Nurse."

"No, don't yer!" cried 'Lis'beth. "They'd send me off an' I'm only restin'."

"Then I won't," answered the boy, "but I'll bring you somefin,' you wait a minute," and he closed the door only to open it again in a few minutes with a large napkin in his hands, filled with hastily snatched goodies from the dining-room. "Eat it quick!" he said, "before Nurse finds me."

'Lis'beth's eyes dilated as she took the proffered food. "Thank you," she said, gratefully, "You're awful good."

The small boy was not at all averse to compliments. He liked them, and rather gloried in what he had done, but he bore his laurels modestly, nevertheless.

"The boy stooped and touched his childish lips to hers."

"That's all right," he said. "I'm sorry, and I've brought you ten cents my mamma gave me to-day. Where is your mamma?"

"Dead," said 'Lis'beth, briefly, taking the money and smiling at the velvet-clad child.

"What is 'dead'?" he asked her curiously.

"Oh, I don't know," said 'Lis'beth. "It's layin' down an' not breathin'. It's different from bein' drunk. Father, he's drunk—most always."

"Oh!" said the child, regarding 'Lis'beth as a woman of wide experience. "Which had you ravver be—dead or drunk?"

"Dead," answered 'Lis'beth. "Mother is."

The child nodded as though he understood. "Do you like flowers?" he asked presently.

'Lis'beth's eyes sparkled. "Yes," she said, with her mouth too full to talk easily.

"You wait a minute then, and I'll get you a present," he answered, and ran into the house. His little heart was filled with pity for this poor little girl whose mamma was dead, and whose papa was drunk—most always. He came back in a moment and pressed a flower-pot into 'Lis'beth's hands.

"Keep it where its warm and sunny," he said hurriedly. "By-and-by it'll be pretty. It's an Easter lily. I must go now. Nurse is calling me. Good-bye, little girl."

He stooped and touched his childish lips to hers, then shut the door, leaving 'Lis'beth alone once more, this time thoroughly dazed.

No one had ever kissed her since her mother died, and the unfamiliar caress burned deep into her warm little heart and comforted it.

She finished the remainder of the food, then carefully folded the napkin and placed it close to the door, considering in the meantime, with a gravity far beyond her years, what her next move should be.

Presently she arose, and after fastening the pennies in a corner of her dress, she went down the steps, hugging the flower-pot as though it were something living.

Down the avenue, past the beautiful houses she went, looking wistfully at them once in a while, yet knowing now they were not for her.

It snowed faster and faster, and 'Lis'beth's tired little feet just managed to drag themselves over the ground. By-and-by she crawled under the shelter of a friendly porch, and sank down in a little shivering heap, too utterly exhausted to move another step, and wrapped her precious plant tight in her skirts to keep it warm.

If she had been some well-fed, well-clad little child, she would, in all probability, have frozen that night. Being only "'Lis'beth," a waif, accustomed to the street from her earliest childhood, she only moaned a little occasionally, and tried to warm her purple hands next her skin, or rubbed her tired little limbs with despairing energy, in a fruitless attempt to cure the ache.

All around her, that night people lay in soft, warm beds, and shivering said, how cold it was. 'Lis'beth said nothing. She only waited. God must have made a mistake, she thought, that would come right in time. Perhaps her prayer hadn't reached him yet. It was a long way to Heaven.

So the night wore away, and in the early morning 'Lis'beth carefully shielding her flower-pot, trudged on again, seeking she knew not what.

Towards noon she wandered down towards the wharves, where a rough workman shared his scanty dinner with her. Then she came back, talking to the plant she held in her arms, as she went along. It had become a companion to her, so soon, and was an unspeakable comfort.

"We'll go down town," said 'Lis'beth, "and look for work." She had not the faintest, most remote idea what "looking for work" meant, but remembering it as one of her father's pet phrases, used it with a child's love for effect. "We's a lonesome couple," she went on, "you an' me is, Lily. Don't seem to be no kinder place fer us, does it? I wonder if God's got my prayer yet. Its an awful bother for prayers to have to go such a long ways. I wish I could find a Lord with a *skin* face. Maybe he'd understan' better. 'Course we can't 'spect anybody such a far ways off to think much 'bout us, Lily." She turned into Bedford street just then, and startled at something, slipped and fell, never losing hold of her treasured lily, however, which, strange to say, was not injured in the least. Not so with 'Lis'beth. When she tried to rise it was only to moan and fall back again with a strange, shooting pain in her back. Then everything grew dark, and she knew nothing of the curious faces that bent over her nothing of the quick alarm of the ambulance, nor of the ride to the hospital. When she opened her eyes again, it was to find herself in a clean, white bed, with sunlight streaming in at the window opposite, and a pleasant warmth in the air. On a little stand beside her bed was her pet companion, the Easter lily.

"She looked at it attentively for a moment, and then turned to me."

I have seen many sad sights, many heart-rending things in my hospital life, but nothing that ever touched me more than the pitiful, questioning face raised to mine.

"Is this Heaven?" said 'Lis'beth. "Has God got my prayer? Do you help God take care of folks?"

"No, dear," I answered. "This is only the hospital, and I am your nurse. I am going to take care of you and get you nice and strong. Can you tell me your name, dear?"

"*I'm* only 'Lis'beth. But this"—speaking with infinite affection and pointing to the plant beside her—"this is Lily. She's my friend, please ma'am."

"Yes," I said. "I thought you cared a great deal for her. No, don't move," for she had attempted to turn, and moaned a little with the sudden pain.

"You have hurt your back, dear, and must lie very quietly. Do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am," said 'Lis'beth patiently.

I gave her a cooling drink and then sat down beside her. Little by little her sad bit of history came to light.

"Iv'e been thinkin' I'd have to go to Heaven long o' mother," she finished. "There don't seem to be no place for me an' Lily here. I've got ten cents the little boy gave me. Do you s'pose God'll charge more'n' that fer us two?"

The tears rained down my cheeks. "No, little one," I said. "When you are ready to go, there will be a place for you."

February passed, March came and went, and April dawned. 'Lis'beth still lay in her bed, making no complaint, but wasting day by day. We had all come to love the patient little soul, and could not bear to think of the parting we knew was coming slowly, but surely.

The wonderful lily had a wonderful bud, and 'Lis'beth watched it grow and swell from day to day with eager eyes. "It will be open for Easter, dear," one of the nurses said to her one day.

"What's Easter?" asked 'Lis'beth, wonderingly.

So Nurse Mary told her of the Lord of the children, pointing Him out in the picture that hung on the wall, among the little throng. Told of how He died, and how on the third day the angels rolled the stone away from the tomb, and the living Lord came out, "and that is Easter," said Nurse Mary.

'Lis'beth pondered and her eyes turned wistfully toward the lily bud, but she said nothing.

The days went on. 'Lis'beth was in a high fever, and we feared for her life, but the Easter morning dawned clear and beautiful, and with it came a return to consciousness for 'Lis'beth. The lily had opened and the first thing her eyes rested upon were its perfect petals. The fresh morning sun bathed the flower in its streams of pure light as 'Lis'beth eagerly stretched out her lean little arms—an eagerness that told how close the flower had been to her thoughts—perhaps even in her hours of sleep.

"Will you break it off for me?" she asked. "Is it Easter? Nurse Mary said it would bloom for Easter."

"Yes, dear," I said. "It is Easter-day," and gave her the beautiful blossom.

She looked at it attentively for a moment, then turned to me. "I think it is very pretty," she said, "but I dont know about the Lord. I meant to give it to him. Is it good enough, do you think?"

Her voice was very weak, almost a whisper. I felt her pulse and knew the messenger was near, whom 'Lis'beth would welcome.

"Darling," I said. "To-day you shall go to the Lord and take him your lily. He will like it, I know."

She heaved a contented little sigh. "It'll be a long ways," she whispered. "I guess I'll go to sleep and rest a bit. Will you kiss me, please?"

I bent over the dying child with my eyes filled with tears.

"Rest well, dear little girl," I said, and watched the breath flutter between the pale lips a little longer. It was only a slight flutter, fainter and fainter!

Then it went out, and 'Lis'beth gave her Easter lily to the Lord on Easter morn.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

BY EMMA C. DOWD

I told Hezekiah to tell Widow Gray
To tell Mother Brown, next door,
To tell Dicky Dwight, who goes that way,
To tell Deacon Barnes, at the store,
To tell the old stage-driver, Timothy Bean,
To come for me, sure, and in season;
But I've waited all day, and no stage have I seen;
Now what do you think is the reason?

HOW TO TEACH THE BIBLE

A SERIES OF THREE BRIEF PAPERS OF HELPFUL HINTS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS

BY GEORGE W. CABLE

CONCLUDING PAPER

THE ART OF STUDYING THE PUPIL

E must help our pupils to think for themselves. Yet while we teach them that it is only by their own thought and desire they can truly reach the great ultimate conclusions necessary to the soul's salvation, the teacher's great office remains to smooth the way and shorten the journey to those conclusions. On one hand the skillful teacher will—not minutely, but largely—accommodate himself and his teaching to the natural qualities and tendencies of the particular pupil's mind. To emotional and imaginative temperaments he will ever be holding forth that a heart which ignores the head is forgetting its marriage vows; while to unsusceptible and argumentative natures he will keep it ever in view that the citadel of the soul is not the head, but the heart. Hence, on the other hand, whatever the temperament with which he is dealing he will remember that the heart is the objective point, and that, be the pupil of what sort he may, it is a hundred times easier to get the essentials of Christianity into his head by way of his heart than into his heart by way of his head.

The careful teacher will also duly adapt his teaching to the pupil's earlier training and preconceptions. Where he finds a pupil's notions of God's nature and methods and of man's duties and destiny, poorer and lower than his own, he will begin there to build better before he hints of destroying what has been faultily built. Every soul is a ship in a storm, and a wise commander will slip no anchor-chain because it is too weak, until a stronger has taken its place and made the weaker only an encumbrance.

II.

SIMPLIFYING THE LESSONS

But, even while he is doing this, a wise teacher will not fail to teach also that the largeness and accuracy of the Christian's notions of God and duty, important as they are, are not the sheet-anchor of his hope. That anchor, he will teach, is a far simpler thing; it is his heart's acceptance of God's mercy, authority and love. What a parable was that great storm a year or so ago in Apia Bay. There, when every anchor dragged, the captain of one ship, the great engine heart of which was strong enough to make his purpose good, slipped his anchors, and, as he passed the helpless Trenton, shouted to her commander, "I am going out to sea!"—went, and rode out on the open deep, the storm that filled the harbor with wrecks. So may the wise Bible teacher teach that when our best notions of God and duty fail us, like dragging anchors on a bad anchorage, the contrite soul, with all its doubts, may still cast itself upon the boundless sea of the Divine mercy and find safety and peace.

The effort of the wise teacher will be ever toward the completer simplification of God's truth and salvation's terms. He will never lead downward into the darkness of the Bible's obscurities; he will ever be leading upward into the light of its great simplicities. He will never treat a pupil's sincere doubt with resentment, contempt, or any other form of unkindness; and he will treat every doubt as sincere until it is glaringly proved not to be so.

He will teach that there are more things in the Bible that one need not try to rescue from all doubt than most persons admit there are. And he will teach his pupils the very best use of doubts; which is, to turn us ever back to the few great things that cannot be doubted, and to the priceless things which we learn to believe by wisely acting as if we believed them. Some doubts may be even best left unsettled. Where, for instance, a doubt is a mere hesitation between varying interpretations of a Scripture passage, he will teach each pupil to hold fast to whatever he finds *good* in each and all of them, and to put aside without fear, as without pride, whatever is not.

III.

THE PUPIL'S OWN SAKE

Let us not run into a multitude of good rules. When one asks for rules I seem at once to see and hear a thousand of them filling the atmosphere about the poor teacher's head, buzzing and threatening, but finding no central, sovereign, queen-bee truth to swarm upon, and I feel that there must be some one transcendant formula wanting to the art of teaching, which no one yet has found. I search vainly in others' counsel, and in my own mind for this undiscovered truth, this absent keystone, and such poor success as I can pluck from the thorny tangle of my mistakes and failures, I seem to get—as far as method is concerned—by believing in the existence of such a supreme principle, and in still seeking though never finding it.

Principle, I say; not rule. Rules are risky things, soon worn out, easily spoiled, and, however good, bad as soon as they obscure our view of principles. A principle, I say; but just where or what it is, I cannot surely tell. I can only suggest one or two thoughts more that seem to me to point the direction which our search for this great heart-truth of the whole art of Bible-teaching ought to take.

One of these is the thought that we should teach always visibly and supremely in the pupil's personal interest; not supremely in society's, nor the Bible's, nor the Church's—neither our own Church nor the Church universal—nor even supremely in our Lord Christ's interest, save as He has made His interest identical with that of every human soul. If on a certain ship only one man could be sent as missionary to heathen lands, and two were eager to go, and each seemed as fit as the other, and our Lord himself were bodily present to choose between them, and should ask each one why he so yearned to go, and the first should answer, "For thy sake, Lord," and the second should answer, "Lord, for the heathen's own sake," verily, the second would be His first choice.

To apply this principle successfully, to teach always visibly and absorbingly in the pupil's personal interest, there is but one way. That is, to love the pupil; not merely to love his *soul*—that phrase is too often a cheat and a snare; but to love the whole pupil's every true interest, even as Christ loves ours. If we cannot begin our teaching with such love, if for a time only "the love of Christ constraineth us," yet let that move us diligently to *make* ourselves love our pupils, few or many, in general and in particular, all and singular. If we can begin no better we can at least act out the love we only wish we felt; acting it out not in mere manners, but in acts and works lovingly and lovably performed, which by impulse we would do only for those we love.

And this sort of teaching need not at all take the form or spirit of any mischievous concession to the pupil's selfishness. Let this thought inform it: That this universe is a great unit. It is not a mere aggregation—it is a vast harmony. Whenever, wherever, whatever, in science, art, history, letters, morals, government or handicraft we set about to teach, we ought, it seems to me, to make it plain in the very start that we are about to consider an integral, inseparable part of all things. I fancy I could so delight a little child with some picturesque account of the great world of knowledge to which the alphabet is one key that he would not rest until he had learned how to turn that key in its lock.

I might find much trouble to attract the attention and interest of a pupil, young or old, to the matter I wish him to consider; but keeping practically in view myself this great harmonious oneness of all things, I should stoop to conquer, and should hope to succeed by first giving my attention and interest to any matter, tangible or intangible, in earth, air or sea, that *he* might wish to consider. Nor should I make this a rule merely, nor a resort in emergency; I should hold it an ever new, ever old, ever active *principle* of relation and operation between teacher and pupil: To buy his interest in my themes with my interest in his—always.

For surely the first great step in a teacher's work, every day, every hour, ought to be to find a worthy and practical relationship between the pupil and the thing to be taught. And this may always be found. Of this great creation, nay, of such uncreated eternal things as absolute truth also—of all this harmony of finites and infinites—every human frame and intelligence is a part. Everything in the great Entirety is somehow each soul's, each body's, affair. Let us, then, labor ever to find out with what things in this great Entire our pupil already feels and enjoys his personal relationship, and bring the things we want to teach him into closer relationship with them. Wherefore let teacher and pupil, like quartermaster and steersman standing at the wheel together, look unceasingly to the practical, personal bearing and result of each lesson, as to a common guiding star.

Men ask, Shall we teach the Bible in week-day school? Why not lay the stress on teaching *religion*, with or without the Bible? Religion will still be in its eternal youth when the Bible has fulfilled its mighty office, and passed away from that heaven where there is no temple. Religion is not a knowledge of certain things; it is a state of the heart in which all knowledge should be received and used. How can any good teacher help but teach religion? It is co-extensive with the universe. It is not mere ecclesiastical or academical tenets; it is not any *part* of life; it is only the whole science and art of life animated and inspired by a universally pervasive and perfect philosophy, the very alphabet of all correct teaching, an alphabet whose Alpha and Omega are Unselfishness.

But unselfishness is not self-annihilation, nor any effort after it. It is but the subordination of Self to its place in the universal harmony. Its result is—what its motive must never be or the result fails—an immeasurably greater and better aggrandizement of self than any self-seeking can possibly attain. True teaching, then, whether in the Bible or not, can be only that sort which moves the student to ask, of every offered acquisition, not How can this serve Self? but, What self-equipment will this add for that blessed service of the universal harmony, which by its nature tends to make the whole universe myself, and saves me from the folly and ruin of trying to make Self my universe?

With this purpose in view, however we may accommodate ourselves to one pupil's shortness of view or another's narrowness of interest, we shall still reflect somewhat of that Light which ever kindly leads toward those great things, to the understanding and acceptance of which, as we have said, books and scholarship are but ladders and scaffolding; only mere aids, however great they may be, and not essentials.

SPRING FASHIONS

BY LUCY E. TILLEY

Now, old dame Nature was worn and anxious,
For winter was slipping fast away,
While scarcely a stitch had yet been taken
On gowns that were needed the first of May.
And while she busily cut and fashioned,
Her children clamored in wild distress;
Each one giving a hundred directions
As to the color and style of her dress.

"Red," cried the tall and queenly Tulip,
"Blue," begged the Violet, shy and sweet;
"White," said the Jonquil, "white, remember;"
"Purple," the Pansy exclaimed in a heat.
While through the clamor and din of voices
For yellow and lavender, buff and white,
Old dame Nature worked busily onward,
Striving to please them as best she might.

But, lo! when the children went a-Maying,
Their tiny gowns were a sorry sight;
In each were mingled, in strange confusion,
Breadths of yellow and blue and white.
Instead of red the queenly Tulip
Came out in colors of every hue;
While the mortified Pansy was wearing
A gown of purple and pink and blue.

The Crocus, too, was most unhappy,
And marched off home in a terrible huff,
Because her beautiful dress was ruined
By mixing its lavender breadths with buff.
But was it strange, ye thoughtful people,
With all the worry and care of mind,
With all the endless stitching, stitching,
That the weary mother grew color-blind?

MOTHERS AS MATCH-MAKERS

BY AMELIA E. BARR

MERICAN girls, when under twenty years of age, are apt to feel that the earth and the fullness thereof, is only made for them. They have a firm belief in their ability to guide themselves as well, and a great deal better, than their mothers can guide them. And to suppose that evils or dangers exist, for which advice or guardianship is necessary, is to suppose something which insults their sense of their own merits. Nevertheless, the words "training" and "education" as applied to the young imply a conscious need of guardianship; nor have we yet found out that young maidens can do without mothers to guide them; or that mothers survive for them, only in the form of chaperons. Through infancy, childhood and girlhood, the mother's wisdom has been acknowledged and deferred to. Nurses, teachers, physicians, companions, friends, books, costumes, she has chosen all, and chosen all well; and the daughter led by her love and advice, has grown up to a beautiful and desirable woman. Is it possible that the kindness and wisdom hitherto so sufficient, now becomes antiquated and insufficient, and that the mother who has hitherto directed her daughter in every situation and emergency of her life, is in the choice of a husband for that daughter, suddenly smitten with blindness and incapacity? Does the sweet, strong love of a mother turn to selfishness and folly, when the most important crisis of her daughter's life arrives?

There is no race of young people yet born with old heads upon their shoulders, nor should we desire it. The unreasonableness, the extravagances, and the illusions of youth are part of its charming conditions. But a husband is to be chosen, not alone for the quickly fleeting hours of youth; he is to be a friend and supporter through the burden and heat of the day, and a companion for the long shadows of the evening of life. Therefore no girl can afford to choose a husband as she would choose a partner in a dance, and yet this is what many girls are inclined to do.

There is, therefore, a kind of match-making which it is a mother's duty to attempt. But it has strict limitations. It resolves itself into the simple duty of introducing to her daughter young men whose moral character is good, who are in a position to marry, and who, physically, are not likely to repel her. The young people may then safely be left to their own instincts. There should be no attempt to coerce; no moral force used to make even a suitable marriage; though extremities may lawfully be used to prevent an evil marriage.

The American mother of high social standing is apt to assume a Pharisaical attitude on this subject, and to thank God that she is not as those French mothers; no, nor yet as many English mothers; she allows her daughter to marry the man of her choice. This class of American mothers are a little cleverer than French and English mothers; but in the end, they do about the same thing. They follow the tactics of the gamekeeper who wishes to drive partridge into a particular turnip field. He simply drives them out of all other fields, and the birds, after trying many other stubbles in vain, resign themselves in sheer weariness to the turnip field. So also these willful young American girls, after finding a dozen hopeful "affairs" ruthlessly broken off, resign themselves to the husband originally destined for them in the maternal mind. There has been a little skillful parrying with the foolishness bound up in the heart of a maiden, but the question of "force" is hardly supposable with an American girl, and in the end, she will very likely admit that the match-making was in reality—happiness-making.

A mother's match-making really begins while her daughter's education is in progress. And it is one of the strangest of facts, that mothers generally force this education in the direction of those qualities likely to amuse young men—music, dancing, singing, dressing, playing games, chaffing wittily, etc. Now, such attractions are likely to procure plenty of flirtation; but young men rarely marry the girls they flirt with. And why do not mothers consider, most of all, that approaching period in their daughters' lives when they will, or ought to, cease being made love to? Why should the preparation for young ladyhood absorb all a girl's education? For it is a condition very transient, and likely to be the very reverse of what the rest of her life ought to be. How many girl's schools are considerate of this fact? How many curriculums contain any arrangement for education for wifehood or parenthood? Yet, what man wishes to pass his life with a woman whose only charm is the power to amuse him? He might as wisely dine every day upon candy sugar.

It is often said that Romance is shocked at the idea of a mother finding a husband for her daughter. With equal truth it may be asserted that Delicacy is shocked at a young girl hunting a husband entirely by herself. Mother and home throw a charm and a refinement around such efforts, and no good young man will refuse to acknowledge the wisdom and respectability of the English custom that "a wife is to be courted on her father's hearthstone." Men all need the corrective influence of a noble social standard, and it is in the home women create that standard.

Mothers then ought to supplement by their own experience the inexperience and emotions of their daughters, and to warn them against passions which bring evil unless guarded and directed to good ends. For the marriages of affection, on which we are apt to pride ourselves, are very often simply marriages of youthful caprice. It must be supposed if any marriages are made by love, run-away matches are such. Yet how very, very few of such matches turn out well! Asking my own memory for the proportion, I am compelled to admit that of the large number I have known, *not one* was fortunate or happy in its results.

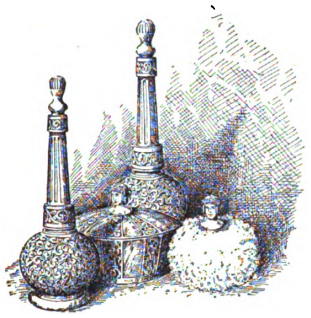
It is very easy to resent this supposed necessity of guarding girlish innocency, but it is a necessity in spite of all protestations to the contrary. If, indeed, the young are capable of self-direction, then mothers are a mistake, and all that Holy Writ and wise men have said, is false and antiquated, and behind the youth of this generation.

But surely a mother who has made all the conditions of her daughter's life for eighteen years, may at least advise her child on the making of her marriage and her home. For, if she be a good mother, she will always consider that within due limits a marriageable daughter, should be intrusted with her own destiny. She will know that it is one of the secrets of wise management to manage as little as possible, and never to interfere in things of small moment. Needless interference, fussy affection, want of tact, love of management, minute surveillance, these are the motherly faults which drive girls into what they call love marriages, but which are really marriages made from self-will, or desire of change, or restlessness under a domineering will, or even the simple wish to go counter to some authoritively expressed wish of father or mother.

Such girls risk men of whose antecedents they can make no inquiry—that is a parent's duty—and whose income they take on trust. Can a young girl say to her lover, "How large is your income?" She has, beside, a romantic idea that money considerations soil marriage. She is quite willing to live in a cottage with the man of her heart. And too often love in a cottage comes in for all the hardships of a cottage without love. Not every dinner of herbs is better than the stalled ox, and young ladies disposed to try the experiment without motherly advice or interference, must at least be sure that they really have the love which alone can make the dinner of herbs at all palatable.

PRETTY THINGS FOR THE BOUDOIR

EVERY human being in the world, especially every woman being, likes to have a place that is exclusively her own, and where, when she wishes, she may enjoy the delights of solitude. This need has long ago been recognized by the French people, who give to the young girl, or the matron, her boudoir; that is to say—according to the exact translation—a place in which to pout, just as a parlor is a place in which to talk. Now, oftentimes one has to combine one's sleeping room and one's boudoir, but it does not follow of necessity that the room may not be just as pretty and just as individual as when it is used simply and solely for one thing. However, most of our American houses are sufficiently large to permit one room to be given over for the boudoir, and really, with very slight expense, it may be made so charming a nest that the irritated bird that flies thither to permit its angry passions to rise, will, by the very charm of the room, find melody the best expression of its mood.

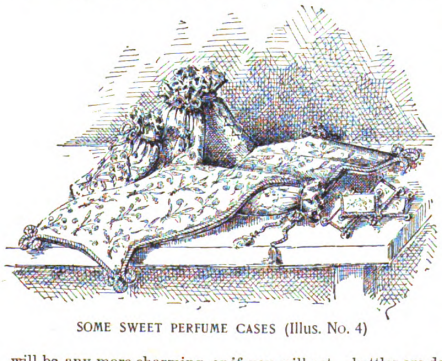


A GROUP OF DAINTY TRAPS (Illus. No. 3)

ONE PRETTY ROOM

A VERY pretty room has white matting upon the floor, its walls covered with satiny-looking paper that is a faint shade of rose, and the furniture carefully enameled in white with a line of gold wherever it is most suitable. The matting cost but little and was easily put down. The paper-hanger did the walls; but the chairs and little tables that formed the furniture of the room, were originally plain wood ones and were enameled by the proprietor of the pretty den. An artist friend had contributed to the room a series of mottoes painted on the wall; over the dressing case it was told that "Patience is the price one pays for being beautiful"; over the books one was reminded that "In good books and old friends one finds the best society," while facing you, as you entered the room, and just above a group of lounging chairs, was the wise admonition "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." You see this was proper because confidences sometimes go to far.

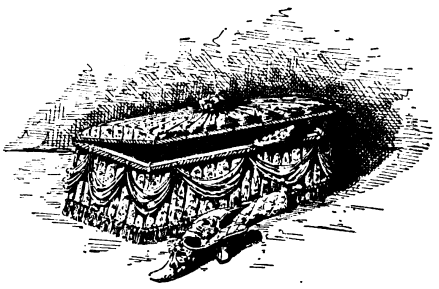
The books were all kinds and sorts, and the shelves in which they rested were in corners and at sides of the room; but the shelves themselves were very plain ones built by the village carpenter, having their edges enameled in white and with all sorts of special belongings in the way of photographs, bric-a-brac, dinner favors, and whatever told of my lady herself, placed on top. No pictures? O, yes; there were a few water-colors, a great many good photographs, and one or two etchings, all very simply framed and all being souvenirs. Then a great number of unframed photographs were in a large Japanese tray for the visitor to look at. This room is only described as an evidence of how pretty a simple room may be. Of course, if you happen to be among the people who can spend quantities of money you can make your own nest a very gorgeous one; but I doubt if it will be any more charming, or if you will get from it more pleasue.



SOME SWEET PERFUME CASES (Illus. No. 4)

THE DRESSING-TABLE

THE dressing-table is shown at illustration No. 1. It stands against the wall between two windows so that the light comes directly upon her who is arranging her hair. It is simply an ordinary table covered with white scrim, in which is set an insertion of coarse Russian lace and a frill of the same. Down the centre of the front, after a pretty French fashion, is put a double row of fine pink rose buds. A drapery of the scrim with the lace edge, is about the upper part, and a quille of pink ribbon outlines the table. Against the wall, at the back, is a full drapery of the scrim with its lace border, and against it rests a round mirror, the simple wood-frame of which is covered with white, and then has pink ribbons wrapped round it and an arrangement of ribbons and roses at the top. Gilt hooks are fastened in the wall, come beyond it, and over them falls the scrim drapery that enframes the mirror. Nothing could be prettier than this table, and yet nothing could be simpler. If it is preferred, any of the cretonnes may be used instead of scrim, though with them the flowers would be out of place. Dotted muslin could be used exactly as is the scrim and bolting cloth, though much more expensive, is effective and may be made more so if one has the art of embroidery at one's finger ends and knows how to decorate it with clusters of pansies, violets, roses or whatever one's favorite flower may be.



THE PRETTY SHOE BOX (Illus. No. 2)

A FEMININE HABIT

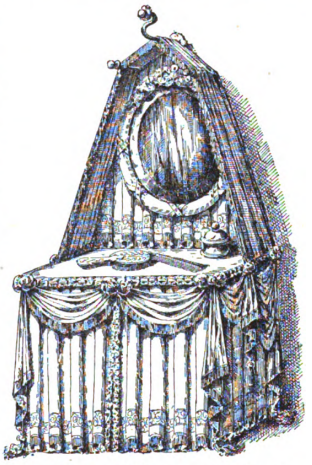
IT is essentially feminine when one steps out of one's shoes, to leave them exactly where they fall, and it is only among the very neatest of women that one finds shoes arranged in the order which they should be; so among the other pretty things for the boudoir may be counted a receptacle for the slippers, the low shoes, and even the sturdy boots, so that none of them will look like a blot upon the dainty room. This box (Illustration No. 2) is a plain pine one, lined throughout with heavy muslin of a dull écru shade, and having regular places partitioned off for each pair of shoes. The outside of the box is covered with pink and white cretonne. The deep frill about the lower part is box-plaited and finished with a pink cotton fringe. A soft drapery of pink cretonne, quite plain, is looped over this, and a heavy pink cord fastened with gilt nails outlines the edge. The top has the cretonne drawn in full to the centre, and there it is fastened by a rosette made of the pale pink. Any color fancied may be used for such a box, and if one did not wish to have the material put on in the manner represented, it can, specially if it be a decided pattern, be applied quite plainly. The one described, as are most of the illustrations in this article, was designed for a room where the color scheme is pink, white and gold.

ON HER TOILET TABLE

MADEMOISELLE likes to keep no end of pretty things, and lately she has had a weakness for glass, so that at Christmas and New Years everybody who knew her liking for her pet room has sent a remembrance expressed in glass, but with a hope that it will last forever. Among them is the group shown in illustration No. 3. The two slender-necked, picturesque-looking bottles are destined to hold sweet waters, and are of iridescent glass etched over in gold lines, producing a most marvelous color effect. In shape, they are exact imitations of old Florentine flasks, and so have an individuality of their own. The huge puff-box, also of glass, is white, etched in gold, while its handle is a head of Cleopatra in gold and white. The big puff—for a powder puff nowadays must be big—has an ivory head of the sphinx upon it, for many of the toilet belongings are affected by the craze for Egyptology, though one must question and question again whether Cleopatra used a puff.

A JEWEL OF A LAMP

IN Russia, where the Ikon or tiny lamp is put before every saint's picture, whether it be in the boudoir of the princess or the hut of a peasant, such a lamp as this (Illustration No. 5) would be highly appreciated. It is, however, simply intended to make beautiful the boudoir, and may be put before the picture of one's own sweetheart, or of any dear one who is enshrined in a frame, or it may be placed on the dressing table. The foundation is of carved brass and the lamp portion is plain glass not unlike a wine-glass in shape, simply filled with oil and with a floating wick. The very brilliant light comes from the fact that the heart-shaped shade just in front of it, is of ruby glass framed in Rhine stones, and that the reflector at the back intensifies the brightness of the light and the deepness of the red tone. These little lamps are very artistic, much more so than the fairy lamp which for such a long time has occupied a place in the boudoir. Beside the lamp is a box intended to hold cream or powder, and this is of plain white china heavily etched with silver. The little bags at one side are the lavender ones intended for the bath; that is to be thrown in to make the water pleasant and to soften the skin.



A DAINTY DRESSING-TABLE (Illus. No. 1)

SWEET THINGS OF LIFE

EVERY dainty woman wants a pleasant perfume to pervade not only her belongings but her boudoir, and so many of them are using just such sachets as are pictured in the group in illustration No. 4. The largest one of all is of white silk, has clusters of violets painted upon it by hand, its edges outlined by violet silk cord, and the perfume, as a matter of course, is violet. This is to be laid in the bureau drawer, and will make sweet whatever rests upon it. The other bags are each decorated with a flower from which their perfume is extracted—lilies, violets or roses as the case may be—while the tiniest ones of all are to be pinned inside the stays or the dress bodice, and to make them redolent with pleasant odors! Of course, these cases may be made of plain silk without either a painted or embroidered decoration, but if one has the ability and the time, it adds much to their appearance to make them as beautiful as they are sweet.

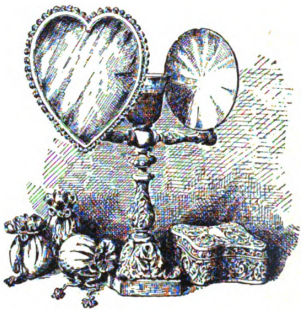
A USEFUL BOX

THIS little box (Illustration No. 6) is of china, having an elaborate pattern in gold and pink roses painted upon it. It is not only a pretty trifle, but a very useful one, inasmuch as when the lid is lifted it is found that the box is divided by a china wall, and that a cake of soap may be put on one side of it, while the sponge reposes on the other. Until one tries, until one has a real heart interest in a room, there can be no idea of the many pretty little trifles, that can be bought at small prices, that will tend to make one's boudoir a veritable house beautiful. Curious bottles, boxes, candlesticks and trays may be upon your dressing case, on the little tables and above your book shelves.

Pillows made of pieces of satin or silk, brocade or cretonne, may meet together upon the lounge, which is certainly an important piece of furniture in one's boudoir, and nobody can find fault with the different materials used for this purpose. Pillows are never supposed to be matches, and so it is possible for the rich and poor material to meet together and each do its best to make you comfortable.

ABOUT PERFUMES

ONE always thinks that sweet smelling waters and dainty extracts of flowers should be found on the dressing-table of the woman who likes to have her belongings entirely free from the odor of the laundry; but in choosing these odors, be careful not to get one among them all that is heavy or oppressive. Avoid anything that suggests patchouli or musk, and give your preference rather to the odors extracted from the sweet wild flowers, or from those that grow in gardens and yet do not have to be nursed the winter through. Purple and white violet, white lilac, white rose and white lily, are all delicate and refined perfumes, and seem entirely free from the vulgar smell that attaches itself to many others. The violet is particularly sweet—the air of the very foliage seeming to attach itself to it. Be careful, think over the many desirable scents, and avoid, as you would a bizarre costume, anything that would seem to suggest an intense perfume that announces your coming and stamps you as unrefined.



A BRILLIANT LIGHT (Illus. No. 5)

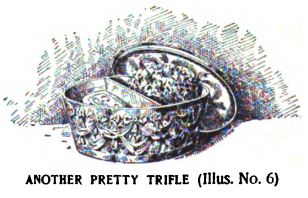
ABOUT THE PINS

MADEMOISELLE, who had a fondness for fancy work, announces that nothing has been said about the pincushion. Well, it is largely because it is not of as much importance as it used to be. Pin trays seem to have superceded it, and where one is used, it is generally quite small, and is placed at the side among the other belongings of the table. One of the most marvelous pincushions belongs to Mrs. Langtry. It is a silver framing that in years gone by, when Ireland claimed kings, held the wooden-bowl in which the steaming hot potatoes were brought on the table to delight royalty. It was found tarnished and dark in an old shop in Dublin, bought for a small sum, cleaned up, and now the centre is filled with a fat, blue velvet cushion, in which are stuck pins, little and big, black and white, and of all sizes and sharpnesses.

In buying pins it is wiser, although they cost a little more, to get the cubes in which are black pins of various sizes, white ones, and then a number of different colored ones so that they may be used on any gown and harmonize with it.

A LAST WORD

I WANT to say one little word more about your boudoir. Of course, you are too well bred a girl to go there to pout; but whenever you feel that you are going to say or do something disagreeable, seek out the retreat that is your very own, and say it either to the wall, to your pillows, or to your books, or, better still, walk straight over to the mirror and say it to yourself as reflected there. Do you know, I don't think you will say much then, because when you see what an ugly effect anger has upon your face, you will want to return to your own sweet temper at once, if only for the sake of preserving your beauty.



ANOTHER PRETTY TRIFLE (Illus. No. 6)

This is a good use for the boudoir, and though I wish every girl may have her happy hours in it, still I also hope that she will take to its solitude whatever comes to her that is unpleasant.

ISABEL A. MALLON.

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MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT
MISS RUTH ASHMORE
MARGARET BOTTOME
KATE UPSON CLARK
MAUDE HAYWOOD
EMMA M. HOOPER
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EBEN E. REXFORD
ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.
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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

IF it is given to an editor to possess one advantage over hundreds of his fellow-creatures in this world, it is the opportunity afforded him of seeing both sides of life. In common with the doctor and the clergyman, he comes into closer touch with the public than does the man of any other pursuit. 'To him the proverb that one-half of this world knows not how the other half lives, comes home with a cruel directness almost every day. His readers are among the very lowly, the great average classes and the favored; and the sentiments, the trials, and the joys of each come to him.

IT is not with a desire to be boastful that I say these opportunities are specially many to one into whose life comes the confidences of such a widely-diversified circle of readers as that which THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL enjoys. The peculiar character of the JOURNAL brings it within the homes of all classes, and it is not strange that where so many topics are discussed, a responsive chord is often touched, now with the fashionable city woman of society, then with the lonely woman on the frontier or in remote village. And it is because of this exceptional opportunity afforded me that I wish, if possible, to say the right word which shall bring the two classes into a better understanding of each other, and a closer bond of human sympathy.

AND when I speak of the "two classes" I do not mean so much those which are commonly called the rich and the poor. I am not without the deepest sympathy for the wretched poor of this world, but they I cannot hope to reach by these words. Were it given my privilege to write to them, gladly would I try to place myself among them and shed even the smallest ray of light where there seems so much total darkness. But other men with other measures are working for their alleviation. For the very poor, relief is ofttimes provided where others, equally burdened with heart-breakings, are forgotten. The classes to whom I would write are the rich, and that vast army of our country called the humble, the lonely, or the great majority of people. Between those classes, the one powerful in possessions, the other powerful in numbers, I wish there might exist a closer fellow-feeling, a better understanding. The humble woman criticises her rich sister and sees but little good in her; while the rich woman is almost in total ignorance of her more humble sister. Each week, yea, almost every day, brings to my notice things which convince me of a growth of this common misunderstanding. The woman of humble income believes that her sister more favored in this world's possessions leads a life of luxuriant uselessness, and in her heart cherishes a feeling of envy towards her. Now, my dear woman, you of modest, but honest income, whose priceless possessions are a devoted husband, a cozy, if small home, a pair of little eyes that look tenderly into your own, let me, from my fireside where you have sat with me with your letters, write a few words directly to you.

A WOMAN commits no greater mistake in this world than to believe that the wealthy women of our land lead useless lives. Some lead a busy existence compared to which that of her humbler sister is a luxury of rest and leisure. Their work is done where you do not see it, my dear general woman, but it is done, and well and nobly done. Their lives are not given over to social pleasures as you might be led to suppose from reading about them in the papers. Their stations in life demand of them certain social duties, and when they fulfill those demands they are given prominence in the public prints, and you read about them. But behind the social figures are the women—as God-fearing, as gentle, as sympathetic and as womanly as those members of their sex who give over their entire life to the welfare of their fellow-beings. From their homes go out blessings to thousands, of which the world never hears. The noblest deeds done in this world are the quiet charities, and many of the wealthy women are quiet, ministering angels whose right hands never know what their left ones do. There are wealthy women in New York who, more often than the world knows of, go out in their carriages, not for pleasure drives but on errands of mercy, and who strew seeds of charity in many a barren place. Do not accuse me of speaking of generalities when I say this. Again and again have I been placed in positions where I have watched their quiet workings, and seen the open-heartedness and genuine pleasure with which they dispense of that store of worldly riches which has come to them in such generous measure.

ONLY last week I saw the wife of a well-known New York millionaire enter one of the great hospitals of the town. After a bit, curiosity tempted me to follow, and for two hours I watched that woman going through the wards of the sick, dispensing here some dainty from a maid's basket, there a smile, and again a cheery word. All the patients knew her, and in a dozen instances did I see the stricken sufferers kiss her ungloved hand in gratitude, and close their eyes as a silent little prayer went up for this woman who, so bountifully blessed herself, did not forget that there were others less fortunate. And this is not an exceptional case, but one which you can see in the hospitals and institutions of the great cities of our land almost every day. Many a millionaire's wife is today sustaining the hands of the noble band of women who are striving to bring sunny spots in the lives of our working girls. Of course, there are women of vast worldly means who live within themselves, regardless of the want which exists at their very doors. But because such women—fewer than the average woman believes—unfortunately exist, it is unfair to judge all rich women alike. Because the church has within its doors people who it would be better were they on the outside, is no criterion by which to judge the thousands of God-sainted men and women who are benedictions to the world at large. Too little credit is given the wealthy classes for the good which is often done with the riches at their command. We are too prone to measure a woman's worth by her condition in life. A noble Christian woman is quite as often found in a mansion as in a modest parsonage. Because a woman possesses millions is no reason for supposing that she does not likewise possess some humane qualities. Those of us in moderate circumstances often think we would do so much more good if we possessed the wealth of a Mrs. Vanderbilt or a Mrs. Astor. Perhaps we might, and, again, perhaps we might not. One of the most foolish things in this world is the attempt to make the calculations of others.

I HAVE not sought in these words to defend the rich classes. That would be presumptious and unnecessary alike. Nor, as some may say—for you know there are cynics in the best regulated households sometimes—am I "toadying" to the wealthy. For the latter course, there would be no reason. The dollar of the wealthiest woman in America has no more cents in it than that which comes to the JOURNAL from the poorest among our readers. Why I write as I do, is that I may perhaps disabuse one mind of the fallacy that nothing good exists among the wealthy. If my words accomplish that end with one single woman of humble surroundings among all my readers, I shall consider them as seed well-sown. I do not want you, my dear woman, to be envious of the possessions, or distrustful of the work of one woman in this world, be she rich or poor. To say "Oh, I wish I were rich," is to express discontent with the judgment and dispensation of an All-wise Creator, who knows far better what is best for you than you do. Don't let the idea absorb you, as it does so many, that the wealthy are without their trials. The rich woman often has more heart-breaks than you of humble means. Happiness cannot be measured by wealth. Riches more often bring sorrow and trials unknown to those of moderate means. Many a farmer's wife sleeps better and more soundly than the wife of a five-times-over millionaire with whom I happen to be personally acquainted. There are women who would long ago have been in their graves were they compelled to endure what this woman is daily passing through. No, no! my good friend, you who think you have so many troubles, owing to limited means, don't allow yourself to believe that the plumage of the bird of wealth consists only of beautiful feathers. Beneath the brilliant rainbow-colored feathers of the most beautifully-arrayed peacock, you will, if you look, find a very common and every-day surface. The life of the wealthy woman is not all a bed of roses. There are just as many thorns which prick to the core and draw the heart's blood. And, whatever your judgment, let this truth influence you:—**that nine-tenths of the world's wealthiest women are more gentle and noble in their lives than are those who would make you believe otherwise.**

THERE are a few words, however, to be said on the other hand. It is a common mistake among many who live for the good of others, and have the wherewithal to make this life happier and brighter for many a sorrowing one, that the great privations of this world are only suffered by those in sheer want and poverty. The very poor have their needs, and a multiplicity of them, and blessings be upon those who seek to alleviate them. But there is a certain class of women in this world for whom an all-insufficient amount of sympathy is felt. I refer to that vast army of women with whom life is a daily battle. Somewhere in our small villages, ofttimes in the nooks and corners of our great cities, these women endure untold heart-breaks and head-worries. Their brains reel under the great problem, which comes back day by day, of how to make one dollar do the work of two. You, my favored woman of comfort and easy purse, can form no idea of what that daily battle means. There are thousands of women to-day throughout this country who, although the world will never hear of them, are living heroines, who will go uncrowned until the laurel-wreath of God's own reward is placed upon their brows. They are women who with an income of five or six hundred dollars per year, and often less, are going through daily privations as keen as the blade of a knife so that their homes may be bright to their husbands, and food and clothing for the children be on hand when needed. These women, my friend, need a word of sympathy, a kindly pressure of the hand, a God-bless-you from a sincere heart; yea, they need something more. It is not money which these women ask or would receive. They are willing, yea, ready to labor for what is given them.

LET a woman work as she may, but if she sees her efforts rewarded with nothing but adversity, if instead of going forward she sees herself and her family retreating month by month, I tell you it is enough to crush the best and strongest will. These women of whom I write are not to be met in the world. Dear souls, they have no time to go out except to the stores to buy their needs. They are the women who make their homes their battle-fields. They are behind the strong and sturdy men who work in the factory, the store and in the office on meagre salaries. Not only must they keep up their own spirits, but often their strong natures are drained to the dregs to give encouragement to their husbands. We men can speak of women as the weaker sex as much as we choose; but I tell you, my male reader, there are struggles going on in this world borne bravely and heroically by women, which we men would have laid down long ago if they were given us to carry.

A WEALTHY woman, with whom I was talking once on this very point, said to me: "How can you help these women? Where shall I find them? And they would not receive charity even if I did." True, my friend, I thought, these women are not charity seekers. Their struggles are known only to themselves and to God. They intrude not their privations: even their husbands and children know them not. But there is more than one channel through which to make easier the lives of these women. My wealthy friend happened to be the wife of a man who employed some two thousand men in his factory and warehouses. Many a woman will gratefully receive a helping hand through one channel where she might properly refuse a direct charity through another. The wealthy make one grievous mistake. Charity does not always consist in giving alms. The noblest charity is that which gives help—help of a kind for which a proper return can be given. If the wives of our employers were to take the trouble to inquire a little closer into the domestic lives of the men employed by their husbands, this world would be a far brighter one for many a hard-worked woman who buries her troubles in her heart, and wipes away the only outward trace of it with her apron. The great middle-class of this country shun the alms, but how they welcome the helping hand!

I KNOW of an employer whose wife interested herself in the lives of the people in his store so that she ascertained the birthdays of their wives, their children, and even the wedding-days. It was done so quietly and so sweetly that none suspected her purpose. But now on each festive day in those fifty odd families there comes some pleasant remembrance. It is never the same, but always something that is just needed in that family at that time. Every six-month those husbands find a little difference in their salary envelopes. At Thanksgiving a splendid bird goes to each of the houses in the employer's name: at Christmas-time the hand of the wife is visible. Only at that time? Ah, sweet woman, she has been the doing of it all! Now that, I explained to my friend, is practical charity. God only knows how many burdens that one woman has made easier, how many lives she has made brighter. None of the women whose paths this one woman has so pleasantly smoothed has ever seen her! To them she is like an invisible angel of goodness, but many are the silent prayers that go up in those fifty homes for her gentle consideration for others.

IT is my privilege to write each month to many a woman whose opportunities are equal to those of her whose goodness I have just sketched. Of this privilege accorded me I have here taken advantage. If there be any such woman who is asking within herself the question of my friend, to whom I referred two paragraphs back, let me, my good woman, point you as I did her, to the example I have cited, as an answer. No husband's business suffers which allows a wife to share such a part in it. And if, at this beautiful Easter season, when everything in nature points to opening life, there is any woman with opportunities, who would seek an opening for good in this world, need I say more?

A FEW EXPLANATORY WORDS

DURING the past three or four months many of our subscribers have suffered inconvenience by delays in the receipt of their numbers of the JOURNAL. Many new subscribers did not receive the first number of their subscriptions until some weeks after their remittance. Of these delays none have been more conscious than ourselves. We were as much annoyed by them as our subscribers could possibly have been. That complaints have come thick and fast have not surprised us.

THE CAUSE OF RECENT DELAYS

ALL these delays have been entirely due to the enormous volume of business which has poured of late into the JOURNAL offices. During the month of December, alone, over one hundred thousand subscriptions streamed into us. No system, however well perfected, is capable of handling such an amount of business with dispatch. A large extra force was employed, night-work was resorted to, and everything possible was done to meet the emergency. The difficulty is now being overcome, and, henceforth, all delays will be avoided. We have profited by the experience, and, by large additions to established facilities, we hope hereafter to cope with any repetition of such an emergency, irrespective of the immensity of business which it may represent.

THE GROWTH OF THE JOURNAL

THE business which has thus come to us during the past four months has called for an addition to present facilities. The management of the JOURNAL has met the public demand. Ten of the best and largest printing presses are now being built expressly for the JOURNAL's use; we have taken possession of an additional four-story building connecting with the two large six-story buildings now occupied, and other extra facilities have been adopted capable of easily handling the increased business. The regular edition of the JOURNAL jumped in two months from 500,000 to 600,000 copies, and advance orders have necessitated a still further increase to 750,000 copies of the present special Easter number. With one more issue of the JOURNAL we shall be printing on our new presses, which, together with the nine presses now in use, will give us a capacity equal to any emergency. To make any repetition of the recent trouble impossible, however, we shall still have three additional presses built, after the ten now building are finished, with a special view to the next holiday rush.

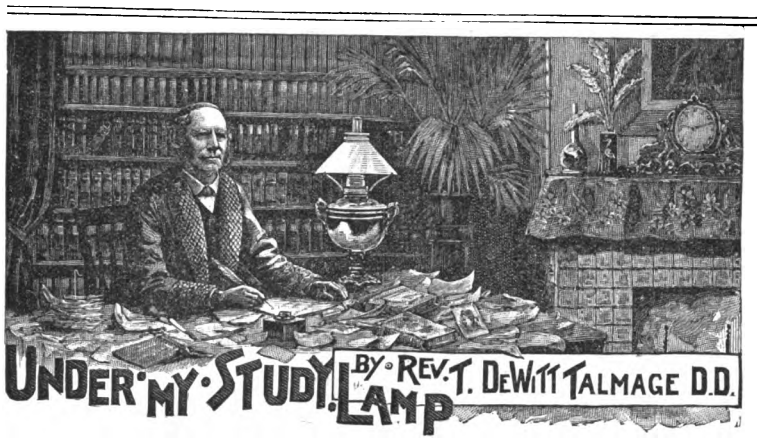
We narrate these facts to our readers because we feel some explanation is due to them for recent delays, and that they may personally know of the extensive preparations made to avoid any repetition. The JOURNAL family is growing rapidly, but it is not so large, nor can it ever become so vast as to outgrow our wish that whatever concerns those who make the JOURNAL is likewise of interest to those who read it. We are still one family—the circle is only growing, and the more the merrier!

EDUCATIONAL PRIZES FOR 1891

AS announced in the last JOURNAL, we now print, on page 29 of this issue, a series of vocal and musical offers to all our readers and subscribers. We have sought to arrange the offers so as to place them within the reach of every girl and woman who may cherish vocal or musical aspirations, however humble her circumstances. The success of the three winners of last year's prizes should demonstrate to every girl the possibilities of success which lie within her reach. A trained voice, a skilled musical touch, under the tuition of the best teachers, is now no longer out of the reach of any American girl—she who wishes may possess.

ABOUT OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

SOME of our readers seem to feel that the advertisements are beginning to crowd the reading matter of the JOURNAL. This may appear so, but in reality the reverse is the truth. The JOURNAL's advertising patronage has vastly increased, in fact, doubled in a year. But the magazine has been proportionately enlarged. There is, in reality, less advertising, in proportion, in the JOURNAL now, since it increased to thirty-two pages, than when it was twenty-eight pages. There is a fixed rule in the JOURNAL office which provides for the acceptance of a certain amount of advertising for each issue. Beyond that point all business is refused, and each month we decline hundreds of dollars' worth of business upon this basis. Where a special pressure occurs we simply add, as is the case with this number, a supplement of eight pages. Our readers should never feel that we sacrifice the literary matter of the JOURNAL for the business portion. Such a course might be temporarily profitable, but it would be certain to mean permanent loss. The JOURNAL regards the confidence of its readers as paramount to any other consideration, and its future progress will be solely upon that determination. The JOURNAL managers are not philanthropists: they are not in business for their health, but while they are making money they intend at the same time to do something more. And that "something more" is to win and hold the respect of their readers, and the success of the JOURNAL makes this possible, irrespective of loss or gain.



UNDER MY STUDY LAMP

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE D.D.

IN the south of Ireland the simple-hearted peasants have a tradition that every Easter morning, the sun, as the mists of dawn clear away, and his full-orbed splendor is about to break upon the world, turns round three times in his place, and scatters a shower of radiant beams over earth and sky; after which he shines steadily as on other and lesser days. So, in the faint twilight of the early morning, when the darkness of the night has scarcely melted into the first pearly softness of the coming day, old men and little children, matrons and maids, climb the nearest hill, and from its summit standing, gazing, as did the wondering apostles on Ascension Day, into the blue heaven above them. Nobody has ever seen this mystic movement of the sun, but the credulous superstition of many still makes them hold fast to the belief that the trouble is not with it, but with their own eyes, which are not strong enough to discern the annual miracle.

THE LESSON OF AN EASTER TRADITION

WE smile at the folly that is so apparent in this figment of an untutored fancy, while, as in all myths and traditions, we catch a glimpse of the beautiful thought that lies at its foot. There is a gem of exquisite loveliness under the swathings of ignorance and vain imaginations which have wrapped and bandaged minds that can accept so evident a fable. For are not all things glad when the Easter morning breaks? Does not the sun, even to our dull vision, seem to rise with a grander meaning of triumph than on common days? Every wave of his light that bathes our being, does it not seem translucent, as if it had borrowed afresh the glory that lies forever on the sea of glass that surrounds the throne of God? Do not our hearts thrill with an intenser joy as we come from the gloom of the place where they laid Him, to stand with His beloved ones, looking on the empty sepulchre, or seeing, with Mary, the stately, gentle, and benignant form of the risen Christ?

EASTER LESSONS AND COMFORTS

WHAT are the Easter lessons to us? Subjects of a conquering Lord who yet calls us not servants, but friends, shall we not work for Him with greater zeal and more conscious fidelity in days to come, than in the past? Shall we not take it to our hearts that He is living and present, not absent and dead? He is ours and here. Sometimes we talk about our Jesus as if He had once been with us, but, as if now, in the serenity of Heaven, He had removed to an infinite distance. We make of our Saviour an abstraction, and our teachings of Him fall on the hearts that hear like icicles, and glance off hard, glittering and cold. Not so, dear friends; Jesus, the Christ, is to-day

"No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years,
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again."

Let us talk of our Master, and work for Him as if He were here, and close to us. In our prayers let us press near and take hold of the hand that was pierced. Let us ask that angels may roll the barriers of unbelief away from all our hearts, and so, on the "stepping-stones of our dead selves," let us mount to things higher and nobler.

The Easter comforts are as many as the Easter lessons. Our darlings that have gone from our arms to lie in narrow beds in the dark, chilly ground, shall not always lie there. The Lord is risen! That little babe who nestled a few brief, bright days in your bosom, and then faded like a fragile flower, and passed away leaving your life in shadow, shall rise. That beloved friend, whose soul was twin to yours, is not gone into the vast darkness of an unknown world. He shall rise. There will be a glorious Easter morning by-and-by, and though tears must fall and hearts must ache, there is a balm for every sorrow, and ease for every pain.

SINGING OF NEVER-WEARYING VOICES

THE very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly, do not sing now; but, I hope by the grace of God we will, after awhile, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are specially appropriate for the home circle; they stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in Heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony:—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labor have an end
In joy and peace and thee?"

It will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that sixteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you. These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet, while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam, these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings of the city commons—children everywhere in all that land—children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah! if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it round about the throne!

SWEET SONGS AND TINKLING CYMBALS

THE Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there; Lowell Mason will be there; Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples, will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication, will be there; the two hundred singers who assisted on that day, will be there. Patriarchs who lived amid threshing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of Heaven.

The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the Crystal Palace, stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you who read these words may remember that occasion; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But, oh! the grander scene when they shall come from the East and from the West, and from the North and from the South, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before the great host to conduct the harmony, with His wounded hand and His wounded foot! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory and power, world without end. Amen! and Amen!" Oh! if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that!

AMID LILIES AND ROSES

THERE is a sweet significance in the fact that it was in a garden tomb that the bruised form of the Redeemer, white and cold, stamped with the seal of death, was laid to its three-days' rest. And sweet is the thought that his first steps, when he rose in kingly might from the couch in the rock, were taken in a garden. Earth keeps the precious memory sacred, and ever—as returns the festival which Christian hearts have always been prompted to hold in honor of the Resurrection here—fields and forests break into bloom, and her gardens awake from their winter trance to smile in the beauty of the spring. There are fearless little flowers peeping up in out-of-the-way places, lifting their frail, brave heads against the pitiless blasts of spring; there is the stir and tremble of quickening life in the hearts of the trees, and green leaves are unrolling themselves in satin smoothness and delicacy of coloring, and lilies and azaleas in their stainless purity arise like virgins robed to meet the bridegroom. Nature, in her vernal hope, seems full of rejoicing, and each of her many resurrections is a tribute to the glory of the great resurrection of Him that liveth and was dead, and is alive forevermore.

WHAT IS THERE IN A NAME?

A MAN said in my hearing, a few days since, on the railroad cars: "After all, what is in a name?" The remark set me thinking, and I asked myself, What is there in a name? There are merely human names that thrill you through and through. Such a name was that of Henry Clay, to the Kentuckian; William Wirt, to the Virginian; Daniel Webster, to the New Englander!

Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think before we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in which you could forget the Saviour's designation? That word "Jesus" seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble and tremulous and indistinct, still this regal word has potent utterance. When an aged man was dying, and he had lost his memory of everything else, one of his children said to him, "Father, do you know me?" He replied, "No, I don't know you." And another child came and asked the same question, and got the same answer; and another, and another. Then the minister of Christ came in and said to the dying man, "Father, do you know me?" He replied, "No, I don't know you." Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?" "O, yes," said the old man, "I know Jesus! Chief among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely." Yes, in all languages, and the world over it is a mighty name!

"Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That Heaven and earth might hear!"

THE MAGIC OF ONE NAME

ROTHSCHILD is a potent name in the commercial world; Cuvier, in the scientific world; Irving, a powerful name in the literary world; Washington, an influential name in the political world; Wellington a mighty name in the military world. But tell me any name in all the earth so potent to awe and lift and thrill and rouse and agitate and bless as this name of Jesus! That one word unhorsed Saul, and flung Newton on his face on ship's deck, and to-day holds a hundred million of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria; in Germany, means more than King William; in France, means more than Thiers or McMahon; in Italy, means more than Garibaldi or Victor Emanuel. I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, Satan his hard taskmaster, in a bondage from which no human power could deliver him, and yet at the pronunciation of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronounced in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of scoff and jeer, jocose of the judgment, reckless of an unending eternity, at the mere pronunciation of that name blanch and cower and quake and pray and sob and groan, and believe and rejoice. O, it is a mighty name! That name will first make all the earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. It is to be the password at every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The red horse of carnage seen in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death, are to fall back on their haunches, and the white horse of victory will go forth, mounted by Him who hath the moon under His feet and the stars of Heaven for His tiara. Other dominions seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging; Spain has had to give up much of its dominion; Austria has been wonderfully depleted in power; France has to surrender some of her favorite provinces; most of the thrones of the world are being lowered and most of the sceptres of the world are being shortened. But every Bible printed, every tract distributed, every Sunday-school class taught, every school founded, every Church established is extending the power of Christ's name. That name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall and in Siberian snow-castle, in Brazilian grove and in Eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other names; that crown is to cover up all other crowns:—

"All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fall,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend."

T. DeWitt Talmage

SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS

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

N this day, of all others, I wish all my girls a happy time; about some there may be no outward expression of happiness, others may be more fortunate, but in the heart of each there can be a golden joy that reigns supreme and makes her feel as if she can hear the great choir of angels singing, "Christ hath arisen; death is no more!" I wish that each one would realize what a day of hope this is; I wish that each one would make this a day when the desire for doing good deeds should not only be strengthened, but active work begin. Think of it!

A WISH FOR EASTER DAY

THIS was the day when the mother of God and that penitent sinner, Magdalene, went to weep at the tomb of their Beloved and found that indeed death was no more.

He had risen above all the sorrows and all the degradation; and so can you. You can cause all the meannesses, all the wicked words and all the unkind acts to die, and in their places you can make shine forth golden virtues; you can hasten the night and bring forth the day of good. I wish that each one of you would think out this—would think out what it means to bury that which is ill, that which is corrupt, and cause to rise that which is beautiful and pure. You can do it, because you pray for it, because the determined women through all the history of the world have succeeded, and so will you. And now, this morning as you stand before the white-clothed altar, as you inhale the perfume of the Annunciation lilies, as you join in the hymn that tells the great truth, think of what you are going to bury and what you are going to have arise from it. Remember, as the sun dances on Easter morning—for it surely does all the world over—we are all going to make the same good wish as we sing with that choir of angels that does ever surround the great white throne, the one song we all know:

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heavens, and earth reply—
Alleluiah!"

THE PHARISEE OF TO-DAY

"SHE'S not of my religion," very emphatically said a young woman standing behind the counter of a big shop. I stopped and listened, and then I said, "Will you tell me what your religion is?" Very quickly she answered, "I am a Christian, and the girl on the other side of me is a Catholic, while the one on my right is a Jewess, and, of course, they are both different from me."

I sat there and looked at that girl and wondered who had taught her Christianity, and then I asked her if she would give me her name and address, as I wanted to write her a little letter, and this is what I wrote: "You are yet a very young woman; you call yourself a Christian, and you act as a heathen never would. You forget the first element of Christianity, which should be respect for Judaism, because Christ himself was a Jew. You forget the first teaching of Christianity, which is respect for a church that is older than any other except the Jewish, and which in giving its great charities does not ask 'What is your religion?' You think you are a Christian—you are not. You will never be until you learn that an aggressive position is never taken by the followers of Christ, save when it is necessary to keep shame from His name; and you, by your lack of consideration for your co-workers, you, by your marvelous display of ignorance, have shamed the name of Christian, and you stand a self-confessed barbarian. What do you suppose each one of these girls thinks of your faith? It is very difficult to believe that grapes can grow from thistles. And how can your co-laborers imagine that good actions will result from bigoted words? Your words picture your soul—What do they make it seem? Suppose you ask the girl who stands on your right to tell you something of the beautiful ritual of the faith in which Christ Himself was born and educated. Suppose you get the girl on your left to tell you a little bit about some of the wonderful works of charity done in the Catholic Church. Suppose you tell them about the work you are doing, though I much fear you are not doing any. And suppose you three girls, each believing differently, each having a faith that is worthy of respect, should work together for good, each giving the helping hand to the other, each having the proper respect for the other and each being glad at the other's time of gladness, and sorrowful when unhappy days come. Isn't that better than standing off by yourself and making that dreadful announcement that you did? My dear girl, when the judgment day comes, and you stand before the God who can read your heart, He will not ask, "What is your religion," but he will say, "What have you done for my people? What good gifts in the way of kindness and care and consideration do you bring to lay at [illegible] God?"

CONDUCTING A READING CLUB

A VERY nice girl—I think there are about a hundred of her—has written to ask me how to conduct a reading club; that she is tired of the old-fashioned way; that some of the club read badly, and it becomes annoying to listen to them; that it is difficult to decide on books, and that altogether she fears that what they intended should improve as well as interest them, will, like many another club, become dissolved because nobody finds it pleasant. Now, suppose she does this: at the next meeting let it be suggested that each member will write on a bit of paper what book he or she would like to read during the next week or two weeks, that is, between the lapses of the club meetings. Then, when the votes are all collected—for these really are votes—let the book that has the greatest number be the one that is read at home, and at the next meeting every member will come with a little note-book in which is written what the opinion of the book is, any little anecdote about the characters or the places where the scene is laid, something that has been heard or read about the author, and a short personal opinion of the book as a specimen of good English, as to what its influence would be on the average reader, and whether it is a book that might be called permanent or evanescent.

These written opinions should not occupy more than five minutes in reading, and you will be surprised to find what a fund of information is yours when the evening is over; as for your own note-books if you will only keep them, you will be still more surprised, as the years go by, to see what lucid ideas you had about the books you read and how you remembered them. In taking a book of poems it would not be necessary to read every poem in the book, but pick out the ones that you fancied; with a volume of history it will be wise to read it closely, not to attempt to have every member in the club read their opinions, though each one should write them, but the three or four, or five or six, who you feel are mentally ahead of the others, should be asked what they have as a summing up. With a novel, less care is necessary, though from many novels a great deal of history and a great deal of good pure English may be learned. Try this plan, my dear girls, for the reading club and see if it doesn't make it a success.

WHAT SHALL SHE SAY?

THE shy girl, who for the first time in her life has a young man to escort her some place, or to pay her a visit, is at a loss what to say. Now, suppose that she has been visiting a friend and her friend's brother kindly offers to see her over the highways to her home. When she gets there she is puzzled, and wonders what she shall say. It is very simple: only, "Good-night; thank you very much for bringing me home, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again." It is not necessary for her to ask him to come in; indeed, it is not usual, or considered good form.

Then again, somebody offers to be her escort to supper, at a dance or an entertainment and she doesn't care to accept the courtesy, for it is meant as such from the man who offers it.

Now, if her reason for this is that she has an engagement, she is only to say that; if she has none and is loathe to accept the invitation because there is some one else she likes better and whom she is hoping will come, or because she is indifferent to the man, or because he is awkward, she has no right whatever to refuse; she must accept the kindness as it is given, and make herself as agreeable as possible. But if the man is one whose reputation is undesirable, if he is one who she knows would never be invited to her father's house, then she should say, "Thank you, but I do not care to go in to supper just now." Then it is permissible for her to go later on with somebody else; but if she should say, as she may, "Thank you, I do not care for any supper," she must deny herself the delights of ice-cream and salads, and not go near the supper-room that evening. You see no matter how objectionable the man is, she cannot forget that very desirable something which belongs to every gentlewoman, and which is as thoroughly a part of her as her eyes or her mouth, *i. e.*, her good manners.

A LITTLE SCOLDING

IT'S about the brothers. Your brother and mine gets his idea of what girls are from his sisters, so I want every one of you to learn not to answer him quickly or indifferently, but to feel that it is worth your while to be as attractive, as loving, and as sweet to "brother" as possible. I want you never to find it a trouble to chat pleasantly brightly and sensibly with him. I want you to be interested in whatever is of interest to him. I want you to make him feel how good a girl can be, and how sweet a good girl is; then you are doing for him the best thing in the world—you are making him so appreciative of the virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies, that he will never want to see or speak to any other kind. That's what I want you to do for your brothers. You see it was a very little scolding, after all, but I wanted to point a good moral.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

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

H. H.—The light freckles usually fade away themselves, and, as they are light and as you are blonde, I would advise you to let them alone. Time will be their best eradicator.

JESSIE H.—Eat plenty of bread and butter, vegetables containing starch, gravies, jelly, puddings; drink plenty of milk and exercise well, and you will be very apt to grow as plump as you desire.

BONNIE—If you are engaged to be married to a man who is honest and manly, of whom your family approve, and you permit yourself to think of a man who could not take care of you and who, by your own account, has very many bad habits, I can only say that the best thing for you to do is not only not to see him, but by keeping yourself busy put him entirely out of your heart and mind.

DAISY H.—It would be very undesirable for a schoolgirl to ask one of her boy friends to write to her, and her mother should not permit him to take her driving, or to be her escort. While a girl is at school she is supposed to be cared for by the members of her own family, and not by the boys of other one's.

BELLE—A girl of sixteen years old should have her skirts well below her ankles. The prettiest way for her to wear her hair is to plait it and loop it in a Catogan braid and tie it with a black ribbon. I do not think it in good taste for young girls to wear jewelry of any kind.

A SUBSCRIBER—I do not know the preparation you mention, but I can personally say that strawberry cream is at once healing and whitening to the hands, and will do much to cure sensitive finger-nails; that is, those that have a ragged growth of skin, which is often very painful about the roots.

CONSTANT READER—It is not necessary to call after a high tea, though a card left in person is counted a courtesy. Gloves are worn at a formal luncheon, but, as at every other meal, they are removed while luncheon is eaten. It is extremely vulgar to eat with one's gloves on.

B. D. H.—Cocoa-butter, applied with great regularity every night to the eyebrows, will tend to increase their growth.

BARBARA H.—I do not think that they would take a woman under eighteen in the training school for nurses. If the spots on your face are very decided, it would be wisest for you to consult a physician.

INQUIRER—At every formal visit your husband's card should be left with your own, though when you are intimate and are making a personal call, sending up your own card would be sufficient. A formal call requires that a card should be left for each member of the family—that is, each lady—whether she is present or absent, while your husband's card is left for the hostess, and for a married daughter, who may be living in the house.

A MISS OF EIGHTEEN—If it was your friend's brother who escorted you home, it would be quite proper for you to invite him to come and see you some time. When a man friend with whom you have been corresponding suddenly ceases writing, the wisest thing to do is to ignore it; and do not bother about returning the letters or reclaiming your own, which, as they were mere friendly ones, you cannot object to his retaining.

ANONYMOUS—A series on artistic needlework will be given in the JOURNAL, and will undoubtedly be of great help to you.

A CONSTANT READER—There would be no impropriety in your sending either the painting or the flowers to the gentleman whom you have known so long, and whose birthday you wish to remember.

DAISY D.—An ordinary afternoon reception does not demand a call after it, the hostess being the one who should make the next visit.

E. H.—The forefinger is the first finger of the hand. The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand. Is removed at the time of the marriage, then the wedding ring is assumed and the engagement ring becomes a guard to it. There are many good systems of shorthand, and it is impossible to decide which is the best. Every good writer is apt to get to making characters of his own, and in that way individualizes the system he has learned.

PERPLEXITY—It is in extremely bad taste for a young lady to permit marked attentions from her betrothed when other people are present.

HARRIET R.—The very fact that you ask me, "Is it wrong for me to let that boy kiss me?" proves that in your heart you know it is.

AN INQUIRER—In calling on three or more ladies in one house, a card should be sent to each, unless it is a formal reception at which they are all receiving, and then one card is dropped in the receiver in the hall.

RUTH—Your letter is answered in the "Side Talks." A personal answer is given when stamps are inclosed, though I much prefer to answer a letter through this column, because then some other girl who may wish to have the same question answered, gets the benefit of your asking it.

MANICURE—Do not cut away the skin at the base of your nails. Push it down with a piece of soft wood, or the end of an ivory file; cutting it away is very apt to make it ragged and agnails result. Wash your hands in very hot water, in which is a good foundation Silver sand. Wash them well, using any good soap; dry them softly, and rub in any cream that you like. Do this every night for a few weeks, and sleep in gloves, and your hands will certainly improve in appearance.

PANSY—In different towns different rules of etiquette obtain. It would not be considered proper in a large city, for a young woman to have supper in a restaurant with a young man, after an evening entertainment. It is certainly not proper in any place for a young man to kiss a young girl to whom he is not engaged.

S. A. R.—I cannot say enough in condemnation of a young girl who is willing to allow an idle fancy for a married man to interfere between her and a woman friend. I think that you are not only doing yourself a moral injury, but you are being absolutely mean and ungrateful to the woman who was kind to you when you were in trouble. The wisest course for you to pursue is to drop the acquaintance entirely, and by that means you will not get into the way of temptation.

COUNTRY GIRL—A dinner call should be made within one week after the dinner has been given; and after a dance or an elaborate reception, a call should be made within two weeks.

E. S.—Do not commence the letter "My dear Miss," but "My dear Miss Brown," and end it as you say, "Most sincerely yours," or "Very faithfully yours," as you prefer.

JESSIE—A Catogan braid is simply the back hair plaited, looped low on the neck, and tied with a black ribbon.

BETH S.—It is impossible to say how much the allowance should be that a father gives his daughter, for that of course must be governed by the amount of money that he controls. A girl of sixteen is too young to wear her hair up. I cannot sympathize with you in your desire for a bicycle, and can quite understand your father not wishing you to have one. Consequently I cannot encourage your idea of making money enough to buy one for yourself.

PERPLEXED INQUIRER—The only way to keep wrinkles from coming is not to allow yourself to get in a bad temper, to keep as cheerful as possible and to make the bath of your face a veritable bath, and not just a mere wiping off.

A. R.—Rings may be worn on the third and little finger of either the right or left hand; or, indeed, of both, but it is not considered in good taste to wear them on any other finger.

LULU—If you desire to accept the courtesy that the young man has offered, simply say, "Thank you; you are very kind."

C. M. C.—There was no impropriety in your calling with your girl friend at her friend's house, though your hostess would have a right to consider it a formal call or not, as she pleases.

A READER—It is very improper to permit a young man to kiss you good-night, when, as you say, he has no thought of "love and matrimony."

LETTERS TO BETH

NO. XI.—DRILLING THE MEMORY

MY DEAR BETH:—

YOU are not the only young girl who has written me asking these same questions:—"What do you think of these classes, or schools, for cultivating the memory?" and, "What method have you resorted to in order to remember, with such ease, the desirable things in life and books?"

Allow me to answer your second question first. When a mere child a "spinster teacher," as she was fond of calling herself, had a class of young girls in school, who took what was then called "Dictation Drill." She read to us twice every week for one solid hour, entire pages of Hume's History of England, or Gibbon's Rome, which we copied as rapidly as possible. She read slowly, and absolutely refused to repeat a sentence. This compelled us to exercise our minds, to adopt a species of shorthand, which proved effectual, if original, and gave us the power of retention—of holding on to a thought—which has been beneficial all our lives. All of her pupils without exception have excellent memories; figures may fly from us, but facts remain. In the majority of schools pupils are permitted to use bookmarks; we never were. If it was the three hundred and ninety-seventh page in our exercise book, we must remember the number until called upon for it, even if weeks had elapsed. So admirable was the drill, and so helpful has it proved all our lives, that I gladly recommend it to all my young friends.

A few years since, just before sailing for Europe, I laid down a copy of Coleridge on my study table, at the one hundred and seventeenth page; on returning, after six months of continuous travel, I turned at once to the page and line where I had left off.

We make our memories strong, as we do our arms, by proper use. If we swing dumbbells too long our arms will be stiff and sore; if we crowd our memories with unimportant things, we shall find them weak instead of most faithful servants.

It seems to me that our public educators are making a sad mistake here. It is absolutely unimportant to my boy whether a certain battle began at a certain hour on a certain day in the year. It *is* important that the historical facts leading up to the engagement, and its influence on that period, should be remembered.

The human hand cannot do everything; neither can the memory, however elastic, retain all we see, hear, or read. The best method, then, is simply *to charge the mind with important facts*, to remember things as they were, and to compare the records of them. It is the meat of the nut, not the shell we care for.

As to memory classes, they may answer for women of abundant means and leisure, who wish to while away a few hours in pleasant company. It is one of the fashionable "fads" of the time, which puts money into the pockets of some too idle to do genuine work, and artful enough to believe with Barnum—that "people like to be humbugged."

When Mollie Benham went about with her book, mumbling to herself and declaring that the whole thing was a profound secret which the professor would not divulge, some of us smiled and decided to take a few lessons in order to determine how much ability it required to amuse and instruct men and women, who are ever ready to believe in the mysterious and expensive. It was an amusing farce to one at least.

Any good mother who can remember the hour for breakfast, the cover on Johnnie's book, the button on Susie's cloak, orders for the market, arrangements for dessert, baby's powder, and papa's laundry, with a dozen other things more or less important, and plan sewing, dressmaking, gardening, etc., etc., does not need lessons in strengthening the memory.

The average American housekeeper remembers more in one day than she can forget in a life time. She is a being of many trades, an expert in several professions, and a peripatetic encyclopædia for the rest of the household.

So too with the young girl, the thing she desires to remember she does remember. If she is to play tennis at the Gardner's at five P. M., and read French at seven P. M., she remembers. If Mrs. Warrenton's lawn party is on Thursday and the Girard's on Saturday, she remembers that. So too, if she charges her mind with a fact in history or the lines of a poem, she will remember. It is simply concentrating the mind with a determination to master a certain thing; the mind, like a dutiful servant, obeys.

A desire, or real interest in remembering, is the secret of a good memory.

Bridget never forgets if you tell her that she is free to go with her cousin for a holiday, if she will rise at four A. M. and perform certain household duties. She may have been called for three hundred days out of the year, but this day will dawn upon her wide awake without alarm-clock or bell. Bridget wished to awaken, therefore Bridget did. Ask her to awaken for you at an earlier hour, as you must hasten to the city, and nine times out of ten she is late, and you go without breakfast or with a hurried one.

The truth is, this world of ours is an extremely busy place. We cannot afford to forget. We must train ourselves to remember, and when our young women realize that the memory can be weakened by disuse and strengthened by use, they will cultivate the memory as assiduously as they now do their muscles in the gymnasium.

"I would give all the world if I could quote," said a young college graduate to a friend who had just repeated some lines of Tom Moore's while looking at a sunset.

"You can," was the reply.

"Oh no, I just think the things; I can never say them."

"Let me prove you in error. You admire this sunset upon the ocean?"

"Extremely; but out of the multitude of beautiful things I have read about sunsets, not one comes to me in proper form."

"Command your memory and make them come."

"It would be useless; it is a gift."

"I assure you it is a faculty to be improved and strengthened; let us try it. Go to your books and find all the best possible comments in verse on the setting sun. We will begin with Wordsworth's lines:

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Think of that in every possible manner as you watch those clouds; the sober color is there, and the poet's idea, that it is drawn from the eye of the Infinite, is worthy of his faith in Nature's God. As you think of it again and again, you put yourself in his mood, his thought becomes your thought, and now, after saying it over two or three times, you can never again see clouds about the setting sun without thinking of Wordsworth's poetical fancy. Again, take Milton in "Paradise Lost," or the dainty lines of Theodore Baker, in

"Thou wilt think of me again
When the sun's last rays are fading
Into twilight soft and dim."

Then there is Thomas Campbell, whose "Pleasures of Hope" you must read if you have not done so. Do you think it possible to forget this couplet?—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

My college friend immediately adopted my method of enriching memory's storehouse, and I was not surprised to find her quoting several other authors in a few days.

Our memory is an enormous sheet of impression paper; our mental photographs depend upon ourselves. We can have good pictures, clear lines and fine effects, or clouded, uncertain and unsatisfactory ones.

Mothers can do a grand work for their children by cultivating the memory; and as to our young girls—bless their dear hearts!—with youth, health, hope and perseverance, the world is theirs to conquer.

Yours faithfully,

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

THREE SCORE AND TEN

BY EDITH A. GRANT

THE house is small, and old, and low,
And loose the window-sashes are;
And 'gainst the air, when days are cold,
They form an insufficient bar.

Despite the listing, closely nailed
As well, about the shrunken door,
With homely mat against it laid
To keep the draft from off the floor.

The carpet is of rags and yarn
Of many tints, in pattern mixed,
Whereon there stand the household things,
Each in the place by custom fixed.

Here is the table where, for years,
The humble meals have all been laid;
And blessings, asked by simple hearts,
On those who went and those who stayed.

The sun shines in at breakfast-time
Through branches that are green, or bare;
And they have plucked the juicy fruit
Who planted seed and sapling there.

And, ere the shades of evening fall,
The aged couple at their tea
Mark golden beams that lie aslant
Where little children used to be.

Sometimes a sigh escapes their lips
For one who long has been away;
His heart was with the sailing ships,
He could not be content to stay.

With many an anxious thought they saw
Him leave the shelter of their roof.
They breathed a blessing on his path;
His own heart spoke a low reproof.

And two small mounds on yonder hill—
That gently slopes 'neath shade and sun—
Mark where they laid the little forms
Ere scarce the dear lives were begun.

And three have houses of their own,
And little children, just as fair,
Around their boards, whose loving ways
Make sweet the ministry of care.

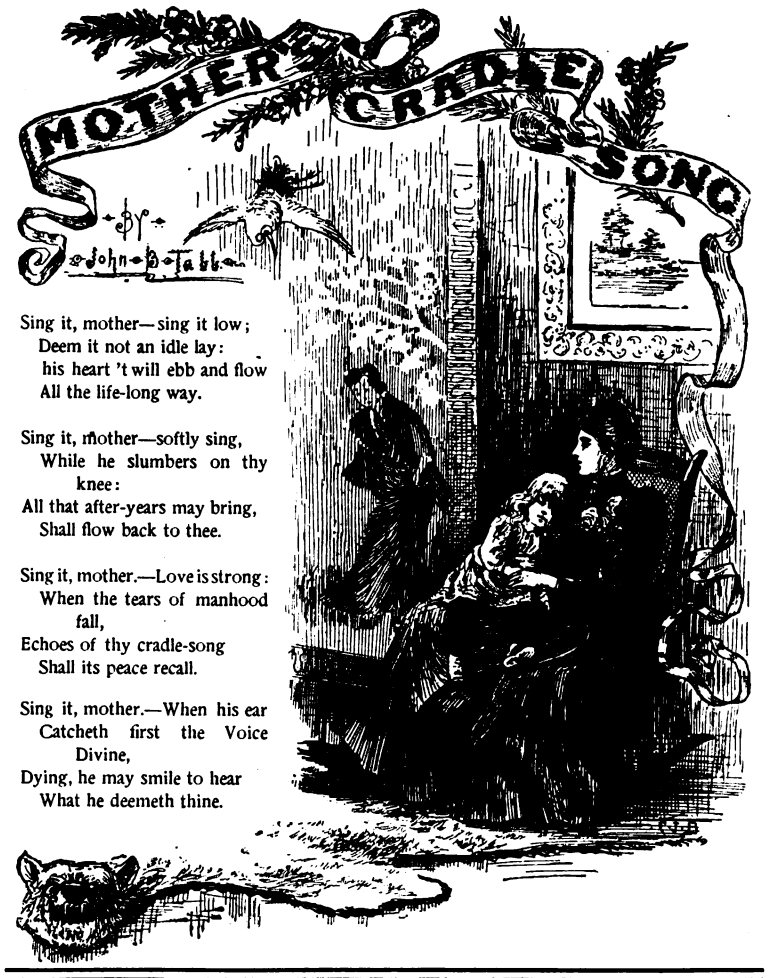
After the toil and heat of life
They turn their faces towards the West;
The stillness of the eventide
Is filling all their world with rest.

His Bible, at some precious word,
Lies open on the old man's knee;
He holds his glasses in his hand—
He has no need the text to see.

The good wife sits with tranquil face,
Her hands loose folded in her lap;
The soft hair from her forehead laid,
Scarce whiter than her snowy cap.

We miss the click of needles swift,
The crooning hymn heard long ago;
The fingers are too weary now;
The dear heart sings the song we know

And as they wait from morn till eve,
And wonder, as the light grows dim,
If love will ask of their true hearts
Another day apart from Him.



Sing it, mother—sing it low;
Deem it not an idle lay:
his heart 't will ebb and flow
All the life-long way.

Sing it, mother—softly sing,
While he slumbers on thy knee:
All that after-years may bring,
Shall flow back to thee.

Sing it, mother.—Love is strong:
When the tears of manhood fall,
Echoes of thy cradle-song
Shall its peace recall.

Sing it, mother.—When his ear
Catcheth first the Voice Divine,
Dying, he may smile to hear
What he deemeth thine.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

EDITED BY MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

PRESIDENT OF THE ORDER

The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of The King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters" bearing upon this one and special purpose *only*, should be addressed to MRS. BOTTOME, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please do not, however, send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business communications of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the Order, 47 West Twenty-second street, New York city, and prompt attention will be given.

HEART TO HEART TALKS

APRIL has come to us! March winds and the April tears all mean the lily-of-the-valley and the June rose ahead. There are few things that I covet more for us "Daughters" than a large hope, an abiding conviction that it is better farther on. We are going into spring and summer. I think I shall have to give you from time to time little quotations that have been more to me than I can tell you. What Whittier said of a Quaker philanthropist of England, has staid by me for years: "Still a large faith in human kind he cherished and in God's love for all." During the winter now passed I gave myself up to Hope. Hope in God, and, of course Hope has to do with what is not seen. April will not see May. But her very tears will bring May flowers. When the sun shines out, even while she is crying, I think she is laughing at what she somehow feels is coming.

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HUMAN ORCHIDS IN GOD'S GARDEN

I THOUGHT of you the other day when I stood in the orchid houses of a dear friend of mine who has three hundred varieties of orchids. If I had never seen one in bloom, I should have asked him what he had those horrid looking things around for. Their white roots hanging down with nothing to cover them; no soil to grow in, nothing to live on but air. Ah! but I saw them in bloom, the beautiful costly orchid. There are no flowers that fascinate me as they do. They are far from home; some of them, it seemed to me, were dreaming of South America, others of the East Indies, and yet doing their very best, under the circumstances, where they had been placed. The beautiful captives! And in that hour I saw so many of God's human orchids, and I thought how beautiful they will look when in bloom. You say, When? I do not know. What does it matter, it will be sometime, somewhere.

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A PEARLY THOUGHT FOR APRIL

ONCE in a while I think of my little orange tree I had a few winters ago. It came at Christmas. It was very small, in a small pot, but it had so many oranges on it, I wondered whether they would grow or shrink up and fall from the tree. They didn't fall and they didn't seem to grow, but they lived. To be sure I encouraged them all I could, and praised the little tree for having the bravery to live, and I came to love my little orange tree. One day when I stood by admiring it, I fancied it said, "O, I am nothing now, but you should see me in my home in California, then you would see an orange tree." It never reached there. But, dear "Daughters," we shall reach our California, we shall some day be where our environment will be perfectly suited to our nature and we shall come to our best. Will you not think of this during the changeable month of April, dear Daughters?

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WHAT SHOULD EASTER MEAN?

THE old picture that is ever new has been again unfolded. Sad women! Sad men! Desolate lives because the One they loved was gone, was in the grave, all desolation! Then the glorious Easter morning! Loved ones meeting again. What does it all mean? Is it not a picture of what will sometime be, when tears shall be wiped from off all faces, when there shall be no more separation? Is not that the glorious Easter yet to be? Shall not every butterfly on every Easter card say—Immortality? Shall not every broken egg tell the story of life from death?

I have been thinking this Easter time of how we grow in ideas. In my childhood, about the only association with Easter that I had was that I could have more eggs for breakfast than on any other day. Then, farther on, my association with Easter was something new to wear; a new bonnet for Easter; then gradually it became to mean more to me. The lovely Easter flowers some way looked more solemn and lovely at Easter than at any other time. And so thought grew, and to-day it means more than ever before. I have something new to wear, but it is a dress made from God's thoughts of undying love, of everlasting mercy, of love to all the race, of a hope of an Easter morning when not only a few women and a few men will have their mourning turned into joy, but all God's creation shall be jubilant because there shall be no more sin, and, therefore, no more graves. And yet there is much left for hope, for eye hath not seen or ear heard what God is preparing for his redeemed race.

WOMEN IN SPIRITUAL LIFE

NEVER have I been so glad as at this blessed Easter-time, that our Sisterhood means, first of all, "spiritual life." When I take up my morning paper I see so many worlds spoken of, "the musical world," "the dramatic world," "the political world," "the religious world"; but the world that our Order calls our attention to first of all, is the spiritual world; and this world is to go into all other worlds. It is a world that has to do with God in everything. It is such a lovely world, the very air is love—love to all. And it is the only world I know of where "in honor we prefer one another," where we are kind one to the other—forgiving, tender-hearted. Only think what a family life becomes when the members of the family move in this world. And if we could only have this world go into society there would be no unkind criticism. No one would be hurt. It seems to me every one would become more beautiful even to look at. I don't say there is no suffering in this spiritual world; there is, but that will make us more beautiful if we live in this spiritual world. I heard once of a very fair girl called very handsome; but a nobleman said: "I do not know what it is that is lacking, but she is not beautiful to me." Afterwards he heard her lightly say: "I never suffered in my life," and then he said he knew where the lack was. But you say, How can I enter and live in this world?

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TO HAVE A PERPETUAL EASTER MORN

IT is not necessary that you should be rich or clever, but you must be humble; unless you become as a little child you cannot enter into this spiritual world. But only think what a lovely thing it is to be a little child. Who has not said, whose tears have not started as they have heard it sung, "Make me a child again just for to-night." Now, as The King's Daughter, your first business you see is this deeper spiritual life. To be like little children with your Father! Little children are believing creatures till they are taught to doubt; and usually pride has to be put into them; they know no distinctions that we make. Now there is a divine childhood that should be our highest ambition, and that was what marked the Son of God. He seemed never to forget His Father, and everything He did was with reference to His Father. This is what I mean by living in the spiritual world, and this is the kingdom that is yet to come. This is what we mean when we say, "Thy kingdom come." It does not look as if it was coming very fast when we see so little of the recognition of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; but it will come, and we can let it come in our hearts, and we can live out the principles of this kingdom in our families; and it can be said of us, "I never heard an unkind word fall from her lips; she cares more for character than she does for money. She shrinks from an impure man as much as from an impure woman." All this can be said of us, and much more. Shall we live in this spiritual world? Shall Christ, The King of this world be our King? Shall likeness to Him be the one aim of our life? Then there will be always in our souls an Easter morning.

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UNTIL THE DAY BREAK

BEFORE me in memory is a picture of a scene that I never tire of thinking about. It presented itself to me as I wended my way from the vicarage, one summer in old England, to a parish church near by. A pure white marble cross stood near the entrance to the church, and under it the words: "Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away." It marked the resting place of the wife of a former vicar. I would go through the old Norman door of the old church with the beautiful roses hanging, as if asking me to take them in the church with me, and saying softly to myself, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away"; and I am saying them now at this Easter time, when all the flowers and the warmer sun all seem to be saying, "He is coming." And I reply, "I knew Thou wert coming, oh, Love Divine." But it isn't the full Easter yet, the stone is not rolled away from so many graves outside and in, but they will be, and there stands the cross, and it is saying, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away." Weary shadows that fall on heart and brain; dreadful problems unsolved, like the huge stone that the angels rolled away. And will they not roll away all stones? Christ has risen: Does that not mean that all will rise? O, yes, the morning will break—the glad Easter morning. So, sorrowful "Daughters" (and you are many), take courage, wait a little while "until the day break." Look up and not down. Sorrow is joy in the making. Joy is coming on! Let us rejoice in what we see and in what we do not see to-day: the great Easter is coming!

THE LONESOME TEN

EACH month as we come closer to each other in our little room, my heart is more drawn to you; and now I want to thank you for all you have whispered to me during the past month. You need not fear I will tell your secrets; write just as freely as you like. You give me subjects for my "Heart-to-Heart talks." A little chat with you has been suggested by the Daughter who told me of her "Lonesome Ten." Their work is to seek the lonely and cheer them as they have need. It would take more than one page of the JOURNAL to tell you all that rushed into my mind as I looked at the words "The Lonesome Ten." At first I thought of lonely souls; their number will never be known; the noblest are in that army. The King heads it, "I am alone," and yet He added, "The Father is with me."

I remember hearing a good bishop say many years ago, "He thought the Lord Jesus was always looking for lonely souls, for He had never forgotten His lonliness when here. All heights are lonely." If you are earnestly seeking to know the truth, you may prepare yourselves for loneliness. But there is another loneliness. I get many letters from the lonely country life, and I feel for you. I am glad you are in our Order, for you see you are in a large company, and I want you to make the most of it. Keep in connection with us, and if there is no work to be done in your village for the distressed, then form your circles to help the needy in our cities, and work along the lines your sympathies take you. I said to a woman once, who had put on the cross, "What would you like to do?" and she answered "Care for poor little children; my only child has gone where there is no poverty." "The Lonesome Ten" have found out the secret of how to deal with loneliness—"help some forlorner brother." "If the world is a wilderness, go build houses in it."

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WHEN YOU ARE LONELY

THE moment you feel loneliness creeping over you do something for somebody; mind, not think, but do. I am so glad we are in a Sisterhood of Service. When you are lonely, sing! "There are lonely hearts to cherish while the days are going by," and find them. I was startled when I heard that so many wives and daughters of our farmers are filling our insane asylums. No work of our favored "Daughters" has given me more pleasure than the forming of circles in the mountains and by the sea-side of those who must remain in the places that are lonely after the summer visitors have departed. They keep in association with these girls in the country, and send them, from the city during the winter months, reading matter to help them interest their circles. I wish I could say something to cheer you, dear country girls. It would rest me if we could change places once in a while. I am in such a whirl that it seems to me it would be most refreshing to see a snow scene in the dear country; but you sigh for what I have too much of. Let me tell you this world has been most helped by people who have lived in the country.

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WORDS TO THE LONESOME "DAUGHTER"

WHEN you come to see more deeply into the meaning of your little silver cross you will think less of your lonely life. I want you to come to the realization that your are never alone, and when the spirit of contentment comes to abide with you, because you have God (that makes godliness) then all nature will begin to talk with you, and it will be far more refreshing than the senseless talk that is often heard in what is called society. All will be changed when you see the Master who gave you the work to do, whether taking care of the children or taking care of the house, standing at your side and whispering that He is pleased to see you do it well, and that an angel would gladly come down and do it if the Father wished it. Maybe then you will see more deeply into the prayer you have uttered since you were little children, "Thy will be done on earth (done by me) as it is done in Heaven." So in the doing our duty we may have such a sense of fellowship with, and sympathy from, the Divinely Human, that will make us feel we are in His very footsteps, and not only that, but that he is within us. One word, in closing, to the lonesome souls who will read this Heart-to-Heart talk, and I will give it in the language of another who has often been helpful to me: "Let your life be a life of faith; do not go timorously about, inquiring what others think, what others believe and what others say. It is the easiest, but it seems the most difficult thing in life to believe in God. God is near you, throw yourself fearlessly upon Him. There is an unknown might within your soul which will wake when you command it. The day may come when all that is human will fall off from you as they did from Him. Let His strength be yours. Be independent of them all now; the Father is with you, look to Him." Believe me, dear Daughters, that in doing what you are sure He will approve of, the knowing Him, that will alone fill the lonely depths, will come to you. I am sorry to leave you without saying so much that is in my heart to say; but others are wanting our room, so we shall have to say good-bye for a month. "God be with you till we meet again."

Margaret Bottome

WOULD like to hear from a few ladies having one to six spare hours daily. Can offer pleasant paying, steady home employment. No experience necessary. Enclose stamp for plainly sealed particulars to
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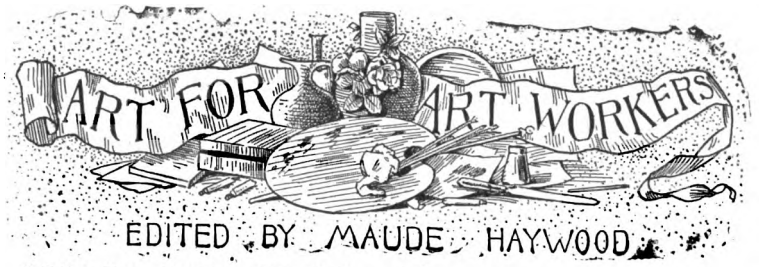


*** MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD will be glad through this Department to answer any questions of an Art nature which her readers may send to her. She cannot, however, undertake to reply by mail; please, therefore, do not ask her to do so. Address all letters to MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

ABOUT FRENCH TAPESTRY PAINTING

THE modern process of producing painted tapestries by applying liquid dyes, afterwards fixed by the action of steam to a canvas manufactured in imitation of that woven in the Gobelin looms, has come to us within the last few years from France. Like so many of the decorative arts of to-day, it is a revival, from a much earlier period, of an industry which has since fallen into disuse and been forgotten. The present method, by means of which the most wonderful effects can be obtained, often hardly distinguishable from the genuine tapestries, is very recent, and was perfected by a number of French artists who for some years worked and experimented together. One of this band, M. Grénié, after holding an exhibition of painted tapestries—the result of their labors—with great success in London, came over to this country, where some five or six years ago he first started to introduce his fascinating art, which will always continue to hold its own, in spite of the numerous worthless productions, claiming to be tapestry painting, which have frequently threatened to bring into disrepute work which rightly takes its place amongst the industrial arts. But true art can always stand on its own merits.

THE genuine method in the hands of an artist has unlimited possibilities; the colors are unequalled for softness and brilliancy, besides being absolutely permanent. To architects and decorators, or to the artistic householder of not unlimited means, it has the further recommendation of its small cost in comparison to woven tapestries. Moreover, there is no attempt to create a monopoly, or to withhold the work from any who wish to undertake it for themselves. The proper dyes are now obtainable in the American market, and for the encouragement of the amateur let it be well understood, that the method is simple, the colors few, and that, even to the inexperienced, good and effective results are much more easily and quickly obtained than with either oil or water-color, and a much shorter time is required to master the principles of the art. Naturally, therefore, tapestry-painting has quickly become very popular amongst ladies of artistic taste or ability, and numbers of them, many with very little previous knowledge of art, have made most successful decorations for their homes. Even large portières and wall hangings have proved themselves to be not beyond the capabilities of the average amateur, especially when assisted at the outset by a few practical lessons.

THE materials required are few, the most expensive being the canvas, which must be all-wool; it comes in various widths, at the rate of seven dollars and fifty cents a yard, fifty-four inches wide. The right make is imported from Paris, where it is manufactured by M. Binant. There is an inferior kind sold, sometimes for the same price and sometimes cheaper, coming from Belgium, in the preparation of which the best wool is not employed. This should never be used, as it does not take the dyes well, and is therefore very unpleasant to paint upon. As the tapestries practically last forever, it is folly to use any but the best canvas. The rib may be allowed to run up and down, or across, according to taste or convenience in cutting the material, since the woven originals were also made either way

THE dyes are sold in a concentrated form, requiring dilution with a special medium and water. They should all have Grénié's name clearly printed upon the label. There are twelve of them, costing twenty-five cents the ounce-bottle, with the exception of indigo and cochineal, which are thirty cents each, and they are so strong that one set, with the renewal of one or two of the colors, such as yellow—of which a great deal is used generally—will paint several large pieces. The list of dyes is as follows: indigo, ultramarine, ponceau (vermilion), rose, cochineal, sanguine (which answers to burnt-sienna), Indian yellow, emerald-green, gray-green, gray, brown and violet. The last named color is not to be greatly recommended, the mixture of ultramarine and ponceau forming a preferable substitute. The medium, which is about thirty-five cents the pint, must be used freely. In comparison to oil colors these dyes are very inexpensive. The brushes are of a special make, very stiff, in order to facilitate the scrubbing of the dyes into the canvas. For ordinary work, about ten of selected sizes are sufficient, with the addition of a good-sized varnish brush, of which the bristles have been cut down somewhat shorter with a pair of scissors, for laying in the skies. A palette formed of a piece of glass about 14 x 18 inches in size, coated on the back with white paint, and several small jars in which to mix the washes, will complete the outfit.

LESSONS IN CHINA PAINTING

SECOND PAPER

THE design being already sketched on the china, the next proceeding is to lay on the first washes, on the smoothness and delicacy of which greatly depend the ultimate success of the work. Let us suppose that the subject chosen for your first attempt is a spray of wild roses. Put out upon your palette a little mixing yellow, and rose-pompadour. Dip your palette knife in clean spirits of turpentine, and grind the colors separately. Although they come in the tubes already ground for use, it is better to do this in order to insure flat, even tints. Take some of the mixing yellow, moistening it to the right consistency with lavender oil, and wash in the centres of the flowers, working the yellow a little way out into the petals. Then lay in the rose-pompadour, painting from the centre towards the outline, keeping the brush flat and blending the pink into the yellow imperceptibly. It is of the utmost importance that the tints should be laid on very thinly and smoothly; to this end the use of the lavender oil greatly aids, for it keeps the colors in good working order, and does not evaporate upon the palette so quickly as spirits of turpentine.

The management of the brush is frequently a fruitful source of trouble to beginners; in their hands the hairs will separate, which, of course, immediately causes the painting to be streaky. To obviate this, every time it is necessary to rinse the color out of the brush in turpentine, dip it afterwards into Cooley's tinting oil (or fat oil), and dry it into shape with a clean rag. The leaves are to be put in after the same fashion, using for some moss-green, and for others deep blue-green mixed with grass-green, bearing in mind the golden rules which I cannot repeat too often:—Work with your brush flat, your colors thin and delicate, and always towards the outline, for this latter purpose turning your piece around in your left hand in order to get at each part most conveniently. Having thus covered the whole design, the tints must be thoroughly dried by heat before you attempt to touch them further. This is absolutely essential, as it is the only method of preserving your tones clear and pure, and while it is very little trouble, it saves an immense amount of time, and all chance of the vexation of having the color "work up" in painting over it. The simplest way is to set your piece for about a quarter of an hour in the kitchen oven; never mind if the work appears slightly discolored on taking it out again; when it is fired it will have to stand a much greater heat, and this drying is only the beginning of the process which takes place in the kiln, and makes no difference whatever to the ultimate result. For studio use a small oven can be procured for two or three dollars, and heated by means of a gas or oil stove.

After the china has been thus dried, and allowed to cool again, you may next outline the design. Choose a brush with a good fine point, and make the outline very carefully with violet of iron, taking pains to get the drawing free and graceful, and to leave no part confused or uncertain. Do not make the veining of the leaves stiff or conventional, but on the contrary, delicate and suggestive. In all your painting aim for a light, dainty touch; where this is a natural gift a great step is gained, but in any case it may always be cultivated.

Dry your outline and proceed to your second painting, where your object is to get in all your half-tones, and not at present to attempt to gain the ultimate strength or finish requisite. Shade the roses with a gray, made of black and silver-yellow mixed, and the leaves with dark-green and with brown-green, getting variety by adding more or less green to each, putting the dark green on the moss-green leaves, and the brown-green on the bluer ones. Touch up the centres with silver-yellow. Take special pains with the stems, and paint the thorns with carnation No. 1, using the same color where it is desirable to give the green leaves a pinkish hue. The effect of a design is greatly enhanced and softened by the judicious introduction of a few shadow leaves. In this instance lay them in with gray, either made with black, silver-yellow and a little deep blue-green.

The shadows of the flowers must be cast over partially with yellow ochre to gain warmth and variety, and a little of the same color may also be worked into the centres. The roses should be made pinker on the edges of the petals by adding more carnation, No. 1. All that should remain to be done now is the final accentuation which will be treated of in the next paper on this subject. Some hints as to the treatment of various other flowers will also be given. In all of them the manner of painting is the same, the difference only lying in the colors which are to be used.

USEFUL HINTS ON DRAWING

TO realize the importance of a knowledge of drawing as the foundation of all true art-work, is a great step gained, because to the earnest-minded the grasping of a principle theoretically, naturally leads to practical effort toward the attainment of what is so obviously essential to success. All who are serious in their efforts, should fully understand at the outset that some degree of proficiency in drawing is absolutely necessary, however unambitious the work attempted, and that for the lack of it, no other quality, however good in itself, can ever atone. Of course, for those who are going to embrace art as a profession, unquestionably the best course, where it is in any way possible, is to enter a training-school, and to obtain thorough instruction from the cast, and later from the living model. Not only is the method of teaching the best, but the influence of the students one on another, and the atmosphere of art in which they seem to work, are very helpful and stimulating.

In many cases, however, a regular training of this kind is not obtainable, and seems perhaps hardly desirable; and it is for such workers that these few hints are especially intended. In the first place, facility in drawing, as in everything else, is to be obtained, by the majority, only by constant practice and perseverance; some have greater natural aptitude and will progress more rapidly than others, but there are probably none who, with patience, cannot acquire a certain amount of correctness in drawing; and if there are, it would certainly be better that they should turn their attention away from art altogether.

To the question that naturally arises, "What shall I draw?" the answer is: everything and anything, especially what bears upon your own particular branch of work. For instance, china-painters, who use for their designs principally flower subjects, should practice the drawing of flowers, both from copies, but also, and more particularly, from nature. Working from copies is a great help, especially in the beginning, but it should always be with a view to original work later. Others, as their aims or ambition vary, will find benefit in making drawings of the familiar objects which surround them in their homes, or in the country or streets beyond their own threshold. Be constantly drawing something, and you will be surprised how fast you improve. Use pencil, pen, chalk or brush just as you may fancy—but whichever it be, let the result produced be always just as good as you can possibly make it. Never hurry in the least; rapidity will come quite naturally with practice, and as you get on, you will find that you will be able to get your effect with less and less labor. The best work is always the simplest, but simplicity is usually entirely beyond a beginner; it is only gained gradually and through experience. It is an excellent plan, especially for busy persons, to have a sketch-book constantly at hand, and to fill up odd moments with drawing; it is astonishing how much can be accomplished in this way. A little here, and a little there, and in the end a surprising amount produced both in quantity, and, where there is painstaking, in quality also. In the beginning, attempt simple objects, and do not be discouraged if the result is not always quite what you would wish; keep steadily on, save all you do, and from time to time compare your work with earlier efforts, note your progress and try to see for yourself your chief faults, that you may guard against them. For those who are so placed that they can obtain little personal help or instruction, it is well that they should study, although not necessarily copy, good drawings in the same style of work that they are occupied with. In these days of well-illustrated periodicals, no one need be beyond the pale of art-influence. In drawing, aim always to get character into whatever you are trying to reproduce; for instance, in a wild-rose try to express its fragility; in an Easter-lily, its stateliness; in a heart's-ease, its velvety softness; in a snow scene, its coldness; in a landscape, its glow, its bleakness, its stillness or its storminess. Think much while drawing; let your subject have a meaning to yourself, and the meaning will find its way into your work; the more true feeling for art you have, the more this will be so.

Do not imagine that in advising you to attempt the reproduction of the simple and familiar objects around you that I am setting you what will be, especially at first, a particularly easy task. Until you actually sit down to try it, you probably will not in the least realize how difficult it is to get a good and well drawn likeness of such things as a dish of fruit, a decanter and glasses, an inkstand, books, papers, a clock, a carved picture frame, a fan, gloves, or any of the numberless subjects that could be readily named as suitable for a beginner to practice upon, and which, yet to represent adequately, it requires more than a beginner's skill. Copy them faithfully and conscientiously; try to draw exactly what you see, not what you imagine you ought to see. One hears students sighing out opposite wishes, the fulfilment of which they imagine would end all their difficulties: "If I could only draw what I see!" and, "If I could only see what I ought to draw!" In reality the one quality begets the other, and both need cultivating, increase together, and react one on the other—mental perception and technical skill.

Practice drawing and the gaining of effect in various ways, as you progress; for instance, draw the same subject first in outline, and then again entirely without definite outline, by copying the masses of light and shade only. If your work ultimately is to be designing in any of its various branches, the best practice is undoubtedly in plant forms, and everyone will find this work greatly beneficial to them. The studies should be made with a double object, for the immediate benefit derived in the way of experience, and the gradually increasing facility gained, and for their intrinsic value, that they may be used in the future as the motives for decoration. With this end in view, accurate drawings, rather than pretty pictures, are desirable, and it is especially necessary to delineate the growth correctly and exactly—the grouping of the leaves, their shape and relation to the main stem, the manner in which the blossom grows, and how it is joined to the stem, being carefully represented, and very particular attention being always paid to the stalks and branches, because this is a point often neglected, but which is, nevertheless, most important, since they are, so to speak, the skeleton or framework, upon which the whole is constructed.

IN LITERARY CIRCLES

THE LONG LIFE OF AUTHORS

By Emma E. Volentine

IS an author's life a particularly happy one? Or is his flesh heir to fewer ills than that of ordinary mortals? Account for it as we may, the fact is that authors are apt to live long.

Every student of biography is astonished to find how many of those whose names are written high on the walls of literary fame have reached the prescribed three score years and ten, and how many have even lived beyond it.

From the very earliest times of which we have any record the author seems to have been one especially marked for a good old age. Confucius, the Chinese sage, was past seventy when he died in 478 B. C. The Greek historian and general, Xenophon, survived several wars and died at ninety. Plato lived to be eighty-one; Pindar, supreme in lyric poetry, reached eighty-two, and Sophocles is recorded as dying at eighty-nine. The philosopher Pythagoras was eighty years old when he died; Cicero, though he took an active part in the stormy history of his time, lived long past sixty, as did also Boccacio, the earliest of Italian novelists. Cervantes, author of Don Quixote, was sixty-nine, and Galileo, persecuted and imprisoned several times, survived until seventy-eight.

French literature is a remarkable one in the respect of author's longevity. Froissart, poet and historian, was seventy-three; La Rochefoucauld lived to be sixty-seven; Corneille, writer of tragedies, died at seventy-eight, and Fontanelle lived a full century. Massillon was nearly eighty, and Voltaire and Victor Hugo were several years beyond that age; the historian Thiers died in 1877 at eighty, and Amantine Dudevant (George Sand), died in her seventy-second year. Jules Verne, who was born in 1828, is still living.

Germany has given us Goethe, living eighty-three years; Klopstock, author of "The Messiah," seventy-nine; and Arndt, popular lyrist, and writer of "What is the German's Fatherland?" who was ninety-one. Wieland, who won for his city the title of "Athens of Germany," lived to be eighty; Tieck lived to the same age, and the poet Uhland, greatest of the romancers, was seventy-five years old. The Grimm brothers, whose fairy-tales have made their name a household word all over the world, were seventy-three and seventy-eight; and Baron Munchausen, the sturdiest and most famous of all fanciful *littérateurs*, lived to seventy-seven—several years longer than the French fable writer, La Fontaine. Schlosser, the historian, reached eighty-five.

The literary history of England is full of instances. From quaint old "Ike" Walton, who was ninety years old in 1683, down to Lord Tennyson, still Poet Laureate at eighty-one, is an almost unbroken line of eminent and long-lived authors. Among poets Walter Savage Landor, with a record of eighty-nine years, seems to be first; but Young, Peacock, Wordsworth and Montgomery were all over eighty; Waller was eighty-two, Horne eighty-five, and Procter and Barnes eighty-seven. William and Mary Howitt lived to the same age, eighty-four; Moore died at seventy-three; Southey at sixty-nine; Charles Wesley, writer of hymns, at eighty, and Browning at seventy-seven. The dramatists Sheridan and Jonson were both over sixty, and Colley Cibber lived to be eighty-six. Dean Swift was seventy-eight: John Wesley, writer and reformer, laid down his pen at eighty-eight, and Cardinal Newman's useful life has recently ended at the advanced age of eighty-nine.

Of novelists, Charles Reade and Bulwer Lytton both died at seventy; Wilkie Collins at sixty-four, and Anthony Trollope at sixty-seven; while De Quincey, in spite of his opium habit, lived until seventy-four. Nearly all the modern Englishmen who have made a lasting impression upon the thought of the world have lived to a ripe old age. Sir Isaac Newton died at eighty-five; Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" appeared when he was fifty-three, and he lived fourteen years afterwards. John Stuart Mill was sixty-seven; Darwin was seventy-three, and Carlyle eighty-six. Among the English women writers who have lived long are Harriet Martineau, seventy-seven; Jane Porter, seventy-four; Amelia Opie, eighty-four; Maria Edgeworth, eighty-two; and "Frances Burney," died at eighty-eight.

The most celebrated of living English authors are well past middle-age. The poets Austin Dobson and Sir Edwin Arnold have more than completed their half-century, and Coventry Patmore is sixty-seven. Matthew Arnold was sixty-seven at his death; and Herbert Spencer is three years older. The historian Froude is still living at seventy-two. Professor Tyndall has not given up his writing, though he is now sixty-seven years of age; George Rawlinson, the eminent scholar, has attained his seventy-fifth year; Gladstone has passed his eighty-first birthday, and is still a marvel of intellectual strength; and Miss Yonge and Mrs. Oliphant are still workers, although one is sixty-seven and the other seventy respectively.

Our own country furnishes quite as many notable instances as any other, with perhaps the single exception of England. The list of poets seems the most remarkable. Beginning with Richard Henry Dana, who was born in 1787 and lived until 1879, and coming down to John G. Whittier, now past eighty-three, at least a dozen famous names might be mentioned. Fitz-Greene Halleck, for instance, was seventy-seven; Longfellow, seventy-five; Boker, sixty-six; Nathaniel P. Willis, sixty, and William Cullen Bryant, eighty-four; and there are still living (besides Whittier), Parsons, Walt Whitman and Lowell, who are all seventy-one, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is almost as young at eighty-one as he was at fifty. Prescott, the historian, lived to be sixty-three; Thomas Wentworth Higginson is still writing, well and constantly, at the age of sixty-seven; Francis Parkman bids fair to add several years more to his sixty-seven; while the veteran George Bancroft, has just died at ninety-one.

American literature has seen a number of women who have had long lives. Abigail Adams, wife of the second President of the United States, was perhaps one of the earliest of these; she lived to be seventy-four, and left behind her letters and other writings which still have a distinct literary and historical value. Lydia Maria Child died at seventy-eight, and Maria Mitchell, famous among modern astronomers and writers, lived to be seventy-two. Of living writers Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published when she was forty, is now seventy-eight; Mrs. Whitney is sixty-six; Abby Morton Diaz, author of the once famous "William Henry Letters," is writing and lecturing at sixty-nine; Julia Ward Howe has seen seventy-one years, and Mrs. Southworth seventy-two.

Prominent among essayists and moralists are the names of Henry Ward Beecher, who died at seventy-four; Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was seventy-nine; and the economist Carey, who lived to be eighty-six; Edward Everett Hale is now sixty-eight, and the eminent Biblical scholar, Thomas Jefferson Conant, is hale and hearty at eighty-eight. Washington Irving finished his greatest work, the "Life of Washington," when he was seventy-six, and died within a year afterward.

Murat Halstead is as active a journalist at sixty-one as Trowbridge is a story-writer at sixty-three. Donald G. Mitchell expects to be considerably over sixty-eight when he dies, while George William Curtis and Charles Dudley Warner, now sixty-six and sixty-one, will in all probability continue to be our models for vigorous and polished English for some time to come.

FOUR BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

WHICH CAN SAFELY BE READ BY CHILDREN

IT is a wonderful thing to be able to look into a little child's heart and write of what is found there. To tell of all the dreams, aspirations and impulses that are deep-hidden in childish breasts, and to feel, as one of them, all their joys and sorrows. James Whitcomb Riley's "Rhymes of Childhood" give evidence of this power which only a very few possess. They are all sympathetic, and have, besides humor, pathos and the true poetic touch. The delightful "Raggedy Man" makes his appearance in several of the dialect poems, and tells a wonderful tale about his "Grandfather Squeers," a truly remarkable patriach,

"Who said, when he rounded his threescore and ten,
'I've the hang of it now, and can do it again.'"

"All Golden," "A Passing Hail," "A Life Lesson" and "A Mother Song" are but a few of many admirable serious poems. The book is a notable and unusual one. No mother can fail to appreciate and be touched by its sweetness, tenderness and beauty, and there is a great deal in it that even a "benighted bachelor" must enjoy. [The Bowen-Merrill Company: $1.50].

AMONG several books for the young, which can only be briefly noticed, a prominent place belongs to "A Loyal Little Red-Coat," by Ruth Ogden. The scene is laid in New York during the period immediately following the Revolutionary War, and the Red-Coat is a little girl whose sympathies are with the defeated British, but whose best friends are on the other side. There is historical as well as general interest in the story, which is brightly told and beautifully illustrated. [Frederick A. Stokes Company: $2.00].

MRS. LAURA E. RICHARDS has written a lovely little story in "Captain January." It is a tender and pathetic tale of an old lighthouse-keeper and his adopted child. Star Bright is a darling little girl, and the light of the old Captain's life to its end. The book deserves to become immensely popular. [Estes & Lauriat: 50 cents].

"MAIDIE'S PROBLEM," and "One of Themselves," are two stories of The King's Daughters, by Margaret E. Sangster. They tell of practical workers of this noble association and the admirable results of their labors. The book must be both helpful and suggestive to members of this organization. [Hunt & Eaton: 75 cents].

LITERARY QUERIES

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

TO SEVERAL INQUIRERS—I have said again and again that this column is not intended to search out authors of poetical lines. All requests of that nature are simply destroyed. Only questions on general literary matters will be answered under "Literary Queries."

MISS JENNIE—There is probably no better or handier book for Bible students and teachers, which will facilitate Bible study, than a little book called "The Books of the Bible Briefly Analyzed." It costs only 20 cents and is worth double the price. The JOURNAL can supply copies at the price named, or you can write direct to the publisher, H. T. Frueauff, Easton, Pa.

ESTHER—Yes; any book reviewed on this page will be supplied by the JOURNAL at the price given. We have added this branch to our business specially for the convenience of JOURNAL readers. Merely send price with title of book and author and your order will be filled at once.

FENI—The magazine you refer to is probably "Picture Gallery for Young Folks." It is published monthly in Chicago; subscription is seventy-five cents per year.

A. G.—(1) The location of an author's name to a story is simply a matter of the editor's taste. It can be placed either at the head after the title, or at the conclusion of a story. (2) Only a very few periodicals use the words, "Written especially for ——"; the best magazines do not use the phrase, as all their matter is original. The JOURNAL discontinued the practice some time ago. (3) Magazines usually pay immediately upon acceptance; the check generally accompanying the notification of acceptance. (4) Certainly; write to the paper and call their attention to the fact that you have never been paid for your story. It is, doubtless, a simple oversight.

A. S. B.—The author you refer to is a compiler and author of subscription books which have been very successful. He is an author of very good repute, so far as I know.

LILLIE D. L.—I have no facilities for obtaining for you the portraits of the English poets you desire. They can only be had singly, either in their own books, or in some illustrated work of literary biographies.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS—The editor of "Literary Queries" must once more repeat what he has said so often, that he positively cannot answer questions by mail. Please do not ask him to do so. He will be glad to reply to such literary questions as he can in this column.

A SCHOOL GIRL—There is no "formula" for writing a story—Christmas or otherwise. Good stories are written from the heart, not upon prescribed lines or formulas.

MRS. J. A. B.—Newspaper correspondence *can* be made profitable, but the work must be done well. The rates run from five to eight dollars per newspaper column of printed words. Everything depends upon the paper for which you write and the quality of your work. Newspapers are always on the lookout for good correspondents. But, as in everything else, the work must be superior and suited to the wants of a newspaper public.

A SUBSCRIBER—The best "all-round" paper for a machinist is, perhaps, "The American Machinist," published in New York. Whether it would suit a boy learning to be a machinist, depends upon the boy. Why not send for a sample copy and see for yourself? Enclose three or four two-cent stamps with your request.

A CONSTANT READER—There is only one way, as I have repeatedly said, to introduce the work of an author to a magazine, and that is by sending the manuscript to the periodical to which it is best suited.

MRS. C. F. S.—The name of the lady who writes under the *nom de plume* of "The Duchess" is Mrs. Margaret Hungerford. A portrait and sketch of her will shortly appear in the JOURNAL: also, a story by her.

SEVERAL "ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBERS"—Don't, please, ask an answer to your questions "in the next JOURNAL." Remember that the JOURNAL is made up two months in advance of publication. Be patient, and await your turn.

AUSTIN—Your friend's experience with publishers is not at all unusual. By all means try the house you speak of again in the spring. Try all the publishers; there is no harm in trying and very little cost. Perhaps Lee & Shepard, of Boston, or D. Lothrop Company, also of Boston, might be suitable houses. Business arrangements vary so much, and are so largely dependent upon the merit of a work that they cannot be applied to any special case.

JOSEPHINE—The demand for translations is very meagre; original work is far more remunerative. The leading qualifications of a proof-reader are brains, a quick eye, wide reading, and an accurate knowledge of punctuation and grammar—and a familiarity with foreign languages often comes in very handy. All depends upon the position occupied.

A CONSTANT READER—The authors you name can be reached by addressing them in care of the JOURNAL, and the letters will be forwarded. Famous authors do not care to have their addresses appear in print.

MRS. H. S. L.—What better periodical for your seven-year-old boy than "The Youth's Companion?"

E. D.—Reputable periodicals pay for *everything* they accept.

EDNA—The re-print of "The Encyclopædia Brittanica" to which you refer, comes under the head of unreliable editions. All editions, save the Scribner, are untrustworthy.

A READER—The author of "The Turned Bridge" is Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas. She resides in New York where she is a successful literary worker. A letter addressed to her, care of the JOURNAL, will be forwarded.

TO READERS OF THIS COLUMN—I cannot, for reasons which any sensible person will understand, make public the addresses of well-known authors in this column. Any letters addressed to authors, in care of the JOURNAL, will be forwarded to them if their whereabouts are known to us.

MRS. M. A. MCC.—"Major Jack Downing" was the *nom de plume* of Seba Smith, a famous political satirist, who died some years ago. His books are now out of print, but any large second-hand dealer may possibly pick up a stray copy for you.

EARNESTNESS—Young authors should always receive remuneration for their work. What is worth printing is worth paying for, whether it is written by an unknown or a famous writer. Your editorial friend is neither happy or correct in his advice.

R. S.—Second-hand book stores abound in all large cities. "Leary's Book Store" is a large store of this sort in Philadelphia.

MRS. S. S. A.—"Rutledge" is published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, of New York city; write to him. The author of "Infelice" is Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson; perhaps Mr. Dillingham can tell you where to obtain a copy of this book as well, as he is Mrs. Wilson's publisher.

MISS ALICE B.—There are two very good papers entirely devoted to the art of writing advertisements and advertising matters. The best one for your purposes is "Art In Advertising," published at 35 Frankfort street, New York, at one dollar per year. The other is "Printer's Ink," also published in New York.

CORINNE L.—Some good books for girls were recommended on this page in the March JOURNAL.

PHYA—No person can decide who is the "greatest living writer," or the "greatest living novelist." It is entirely a matter of opinion. Read them all, and form your own conclusion.

M. W.—You will find a sketch of George MacDonald in any good English biographical work—in "Men of Our Time," for example, published by George Routledge & Sons, of New York.

J. E. H.—See answer to "Edna," as above, who asked regarding the same edition as you do.

HUNGRY CHILDREN

MANY women seem to feel that they have accomplished their chief duty to their children when they have sent them to school in the morning. Their departure is followed by a sigh of relief, particularly if they are in time, and a serene consciousness of having done well pervades the whole being. Has it been well done? This depends entirely upon the preliminaries.

MANY children, especially girls, lay the foundation of indigestion, and its train of attendant evils, during their school days. They sit up late at night, and consequently do not want to get up in the morning. When they do rise, being already late for breakfast, they do not take time for a thorough sponge bath, which would open the pores and make them feel fresh and brisk. They come down stairs pale and languid, eat a few mouthfuls of oatmeal, or, perhaps, push it away untasted, play with a hot roll, swallow two or three pieces of steak, without half masticating it, drink a cup of strong coffee and then say, "Mother, I can't wait for any more breakfast; can't I go?"

Sometimes it is, "Mother, I am not hungry this morning; I don't want any breakfast," and the mother, who would shrink with horror from letting her child go into the street with bare feet, calmly says, "Very well, dear, you may go," and sends her out with an unfortified stomach.

THE girl goes to school where she remains for three, or, if it is a high-school, for five hours, without any opportunity of obtaining suitable food. Her mind is in a state of activity and is making constant demands upon the body. Every thought occasions the waste of a certain amount of tissue, and there is nothing to build up the muscles and nerves and compensate for this drain.

She may take a lunch from home; but, if she puts it up herself, it probably consists chiefly of cake. If there is a bakery near the school she may rush there during recess and buy hot doughnuts, or a pie, whose pastry cannot justly be termed flaky. If she has enough pocket money she may add half a pound of caramels, or chocolate creams, for leisurely consumption.

SURFEITED with these she has as little appetite for dinner as she had for breakfast. This goes on week after week. The mother looks sadly at the pale cheeks and says, "The dear child is worn out with overstudy. We cannot take her away from school; she is so ambitious, it would break her heart to fall behind her classes." It is not over-study, but under-feeding that is ailing her. Fire cannot burn without fuel, and if proper material is not supplied it feeds upon what it can get. In this case it is the body itself that is consumed and suffers. There is one remedy, and one only—proper food. The appetite which has been frightened away must be coaxed back again.

If in order to do this, study has to be relinquished for a time; it is surely better than to fall a prey to phthisis, or to graduate with shattered nerves, a life-long invalid.

EVERY one can recall instances of young girls who have achieved high honors at the expense of health, and who have faded out of life just as they should have been entering upon a useful womanhood.

VERY often such radical measures are not necessary. When a girl cannot, or does not, eat her breakfast, the first note of alarm has been sounded. If the mother says, "You cannot go to school, dear, unless you eat your breakfast," and the girl is manifestly unable to respond, then her condition should be looked to, and she should not be allowed to go again until she can make a satisfactory morning meal.

A SIMPLE tonic, as iron and quinine, or gentian, which any physician will prescribe, may be required to aid nature in her struggle to recover herself. More often the ventilation of the bedroom at night, the morning bath, and allowing sufficient time for an unhurried breakfast will work wonders.

Eggs in every form, except fried, are a valuable addition to the diet list. Hot milk, or cocoa, should be substituted for coffee. Tender steak, mutton chops, Graham or oatmeal bread and rye gems, instead of wheat bread, all the cereals, broiled bacon, oysters and fresh fish may be included in the bill-of-fare. These ought to be eagerly eaten and enjoyed.

Remember, no appetite means a sick child.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

A MOTHER'S ANSWER

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL

O mother of babies strong and fair,
Tell to one who has none,
Which of your dainty darlings there—
Golden, or auburn, or chestnut hair—
To *you* is the loveliest one?

Ask the mother bird on her nest
Up in the rocking tree,
Which of her birdlings to *her* looks best—
Which of the nestlings under her breast
She hovers most tenderly!

Mother-love answers readily—
Mother-love fond and true—
A miracle, each, are my birds to *me*,
No matter what color their feathers may be,
Nor how they may look to you!

THE MOTHER'S MEDICINE BOX

BY A TRAINED NURSE

EVERY mother should keep within easy reach a store of simple remedies. Sometimes having them at hand means saving a child's life, which might be lost from the delay in getting them.

Liquids should be in bottles, plainly marked; powders in wide-mouthed bottles, well-corked. Liniments in dark-colored bottles, kept by themselves; ointments in earthenware boxes with covers.

It is better to have small bottles, and have them filled frequently, if necessary, as many drugs are injured by keeping.

CASTOR OIL—This is the safest laxative for children. Half a teaspoonful may be given to a baby under a year old, and two to a child of six. Put two tablespoonfuls of iced water in a small cup, pour in the oil carefully, not to touch the sides, and it will form a ball in the water. Let the child suck a piece of ice and then take the oil; the taste will not be perceived. It may be given in a little hot milk flavored with a few drops of essence of peppermint.

Give in cases of vomiting and diarrhœa from undigested food.

A small suppository, made of a strip of white soap as thick as a pencil, and shaved to a point, is better than a cathartic to relieve constipation.

SWEET SPIRITS OF NITRE—Reduces fever and causes perspiration. Put a teaspoonful in a half a glass of cold water, and let the child drink it at intervals. Valuable in a feverish cold.

AROMATIC SPIRITS OF AMMONIA—Keep in a bottle with a glass stopper. Ten or fifteen drops in water may be given to a baby, who cries persistently with colic. Half a teaspoonful will relieve cramps in an older child. It is a better stimulant for children than alcohol, and may be given in any emergency where that is indicated.

PAREGORIC—This must be used with caution as it contains opium. Ten drops may be added to a dose of castor oil for a baby when diarrhœa is excessive. When other remedies have proved ineffectual, from twenty to thirty drops will relieve pain in an older child.

WINE OF IPECAC—A good emetic. It does not keep well and should be renewed every three months. Dose, one teaspoonful for a child over a year old. Follow with a drink of tepid water, and repeat several times if necessary. The first remedy in croup, or accidental poisoning.

POWDERED ALUM—Half a teaspoonful mixed with sugar may be given as an emetic if the first dose of ipecac does not take effect. It may be sprinkled on the canker sores that sometimes appear in the mouth, or sniffed up the nose to stop bleeding.

LIME-WATER—A quart bottle of this may be kept in store, as it does not easily spoil. It can be made by pouring cold water on a lump of lime until it is dissolved. Add it to milk in the proportion of one spoonful to eight, whenever the digestion is out of order. Mixed with one-third oil it is excellent for burns.

GLYCERINE—Half a teaspoonful doses relieve the irritation of the throat caused by coughing. Mixed with powdered tannic acid and diluted with water, it is a good gargle for a relaxed sore-throat. Mixed with four times as much rose-water it makes a healing wash for chapped hands.

FRIAR'S BALSAM—This is compound tincture of benzoin. A little spread on a piece of linen and bound on a fresh cut will heal it. It can also be applied to sluggish sores that will not readily heal. Wash them with bichloride solution and apply the balsam. If white spots, or ulcers, in the throat are touched with a brush dipped in it they will heal.

IODINE—Can be painted on with a camel's-hair brush, when there is slight soreness of the chest, or on an enlarged gland in the neck or groin. It is rapidly absorbed and should not be repeated if the skin is tender. If it smarts too intensely to be borne it can be washed off with ammonia. Sometimes there is no smarting.

SOAP LINIMENT—A good simple liniment for bruises, or to use in rubbing in lameness.

CAMPHORATED OIL—The best application for a cold on the chest. Warm the oil, rub the chest and back well with it, and cover with cotton batting, secured with safety-pins on the shoulders and under the arms.

COSMOLINE—The best ointment for ordinary use in roughing of the skin, cracked lips, etc. It does not spoil with keeping.

[The Editor of the "Mothers' Corner" has several valuable papers on a baby's first wardrobe. She will be glad to forward these to anyone who may wish them, if a postage stamp is sent with the request].

USES OF BORAX

I am a young mother and my baby boy is scarcely six weeks' old, so I cannot give the JOURNAL Mothers much useful information; yet, I would write to thank them for the use their letters have been to me.

My own mother sends me all the pages of hints and letters of advice found in the JOURNAL for babies, and I have begun pasting them into a scrap-book for future reference, to help me in keeping my little one well and good as he grows older. I expect the book will be of untold value to me later.

I wonder if the JOURNAL mothers know of the many uses powdered borax can be put to? Two small pinches in baby's bath-water each morning, hardens the skin and prevents it from chafing so easily. My baby has not a sore or red place on his little body.

Bathe the nipple in borax and water after baby has nursed and left it hot and sensitive. It is hardening and cooling.

Wash the little one's flannel skirts, blankets and bands in luke-warm water and borax (taking about one teaspoonful of borax to a pail of water) preventing shrunken or half-clean flannels.

Lastly, a weak solution of borax and water is good for the baby's eyes, if sore; or is unequaled for healing the little scratches and digs made by his tiny lordship in his vain efforts to get his little fist into his "littler" mouth.

WALTER'S WIFE.

BABY'S FIRST FOOD

What do you feed babies with—the first three days after birth—before the mother has milk?

MRS. L. M. B.

A young baby may have warm water, slightly sweetened. If it is very hungry, half milk and half water may be given. If this disagrees with it, try one-third each of milk, lime-water and water, sweetened with sugar of milk. Give the food warm, not hot.

PUTTING THE CHILDREN TO BED

As I have three active little boys, examples of perpetual motion, and who are with me all the time, I get very tired and nervous towards evening.

After boy number two came, I made a rule that their bedtime should come before our dinner at night, thus giving us a restful, quiet meal together, which only those who have had the noise and confusion of little ones around them all the time can understand how we appreciate.

As soon as the days grow shorter, they have their breakfast at half past seven, dinner at twelve and supper between half past four and five.

For supper they have homemade bread made from the entire wheat flour; hominy well boiled and milk, varied with boiled rice and milk; or strained oatmeal as thick as can be strained, and thinned with milk; prunes well stewed; baked or stewed apples; with, sometimes, custard, corn-starch or rice-pudding.

After supper a little romp, then hands and faces are washed, little ones undressed and with a "kiss and hug" are put to bed to sleep, with seldom an awakening until seven the next morning.

One reason my little ones go to sleep so easily is, that they have never been able to sleep in the daytime after they have passed their second year.

After our dinner is over we have a restful, pleasant evening with music, reading aloud from the daily papers some interesting book or one of the monthly magazines.

If the children have been accustomed to sitting up late, I would advise gradually getting them to bed fifteen minutes earlier each night until six o'clock is reached.

During the very short days of winter, mine are in bed and asleep before six o'clock.

I. L. R.

PUTTING BABIES TO SLEEP

I should like to say a word to Mrs. F. S. Wilson in regard to putting babies to sleep.

I agree with her perfectly and do not think her at all hardhearted. My baby is nearly three years' old, and I have never rocked her to sleep, unless sometimes when she has been very sick. I began when she was three and a half months' old, to put her to bed alone and awake. Of course she cried very hard at first and it seemed as if I must go in and take her. But I stuck to it, although it was very hard to hear her cry, and in a few nights she found I meant it, and when I kissed her good-night she did not cry. I cannot tell how glad I have been since then, that I did not "give in" to her, for it has saved me a great deal of trouble.

The time to begin is when they are very young, and so get used to it and do not expect anything else. I wish more young mothers would try it, and perhaps they would not find "babies" such "trouble."

MRS. R. F. K.

BABY'S BASKET

Please describe the manner of furnishing a baby's basket. What kind of a basket should be used and what put in it?

INEXPERIENCE.

REPLY TO G. W. E.

G. W. E.—For three generations, boys in my family have had the same trouble as your nine-year-old son.

We have found no help from drugs; indeed, few physicians advise their use; but one case has been cured and another is being greatly benefited by a double band of red flannel, a quarter of a yard deep, worn round the lower part of the body, day and night, pinned behind with safety-pins.

GRANDMA S.

HOW TO GIVE BABY CASTOR-OIL

Do not give baby a dose every time he is constipated. If the bowels do not move at least once every day, something is needed to make them. After a hearty meal in the morning, lay the baby on the bed or couch, take off the diaper and place a warmed newspaper and a bit of old cloth under him, and let him kick for a while. The warmth, liberty and full stomach, will probably cause the bowels to move. If they do not, dip a plug of common white soap in castor-oil and gently move it up the passage. Baby does not object to taking oil in this way, and it works like a charm. The trouble often is not so much that the child is constipated, as that the lower bowel is not strong enough to perform its office, and by oiling the passage the movement is easily effected. Now wipe the baby gently with the cloth, and remove it with the newspaper to the kitchen stove; wash, wipe and vaseline baby, and take him up, happy every time, and ready for a sound sleep. As soon as baby's back is strong enough to allow him to sit up, place him on the chair commode at proper times, and habits of neatness will be soon formed, which will relieve you of much disagreeable work, and the child be less liable to attacks of sickness.

BUSY MOTHER.

SUCKING THE THUMB

How can I cure my little daughter of sucking her thumb? She is nearly eight months' old and I think it is time to break her of the habit before it becomes too firmly established. She only does it when she is in trouble, or going to sleep.

M. V. B.

Perhaps the best advice is that contained in the old lines:

"If a babe suck his thumb
'Tis an ease to his gum;
A comfort, a boon, a calmer of grief;
A friend in his need affording relief;
A solace, a good, a soother of pain;
A composer to sleep, a charm and a gain.
'Tis handy, at once, to his sweet mouth to glide,
When done with, drops gently down by his side;
'Tis fixed like an anchor, while the babe sleeps,
And the mother with joy her still-vigil keeps."

Bitter aloes, painted on the thumb, will be of use if the habit must be broken off.

HINTS ON HOME DRESS-MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer, any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters. While she will answer by mail, if stamp is enclosed, she greatly prefers to be allowed to reply through the JOURNAL, in order that her answers may be generally helpful. Address all letters to MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE COLORS FOR SPRING

IN sober gray, mode and tan street suits, our belles will go forth this spring as demure as a Quaker maiden; but the spray of pink or yellow buds in her poke or turban headgear will show a remnant of carnal wickedness specially becoming to the otherwise rather sedate gown. In the house we will see white, pink, blue, pearl, yellow, lavender, and a faint Watteau-green, copied from the gown of some last century belle, where so many of our lovely shades have been found beautified by the soft fading touch of father Time.

THE VARIATIONS OF SKIRTS

THERE is a medium path between full skirts and the "sheath" design showing every line of the form as the wearer moves, and refined women will probably find it. Nevertheless, many will wish to know how to make the latter style, which is decidedly a French idea, like many of the writings passing between scandal and passing goodness. These have the lining skirt and outside gored up the centre of the back, and the lining only up the front. The back rests two inches on the floor in a fan-tail shape, and the outside material is generally laid in deep fan-plaits, pressed, not caught into shape. The front and sides are fitted by tiny V's at the top and drawn closely over the form to fit without a fold, with a foot trimming, except across the back, of a gathered ruffle, ruche or band.

The more grateful skirt escapes the ground, has the gored lining, with the front fitted smoothly and easily, not tightly, and a fan back. Both have a ten-inch extender twelve inches below the belt, and a band of elastic below that. In sewing on a foot ruche or plaiting, sew through the "drop" skirt to the lining, or the "drop" will sag from the weight of the ruffle. These foot trimmings are a pronounced success, but one can but wonder if a desire for a fluffy extended appearance at the bottom of the skirt is simply a toying with the return of crinoline, or, worse yet, "tilters." A neat skirt for cheviot or semi-tailor gowns is bound all round with silk or mohair braid, and the front lapped over to the left side, the edge also bound, and apparently held there by the buttons imitating a button and tailor buttonhole.

REVISED IDEAS IN BASQUES

BODICES are cut very long, whether they are pointed, rounded, tabbed, or in the basquine style. For stout figures, a deep, slender point is cut, back and front, and shaped sharply over the hips, which give a tapering slender effect to any figure. The basquines have the long effect given by the hip or coat pieces put on over the hips and joined under the pointed edge. Lapped and full fronts are still stylish, also for the garment to fasten at the shoulder and under arm seam. The Medici collar continues for elegant toilettes and wraps only. Sleeves are full at the top and plain or gathered to a deep cuff at the wrist.

TO MAKE GINGHAM GOWNS

HAVE a full, round surplice or yoke waist, long enough to tuck beneath the skirt belt. A pointed yoke is the prettier and should be of embroidery. Surplice waists have a V of embroidery, and round waists have bretelles or revers of the same trimming. Cuffs and collars of embroidery may turn down or up. The skirt should have a five-inch hem and be four yards wide, with two rows of gathers at the top. Plaid ginghams are "fetching" when cut on the bias, but do not iron well. A gingham gown should be faced with the same fabric around the armholes, across the shoulders and down the under arm seams. Borders, bands and belts of insertion are seen on some elaborate dresses, which have belt ribbons and bridle bows of velvet ribbon.

THE EVER PRETTY WHITE FROCKS

EMBROIDERED flouncing or material simply hemstitched, are made with a full, round skirt, which really means four yards, though many use only three yards and have a skimped look consequently. The full sleeves can be of the embroidered goods, and the round waist of plain nainsook or Swiss, trimmed with embroidery as a V, bretelles, girdle or collar, or creamy Valenciennes lace is used. Usually surplice waists are lined with the same fabric to hold the gathered shoulder seams. Other materials, lawn, etc., have a deep hem, inserted band of embroidery, and a round waist, with a yoke of strips of insertion, and edge for the collar and cuffs. Entire yokes of embroidery are also in good taste and style. A belt of insertion may be worn, but one of No. 12 or 16 ribbon is more universally liked, with a rosette and long ends on the side.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS

CHILDRENS' COTTON DRESSES

AS I wrote even a year ago, gingham frocks are charming to look upon when made upon the bias, but the seams will pull askew in the ironing. All skirts of wash fabrics are plainly made with a hem four or five inches deep, and gathered to the edge of the round or slightly pointed waist, which may have a round, square or V-shaped neck over the guimpe, and long sleeves of tucking or embroidery. Again, the guimpe is without sleeves, and then the tiny puffed dress sleeves are elongated to the wrists. Waists are plaited back and front, have jacket fronts, or may be gathered in the centre, at the top and bottom.

Revers, bretelles, vests, square plastrons and tiny jacket fronts, are all made of narrow embroidery in round scallops. Very small girls sometimes have sash ends of the goods from the side seams tied in the back. Fine stripes rank next to plaids, and then plain pink or blue chambéry, or gingham. The American ginghams are now thirty-two as well as twenty-seven inches wide, and are lovely in designs and patterns. White dresses have the same gathered skirt of embroidery or plain goods, with guimpe and sleeves of embroidery and round waist of plain material. Rosettes of ribbon trim the waist-line, and the open yoke often has "baby" ribbon through the heading.

FOR OLDER SISTERS

GINGHAMS are made with the now inevitable gathered skirt. The sleeves are high at the shoulders, whether plain or gathered to a cuff at the wrist. The round waist tucks under the skirt, and may be box-plaited, gathered or made with a square or V-shaped yoke of embroidery. The usual accessories are of embroidery, and a leather belt is worn. White frocks of flouncing, or the yard fabrics, have a gathered skirt, sleeves and vest or yoke of the embroidery, or may be of plain goods, with collar, cuffs, V and revers of the trimming. A ribbon belt and bow are worn.

French modistes claim that a narrow coat back, double-breasted pointed front and mediumly high sleeves, with short shoulder seams, short hips, deep second darts, flat buttons and high-cut dress necks finished with moderately high collars, will give a stout figure a much better appearance.

GARMENTS FOR SMALL BOYS

UNTIL they are eighteen months old, dress them like girls, in white cambric, nainsook, lawn, etc., frocks trimmed with narrow embroidery and worn generally with guimpes. Mothers are now putting on gingham dresses at even eight months, rather than keep them in white so long. At eighteen months boys discard the guimpe forevermore, and wear gingham, flannel and piqué dresses in the summer, with a straw turban, sailor or broad hat to keep the sun off the little face. They also have striped coats, or, better yet, the blue pilot jackets trimmed with brass buttons. They wear black hose with all dresses, unless the mother is cruel enough to put them in white half-hose.

After discarding the guimpe, make the gingham and piqué dresses with a box-plaited waist, or one having short jacket fronts, shirt sleeves and a box-plaited or gathered skirt. Trim with embroidery as a vest, collar and cuffs, and use pearl buttons. The plain or striped flannel dresses, make with a sailor blouse and plaited or gathered skirt, with a sailor collar or V of contrasting flannel; or trim it with braid or worked anchors in the corners of the collar.

PRETTY FROCKS FOR MISSES

A CHANGE from the yoke waist and basque is to have a round-waisted corselet, laced in front, to which the gathered skirt is sewn, with a cutaway jacket basque, large sleeves and a full plastron of surah. Low corselets, amounting really to deep-shaped belts, gathered skirts and jackets of plain or striped wool are excellent for school dresses, with a blouse waist of flannel or wash surah. Black cloth yokes and cuffs are introduced on colored frocks, but the fabric is not very cheerful for a happy school girl face.

FOR THEIR BEST WEAR

A HANDSOME old-rose wool crêpe is shirred to fit the form around the waist-line and at the neck, with No. 9 black velvet ribbon for bretelles from the shoulders to the centre of the waist-line, back and front. Blue cashmere, of a greenish cast, forms a full skirt of four widths, full-topped sleeves shirred at the shoulders and wrists to form ruffles, and a pointed waist buttoned in the back, shirred around the neck and trimmed with blue and gilt galloon on the edge of the bodice, neck and wrists. Silver galloon is very pretty, but it tarnishes sooner than the gilt.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any possible question on Home-Dressmaking sent me by my readers.

EMMA M. HOOPER.

L. E.—You can entirely cover your black silk with net at 85 cents, 48 inches wide, make it over with black surah at 72 to 90 cents, or with silk-warp Henrietta at $1 to $1.25. As the silk has pulled I would advise the first plan, with the lace fulled over the plain basque and sleeves. Have a plain skirt finished with a narrow ruffle, or ruche, across the front and sides; gather the back width. Letter too late for issue desired.

L. A. C.—For a brown poplin dress, use piece or ribbon velvet of a darker shade, or a passementerie of brown and gilt, or all-brown. For a Tam O'Shanter cut out a circular crown, at least thirty-eight inches round, line with crinoline and surah, gather the edge to fit in a head band fully an inch wide. Better yet buy a paper pattern for 20 cents.

SALLIE—Combine brown Henrietta or brocade with the satin rhadames, using the new material for sleeves, collar and V, or girdle and panels of skirt, if of brocade. If Henrietta, use the satin now on hand for the above-mentioned for brocade, and the Henrietta for a pointed basque, one front lapped over the other, fan-plaited back, slightly draped front and a gathered bias ruffle at foot of front and sides of the skirt.

SUBSCRIBER—In "Aids to Mothers" you will find the desired information.

G. A.—Moiré is now being used in Paris to combine with black goods, but is not general here as yet. Use brocade rather than surah, and the making will depend upon the shape your pieces are in. A very neat and stylish design would be sleeves, collar and left front of the basque of the brocade, also the left side of the skirt, with remainder of the basque, plain front, right side, and fan-plaited back of the Henrietta. A bias ruffle across the foot and sides of the skirt may be of either material. The basque may be round or pointed and long, with the right front without darts, the fullness being drawn down and lapped over the left side at the waist-line.

ALICE—Fine Victoria lawn, French or English nainsook, the second named being the finest, and good at 50 cents, the others at 35 or 40 cents. Have the hem five inches deep, and then, if you desire, three hemstitched tucks above, or a border of drawn work. Put three and a-half to four yards width in the skirt, which will be a simple gathered one. Have a round waist with full sleeves. Collar, wrists and a V or yoke ornamented with the hemstitching. A surplice waist is pretty with a V entirely of embroidery, which is used to trim such gowns.

A COUNTRY DRESSMAKER—Chiffon is a fine material, something like crêpe lisse. Comes with edge embroidered and scalloped at $1 per yard, and is gathered or plaited in frills from three to five inches wide. Set the basques under the bottom edge of the bodice. Do not put any on with a heading, and make double box-plaits three inches wide, using as many as the space requires. The blue mohair will take a darker blue or black velvet, not anything else. A sheath skirt is two and a-half yards at the bottom, with centre seams back and front, gored. Have your silk with a plain front and sides pieced down, and this hidden by a bias gathered ruffle as deep as is necessary. A fan-plaited or gathered back. Have the basque pointed or round and use the lace as a deep flounce around it, heading it with some passementerie. The sleeves should be full at the top, using lace as a puff at the shoulders, and the worn parts of the basque replaced by fresh, or covered with a full front lapped to one side, revers, a V, etc. I think you can get a new basque out of the seven-eighths pieces, as well as the ruffle.

R. S.—Get a bluish-gray cashmere to combine with the plaid, using it for a full back and basque, with sleeves and plain front and sides of the skirt of the plaid, cutting it straight or bias. Put a ruffle, bias, at foot of skirt, except across the back, of either material. Trim the pearl-colored cashmere bodice with silver or gilt passementerie, cutting it as a deep pointed basque, with high topped sleeves. The wine-colored Henrietta make up with a black silk brocade for the sleeves, collar, V, and a pointed girdle. Plain front and sides on skirt, with a fan-plaited back. Bias band of brocade on front and sides of skirt, or use velvet in place of any brocade. Girls dresses are treated of in "Aids to Mothers."

A SUBSCRIBER—M. L.—Bunting is the name of your material, which will trim prettily with gilt passementerie, velvet or silk ribbon. You can still wear it, as semi-transparent woolen fabrics are fashionable. For the elderly woman's Henrietta have a gathered back, flat sides, slightly draped front, and a bias ruffle, five inches deep, across the front and sides. High sleeves, deep pointed basque and a trimming of silk cord passementerie on wrists, collar and in bretelle style.

SHY GIRL—Your questions are answered in the "Home Dressmaking." Do not send such a volume of questions the next time. Six pages of questions is just over-doing my good nature, don't you think so yourself?

PRIMROSE—There is no prettier way for a girl of seventeen to arrange her hair than to crimp it a little in front, draw it back from the face, braid it and loop it in the back, fastening it with shell pins.

DAINTY BONNETS for EASTER

EDITED BY Mrs MALLON

JUST as one wants to put on a bit of something new on New-Year's-day, so it has gotten to be an accepted fact that every woman who can buy or make a dainty bonnet for Easter-day must wear it. She wants to rival the flowers in their beauty, she wants to make herself look like one of those walking flowers about whom Heine has written, and she can only do this perfectly when her tresses are flower-crowned. One stands and looks at the beautiful bonnets and hats, and wonders which, after all, is going to achieve the greatest success—there are flowers and feathers, gold and silver braid, gold, black and white laces, beautiful tips, stately aigrettes, and everything in the way of rippling ribbons that can possibly be imagined. There are large hats and small ones, though the tendency, as is usual in summer time, is to large hats. There are tiny bonnets, and those a little larger. There are bonnets that affect an air of primness, and there are those that are really frivolous looking.

THE VIOLET BONNET (Illus. No. 1)

A DAINTY BONNET

A bonnet that is a very dream in violet is here pictured. (Illustration No. 1). It has a crown of open gold lace that is outlined about the face and around the top with small violets, the gold lace showing plainly between the two rows of violets. Just in front are two tiny, white love birds, that seem to nestle among the pale blossoms, while at the back are loops of white ribbon from among which comes up a white aigrette. The ties, descending from under these loops, are also of white ribbon, and are fastened in a prim little bow just in front. A bonnet of this design made of lace straw, the very yellow shade, will be in vogue and can, of course, be trimmed to suit one's fancy as well as to look well with one's gowns.

THE MILLINERY COLORS

White, yellow, reseda, all the heliotrope shades, black, and, of course, gold, are especially noted on Easter bonnets. The liking for gold is very decided, and wherever a thread of it can be run, a piping of it be put, or even a very broad gold ribbon arranged in knots, it is seen. On very simple bonnets of rough straw it is by no means uncommon to see a braid finish of gold, and no bonnet is counted too plain to have a glint of it, and none too elaborate to be able to go without it. Usually a very artistic effect is obtained. The amateur milliner must be wise enough to know just when she has made the gold prominent enough, and not to thrust it too arrogantly upon those who may not be so well up in the latest demand of the bonnet world. Lace, both narrow and wide, is again used, and some odd outlining and curtain effects are produced by it. Outlining with beads is not as general as it has been; gold, silver or silk braids taking the place of the jet, steel or gold balls.

A LILY HAT (Illus. No. 4)

ANOTHER EASTER BONNET

(Illustration No. 2). This bonnet is evidently suited to the woman who has ceased to call herself a girl, but who very properly does not intend to think of being old until she has seen more than fifty summers go by. The bonnet itself is of a coarse yellow straw, and is bent in front, as shown, allowing a little ruching of lace to show from under it, while its very edge is about all the outline. At the back is a monture of purple flowers, but instead of standing up, or turning forward, this comes down and rests on the hair, as did the fillets of last winter. Just in front of the mass of flowers are loops of wide lavender gros-grain ribbon, and lavender gros-grain ties are looped under the chin.

An extremely pretty bonnet adapted from this model is made of white straw, has dead white lace about its edge, white star-like blossoms at the back, and loops and ties of gray ribbon, it being intended that it shall be worn by a bride, who is to be married in a gray cloth gown trimmed with silver. A less delicate combination, but a very pretty one, is a black straw bonnet with an outlining of black lace trimmed with blue ragged robins and black ribbons.

A PRETTY CONFECTION

(Illustration No. 3). The woman who likes a small bonnet will find this one suit her exactly. It is a dainty little affair, and yet after all quite within the power of the amateur to make. It is worn evenly on the head as shown in the picture, so that the back hair may be low, and only a slight portion of the bang is visible. The top is of black tulle shirred over a skeleton frame, gold thread being used for the gathering together of the soft material, so that a glint here and there of the dazzling stuff is given. Below that is the brim formed by three overlapping frills of gold lace. The decoration is entirely at the back and consists of a bunch of yellow corn-flowers, with high yellow aigrettes coming from them. The ties are narrow ones of black velvet ribbon, looped under the chin in a very short bow. In white and gold, in gray and silver, in golden-brown and gold, or in white and silver, this bonnet will be pretty, and if one were careful of it during the spring and summer days it would easily serve as an evening bonnet for next season.

SOMETHING ABOUT HATS

"But," says somebody, "I want a hat. I look better in a hat, specially in one that shades my face a little." Then, Mademoiselle, all you have to do is to decide just the sort of a hat you want and you can have it. It may be of white or black chip; it may be of white or black Neapolitan; it may be of straw with gold threads sewed in it; it may be of shirred tulle, or it may be of black or white lace. However, if you will take my advice you will choose a straw one and then decorate it as you please.

There are beautiful ribbons, flowers, feathers, laces, and all the gold galore to put upon even the most ordinary straw, and surely with so much to choose from you ought to be able to make your chapeau a success. Remember, first of all, to choose the becoming shape.

A WHITE CHIP HAT

A large, white chip hat, turned up at the back to display a narrow quille of white lace, above a rose-colored lining, is shown in illustration No. 4. A full frill of deeper white lace is laid about the crown, and at the back, resting against loops of gold galloon, is a cluster of those flowers that are so difficult to obtain, *i. e.*, pink water-lilies. White ribbon strings come from under the lace at the back, and are tied a little to one side. The use of white ties is more general this spring than it has ever been, but it may be advised that, no matter how fashionable they are, they should not be worn unless they are becoming. A wonderful French bonnet was worn one entire season by a pretty woman who never discovered the reason it did not suit her until she was putting it away, and then she found out that the trouble lay in the fact that the white ties tended to give her a somewhat ghastly look. Blondes, who have absolutely perfect complexions, can usually wear these ties, although they are really much more becoming to brunettes; however, it is an easy matter to try if a pair suits one, and if not, to quickly remove them and put something else in their place.

THE PRETTIEST HAT (Illus. No. 5)

BLACK NEAPOLITAN HATS

The tendency toward bending a brim to suit one's face is still noted, and is to be commended, for very often it is the outline itself that is unbecoming, so the latitude given by La Mode makes it possible to make suitable that which is not. Among the pliable braids the Neapolitan is specially liked, because it not only bends with ease but will also stay bent if a stitch or two is put in it, and will not look stiff or flattened out. Very pretty small hats of black Neapolitan are shown, that have a low crown, are bent up in the back, rolled slightly at the sides so that a rounded outline is in front. On these hats an entire wreath may be put, or a trimming of flowers in clusters may be arranged.

A FASHIONABLE NEAPOLITAN HAT

A typical chapeau of black Neapolitan is of the shape described, and has, just in front, massed down quite low, sprays of pale blue forget-me-nots. From under them start folds of olive velvet that cross the crown and end in a group of standing forget-me-nots and loops of olive velvet ribbon; the olive and blue make an artistic contrast, and yet, as it is arranged, not a trying one, for the contrasting colors do not come close to the face.

Another of these graceful hats is larger, but has a flat crown and a brim turned up in the back. Folds of buttercup-yellow velvet, start from the back and come over the crown so low that they are on the brim; they are fastened down in front by a bunch of yellowish-brown leaves, two larger than the others standing up in butterfly fashion just in the centre. Ribbon velvet ties of the golden-brown come from the back and are carelessly looped under the chin, with long or short bows as is most becoming.

ANOTHER PRETTY HAT

(Illustration No. 5). Another pretty hat is this one. It is of white straw in rather coarse braid. The shape is a familiar one, and it is turned up sharply in the back to show a rosette of white point-d'esprit lace, which by being drawn a little is made longer than round. Loops of reseda ribbon come from the back over the crown, and standing up in the front is a bunch of white roses. Reseda ribbons come from the back and are looped under the chin. If you fancied some other combination on such a hat it would be extremely pretty to have yellow ribbon, a rosette of deep écru lace and pink roses; but then, of course, you must select your straw so that it tends rather to the yellow than the white shade. A black chip, or Neapolitan, could

A STRAW BONNET (Illus. No. 2)

have black Chantilly lace upon it, and deep crimson or pink roses.

ABOUT THE HATS THEMSELVES

The hats themselves, or rather the effect produced by them, really results from the materials that make them, and I would like the amateur to remember that all straws are by no means becoming, especially all the shades of white. The dead white straw or chip, is only suited to flesh tints when it is softened by a faint color, or by lace, or tulle. White Neapolitan absolutely demands a facing, as it is one of the most trying of all the braids. The black does not require this, and is usually becoming, as it can be bent to suit the face. Probably the most becoming of all the straws is the rather coarse yellow one, and some very smart bonnets are shown in this. They have a pretty quaint air of simplicity that is attractive, and which suggests that they come from the hands of an artist, and too much cannot be said in their favor. When you put your Easter bonnet on conclude that you are going to get out of the head that is under it some very silly notions, and one of them is—that expensive materials and elaborate effects are necessary for a fashionable chapeau. That's nonsense. Have you not seen the most elaborate materials used, and the chapeau stamped as an absolute failure, at once ugly and unbecoming? The good milliner can oftentimes make the most becoming bonnet or hat out of a plain straw, on which is properly placed a cluster of flowers and a pair

AN ODD BONNET (Illus. No. 3)

of ribbon strings. It isn't what makes the bonnet that gives it the seal of good style. It is how the bonnet is made.

Fashionable Frocks for the Easter Promenade

THE jaunty, well-fitting, light-colored cloth frock is really the one that is most desirable for the Easter walking gown. It is supposed to fit with perfect exactness, that is, to delineate every curve of the figure, to appear close-fitting, and yet to allow of perfect ease in movement. The bodice that requires a shoe-buttoner to close it, is counted as bad form as a too tight glove, or a shoe that is too small. The fancy for the various gray and wood shades still continues, and they will, undoubtedly, have the preference given them among the plain colors for the entire season. Plain colors are better liked than either plaids or stripes, though some very good effects are noted in light cloths, notably white ones, with hair lines of navy-blue or heliotrope upon them. The other plain colors are those known as the standard ones, that is, dark blue, brown in its various shades, Lincoln and olive-greens, heliotrope, black and white. The tiny checks are always to be relied upon as being in good form for traveling, so that she who has a blue-and-white, brown-and-white, or black-and-white cheviot, may possess her soul in patience for she knows the day she assumes it "to go strange countries for to see," she will be gowned as the leading modiste in cloth approves.

SOME SLIGHT CHANGES

THE changes noticed in the models are very slight as far as skirts are concerned; that is, extreme plainness characterizes most of them. The sheath front with a plaited or gathered back, the fronts slightly wrinkled, or a box-plaited skirt pressed down to be absolutely flat, being those most favored. In basques, however, there is a most decided change as they are almost invariably longer and all tend to give a coat effect. Basques cut out in turrets, and outlined with braid either the color in harmony, or gold or silver, are liked, and have a very positive vogue given them. Three-quarter coats obtain, and very many rich materials are used in making them. They are extremely picturesque and have the advantage of being becoming to women of all ages.

THE USEFUL GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

A USEFUL GOWN

THIS gown (Illustration No. 1) is one that pleases by its great simplicity and its very certain usefulness. It is made of gray cloth, upon which is a plaid design, arranged in hair lines of white. The skirt, which is walking length, is laid in double box-plaits its entire width, plaits that are carefully pressed down to place and that, by being put on a very narrow silk yoke, will not make an unnecessary bulk about the waist. The bodice is pointed in front, arches over the hips, and has medium-length coat-tails in the back. It is closed with small, gray buttons, and two large gray buttons are placed just at the back below the waist-line. At the throat it is turned back in shawl-collar effect; the facing being a heavily corded gray silk. This permits of a white chemisette with a high curate collar to be seen. A narrow, black tie is the neck finish. The sleeves are raised slightly on the shoulders and have cuffs of the gray silk, from under which show cuffs of white linen. The gloves are gray, undressed kid and the shoes are patent-leather with spats of gray cloth above them. The hat is a small one, a mingling of white and gray straw, with a bunch of pink blossoms coming from the back. This is a gown that ought to commend itself to a great many women, for it is not only very natty looking, but it is one the use of which cannot be denied, and for that reason I call it, first of all, a useful gown. In any combination of colors liked it would be in good taste, or it might be developed in plain cloth to good advantage.

GRAY CLOTH IN A GOWN

GRAY faced cloth (Illustration No. 2), in any one of the soft silver shades is specially fancied for Easter. In choosing the shade care must be taken by the blonde to get a pure gray without a suggestion of steel in it; the brunette can be more audacious, and take exactly what she fancies. Then, too, by a deft arrangement of trimming, not only on the gown but on the hat, the blonde may retain her color under the somewhat cool shade. The gray gown pictured is one of the newest models and it shows upon it the very great liking for the combination of gold and silver braid; the braiding on the waistcoat is done with silver and gold braid; but that which is used as a finish for all the turreted edges is a combination of gold and silver in a rather wide braid. The plain skirt has over it a slightly wrinkled front that is cut out, as shown in the illustration, in deep turrets. At each side long division lines of braid mark the difference between the front and the back, which, by-the-by, is slightly full, though it also has an edge finish of the turrets. The basque is rather longer than those lately seen, and is turreted and outlined to match the skirt. The waistcoat is covered with a floriated pattern in gold and silver braid, and the high collar is decorated in the same way. The sleeves are very high on the shoulders, laid in regular plaits that come in to plain cuffs, richly overlaid with the gold and silver braid. The hat is a large one of gray straw, with the crown drapery of gray chiffon, and a cluster of white blossoms with their green foliage coming forward from the back. The gloves are white dressed kid, with a gray stitching on the back, and the parasol is of gray silk with white ivory handle. In wood color this toilette could be duplicated and trimmed entirely with gold braid. If a dark color were fancied for it then the braid decoration might be black and gold, or all gold; or, if a plainer effect were desired, all black. However, few all-black costumes after this model are noted.

THE LATEST NOVELTY IN COATS

THEY are showing at Redfern's the latest novelty in coats, which is one of black silk, made three-quarter length and with a richly decorated waistcoat. It may be of very heavy plain silk, it may be of brocade in the same color, or it may be of brocade of a different color upon it. The average woman is a little inclined to think that she can get no ideas from rich designs. Now, she is very much mistaken. The most economical dressmakers in the world are the so-called expensive ones and they are the ones to realize that though a design may be first developed in cloth of gold, it is just possible that the cloth of frieze will look equally well in it, and they experiment thereon. One coat which is shown, is made of black silk, with a flower design in gold thread upon it. The coat is fitted in at the back, has semi-loose fronts that flare away to show a waistcoat of heavy black silk, elaborately braided with gold. The high collar of this is also braided in gold. The shawl collar of the coat, which stands up in a very fetching way, is faced with plain black silk and has its edges outlined with what are known as gold tacks. The three buttons just below the collar are flat ones of gold. The pocket laps and the deep cuffs are of the plain silk, with gold tacks about them. The entire effect of the coat is not only very rich, but entirely picturesque. The hat worn with it is a black Neapolitan one, having about the crown a band of black velvet, while in the back are white lilies, and toward the front those white airy nothings that children call puff balls.

A PRETTY GRAY GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

COSTUMES OF MAIDS AND MATRONS

EDITED BY Mrs. Mallon

THE question often comes up as to whether the gown which, in a picture, is put on a young, slender girl, with a very pretty face and a coquettish air, is suited to the matron. Every reader of fashion articles would find fault if the women delineated in them were not good-looking; consequently that is one duty of the artist. But it does not always follow that the woman who wears the gown and looks well in it, is either as young or as attractive looking as the other, though we can make the gown just as charming and can be thoroughly good

THE FASHIONABLE COAT (Illus. No. 3)

form in it. The average American woman dresses entirely too old, and she wants to learn from her French cousin, that while a woman is extremely young she can wear the simplest and plainest of gowns; and it is only after she has progressed in her twenties that she must choose those which are a little more elaborate. It is most important for either maid or matron not only that color, but design and material be well thought out before a gown is chosen.

Among the fabrics most fancied for early spring wear, are the soft French cashmeres, Henrietta cloths, the faced cloths, the light-weight serges, and that large family of stuffs that comes under the generic name of suitings. A cashmere gown is always in good taste, and properly made is becoming. It can be laid in soft folds to hide either angles or curves, and it may be developed as plainly or as elaborately as the mode allows without exaggerating either style. On cashmere, velvet, passementerie and lace are all used. Lace, of course, being oftenest seen on gowns intended exclusively for house wear, though a jabot of lace is permissible with the three-quarter coat that is to be worn on the street.

A BECOMING CASHMERE GOWN

ONE of the wood shades so much in vogue is seen in the gown shown in illustration No. 1. The skirt is made with a slight wrinkle across the front, and the usual full back. It has a foot trimming formed of velvet a shade darker, cut out in the deep scallops pictured, and outlined with gold braid, while above it, following the lines with great distinctness, are two more rows of braid. The basque is double-breasted and has the skirt portion cut in turrets, that are defined by gold braid. The buttons for the closing are flat ones of gold, and the high puffed sleeves are gathered into cuffs of velvet decorated with three rows or braid. The high collar is finished in harmony, and the hat is of brown lace straw with a few primroses just in front, while in the back are loops of yellow ribbon and a yellow aigrette, though ties, if used, should be brown ribbon velvet. The gloves are the heavy walking, ones of dark tan kid, and the jaunty-looking umbrella is one of brown silk with a curiously carved handle of ivory with gold etched upon it.

Now, my friend, that gown is as well suited to you who are thirty-five as it is to the maid of twenty who wears it, provided you are not too stout, for then the foot trimming and the turreted waist will tend to give you a broad look, which you certainly do not desire. Developed in black with silver braid and black velvet, in blue with black velvet and black braid, or in gray with heliotrope velvet and silver braid it would be in good taste.

FOR THE OTHER WOMAN

THEN the stout woman wonders what she is to wear. Well, she ought to be satisfied this season, for while the plain skirts *may* fit smoothly, they may also have just enough fullness across the front to conceal the flesh to which she so much objects. Then the little bit of a train adds to her height, and the long tailed basques make her appear longer-waisted and are certainly more dignified looking on her than were the extremely short ones. The Marquise, or three-quarter coat, also belongs to her, for it increases the long lines and she can wear it with as much effect as can her slenderer sister. In some old-fashioned novel whenever the heroine did anything that offended him, her cruel parent "shook her," and that is what half the women who have passed twenty-five want. They need a shaking up that will tell them that they must not become one hundred at forty-five, or consider themselves old at sixty. The woman who keeps the youth in her heart and who makes up her mind that she is going to dress and look well, is the one who is doing the greatest service to humanity, while all the rest of them are not living up to their duties. I hope one or two will, from this little preach, take my words to heart and emerge from their chrysalis state and look like veritable butterflies among the Easter flowers.

THE ACME OF SIMPLICITY

ONE of the prettiest of simple gowns is this one as shown in illustration No. 2. The material used is reseda-faced cloth. The skirt is quite plain, a few wrinkles in front taking away from what would otherwise be a close fit, while the little train at the back gives grace to it. The coat is a fitted one, three-quarters length, and opens to show a soft full gilet of reseda chiffon which is held in at the waist by a girdle of silver passementerie in which are set a few stones imitating emeralds. The collar is a high one, and the sleeves, full enough to be pretty, shape down in coat fashion at the wrist. The hat is a large one, of black Neapolitan, with reseda chiffon brought over its crown, a wreath of pale white buds about the brim and a bunch of white flowers just in front. The ties that come from the back are of reseda velvet ribbon. It sounds elaborate, but it is the very acme of simplicity. The elaborate air really being gained by the deft arrangement of materials.

ANOTHER PRETTY TOILET (Illus. No. 2)

If a contrast were desired, the chiffon could be of pale blue and the girdle could have imitation torquoise set in. This is a favorite French contrast, but one that has not been accorded special favor here, although there are people on whom it must be confessed it is at once artistic and becoming. In pale gray, in all-white, in black, in brown, indeed in any of the colors in vogue this simple costume could be most effectively developed. Later on, when the printed silks and challies are to be made, it will be found a good model for them. The fitted coat is not so tight that it will draw the light-weight materials, and, as it has an out-door look, it is advised for summer silks that are to be given out-door wear.

THE DIFFERENT COATS

THERE is, for spring-time wear, not only the three-quarter coat, made single or double-breasted as one may desire; not only the Marquise coat, with its semi-fitting fronts and loose waistcoat; not only the Louis Quatorze coat, with its loose fronts and tight-fitting waistcoat, but there is also the long coat, fitting closely all round, and which has a close-fitting vest set in that reaches almost to the edge of the coat. Heavy corded silks, plain cloths, brocades, poplins, or serges develop well after this style, but the lighter weight stuffs do not seem to be so well suited for it. It is said that when the golden summer days come, white piqué will be used for coats, but as the use of piqué is predicted every year, one is only tempted to smile at it and wonder whether there is any truth in it at all.

The coat which is illustrated (No. 3) is very simple and adapted to almost any costume. It is of dark blue serge, fits the figure very closely, and has a vest overlaid with elaborate black braiding, and closing down the front with small black buttons. The high collar is wired to position and has a braid finish. The sleeves are pretty full, and come into the conventional coat shape just below the elbow. The hat worn with this is of black straw, trimmed with black ribbon and blue posies. If a brighter effect were desired the vest could be of scarlet cloth with black braid upon it, as the blue and scarlet effect is much in vogue; or, if the scarlet were not fancied, the braid trimming might be of gold and the buttons of gold, which would tend to give a brighter look to the entire coat. In any color or material referred to, such a coat would be pretty, and it will be found very useful in the early spring days, for it so completely covers one that only the skirt of the costume is visible, and, in addition, it has such an air of being an out-door garment and so specially suited for walking that she who pays many visits or walks much will appreciate it.

Again and again I wish to say that excepting the extreme simplicity which should characterize the costume of the maid, there is no reason why the gowns of the matron may not be similar. The models are not chosen, as is so often insisted, for young girls; instead, all the famous dressmakers who really inspire the styles, choose older women for their models, and try the effect of costumes on them; because, after all, the world is not as full of maids as it is of matrons, and the maid has done her duty when she is costumed to please herself; but the matron has to please, not only those of her own household, but, because of them, it is her duty to present a pleasant appearance to the outside world and so gain admiration and respect.

HINTS ABOUT LACE GOWNS

SOMEBODY asks, "Will black lace be worn?" and one is glad to answer with an emphatic Yes. It is a little early to decide just how the lace gowns will be made, but they will be lace rather than net. French or Chantilly lace will remain in vogue, and fine Spanish will also be seen. A particularly elaborate lace has its border design outlined with velvet cord and each flower has a velvet heart; with this a bodice of lace and velvet will be worn, and that anomally for the summer days, a velvet bonnet, will be assumed. This, of course, is an elaborate gown, and is only suited for carriage or house wear. A simpler style shows a plain, full skirt of lace made over silk, with a pointed bodice of lace, and sleeves, very high and full, of heavy silk with frills of lace as the finish at the wrists. Much attention is paid to the bodice design, for the skirt is essentially simple, the lace pattern being allowed to show to the best advantage.

Sash ends are liked, and long ribbon girdles are quite as popular as they were last season. By their artistic use the waist may be made to look long and slender, or else round and short, as is most becoming. A medium width of ribbon is chosen for the long ends and loops, and a very wide one for the Empire belt which, by-the-by, should be fitted to the figure.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

IT is due attention, my dear woman, to just such little things as the suitable arrangement of your belt, the thinking out just the kind of sleeves that are not only in harmony with your figure, but the gown itself. It is the perfection of detail that makes the becoming gown, just as it is the thought for the little things of life, the never forgetting the courtesies and the consideration, that make the popular woman.

A COSTUME OF CASHMERE (Illus. No. 1)

PRETTY GOWNS for GIRLS

EDITED BY Mrs MALLON

I AM perfectly in sympathy with a mother's pride in her daughter. I can understand that she wants her to look pretty, as well as to "behave pretty," as they used to say in the nursery. I can understand that she likes her gowns, the work often of a mother's hands, to be dainty and becoming, but I cannot sympathize in the least with the woman who overdresses her girl, who thinks that fine silks and elaborate decorations cover rudeness and bad manners, or who, if her child is quiet, makes

A SIMPLE SILK FROCK (Illus. No. 1)

life to her the same as it would be to a wax doll by gowning her too gorgeously to let her romp in the sunshine and get good health.

It is sad, but true, that the people who overdress their children are usually those who cannot afford it. The wife of the bookkeeper will save money to get her little daughter a pale blue silk, with a white lace yoke, while one of the Vanderbilt children is comfortably clad in a dark cashmere gown. The wife of the clerk will deny herself a new bonnet that her small boy may have a gorgeous lace gown, while Jay Gould, Jr., is wonderfully comfortable in a plain one with kid leggings to keep his legs warm, a coat trimmed with smocking to go outside his frock, and the simplest of little muffs to keep his gloved hands warm. I wish American women would take this to heart. I wish they would learn that in childhood a sweetness and simplicity of gowning show that the mother is a woman not only of good taste but of good sense. The gowns in this article are for girls. Your girl of twelve years, your girl of fourteen, and that one of sixteen who is growing tall and slender. Fortunate mother to have three such girls! As they sing in that funny little opera called Falka "A girl is worth ten times a boy."

MATERIALS FOR GIRLS

THE fashionable materials for girls' gowns are wools and cottons; of course the cottons, though they are being made up now, will be assumed a little later in the season. Ginghams, or rather zephyrs—for that is the proper name for the fine ginghams—in rose-pink, china-blue, gray, brown, and navy-blue, have fine stripes with white ones alternating with them, and are counted specially pretty for cotton gowns. They are usually made with great simplicity, the skirt having a plain hem for a finish, the bodice being smocked, and a toby frill outlining the neck.

Before the cottons are put on, the light-weight cashmeres are in season. For a very best gown a white China silk is occasionally seen, but this is only proper when the little maid is to be attendant on a bride, or if she is to appear at a school festival, or go to a child's party.

A PICTURESQUE LITTLE MAID

THIS little maid (Illustration No. 1) will, when she assumes her Leghorn hat with its decoration of roses, walk just before a bride, and for that purpose she is dressed in cream-colored China silk. China silk, it must be remembered, is not expensive, and washes as well as if it were cotton, and for that reason it is counted as permissible for small folk. The bodice has a smocked yoke and full sleeves, smocked in at the wrists to form deep cuffs. From the yoke falls the full plain skirt, which is finished about the edge with a hemstitching and confined slightly at the waist by a sash of the silk which is folded in and then looped in bows and ends at the back. At one side is a quaint-looking pocket made of silk, suspended by narrow ribbons from under the sash, and which mademoiselle has been warned not to fill too full of belongings, because that will make it drag down in an undesirable way. About the neck is a frill of soft chiffon. The stockings are of black silk, and low buckled shoes of black patent-leather are worn. The hair is cut in the received picturesque fashion; the locks at the sides not being disturbed, for every one who has ever cut the side hair knows how very long it takes to grow out again. The hat to be worn with this is a large Gainsborough of Leghorn, with white plumes upon it.

"But," says somebody, "you said not to put silk on children." So I do, except for special occasions, and this was one. But every frock possessed by this little woman is made just like the silk one, so you see what a good model it is. Cashmeres and ginghams are as smart as it is, and the positive simplicity which makes it picturesque pervades them all. So that the pink gingham is as pretty to look upon as the golden-brown cashmere, which, in its turn, is quite as becoming as the white silk in which the little lady made her first appearance as a bridesmaid.

YOUR OTHER GIRL

SOMEBODY'S mother wants to know about the girl of fourteen, who has grown tall very suddenly, and who is angular, who can't be dressed absolutely like a child, and who yet is one; who looks horrible in a basque and worse in a round waist. To her is specially dedicated the idealized blouse, which while it is sufficiently graceful to fit the figure, is nevertheless loose enough to hide the angles. It may be made of any material suitable for a young girl, that is, cottons or stuffs or the very light-weight silks, pongee, the printed India ones or the China silk. It may be like or unlike her skirt.

A CASHMERE BLOUSE

VERY fine light-weight cashmere is used for this blouse (Illustration No. 2), the color being one of the pretty mode shades that may be worn with either dark or light skirts, or it may have a skirt to match it. It is tucked to form a yoke, and just below this tucking is laid a plain gray trimming that is much darker than the mode itself, and which outlines the yoke. Below this the fullness is unconfined until it reaches the waist-line where it is drawn in and fastened, although a brown ribbon belt seems to confine it. Below that the somewhat deep skirt falls well over the hips. A high collar of brown ribbon is the neck finish, and the full sleeves have close cuffs of the material decorated with the braid.

THE GIRLISH BLOUSE (Illus. No. 2)

The hair is worn as girls of that age usually wear their hair, drawn back from the face and fastened with a ribbon bow on the neck.

Apropos of skirts for girls it must be remembered that their length is guided by the fullness of their wearers, and that all children wear skirts longer than they did a few years ago. A tall, awkward girl looks taller and more awkward in a short frock, whereas one that comes to her ankles gives her a more graceful look, is in the fashion, and, to my way of thinking, is a little bit more modest. Tailor-made clothes seldom look well on young girls, for a developed form is required to show off the perfect fit that is their first necessity.

FOR SWEET SIXTEEN

THE girl of sixteen is your companion and friend; she thinks like the girl of nineteen, but, unlike her, she is still in the school-room

A GOWN FOR A YOUNG GIRL (Illus. No. 3)

and is considered, as she should be, a child. To dress her properly I am sure is always a trying question. She must not be dressed older than she is, and yet the fact that she is in her seventeenth year continually obtrudes itself upon you. Choose for her, after you have gotten her cotton gowns, the soft wool fabrics, and especially those that are "crapy" in effect, for they lend themselves best to her style. As far as possible adhere to neutral colors for her—gray, mode, dark-blue, brown, white, even black should be hers in preference to any of the tones of pink, pale blue or yellow. The very little girl has an absolutely wider choice, for though she may look like a woman, sweet sixteen must have it clearly understood by her gown, that she is but a girl.

THE PRETTIEST OF FROCKS

GRAY crêpe cloth, the summer-weight, is used for this simple, pretty gown (Illustration No. 3) which a wise mother has made for the girl of sixteen to have for her best all summer. The skirt is plain and full, finished with a single ruffle of the material, and reaching quite to the ankles. The bodice is a draped one laid over in full folds as pictured, and confined to the waist by a ribbon girdle of gray silk that is brought forward and tied in long loops and ends just in front. The close-fitting coat sleeves are of gray cloth and have a puffed upper sleeve of gray chiffon; about the throat is a deep frill of gray chiffon. With this will be worn a gray hat of rather rough straw, about which is a wreath of pink roses. This is the very best dress.

All the other gowns that this girl has to wear during the summer are of cotton, and as she rows and plays tennis, tosses the ball or sends the shuttlecock flying with her battledore, she is not afraid of tearing her frocks because they fit too close, spotting them because they are too delicate, or of seeing a lace ruffle catch on a wicked nail and tear off. She is gowned so that the future may find her healthy and wise, even if she should not be wealthy. And that is the way, dear general mother, I want you to dress your girls; they will look a thousand times prettier, they will be a thousand times happier, and they will thank you a thousand times more than if you gowned them to look like puppets out for a show. Let me ask you to give my methods a trial, and thus convince you that the day has not passed when, as men won't believe, a woman can give wise advice.

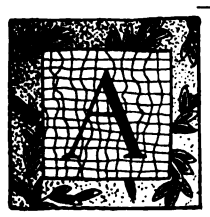
EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP

This Department will hereafter alternate each month with "Knitting and Crochetting," so that both of these branches of woman's handiwork may be distinctly and more fully treated.

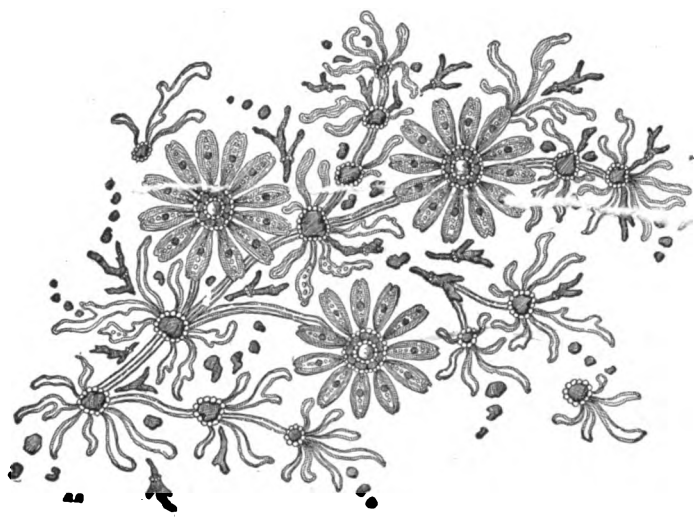
Both Departments are under the editorship of MISS KNAPP to whom all letters should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden street, South Boston, Mass.

A LESSON IN CORAL EMBROIDERY

BY JANE S. CLARKE



A FEW years ago great fears were expressed that the art of decorative needlework was lost. Recently, however, there has been so much interest taken in its revival, and so much good work has been done that, in beauty of colors and execution, our embroideries will bear comparison even with those for which English women were celebrated centuries ago. At present, the newest and most beautiful kind of work is an adaptation of the old and almost forgotten coral embroidery. It must have been too costly a kind of work to have been very general in those "olden days," but, fortunately for us, we can now purchase the materials without incurring much expense, and although the work may be done quickly, the effect is rich and harmonious.



The materials required for the cosy are some fine cloth, or satin, of rather a light color (on gray or a pale blue-green, the coral shows very well); then besides some coral beads and pieces of coral of various sizes and shapes, some gold, and steel or pearl beads will be required. Those of our readers who have visited Naples will be sure to have many of those little flat pieces of coral which are not pierced, and they will be very useful for this kind of work.

The pattern having been carefully transferred to the material, it must be lined with a soft white muslin. In the pattern the double lines of gold thread are shown very clearly, they are kept in place by stitches of gold colored silk, about one-eighth of an inch apart. There may be some difficulty in getting a coral bead large enough for the centre of the flower, in such a case it is better to put a pearl in its place, surround that with coral beads, then a row of gold, and then a row of steel beads; this, of course, may be varied according to the taste of the worker, taking care not to put gold beads next to the gold thread. In each of the petals of the flower, there is a coral bead, with pearl and steel beads on each side. The pieces of coral that are laid separately on the material, are fastened down with a row of pearl or steel beads; but the details of the coral embroidery are shown so clearly by our artist that there can be no difficulty in working the cosy.

Coral embroidery is also employed for trimming evening dresses. In this case it is worked just in the same way as the jet, and the same patterns can be used for both.

A CONVENIENT BOOK-COVER

BY LILY LATHBURY

ONE of the new and pretty things of the season is the book-cover designed for the preservation of household books that are frequently used, as Webster's unabridged and the family Bible, and also for choice books of poems, and engravings easily marred by handling. Several materials are chosen for book-covers, but ladies' cloth wears the best of them all, though not so handsome as satin, nor so inexpensive as cretonne.

In making, obtain the length of the cover by bringing the tape measure from the edge of one of the covers of the book around the back of it to the edge of the cover on the other side, and the width, by measuring from the top of the book to the bottom. Arrange the cloth around the book and trim it almost even with it, allowing a seam all around. Cut a lining of soft India or China silk, the size of the cloth, and an interlining of thin sheet wadding. Place this between the cloth and silk, baste them together at the edges, and [illegible] wide satin ribbon the color of the cloth. Cut half a yard of ribbon in two pieces and sew them in the centre of the short sides, to tie and hold it in place. A pretty cover for a large Bible is made in this way of dark-green cloth, lined with old-rose silk, and bound and tied with dark-green satin ribbons to match; or of golden-brown cloth lined with a figured China silk of palest green. Sometimes the word "Bible" is outlined with gilt cord in the centre of the cover.

Seal-brown cloth, lined with cherry-red, makes serviceable and attractive dictionary covers. Heavy cretonne is also used, and is less expensive than cloth. Cretonne covers are lined with cretonne, and bound with ribbon matching one of the colors of the cretonne.

Dainty covers for choice books can be made entirely of silk and satin, if desired. The edges of the outside, and the lining are turned in and overhanded together, and finished with a fine gold cord, and the monogram or initial outlined or embroidered in the centre with gold thread. A cover of terra-cotta satin, lined with figured China silk of pale-blue, edged with gold cord, and tied with blue satin ribbon is a lovely illustration of this style.

A DAINTY SILK GLOVE-CASE

MATERIALS: a strip of blue surah, eighteen by eleven and a-half inches, a strip of pink surah, eighteen by eleven inches, and a piece of silk bolting-cloth, eleven and a-half by five inches. Stitch the two long edges of the pink and blue together, and turn them. Cut two pieces of sheet-wadding eleven and a-half by four and a-half inches, and sprinkle sachet powder between them. Now inclose this wadding in a bag of crinoline the same size, and slip it between the silk covers, catching it lightly once or twice to the pink silk to prevent its slipping. Fold together lengthwise, and briar-stitch across each end with pink embroidery silk, three inches above the bottom. Fringe the two ends to the depth of two and a-half inches, and knot once. A spray of wild flowers is painted on the bolting-cloth before it is attached at its four corners to the upper side of the glove case.

A larger case, similar in style, may be made to hold a gentleman's dress shirt, the edges being finished all round with a chenille cord, and the two sides left unfastened.

NOVELTIES FOR THE NEEDLE

THE Editor gives below a few little things of woman's handiwork which she believes to have the merit of freshness as well as of pretty effect, if made according to directions.

An Exquisite Card-Case

An exquisite calling card-case is made out of white kid, any size you may like. On this, embroider a design with gilt thread. Take stiffening, size of the kid or leather, cover with pink, light-blue, white or yellow satin or silk. Across each end put pieces of kid (also lined), these are the pockets; then either sew or glue this lining to the embroidered piece, and fold through the centre. A handsome photo case can be made in this way, only larger. These are also pretty out of light-blue or pink kid, embroidered with gilt.

GRAY.

A Pretty Pansy Pincushion

Cut two pieces of pasteboard the shape of the illustrated pansy, and cover each piece with white or yellow satin or silk. Place some sachet powder between the pieces, and overhand the two together. Draw the outlines of the petals on your satin flower, and paint any color you prefer. Use Winsor and Newton's oil paints. When dry, stick pins in around the pansy.

New Pen-Wiper

A new style of pen-wiper is made out of two circular pieces of chamois: one six inches wide, the other four and a-half inches wide. Scallop both with a round pinking-iron. Outline half of the scallops on each, with sea-green and old-rose lustre paints. In the old-rose scallops put silver dots. At the end of each scallop put a large gilt dot. The sea-green scallop has small gilt dots in, and a larger silver dot at end of scallop. On the small, round piece, put the words: "Extracts from the Pen." Hang up with a gilt cord, and have a tiny bow of the cord where you fasten the cord on the pen-wiper. On the back, put two or three small, round pieces of chamois.

GRAY.

A Dainty Handkerchief-Case

This is made out of two squares of light-blue kid. Embroider one square with gilt thread; line this with light-blue silk, putting several thicknesses of wadding between, highly scented with sachet powder. Around the edge put gilt cord, leaving loops at the corners. The other square is made the same, without the embroidery or the loops at the corners. Then sew the squares together at the corners. These cases are usually about nine inches wide, and can be made of plush, velvet, or silk, using delicate colors.

GRAY.

Threaded Needle-Case

This is a useful gift for a traveler. Provide a strip of ribbon, three inches wide and twelve long; line with cashmere or fine flannel, and stiffen with an interlining of canvas, if preferred. Finish the edges with a pretty fancy stitch to conceal the seam.

Then thread, double, eleven needles with different colors of thread, silk, and darning-cotton; run them in the cashmere side with long, even stitches, the whole length of the case. Fold and tie with ribbon. When needed, a needle can be drawn out all ready for use.

POOR MAN'S EMBROIDERY

THIS work is very pretty and showy, and has the appearance of drawn-work. For an apron, buy one and a quarter yards of Lonsdale cambric, and tear off enough for strings; take a stick from a window shade, or a ruler, of about the same width, and laying it across, eight inches from the bottom, draw a line on either side; move the stick up so that its lower edge touches the upper line, and draw again; repeat until the desired width is obtained; now hold the stick upright—starting at one side—and draw in the same manner, forming a number of perfect squares. Put the point of your buttonhole shears in the centre of each square, and cut almost to the centre of each side of the square, only leaving enough space so that there will be no danger of its tearing across. Now turn back the centres to the corners, and baste down; by going from right to left, turning down with the left hand and putting the needle in and out once, this can be done quickly. When all basted, take coarse, stiff net, and, allowing an inch at top and bottom, baste to the wrong side, every five inches will be sufficient. Now turn to the right side and sew on the machine, going diagonally from the top down along each edge. If the net draws, put newspaper under the work. Turn up the hem and finish the apron.

The net is inexpensive and is very wide. An apron can easily be made in four afternoons. Pillow shams, yokes of night-gowns and sheets are also very pretty.

NELLIE M.

PRETTY GOWNS for GIRLS

EDITED BY Mrs MALLON

I AM perfectly in sympathy with a mother's pride in her daughter. I can understand that she wants her to look pretty, as well as to "behave pretty," as they used to say in the nursery. I can understand that she likes her gowns, the work often of a mother's hands, to be dainty and becoming, but I cannot sympathize in the least with the woman who overdresses her girl, who thinks that fine silks and elaborate decorations cover rudeness and bad manners, or who, if her child is quiet, makes

A PICTURESQUE LITTLE MAID

THIS little maid (Illustration No. 1) will, when she assumes her Leghorn hat with its decoration of roses, walk just before a bride, and for that purpose she is dressed in cream-colored China silk. China silk, it must be remembered, is not expensive, and washes as well as if it were cotton, and for that reason it is counted as permissible for small folk. The bodice has a smocked yoke and full sleeves, smocked in at the wrists to form deep cuffs. From the yoke falls the full plain skirt, which is finished about the edge with a hemstitching and confined slightly at the waist by a sash of the silk which is folded in and then looped in bows and ends at the back. At one side is a quaint-looking pocket made of silk, suspended by narrow ribbons from under the sash, and which mademoiselle has been warned not to fill too full of belongings, because that will make it drag down in an undesirable way. About the neck is a frill of soft chiffon. The stockings are of black silk, and low buckled shoes of black patent-leather are worn. The hair is cut in the received picturesque fashion; the locks at the sides not being disturbed, for every one who has ever cut the side hair knows how very long it takes to grow out again. The hat to be worn with this is a large Gainsborough of Leghorn, with white plumes upon it.

"But," says somebody, "you said not to put silk on children." So I do, except for special occasions, and this was one. But every frock possessed by this little woman is made just like the silk one, so you see what a good model it is. Cashmeres and ginghams are as smart as it is, and the positive simplicity which makes it picturesque pervades them all. So that the pink gingham is as pretty to look upon as the golden-brown cashmere, which, in its turn, is quite as becoming as the white silk in which the little lady made her first appearance as a bridesmaid.

YOUR OTHER GIRL

membered that their length is guided by the fullness of their wearers, and that all children wear skirts longer than they did a few years ago. A tall, awkward girl looks taller and more awkward in a short frock, whereas one that comes to her ankles gives her a more graceful look, is in the fashion, and, to my way of thinking, is a little bit more modest. Tailor-made clothes seldom look well on young girls, for a developed form is required to show off the perfect fit that is their first necessity.

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...paste out on a board into ...eighth of an inch thick. Cut the paste into strips an eighth of an inch wide and five inches long, and bake them about ten minutes in a very hot oven. They should be a very light brown. If you have any scraps of paste left, roll them into a sheet, and cut it into small rings. Bake them and slip little bundles of the straws through them.

SLICED PINEAPPLE—Cut off the ends of a pineapple and cut it in slices about half an inch thick. Remove the outer covering from each slice, taking care to cut out all the eyes. With a silver knife cut it into triangular pieces, cutting out the core. Sprinkle it thickly with sugar and let it stand on ice for an hour before serving.

SHREWSBURY CAKES—Rub together a cup of butter and half a pint of sugar; add two beaten eggs and work in a pint and a half of flour. Roll very thin and cut into small cakes; bake them in a quick oven. Make them in a cool room and handle them as little as possible.

Fricassee of Oysters.
Lyonnaise Potatoes. Celery.
Bananas in Jelly. Wafers.

FRICASSEE OF OYSTERS—Drain a quart of oysters and put the liquor on to boil. Rub together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour; add to the boiling liquor and stir it until it thickens. Season with salt, a very little cayenne and a blade of mace. Remove it from the fire, and add the beaten yelks of two eggs; mix thoroughly, and return to the fire, stirring for a minute or two. Put in the oysters and boil up again. Pour over slices of buttered toast, and serve.

LYONNAISE POTATOES—Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice; pepper and salt them; mince a small onion and fry it in a tablespoonful of butter, until light brown. Add the potatoes and stir them until they have absorbed the fat. Then stir in a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of vinegar; boil up and serve.

BANANAS IN JELLY—Make with boiling water a quart of strong and sweet lemonade, using only the juice of the lemons. Soak half a box of gelatine one hour in a small cup of cold water; stir it into the boiling lemonade and set it where it will cool, but not harden. Cut three bananas in lengthwise halves and lay them in a mold wet with cold water, cover them with half the jelly, and set the mold upon the ice until the jelly sets. Then slice in three more bananas and pour in the remainder of the jelly. Serve with cream or soft custard.

Broiled Smoked Herrings.
Potato Salad.
Crackers and Cheese and Pickles.
Orange Marmalade.

BROILED SMOKED HERRINGS—Many prefer the large herrings called bloaters, though the small English red herring are more commonly sold. Broil them a few minutes over a quick fire. Remove them from the fire, and take off the skins and serve immediately.

...a sharp knife cut them ...triangles; heap them on a plate on ...ded napkin. The long loaves of what is called sandwich bread are best for this purpose.

STEWED APRICOTS—Soak half a pound of dried apricots over night in three cupfuls of cold water. In the morning drain them and put the water on the range with two cupfuls of sugar. Let it boil until it is thick and syrupy, add the apricots and boil up. Remove from the fire immediately.

Soft-Shell Crabs.
Parker House Rolls. Sliced Cucumbers.
Apple Pudding.

SOFT-SHELL CRABS—Lift the shell and extract the spongy substance on the back and pull off the loose shell on the under side, which is called the apron. If they are sandy, wipe them with a damp cloth, but do not let them lie in water at all. Dip them in beaten egg and in cracker crumbs, and fry about ten minutes in hot lard. Serve with Tartare sauce.

TARTARE SAUCE—Rub the yelks of two eggs to a paste with a tablespoonful of dry mustard, a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Add gradually, four tablespoonfuls of oil, beating until a thick jelly, then very gradually three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Lastly, add a tablespoonful of chopped capers and one of pickles.

SLICED CUCUMBERS—Lay the cucumbers on ice for at least on hour before serving. Peel them, cut them in thin slices and heap in a glass dish with a few shavings of white onions. Pepper them and salt them and cover them with cider-vinegar.

APPLE PUDDING—Pare and slice two quarts of tart apples. Stew them with a cup of boiling water until they can be beaten smooth with a spoon. Add the yelks of four eggs, well beaten, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and sugar to taste. Mix thoroughly, and bake half an hour in a hot oven. Draw the pudding to the edge of the oven and cover it with a meringue of the whites whipped to a stiff froth, with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Leave it in the oven long enough to brown, and serve either hot or cold.

Fish Croquettes.
Browned Sweet Potatoes.
Warm Gingerbread. Honey.

FISH CROQUETTES—Rub together three tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter, and stir them into half a pint of boiling milk. Add a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley and a quarter of a teaspoonful of onion-juice. Cook this paste until it is thick, add two cups of cold boiled fish and boil up again. Remove it from the fire, season it with pepper and salt. When cold, make into balls or cylinders, dip in beaten egg and crumbs, and fry.

BROWNED SWEET POTATOES—Cut cold boiled sweet potatoes in slices, butter them lightly, lay them in a baking pan, sprinkle them with sugar and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes or half an hour.

WARM GINGERBREAD—Mix together half a pint of sour milk, half a pint of molasses, half a teacup of butter melted, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little hot water.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP

MRS. KNAPP cordially invites the JOURNAL sisters to send her any new receipt or idea for kitchen or table. All such accepted will be paid for at liberal rates. Questions of any sort, relating to housekeeping, may be asked without hesitation, and will be cheerfully answered in this Department. Address all letters to MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOME USES OF A CHAFING-DISH

BY MARIA PARLOA

ALTHOUGH the chafing-dish is coming into more general use all the while, it is, nevertheless, a pity that its advance in popularity is so slow, because if people would only interest themselves to study what can easily be done with it, many of them would be so delighted with the results of their inquiries and experiments as never again to be without so useful a utensil—it is such a satisfaction to have food served piping hot on a cold evening. It is proper for either a gentleman or a lady to preside at the chafing-dish, and there is a long list of dainty and savory things which can quickly be prepared at the table.

Now, chafing-dishes may be had in a variety of styles. There are some of block-tin, others of granite-ware, and others, elaborately made of silver; but the skilled hand will get the same results from one as from the other. The cheapest sort is the block-tin; a round frame, in the lower part of which is placed an alcohol lamp, while a deep plate, with a cover, is set in the top part. There is no under dish for hot water, but one can get at the tinsmith's, for ten or twenty cents, a round tin basin that will fit into the frame. It is advisable also to buy a deep granite-ware plate to use when anything is to be fried, because the intense heat would be likely to melt tin.

The wicks in the lamp should be kept quite low; they should not be lighted until everything is ready, and the light should be extinguished the moment it is not needed. All the dishes should be hot. Toasted bread or water-crackers should be served with most of the things cooked.

Only a few receipts can be given in the limited space alloted for this article, but it is hoped they may serve as a key to many others.

POACHED EGGS

Break six eggs into the upper pan of the chafing-dish, and, with a fork, beat them well. Add to them four tablespoonfuls of milk, one generous tablespoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of salt.

Have some water in the under pan. Light the lamp, and, placing the dish with the egg mixture over the water, stir constantly until the eggs become a creamy mass. Serve at once, as the least over-cooking will spoil the dish.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

Beat well in a bowl six eggs, and add a scant teaspoonful of salt. Put a tablespoonful and a half of butter in the upper dish, which must be of granite-ware. Remove the under dish. Light the lamp and place the dish with the butter directly over the dry heat. As soon as the butter begins to melt, add the eggs and stir until the mixture becomes thick, but not hard. Extinguish the lamp at once and serve the eggs without delay.

WELSH RAREBIT

Break two eggs into the upper pan of the chafing-dish; beat them well; then add half a pound of soft, mild cheese, broken into small bits, one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, a grain of cayenne and half a cupful of cream or milk. Stir this mixture well.

Put some hot water in the under pan of the chafing-dish, and place above it the pan containing the mixed ingredients. Light the lamp and stir the rarebit with a spoon until the cheese is melted. Extinguish the lamp at once and immediately serve the rarebit on small slices of crisp dry toast, or on toasted, thin water crackers.

The mixture must be stirred all the time until it is served; if not, parts of it will become hard. The eggs may be omitted, when only half the quantity of milk should be used.

OYSTER SAUTE

Drain one quart of oysters and put them in the granite-ware dish. Light the lamp and place the dish over it. Put in one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir the oysters until they begin to curl at the edges, and at once serve them on slices of crisp toast.

CURRIED OYSTERS

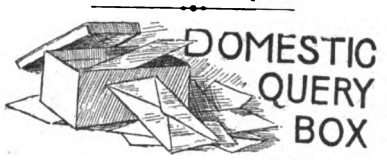
Put one solid quart of oysters in the upper pan and place this over the pan of hot water. Light the lamp and let the oysters cook until they curl at the edges. At this stage take off the pan and drain the liquor into a bowl.

Now put into a granite-ware pan two tablespoonfuls of butter and a small slice of onion. Place the pan over the lamp, and stir until the butter bubbles; then add one tablespoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of curry-powder. Stir until smooth and frothy; then gradually add one cupful of the oyster broth and half a cupful of milk or cream, stirring all the while. Season with one teaspoonful of salt and cayenne to taste. Remove the onion. Let the sauce simmer three minutes, add the oysters, and cook one minute longer. Serve at once.

CREAMED OYSTERS

Cook and drain one solid quart of oysters in the manner described at the opening of the preceding receipt. Put one pint of milk or cream in the upper pan of the chafing-dish and place it over the pan of hot water. Cover, and cook until fine bubbles appear all over the surface of the milk or cream. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one-third of a cupful of milk, adding the milk gradually to the flour. Stir this into the boiling liquid and cook five minutes longer; then add a level teaspoonful of salt, and, if milk is to be used, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Season the oysters with a little white pepper and add to them the cream sauce. Serve at once.

If cream be used, be scant in your measurement of flour; but if milk be taken, a generous tablespoonful will be required.



[Under this heading I will gladly answer any domestic question sent me by the JOURNAL sisters—LOUISA KNAPP.]

A SUBSCRIBER—In preparing rice for the majority of dishes in which it forms an ingredient, the point aimed at is to render it as smooth, soft, and like a jelly as possible; but in boiling it for curry, the chief object is to retain each grain quite separate and unbroken, and yet to have the rice soft and fully swollen out. This result can best be obtained in the following manner: Put half a pound of fine Patna, or Carolina, rice into a large saucepan of cold water, well seasoned with salt—that is after it has been washed in several waters, and has all the discolored and unhusked grains removed. Bring slowly to the boil, then simmer gently until a grain, taken between the finger and thumb, yields to slight pressure, thus proving that the rice is sufficiently soft. The large supply of water, which is the great secret of successfully-made curry, never fails to keep the grains distinct. When done enough, drain the rice in a colander, shake it gently in front of a hot fire until quite dry, then season with salt and curry-powder, and serve either in the form of a firm, neat border, or wall, round about whatever it has to accompany, or on a separate dish, piled up high, and garnished round the base with sprigs of parsley.

MARY BARRETT BROWN.

N. P. B—To make Vanities take one egg, beat the yelk and white separately, the latter to a stiff froth, then mix them together and add a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in flour to make the mixture stiff enough to roll out thin. Take half of the dough on a well-floured board, and roll until it is almost as thin as brown paper. Then cut it with a knife into oblong pieces, two or three inches wide. Through each of these pieces cut five or six slits, leaving a margin round the edge to hold the shape good while cooking. Have ready a frying-pan two-thirds full of fresh lard. Try the lard with a piece of the dough, if hot enough, it rises to the top immediately. Put in but two or three pieces of the dough at a time so they will have plenty of room to rise and float without curling up. Before they commence to brown turn them over with a fork and let them cook another minute, or until they appear done. Lift out carefully on to a plate to drain. They should be eaten the day after as they are then more tender and brittle.

ANGEL'S FOOD CAKE—One cupful of flour measured after one sifting, and then mixed with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and sifted four times. Beat the whites of eleven eggs until stiff and flaky. Add one cupful and a half of fine granulated sugar and beat again; add one teaspoonful of vanilla or almond, then mix in the flour quickly and lightly. Line the bottom and funnel of a cake-pan with paper not greased, pour in the mixture and bake about forty minutes. When done loosen the cake around the edge, and turn out.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—To make yeast cakes, first make a liquid yeast as follows: One teacupful of lightly broken hops, one pint of sifted flour, one teacupful of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, four large, or six medium-sized potatoes, two quarts boiling water. Boil the potatoes, drain off the water when done and let them dry off a few minutes, precisely as for the table before mashing them. At the same time having tied the hops in a cloth, boil them half an hour in the two quarts of water, renewing it if it boils away. Mix the flour, sugar and salt well together, and pour on the boiling hop water slowly, stirring constantly. Now add enough of this to the mashed potato, to thin it till it can be poured, and mix all together, straining it through a sieve to avoid any possible lumps. Add to this, when cool, either a cupful of yeast or a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little warm water. Let it stand two hours, or till partly light, then stir it down two or three times in the course of five or six hours, as this makes it stronger. At the end of that time it will be light. For the yeast cakes, stir in corn-meal till a dough is made, form it in small, thin cakes and dry them carefully in the sun. It is best to make these in summer for winter use.

MRS. E. H. S.—To make cheese of any kind requires a press, a hoop, and cheese-cloth strainer. For a small cheese take three gallons of new milk, and one gallon of thin sweet cream. Put the cream in a double boiler over the fire and let it scald, and stir it into the new milk, which should be in a large basin; then stir into this milk and cream one-fourth teacup of water in which a rennet has been soaked at least twenty-four hours. Cover the milk and let it stand until the curd comes, which should be in about fifteen minutes if the rennet is a good one. If the rennet should not be a good one it will take more of it to bring the curd. When the curd comes take a knife and cut it into small pieces as it stands in the basin, then spread over it a cheese-cloth strainer, and dip off all the whey that can be taken off, frequently stirring the curd. When the whey has all been dipped off, sprinkle a salt-spoonful of salt over the curd, and mix with the hand until the salt is well through the curd, and there are no lumps in it. For this size cheese the hoop should not be over six inches in diameter. Spread a cheese-cloth smoothly in the hoop, letting it hang two or three inches over the edge; place the curd in the hoop, wrap the cloth up over the top and put to press. After it has been in the press about eight or ten hours, take it out of the press and out of the hoop and put a tight band of muslin around it, then put it back in the hoop and press, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Take the cheese from the press, rub over with butter, and let stand in a cool, dark place for ten days, turning and rubbing every day. It is then ready for the table.

SAGE CHEESE—Use new milk and proceed the same as for cream cheese, until the curd is ready to season. For the same size cheese, take a salt-spoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of finely-powdered sage, and butter the size of an egg; thoroughly mix and put to press, and treat the same as other cheese.

FIVE DELICIOUS SOUTHERN PUDDINGS

BY ANNIE S. STEARNS

AT the South, any dessert made of eggs, butter, sugar and milk, cooked in paste, with one crust, is known as a "pudding." At the North a similar compound with like ingredients, baked in the same way, is by the rank and file, commonly called "pie."

The subjoined receipts are given as puddings; but should our friends across the line choose to try them, calling them pies, we gracefully yield our consent, remembering that "A rose by any other name smells as sweet." Or, like the little three-year-old boy whose mother was "raised" at the South, and whose father was "brought-up" at the North, compromised on "Puddin'-Pie."

JELLY PUDDING

Four eggs beaten separately, two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter, one of sweet cream, one of acid fruit jelly, two tablespoonfuls of vanilla. Beat the yelks thoroughly; cream the butter; mix butter, sugar and yelks together, then add jelly, and lastly the well-frothed whites and the seasoning. Bake with an under crust. This quantity will make two very large puddings, or three medium-sized ones, and, where rich desserts are liked, will be found delicious. Such desserts should be perfectly cold before they are eaten.

JAM PUDDING

One teacupful of creamed butter, one of sugar, one of raspberry, strawberry or grape jam, three eggs beaten separately, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves to taste. Bake in paste with an under crust only. This quantity will make two generous puddings. The pastry will be found much nicer if baked in perforated tin plates.

IRISH POTATO PUDDING

Three eggs beaten together, a cupful and a half of sugar, half a cup of butter, and two large potatoes. Put the butter into the potatoes while hot; add eggs and sugar. Beat all together thoroughly; season with orange or vanilla. After the potatoes have been boiled, press through a sieve; this process makes them light and fluffy. After mixing thoroughly, bake in paste with an under crust. This quantity makes two large puddings.

BLACK PUDDING

One cupful of sugar, three quarters of a cup of butter, a cupful and a half of flour, one cupful of jam, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water; cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Bake slowly for thirty or forty minutes. Froth the whites, add pulverized sugar, spread on top of the pudding and return to the stove until a delicate brown. To be eaten with a rich sauce.

CRANBERRY PUFFS

One pint of cranberries, one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two eggs; add enough sweet milk to make a batter a little thicker than for cakes. Grease six or seven teacups thoroughly with butter. Fill half full, set in a steamer closely covered and steam an hour. They will come out perfect puff balls. They are spongy and absorb a great deal of sauce.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING

One cupful of sugar (pulverized), one egg, butter twice the size of an egg, stir to a cream. Heat one-third of a cup of milk and pour into the sauce, stirring it rapidly until it foams. Season with nutmeg.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP

MRS. KNAPP cordially invites the JOURNAL sisters to send her any new receipt or idea for kitchen or table. All such accepted will be paid for at liberal rates. Questions of any sort, relating to housekeeping, may be asked without hesitation, and will be cheerfully answered in this Department. Address all letters to MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

A LITTLE FRENCH DINNER

BY MARY BARRETT BROWN

NOT only every country but almost every city, town and village, has certain dishes and methods of cookery belonging peculiarly to itself, and she is a wise housewife and bids fair to become a perfect caterer, who endeavors to cull from each system the best, making use of the knowledge as opportunity offers.

The following is a brief description of a little French dinner which was served to my husband and some friends while traveling in France; he declares it was one of the most daintily served, and best arranged dinners he ever sat down to, and as he is always on the move from one country to another, I take it he is no mean judge. Knowing how pleased I am always with anything fresh in the culinary line, he brought me home a copy of the menu, and since then I have contrived to obtain the receipts for the various dishes mentioned in it. I find that they justly merit all the praise bestowed on them; therefore I give them here for the benefit of those who like to try them:—

MENU.

Clear Soup,
Melon,
Braised Beef, à la Mode,
Eggs, à la Duchesse,
Roast Chicken, à l'Espagnole,
Haricot Beans, à la Crème,
Gateau of Veal,
Asparagus Salad,
Cheese,

Dessert.

CLEAR SOUP.—This is simply very rich white stock, flavored with the usual flavoring vegetables—carrots, turnips, onions, celery, etc.—and made beautifully clear by the addition of either raw beef, or white of egg. When carefully strained, and put into the tureen ready for sending to table, drop on the surface of the soup some delicately prepared croûtons made in the following manner: Cut slices of bread half an inch thick from a stale loaf, and stamp them out in small rounds; soak these in beaten egg, and cover entirely with a savory mixture composed of finely-minced parsley, onion, salt, cayenne and grated cheese, then fry in boiling fat until colored a lovely golden brown, and nice and crisp. Lay the croûtons on blotting-paper for a minute to thoroughly drain off all the fat previous to putting them into the soup.

MELON.—This was served simply cut in neat slices a convenient size for serving, prettily garnished with fresh green leaves, and accompanied by fine white sugar, and rich cream.

BRAISED BEEF, A LA MODE.—Take a piece of very choice, well-fed, cut from the rump, and weighing from six to eight pounds; bone it, secure it in a neat shape by binding it round firmly with string, or very narrow tape, and lay it in a large saucepan with a liberal supply of flavoring vegetables, chopped up small, a bunch of herbs, a dozen cloves, a dozen peppercorns, a seasoning of salt, and sufficient stock to cover the whole. Cook very gently until the meat is done enough, then take it up, trim it neatly, remove the fastening, and place it on a hot dish. Strain a breakfast-cupful of the stock in which the beef was braised into a small saucepan, and convert it into rich brown gravy by the addition of a dessertspoonful of brown roux and two tablespoonfuls of home-made mushroom catchup. Garnish the beef round about with glazed carrot cones, and button onions which have been cooked separately, pour the gravy over all, and serve.

EGGS, A LA DUCHESSE.—Boil half a dozen perfectly fresh eggs for ten minutes, allow them to become quite cold, then divide them in quarters. Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan, and, as it melts, work in, very smoothly, a large tablespoonful of flour; add a seasoning of salt, stir over the fire for a few minutes until the flour is sufficiently cooked, then pour in a large breakfast-cupful of rich white stock, and add a tablespoonful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of chopped capers, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, and a pinch of cayenne. Bring to the boil, lay the eggs in very gently, allow them to become thoroughly hot through without being broken, then arrange them tastefully on a hot dish, pour the sauce over, and serve, with the edge of the dish neatly garnished with toasted sippets.

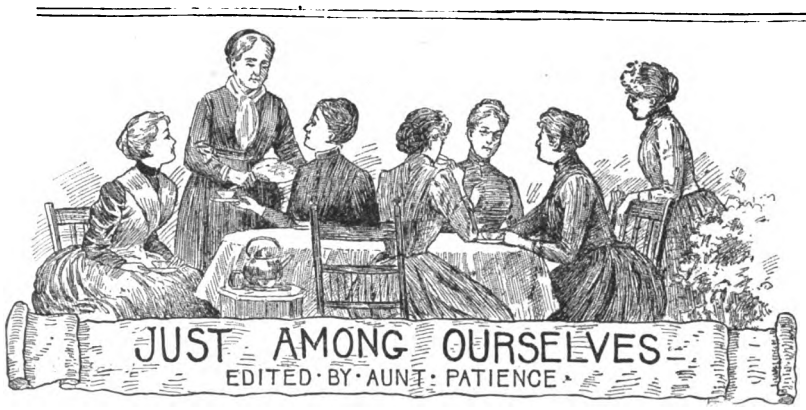
ROAST CHICKEN, A L'ESPAGNOLE.—Prepare and truss in the usual manner a fine, plump, young chicken, then stuff it with a very dainty forcemeat made with half a pound of sheep's liver, very finely chopped; four ounces of bacon, cut into tiny dice; a tablespoonful of minced onion; a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; a teaspoonful of mixed powered herbs; a liberal seasoning of salt and pepper; four ounces of bread crumbs, and two well-beaten eggs. Parboil the liver and the onions previous to mincing, and partially cook the bacon. Fasten the openings of the bird securely, smear it entirely over with clarified butter, and cook in a well-heated oven, basting frequently during the process. When nearly done enough, brush the uppermost part of the chicken over with beaten egg, sprinkle it thickly with finely minced lean ham and sifted egg yelk; return it to the oven to finish cooking. Dish up on a hot dish, pour some well made Espagnole sauce round about, and serve.

HARICOT BEANS, A LA CREME.—Soak the beans overnight in cold water, then next day drain them, and boil till tender in either salted water or thin white stock—the latter, of course, to be preferred. When thoroughly soft, but not broken, pour off any liquid that remains, and add to the beans a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley, the strained juice of a fresh lemon, and a small teacupful of rich cream. Stir gently for a minute or two until the beans are well coated and the whole thoroughly hot, then serve neatly piled up in the middle of a hot dish, with a border of toasted sippets round about.

GATEAU OF VEAL.—Take a pound of cold roast veal, and three quarters of a pound of cold boiled ham, and cut both into small, thin slices. Butter the inside of a rather deep pie-dish and arrange in it the meat, placed in layers. Between each layer put some very thin slices of hard-boiled egg, a seasoning of salt, pepper and pounded mace, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and a sprinkling of finely-chopped mushrooms. Cover the top of the meat with three or four folds of buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. When cold, turn out and serve, tastefully garnished with sprigs of fresh parsley, and sliced lemon.

ASPARAGUS SALAD.—Prepare and boil the vegetable in the usual manner until tender, then spread it out in order to get quite cold. Dish it up tastefully in transverse rows on a pretty dish, and serve it either with vinaigrette sauce, or some favorite salad dressing.

Cheese and dessert were just served in the ordinary manner.



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

MY DEAR SISTERS:—April, tender-hearted, sympathetic April, is here again with her smiles for the happy and her tears for the sad. How she welcomes us into the sunshine and makes the earth fragrant with her showers! And how these lengthening days call us to work, how the bare earth cries out for seed, and the time of planting calls for all the strength of the farmer. Everywhere the farmer's experience is repeated and the world is astir with a fresh awakening of life. How the house is filled with the flutter of woman's raiment in her chase after the dusty ashy foot-tracks of the winter! What a lively dance she leads with all the indolent pieces of furniture which have been gathering lint about their feet, and how the brisk breezes come in to help her through the wide-open windows.

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IT is a good time to clear away the dust from our lives as well as our houses. Let us have no corners where there is sullenness, or enmity, or impurity of any sort. Open the windows, let the pure sunshine in and sweep away all that mars the brightness of a divine character. Then, when you have made it beautiful within, you may go about planting every fragrant flower and healing herb in the barren soil of the world about you.

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DEAR AUNT PATIENCE:—I find "Charity's" question one of great interest to me, and I shall find great pleasure in giving my experience in sewing societies. Some seven or eight years ago, in our little city, we young ladies formed a society, meeting one afternoon in every two weeks to sew for the poor. When we were through with our old dresses and petticoats, instead of throwing them away, we would rip up, wash and press them and we would frequently be able to form a nice little frock for a two or three-year-old darling whose mamma works all day to keep the "wolf from the door," or, perhaps, for a little one who has no mamma. Let me give some suggestions which are the result of our work. Let each one of your girls furnish needles, thread and thimble for herself. Perhaps the members find it more entertaining to meet under your roof in your cozy little parlor than in a more public place. As "Variety is the spice of life," meeting first at one house, then at another will add to the enjoyment of these young girls. A little music now and then will help to make the young people more anxious for "Our Afternoon."

Do not allow gossip or slang in your circle, but a fine should be fixed for such an offense, say five cents, or an hour's work at home between the meetings, for each offense. A plate of apples, or a pan of pop-corn, or some very simple refreshment makes the afternoon more sociable. When you have a dozen little garments made let each one find some needy person who will be glad and thankful to accept such kindness, and in a short time you will find a load lifted from many a mother's heart and a smile on many a dear one's face.

Our society progressed so rapidly that we organized a "Children's Home," where working widowed mothers can place their little one at two dollars a week. We hire a dear good matron at two hundred dollars a year and, as we have between thirty and forty little ones under our protection, of course, other help is necessary. The State pays us two dollars a week for each orphan which they send to us, and now, with the aid of the State, we are about to buy for ourselves a home which will cost $3500. On Xmas we give the little ones a "taffy-pull," or a "tree," and on Thanksgiving we give a dinner in one of the public halls for all the poor children who wish to come. This year we fed one hundred and two, giving them stewed chicken, mashed potatoes, biscuit, turnips, milk, pie, cake, nuts, candy and oranges. NAOMI.

You were, indeed, very successful. Every band of workers could not expect to see such large results; but quiet, persistent, wise effort will accomplish a great deal. In some societies the plan of having an instructive or aspiring selection read aloud for half an hour, is a pleasant addition. It is, I think, the best way to prevent gossip. An extract from some good book, a brief paper on a practical subject prepared by one of the number, a short address, or "talk" on some useful topic—either of these plans will suggest conversation which will leave no room for small talk or vulgarity.

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DEAR AUNT PATIENCE:—In reading letters from gifted women, and feeling the *homey* atmosphere they seem to create, I have wondered if any experience of mine would help a toiling fellow-mortal in the struggle for existence.

I am greatly impressed with the differing ways in which women define economy. I have a friend to whom it means doing without many things she wants. All the time a waste is going on in little things in every direction. She is more than commonly bright and observant, yet utterly fails to see this leak in the household ship, which works such incalculable mischief.

Her husband goes about with careworn, saddened face, looking gloomily into the future, with forebodings of want for the dear ones, since the money he brings in seems to disappear far more rapidly than it comes.

I will give you the reverse picture, and "know whereof I speak." There is a little household where the "bread-winner" has been for years incapacitated for any work, and all the burden falls on the wife. But this wife was blessed with a mother who defined economy as allowing no waste that could be wisely avoided. She seemed to me to find the golden mean between stinginess and extravagance.

I have heard the daughter ridiculed by her friends for stooping to pick small scraps of cloth from the floor to save for paper-rags; or for looking for a blank leaf to scribble on, rather than take a nice, new sheet of writing-paper. But I noticed the ridicule fell harmless, since the economizer knew that by these same small means—too trifling in her friend's eyes to be used—came freedom from that dread oppressor—Debt—and the procuring of a coveted book which must else be gone without. Is not this subject worth studying in its minutest details? I have observed closely, and have failed to find any superior mental breadth or unselfishness among those who waste, and, thank God, there are wise, true mothers among us yet, since "small economies make large comforts." E. E. W.

Every business man, I suppose, finds it important to stop all waste. Profits quickly disappear in an establishment where there is carelessness in any department. But it is not always easy to decide what is wasteful. I have seen people—indeed I have been one of them myself, sometimes—who are guilty of spending too lavishly in one direction for the sake of a saving in another. It takes a wise woman to know just how much mending she can afford to do. There is no economy in spending a large amount of time and strength, running from one shop to another in order to save a few pennies in a purchase. I remember to have heard a story attributed to Mr. Beecher. It was said that he was told it would be good economy for him to keep a pig. So he bought one. He fed it well. The "swill" was not sufficient to fatten it, and Mr. Beecher bought corn for it in considerable quantities. At the end of the season the pig sold for perhaps twelve dollars more than was paid for it. But the corn to feed it had cost forty dollars. "I made money on hogs that year," said Mr. Beecher, "but I lost on corn."

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DEAR AUNT PATIENCE:—I have been a housekeeper for eighteen years and a half, and have always had a weekly allowance from my husband (which I think is the only way for a woman to keep house, as she thus has an incentive to economize, to say nothing of the feeling one has who has to go to her husband for money every time anything is needed) for housekeeping expenses. For some years a large allowance went but a small ways, and "more money" was the cry; but for some time past I have been able to make both ends meet, and often have something left over. My husband wonders that more men don't allow their wives a specified sum, thus saving both parties a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

I live on a farm; so I have my own milk, butter, fowls, eggs and vegetables most of the time.

My allowance for several years has been ten dollars a week; with this I pay for my washing and ironing. (I keep no servant, preferring to do my own work; we live better and more cheaply in this way and I am spared the torments of incompetent servants), buy all my groceries and clothe myself and four children.

Of course we don't dress handsomely, but we have good clothes and manage to look as decent as others who spend a great deal on dress. This management I have learned by experience.

I pay my children a given sum each week—more to the older ones—and require them in return to perform some regular duty; this money, I teach them, comes by hard work, and by foolish spending they lose in a moment that which it takes a week to earn. They each have a bank-book, and deposit their money in a savings-bank; then, when a time comes that they need something, they go to the bank and draw on their accounts.

This not only pleases them, but teaches them the value of money, how to save and spend it, and to make out checks. My five-year-old girl drew on her account and had her picture taken; my eight-year-old boy drew on his, and fitted himself out from top to toe. I don't know of anything, outside of morals, more important in the training of children than this one thing, "the value of a dollar." More young wives embarrass their husbands in business from this cause than from any other. A. H. G.

Mrs. G. C. M., from somewhat different circumstances, gives her testimony also for the "allowance plan." She has since her marriage, nine years ago, managed her household and personal expenditures by that method, and success has crowned the efforts of both husband and wife to secure and maintain a well-ordered home. She says—

My husband, long previous to our marriage, thoroughly believed that if women were so valuable that God made them because man could not live without them, they were worthy of more than mere board and clothes (less than a housekeeper could command), and should have a fair share of the income as her right to do with as she chose, either during life or at death.

While he says there would, perhaps, be some cases where it would be found impracticable, they would be very few, as no *real wife* would abuse the confidence and squander the money.

We believe we are on the right track, and try to encourage a happy medium between parsimony and prodigality.

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ROXY:—Your request for advice to secure *prompt* obedience reminded me of a simple little story I told my boy, now seven years old, two or three years ago; it had the desired effect, for I heard him rehearsing the *same* story to his baby brother not long since:

"A little girl having a pet canary bird, left the cage door open one day, and her mother, seeing that the cat was near, reminded her little daughter to close the door. But Kitty replied, as usual, '*wait a minute*,' and, meantime, pussy eat up the poor little birdie." LOIS T.

When a very little girl I read a story which made a great impression upon me, and not only taught me the importance of prompt obedience, but the necessity of attention and alertness in action. It was related that a family of rabbits lived in a comfortable home in the side of a hill. One day the mother of the family discerned signs of danger, and calling to her children to follow her with speed, sought for a safe shelter for them. All followed but one, whose habit of saying "Wait a minute" had been the subject of frequent admonitions, accompanied with warnings of dire calamity if the evil way was not amended. Heedless of all the advice and instruction of the past, the poor rabbit lingered to look at "one more picture," or read a "few lines more," and, alas! the crash came, and buried the tardy creature in the ruins. I have never ceased to feel a pang of sorrow for that poor deluded thing. Nor is the lesson needed only by children. The few moments of delay which make a woman late to church, or keep her from meeting an appointment punctually, or try the temper of the waiting applicant for a permission or a favor, may not bring dire calamity on the one at fault, but are often causes of great inconvenience if not of positive distress to others.

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DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I know perfectly well that no grumblers are allowed in the JOURNAL family, and yet I venture to ask for just a little corner in which to grumble my little grumble, and make my little moan.

Fate—and John Smith—seem to have relegated me to a very uncongenial sphere of life. Now don't think it is John's fault; he would gladly change it if he could. I am one of the great army of "housekeepers," and, in my case, that means cook, chamber-maid, seamstress, nurse, and, in short, general utility woman.

My special aversion is the kitchen work. I always did despise the kettles, pots and pans, and I always *shall* despise them.

Before I met John, I belonged to that other great army of "school-ma'ams"; but you see I am not one of the contented kind, and, what's more, I don't want to be. I like change, but it seems to me I have "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire"; yet, strange to say, I prefer the fire on some accounts. The frying-pan was rather a comfortable place. I enjoyed teaching the tractable, *ambitious* pupils, but occasionally I encountered a pupil of the contented kind—didn't care whether he learned anything or not—or one of the kind who didn't keep a conscience, at least where you could get at it; then the frying-pan would sometimes get uncomfortably hot; but I did not meet that kind of a boy (it usually *was* a boy) very often, and now I do encounter those horrid pots and pans every day of my life.

We read occasionally advice to housekeepers—its my private opinion that it's written by a man—not to let themselves become "mere automatons," "Think about noble or lofty themes," "Rise superior to your work," etc. I want to tell you here and now, *you can't do it*. You can't cook and make a success of it with your mind dwelling on the archeological explorations in Egypt, for instance, or anything else than your business of cooking. I know, for I have tried it.

If you live in your kitchen half your time, and make out to soar at all, I'd like to know how you manage it. I am not one of the kind who carry my kitchen into the parlor with me. I have met people who were continually bringing their pots and pans into the foreground; I manage to keep mine in the background; but the background is a very important part of a picture, and pots and kettles are not picturesque. Oh, yes, I know they're useful; but I wish somebody else would use them, for my benefit, of course. I don't want any in my life picture.

I want to be able to go out in the morning sunshine and enjoy it with my children, and with them breathe in the pure life-giving oxygen which makes one feel sure that life is worth living. I want to take them to the fields and woods and show them the beauties of Nature, and teach them to find evidences of the All Wise Father's loving care for the least of his creatures. I long to enter more fully into their lives, sharing all their joys and sorrows, watching their young feet enter into unsafe paths. I long for more time to go out with them, to plan and execute pleasant little surprises for them. What I really do—feed and clothe them and minister to their bodily comforts—hired help could do as well, while these other and higher things no one can do so well as the mother who loves them.

I want more time to cultivate my own mind for the sake of my husband and children. I do not want them to grow away from me, and yet I want them to have all the advantages possible to grow—physically, mentally, morally and spiritually; but oh, I can't bear to be sacrificed, body and soul, in order to bring about these desirable things, and yet, it seems as though I must.

Are any of you situated as I am? and, if so, do you sometimes get rebellious? And have any of you ever found a way out?—out of the kitchen, I mean. Bellamy tantalizes us with a glimpse of Heaven on earth—homes without housework.

I have always had a fellow-feeling for the "house keeper" who dreamed she

"Was stationed forever
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep back the waves 'ere they swept over me."

I too, dream, and my dreams are worse night-mares than hers. I am prostrate on the floor of my kitchen. My arms are pinioned to my sides by flat-irons; on my head is a skillet; my largest and heaviest iron kettle nearly crushes the breath out of my breast, while the poker, shovel, tongs, carving knives and forks dance around me like demons threatening to stab my eyes out.

But I don't propose to "lay down and die" as long as I can call for "*Help*." MRS. JOHN SMITH.

You must get one of those fine boilers or ovens into which you may put your food in in the morning, and after playing in the fields all day, come home to find your dinner cooked and ready for you. I heard the other day of a man who took his family away to spend a holiday, leaving his next morning's breakfast cooking in the oven. Twenty-four hours afterwards, when he returned, everything was done to a turn, and nobody had had any trouble with it. But, seriously, it is a question how the work of a household can be done without absorbing all the time and strength of the house-mother. Yet a patient study of the problem, with a courageous attack upon the obstacles in the way of its solution, will often accomplish wonders. I have in mind a household where the brains of a mother served to systematize the necessary labor, so that without "help," except for the heaviest of the work, there was no hurry, no great array of dirty pots and pans, no lack of time for joining with husband, children and friends in intellectual pleasures, and in the enjoyment of nature. And this mother was not strong in body; she was strong of mind and of heart.

DEAR SISTERS:—I feel quite sure, if you could know what a pleasant pastime the making of illustrated scrap-books is, and how helpful in storing the mind, you would set to work at once.

We had as a frequent visitor to our house, a bright little boy, who had a keen relish for short, true stories and anecdotes, and so I thought I would save such scraps of that kind as I could find, and make him a scrap-book.

I happened to own two or three bound volumes of Agricultural Reports, and finding the leaves just wide enough for two columns of newspaper scraps, I utilized one.

As pictures of noted people come in my way, I began to place them at the head of some piece about them, or some article written by them. There are so many illustrated papers and daily papers which have good pictures of well-known people, and advertisements of books that have the author's pictures, it is an easy matter to secure a really valuable collection of portraits.

I put into the book many scraps, without an accompanying illustration; but when I can head a biographical sketch with a picture of the subject, I always try to do so.

It is more than three years since I started my first volume, and I am now at work upon my third one. I have the pictures of more than three hundred and fifty persons in the volumes, and they comprise statesmen, authors of prose and poetry, scientific men, distinguished men in all learned professions, artists, generals, and royal personages.

One volume I have set apart for scraps about woman, and the noble work she is doing in the world; and the faces of not a few talented ladies who write for the JOURNAL, already look out from its pages.

My plan worked well, for the young guest in whose interest I started the books, always delights now to spend a part of his time when with us in pouring over these volumes. This, it seems to me, is suggestive of a way in which pleasure and profit may combine to form the taste for real things in our young people. S. E. D.

An excellent plan; I commend it to every household.

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DEAR AUNT PATIENCE:—Indeed, "Books are an education," and the sooner a child is taught to love and prize them, so much better for that child. Give the little ones home-made picture-books made of cloth, with strings or tape loops to hang them up by, and put a nail at the right height for the little todler, and let that be the place for the book when not in use, until the child is old enough to keep the books in order on a shelf. Then a box with shelves, and with a scrim or cretonne curtain, makes a bookcase, of which the child becomes very proud. Where there are several children and few books, let each child have a shelf for its very own. We prefer to let the children have their books in a separate place from ours, for these reasons: they can go to them at any time, and they have the responsibility of their good care. As they grow older, and can appreciate our maturer books, we let them add their books as a sort of annex to our library, and have the free use of all. We have no torn, dirty or disfigured books. My little girl decorates her room with her books of scrap pictures by opening them, and every day turning over a new leaf. I gave her a copy of the Greek Slave and a lace handkerchief; she drapes the figure in lovely ways, and prefers this statuette to any doll she ever had. MRS. A. M. H.

It is a good thing for parents and children to have a common interest in books. Men and women can find real pleasure in books written for children, and if early in their lives the children are accustomed to share the pleasures of reading with father and mother, the habit will continue and the family will be kept together in their love of good books. AUNT PATIENCE.

THAT TEN DOLLAR CHANCE

THE WINNER, OUT OF OVER SIX THOUSAND BOY'S LETTERS

EVIDENTLY there are at least six thousand boys in America who want ten dollars, for that is the number of letters the JOURNAL has received in answer to the "Chance To Make Ten Dollars," published in the February number. How they streamed in! Hundreds wrote very good letters, and I regretted afterwards I did not offer ten dollars for each of the best five letters instead of for one. Perhaps I will, sometime.

You all remember what the offer was? Well, here it is for those who do not:

A CHANCE TO MAKE $10

Let every JOURNAL boy read this question:

If the JOURNAL should make you a present of Ten Dollars ($10.), to be used as spending money, what would you do with it? How would you spend it?

To the boy not older than nineteen years who will send in the best (that is, the most practical and most sensible) answer to this question, we will send a Ten Dollar bill.

All answers must be not longer than 200 words; shorter if possible—and be sent in by or before February 20th, 1891, when the prize will be sent to the winner. No answers received after that date will be considered.

Of course, only one boy could get the prize, and he is MASTER LOUIS A. DYAR, twelve years old, of Dover, Minnesota,

Here is the winning letter, and I think every boy will agree with me that it is a good one. It fulfills exactly the requirements of the JOURNAL, in that it is practical and sensible, and applies the money to himself in a manner which shows industry, a desire for learning and a consideration for others.

February 16, 1891.

BOY'S EDITOR, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:

I am a country boy, nearly twelve years old, and if I should receive ten dollars from THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL I would spend it for a set of tools, as follows:

Hammer (a Maydole 13 oz.)		$0 50
Saw (panel)		75
Chisel		30
File		15
Pliers		30
Two screw-drivers		23
Pocket wrench		20
Plane		25
Flexible rule		20
Two gimlets		14
Brad-awl (handle and 6 brads)		17
Nails, screws, string, etc.		50
A good jackknife		60
A set of garden tools		
Shovel	.75	
Hoe	.50	
Rake	.40	
Trowel	.25	
		1 90
Vegetable seeds		1 00
A few flower seeds for my sister		25
The Youth's Companion, for one year		1 75
A rubber ball for my little brother		15
And a modest birthday present for mother		56
		$10 00

LOUIS A. DYAR.

DOVER, Minnesota.

Now, a great many boys will say to themselves: "My letter was just as good as that." No, it wasn't, my son! If it had been, you would have received the prize. A great many of you boys misunderstood the offer. Hundreds of you showed a good spirit by saying that you would give part or all of the ten dollars to others. But that was not the object of the prize. I wanted you to apply the money to yourselves, and from the way you intended to apply it, I could get a good glimpse of your character. That is what I wanted.

AS I promised, I print below the five letters which were decided to be the best after the winning letter. Here they are—all different, as they are all good:

No. 1

HERE is a boy who tells it in story form, and a clever little story it is. You will see he has written his little tale in just 199 words—one word this side of the limit:

TEN DOLLARS, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT

Harold Blake gave a long whistle of surprise and delight as on the morning of his sixteenth birthday, he lifted his breakfast plate and discovered a crisp, new ten dollar bill in a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL envelope.

"Just what I wanted, to carry out my plan!" he exclaimed, and, hardly waiting to finish his breakfast, he hurried down-town to Morse's book-store.

"Mr. Morse, I would like to see your books for boys."

"Certainly, Harold, here they are."

Harold soon decided to take the following books, in exchange for his ten dollars:

The Boy's Library of Legend and Chivalry, 4 vols.

Drifting Round the World.

The American Boy's Handy Book.

Jed—A Boy's Adventure in the Army of 61 65.

Harold had invited several of his most intimate friends to spend the evening with him, and when they were shown into his room, they found him seated in an easy chair before the fire, deeply interested in the exploits of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.

They were all soon engaged in the same pleasant occupation of reading, and before the evening was over, every one had expressed the opinion that Harold had made the best possible use of his birthday present.

W. C. B. MOORE.

CHARLESTON, West Virginia.

No. 2

HERE is a boy of sixteen who accounts for every penny of it, and a most accurate accountant he is. Every item is useful, and he apparently made up his mind not to waste a cent. Just see how far he has made ten dollars go:

In answer to your offer to the boy who expends ten dollars in the most sensible way, I send a list below of what I should buy:

For my sister—	
One year's subscription to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	$ 00
One year's subscription to "The Youth's Companion"	1 75
Two white shirts, fifty cents each	1 00
Two under shirts, fifty cents each	1 00
Two pair of under drawers, thirty-two and a-half cents each	65
One pair of slippers	85
Three pairs of stockings, twenty-five cents each	75
One neck-tie	25
Three handkerchiefs, ten cents each	30
A hair-brush	25
One comb	15
One box shoe-blacking	10
One shoe-brush	25
One tooth-brush	20
One pocketbook	25
One bottle of ink	10
Writting paper	10
Envelopes	5
And one dollar in my pocket	1 00

CHARLES E. BRIGHT.

BRIGHTON, Massachusetts.

No. 3

HERE is a wonderful boy, and a full-fledged chicken-farmer. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of his estimate. It takes our breath away to read what a fortune is in store for anybody who earns ten dollars:

If awarded $10.00 would invest in 36 chickens, $9.00; and for feed, $1.00.

1st year—Raise 250 chickens:

Sell 142 chickens for	$ 35 00
Eggs, worth $40.00, deducting for feed, $6.00, leaving	34 00
	69 00
2nd year—144 chickens, and raise 1000 chickens,	
Sell 898 chickens for	224 00
Eggs, from which deduct for feed, leaves	136 00
$69 at interest, will amount to	74 52
	434 52
3rd year—216 chickens, and raise 1500 chickens, sell for	375 00
Sell eggs, deducting feed, leaves	204 00
$434.52, at interest, will amount to	469 28
216 chickens sell for	54 00
5 years' expenses at college	$1102 28

Then I should be capacitated for any attainment. FRED K. DALTON.

STRAWBERRY POINT, Iowa.

No. 4

HERE is a cute little letter, entirely unselfish, from a boy of nine, who has in him the makings of a good man:

I am a little boy nine years old. If I had $10 I would take $5 and buy my little brother a cloak; he hasn't any, and he is only two months old and I want him to go out and get the fresh air. And I'd take $3 and give to a poor family that live near us who have six boys. And I think I'd keep $2 for myself, as I am saving for a pony.

CHARLIE L. STEELE.

500 FULTON ST., CHICAGO, Illinois.

No. 5

AND here is the last one—a boy who first thinks of his sister, and then of himself; but even then it is indirectly for others. Just see how he would have $36 by next New Year's day, made from only a portion of the ten dollars.

I could use ten dollars in a great many practical ways, but think the following would be as practical as any. I would first give five dollars to send my little sister out from home somewhere, to see if she would be helped, as medicine does not cure her. I would buy three pigs with the other five; feed them this summer on cannery slops and slops the neighbors give me for carrying away; raise corn enough to fatten them on a garden lot we have, and by New Year's they will sell for $36.00. Five dollars of this, when I made it, I would like to give one of my schoolmates who is crippled, to help buy a rolling chair; with the balance I could set myself up in business in a fruit and lunch room.

With that I could earn a nice little sum of money to help me make a living some other way, or pay for lessons in shorthand, which I would like to study if I had the means.

FRED. B. GARDNER.

SPARTA, Illinois.

IN the next JOURNAL I shall hope to give all the boys another chance to win a good-sized bank-note, and then some of you who failed to win this prize will have a chance for that. And thus we will continue to give thousands of JOURNAL boys an opportunity to make a little spending money by their own efforts.

ABOUT THE JOURNAL'S PUZZLES

IT is easy to see that the JOURNAL'S boys are taking a warmer interest in this page with every number.

THE "MISSING WORD" PROBLEM

in the February number was the most popular one yet. More than eight thousand boys sent answers to it, and about thirteen hundred came in a single mail. There were a great many who solved the problem correctly, but here are the names of the boys who sent the first five correct solutions; each of them has already received the prize promised—a new dollar bill:

Allison Gaw
Norwood P. Wartman, Jr.
Howard W. Zarr
Sanford C. Cook
Arthur M. Aiken

The word to be inserted thirty-three times was "*the*," and the completed solution is as follows:

THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

"*The* three men who met at *the* East *The*bes hotel, for *the* purpose of holding a sort of *the*ological discussion, were *the* great *the*ologians of *the* three different schools, so to speak—A*the*ism, Pan*the*ism and *The*osophy. As *there* was great difficulty experienced in reaching *the* desired understanding *they there*upon agreed to leave *the* matter to *the* wise man of East *The*bes. *They there*fore left *the* East *The*bes hall, and carried *their* respective arguments to *the* wise man. *Then the* wise man, who was very wise, refused to settle *the* matter, or even *the*orize, being occupied with a *the*odolite, and, fur*ther*more, as he was a *the*ocrat, *the them*es given were out of his line."

THE NEXT PRIZE PUZZLE

Our next puzzle will appear in the May JOURNAL, and I hope all the boys will look for it, and try to get the new dollar bills which will be attached to it. It will be the best one yet. Several others are being prepared, too, by some of the best puzzlers in the country, and these will be given as soon as ready. The boys are interested, and so is the JOURNAL, and we shall keep the ball rolling.

A WORD TO SOME BOYS

Some of our boys try to take an advantage. If I say you must not send in your answer before a certain date, it means just what it says. In connection with the "Missing Word Problem," for example, I destroyed over 400 answers which came in before February 1st—the date given. That is not fair, boys. Remember, the date is fixed so as to give all a chance, and in these puzzles, as in everything else, honesty is not only the best policy, but it is the only one. So, next time, let us all be just as we would want other boys to be.

THE BOYS' EDITOR.

HOW I WON THE PRIZE

By Grace S. Patterson

THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S COMPLETE EDUCATION PRIZE

FOR a long time I had been trying to solve the problem of how to obtain a college course. Never from my own resources—for to teach school at the munificent sum of thirty-five dollars per month is not conducive to meeting the expense of a college education.

It was while in this state of feeling that I saw—in the March (1890) issue of The Ladies' Home Journal—the offer of a Free College Education to the girl who would secure the largest number of subscribers to the Journal before January 1st, 1891. It set me thinking: Could I? Here was a solution to the problem—the only one, and the most generous I could ever hope to meet. The task of securing at least one thousand subscribers seemed herculean, but keeping in mind the saying, "Nothing ventured, nothing won," I set to work.

March 28th, 1890, I sent in my first name—one lone name; it was that of my aunt.

Miss Patterson

Still I hesitated to begin the task before me, as there were many obstacles to surmount. But the more I thought of it the better it seemed, and, finally, I decided to make every possible effort, and see what would come of it.

My first and greatest difficulty was to overcome that peculiar sensitiveness one feels about approaching people, especially to solicit subscriptions. However, to break the ice, I tried some of my friends and one or two strangers. I was fortunate in my first choice. I felt encouraged, and considered myself fairly launched on my venture.

Having great respect for the ancient truism: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," and possessing the uncomfortable feeling of asking my friends for a favor at $1.00 per favor, I resolved to pursue my plans on purely business principles, and, so far as possible, among strangers.

In addition to Beaver Falls, Pa.,—my home—there are three other large towns near us, and my next effort, in one of these, resulted in ten subscriptions, secured in a short day's canvass. My next list, April 19th, numbered thirty, and the next, May 13th, only seven! But there were days and weeks when I could not possibly leave home.

My friends were disposed to dissuade me by doubting if my strength would permit me to continue my task, or enjoy the fruits of my labors, if successful, and hinted that the Journal might not prove strictly honorable. Others were content to give me my own way, thinking, no doubt, that I would soon become weary of my task.

The first of August found the immediate territory exhausted, and, at the most, only eighty subscribers on my list, not counting promises. What was to be done? Clearly something, and that soon, for, be it known, it was my purpose to secure fifteen hundred names on my list.

I went to Chautauqua. I had learned, however, that soliciting was positively forbidden on the Chautauqua Assembly Grounds, and, though I could not reconcile my conscience to break such rules, decided to make that spot my headquarters and work round and about the lake. It was necessary, being among strangers, to furnish some more positive guarantee of good faith than my mere word; so the plan of a circular with endorsements was brought into requisition. I persuaded a few friends of the family to attach their signature to such a document, and to this fact alone I undoubtedly owe many subscriptions. But at the end of two weeks' hard work I found only meagre encouragement. Chautauqua was evidently not the place!

I now determined to canvass one of the cities located near Chautauqua, and, accordingly, chose Jamestown, N. Y. As it was to be my first attempt among entire strangers, I felt it would be the crucial test of my success or failure. After three days' work I finished the town, gave it up, and had just three names!

On arriving home I thought of the idea, for the first time, to write to friends living in different parts of the country, telling them what I was trying to do, and soliciting their assistance. Having started these balls rolling, gathering moss for me all the time, I branched out again on little suburban trips.

When October 1st came, I began a series of calls in neighboring towns. First, I went to Sewickley, Pa., where, during four short days, I secured about thirty-five names. Thence down the Ohio, and in three towns I was likewise successful, except in one which had already been canvassed.

During these trips I had no end of arguments brought up to dissuade me from my purpose: "The winner of the prize would be some very popular girl"; or, "the Curtis Publishing Company had it all arranged." In fact, on every hand, it was the almost unanimous opinion of so-called men of the world that my chances of success were very remote. Everything was told me but the truth. People I thought knew all about such matters, knew nothing. After all, it must be all myself, I thought, and bravely I went on. I had a good magazine, I felt satisfied I was working for a good firm. Why, then, should I not win as well as some other girl?

My next experience was with the wife of a minister, and a graduate of Vassar. Very kindly she offered me the addresses of her classmates, neighbors and friends, and suggested that I enclose a line, with circular to each one. This suggestion I, of course, gladly acted on, and met with very happy results. Here is a "point" for other girls.

Home again, and, according to previous arrangements, I took charge of my aunt's school while she visited Indiana, Pa., and she returned the favor by securing for me a nice addition to my list. Then I started out again and went to other neighboring towns, increasing my list as I went along. Frequently, after miles of tramping, I was afraid to count results. In fact, from this time on, I ceased numbering my names, partly because I did not desire the exact size of my list known, but more because I feared the effect of such knowledge upon my resolution to burn all bridges behind me and drive on.

I often secured very good help from the postmasters of the towns where I went. I began to observe that the farther I went west, the more genial and easy to approach I found the people, consequently the work pleasanter, and about one in every three took the paper from me. Their hopes and best wishes, too, went with me, and there was always some one to say, "Won't that be nice!" and would refer me to a friend who almost invariably subscribed. But the Journal had always some one feature or attraction with which one could brighten the work. Had it not been for the conviction that I was inducing folks to accept a true blessing for every woman, I never could have progressed in the work.

It was necessary for me to remain at home until after Thanksgiving. During all this time every mail brought me additions to my list, and frequently on my return home I would find as many as twenty or thirty letters from people with whom I had left my address, and from the friends to whom I had written. One young man, in Tacoma, Wash., whose name I had observed as a prize winner for another paper, sent me a handsome list of about fifty, in return for a commission of twenty-five cents on each, which I gave him.

On the 8th of December I started for the city, with a dread of being literally at sea, a stranger among a host of strangers. There was one way in which I could encompass an enormous population, and that through the public schools. Being a teacher, I resolved to request the inquiry to be made in the various buildings if the pupils knew of any one who was obtaining subscriptions to The Ladies' Home Journal. It was my purpose to secure such clubs. I first visited the High School, determined not to take "No" for an answer. Fortunately for my plans, the Principal acceded to my request, and, on my return, the results of his inquiries were so encouraging that it seemed wise to pursue this plan.

On the 12th of December I left the cities of Pittsburg and Alleghany, carrying with me the conviction of my former theories that the mythical Philadelphia girl, or any other city girl living within reach of thousands, with the many suburban places of residence and near towns, would distance me in the race. Perhaps I came too late, for many would say: "Why didn't you come to the city sooner," and in the light of my experience I would have given much if it were a few weeks more until the first of January. Certain it is that almost every one seemed anxious to assist me so far as in their power.

Returning home, I looked over the ground and concluded to work through the county Normal Institute near us. Here I secured twenty-five names. My success stimulated me, and I took a train for the institute of the adjoining county. But the holiday vacation was on, and I was too late!

On my way home the following morning, I learned that the next institute in session would begin Monday, in Indiana, Pa. Would I go so far, or not? I toiled up the hill that morning home again, still debating the question, and the temptation to rest awhile was very strong. By degrees I had grown stronger and stronger with the work, and lately had no need to restrain any exertion. Now, however, the suspense was growing irksome, and I wished it over.

But there would be ample time for rest after January 1st, so gradually I began to prepare for another journey, and late Saturday evening found me in comfortable quarters with my sister and cousin at the Indiana Normal, and early Monday morning, at work. I had now made no mistake; I secured subscriptions from the Institute, and many more were obtained in the evenings in the homes of the town.

I now returned home over Christmas. Now, if ever, for the work here. With my aunt's help, for whom I had taught school, I began work in earnest. Over the snow, through the snow, under the snow; anyway, everywhere, until the 29th we worked, and it required the combined efforts of myself and cousin to put my last list—over seven hundred names—in order. Not until this time had I any idea how many names were on my list. Not the fifteen hundred on which I had set my hopes of securing! I had 1148 in all!

This, in general, is the manner by which the work was accomplished; but the great army of mistakes and failures, trials and disappointments, hopes and fears, must ever remain untold.

To every girl who would add to her knowledge of human nature, and who would acquire more confidence and faith in her abilities, who would enjoy better health and strength; in short, if she would learn to live a broader and more useful life, I would say: "Go, thou, and do likewise."

To those who in any manner and by any means assisted me, and to the many friends who were instrumental in my success, I tender my heartfelt thanks. To those unsuccessful in the contest I can only say that 'midst the joy of my success I have but one cause for regret, that one day for them must have been dark and dreary.

A LESSON IN POKER-WORK

BY MARY FISHER BOSSON.

IT is only within the last two years that this pretty and effective work has been seen, and even now it is not much known. It is simply done, by any one who has a delicate touch, sure hand, and anything of of artistic ability; the materials needed are: a piece of white holly wood, free from knots and imperfections, and three iron stove-lid lifters; for although it is called "poker-work," stove-lid-lifters are the brushes, and colors, too.

These lifters are the ordinary iron ones used in the kitchen; clumsy tools for delicate work, they seem at first, but the worker will marvel at the light touches and delicate lines of which they are capable. One will need one good-sized lifter, and two smaller ones.

Perhaps a plaque is the best thing on which to begin; one of white holly may be bought for twenty-five cents at any art-supply store. Draw lightly in pencil the design you wish; if one does not draw readily, the design may be traced. Good heads may be found often in patent medicine advertisements, or in the wood-cuts of the numerous illustrated weeklies. Heads of old men and animals are effective; a woman's head, profile view, is good on which to begin.

Having drawn it in lightly, with merely suggesting lines for the brow, eye, hair, etc., *nous commençons:* plunge the lifters to the depth of an inch in a glowing coal fire; when one has become red-hot at the tip, take it out (perhaps the handle may have become hot, and a holder needed), and after wiping any ashes that may cling, on a bit of paper, go rapidly over your background in little short "dabs"; as the iron becomes cooler, touches may be made on the hair, making light, waving lines.

The idea of the whole is to scorch the background dark, "charry" brown, while the face and neck are simply left in the white wood, the lines of the mouth, nose, eye and ear being lightly sketched in with a semi-cool iron.

Shadows on the face and neck are not necessary, for when it is completed, the dark background will make the white neck and face seem to round out with natural and charming contour. The dress may be made by a few indistinct lines darkening gradually into the background.

So much by way of parenthesis. To return to our instructions—as soon as the first iron has become too cool to use, try a second, using it in the same way; first, while hottest, for the background and darkest shadows; then, when cooler, for the waving lines of the hair, and for the features and dress.

Of course the dark background should form a clear line around the head, outlining and defining it. The mouth is, perhaps, the most difficult part of the face to do, changing as it does the expression of the whole; but a little practice will make beautiful and satisfactory work. If some slight line does not suit one, if it is not burned in too deeply, it may be carefully scratched off with a sharp penknife.

After the work is done, with a rubber erase all the pencil marks. It is an improvement to go over the background and hair with one coat of the French retouching varnish used for oil painting.

Pear and sycamore woods will answer instead of holly. The poker-work may be done on leather with good effect for lamp-mats, blotting-book covers, cushions, and many other articles. The leather should be of a stiff, heavy quality.

A plaque may be well done in half a day, with three things to assist one—care, patience and a good fire. The lovely and varying tints to be produced by the action of the heat on the wood, are almost incredible; from black and darkest brown, through cinnamon and the golden lights, to richest, creamy shades. Of course, fruit, flowers and conventional designs may be carried out in any effect; indeed, whole ceilings, friezes and panels are being done in bewilderingly beautiful designs. Seats and backs for hall and dining-room chairs are handsomely made, small, regular patterns and conventional designs being used.

The sides may be done for a wood-basket, one side a branch of pears on a charry background; the other an appropriate motto, in irregular letters, against the burnt back. Some mottoes used are:

"The wind blows chill, pile high the fire."

"Blow high, blow low,
Not all the winds that ever blow
Can quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow."

"At the round table, by a sea-coal fire."

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast."

Stands for holding music may be similarly decorated, some appropriate mottoes being:

"If music be the food of love, play on."

"The night shall be filled with music."

"Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid."

"Where music dwells, lingering."

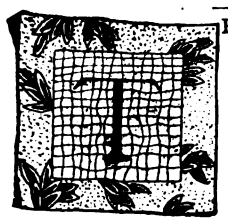
"Music's golden tongue."

"Music, heavenly maid."

The large, flat, brass-headed nails fasten on the panels, chair-seats, etc., with good effect. There is a wide range of articles to be decorated in this manner, at once useful, novel and artistic. The durability of the work also commends it.

A FEW HOME DECORATIVE HINTS

By James Carruthers



THE female sex is generally to be credited with an ever ready disposition to exercise ingenuity and taste in adding to household artistic attractions. Their reward comes in the special satisfaction of supplying these without exterior aids, and in the praise which should be accorded by those who inspect their work.

IN respect to curtain hangings the French fashion of introducing festoons is in high favor. Their flowing lines, as they depend from parlor rod, afford a pleasing contrast to the structural angles of a room. Whatever the arrangement of the folds, these should never have a *negligé* air. The limitation of their size requires that their shapes should be correct. The amount of material necessary in any case, is best determined by dropping loops of a tape from the pole or rod corresponding to the number of folds to be introduced, making a free allowance, as to width, of eight inches for each plait, and then adding the same to the depth of the loops, finally taking the width of the space to be draped. The pattern is then cut out on paper or on the lining, if lining is used. A valance will be found to give to a curtain a more stately aspect than a pole, or pole and cornice, besides which, it allows of a rod being substituted for a cornice and placed out of sight.

In making up figured curtains, the figures of each pair should be in line. If the woodwork of a room is light, the tone of color of the curtains should be also light; if dark, they should be of deep hue.

WHEN gilded frames of paintings are dull in appearance, owing simply to ingrained dust, or have been tarnished by injurious vapors that have left the gold intact, they may be restored to brilliance by applying a weak solution of salts of tartar in water with a cotton-wool ball, and then syringing the surface with cold water. If re-gilding is necessary, this also can be undertaken with very little trouble. After rubbing the surface of the frame with fine sand-paper, a coat of shellac varnish (shellac dissolved in alcohol) is to be applied with a brush, followed by a coat of japanner's gold-size. When the size has become tacky—that is, receives but a slight impression from the finger—the gold-leaf, previously cut in suitable sizes, is taken up and laid on with a cotton-wool ball, each piece being made to overlap slightly the adjoining pieces. The gilding is then gently pressed with cotton-wool. The surplus gold having been swept off with a silk handkerchief, a coat of shellac varnish is given. Two layers of gold-leaf is better than one. For this the first layer is treated with gold-size. The same process may be applied to the gilding of any wood surfaces. Thus some old-fashioned, but light and elegantly-shaped chair that may have lain neglected about a house, may be completely metamorphosed, and once again figure as an adornment to parlor or drawing-room.

WOMEN may make a most attractive addition to the equipment of parlor or drawing-room table, by an album containing impressions of a variety of leaves. A sheet of fine woven paper is to be saturated with oil and the surplus wiped off, after which it is hung in the air to dry. The sheet is then passed to and fro over a smoking candle until the exposed side is blackened. The veins of the leaf are to be slightly bruised on the underside by being rasped with the edge of a paper-cutter. This side of the leaf is placed on the black surface and gently rubbed with the finger. The delineation of veins is equal to the finest engraving. The impression may be cut out and inserted in an album.

IN painting terra-cotta plaques that they may form room embellishments, first put on a medium coat of white-lead ground in oil and thinned with two parts of japan gold-size and three parts of turpentine. This is then rubbed with fine glass paper. Lightly sketch in your design with a fine lead pencil, and paint it with white, using as a medium copal varnish and a little turpentine, and when it is dry you can paint on your design. When this dries, varnish with shellac varnish.

IMITATION stained glass, which may be turned to good account for flower or landscape tablets to be hung before windows, to add, in addition to any attraction of the design, color vivacity to a room, may be executed by covering the glass with a thin film of turpentine, and painting on this in varnish colors, somewhat thin. The glass is to be placed in a warm, dry place for a few days. The design may be placed beneath the glass or outlined on its face by means of transfer paper and a tracer.

A BEAUTIFUL mother-of-pearl surface can be given to articles of glass, cardboard or wood, by applying to them with a brush an extremely thin coating of a strong solution of salt mixed with dextrine; other beautiful hues may be obtained by adding to the salt solution either sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda or sulphate of tin.

A SERVICEABLE receptacle for knick-knacks or an annex to a work-basket, may be provided by painting or staining a chip or willow basket, lining it with silk or satin padded with wool, in which pockets, if desired, may be inserted. Now add a fringe to upper and lower edge; interlace the body with bands of parti-colored ribbon, adding here and there a bow.

VARNISHING furniture that has become dulled may while away profitably a few hours. For this purpose there are three descriptions of varnish, any of which are applied by a rubber made of wadding. One is made by dissolving two ounces of shellac in half a pint of spirits of wine. A second varnish is made by dissolving spermaceti in alcohol and adding four times the quantity of an alcoholic solution of shellac. Another description of shellac, which imparts a charming surface, is made by dissolving three ounces of shellac in half a pint of wood naptha, and then adding one-eighth of a pint of linseed oil.

FOR the decoration of the panels of dados, and doors and portions of wall surfaces, decoration may be applied by a smooth, three-stranded cord, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, gilded or bronzed, representing any fanciful form, such as spiral figures which are just now so fashionable with designers, whilst Irish or Celtic interlacing work may be done in a wonderfully striking way with it. It lends itself well to the tracing of the outlines of bold designs. The cords are coated with glue, then with gold-size, after which the gilding is laid on. They are fastened with short, brass-headed nails.

WHAT is termed painting in gesso as applied to house decoration, has become exceedingly popular in England and in in France and Germany. The plastic material used, and which is fashioned with the pencil and brush, is composed of glycerine, plaster of Paris and a weak solution of gum, to which a little alum is added when a polished surface is desired. It is employed for modeling in relief, arabesques, objects from nature, such as flowers, or human or ideal figures. The work may be done on the minutest or the boldest scale. Not merely the middle wall-surface or panels of a dado or a door may be thus decorated, but boxes, screen and picture frames or other articles. The composition is made of such a consistence that it will yield freely to the pencil or brush, and it maintains its plasticity sufficiently long for the execution of any design, admitting of any corrections in the way of filling in, or producing hollows. The designs are painted, when it hardens, either in monochrome or a number of colors. It sets extremely hard and will last a score of years. Any color may be mixed with the composition when first prepared. It affords fine scope for artistic productions. In forming the composition, the glycerine and glue solution are applied warm.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question from our readers of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this Department.

But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words: editors are busy persons.

The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor.

Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible.

All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

PUZZLED—Commence your letter, "Dear Mr. Brown," no matter what you have been in the habit of calling the young man. Spoken words are very different from written ones.

IGNORANCE—There is no impropriety in sharing your hymn-book with a man friend who is sitting next to you in church.

GEORGIA AND OTHERS—The best remedy for blackheads is to steam the face and then press out a few at a time, for if many are removed at once a bruise is apt to result. Annoint the places that have been treated either with vaseline or strawberry cream.

A. Z.—In leaving your husband's card with your own the same courtesy is expected when the visit is returned, *i. e.*, if your hostess is married she should also leave her husband's card.

ANGELA—It is extremely rude for any one taking part in a concert to use a pair of opera-glasses to distinguish friends in the audience. A leader should not permit such a gross act of impoliteness.

MRS. G. E. S.—Mahogany furniture would not look well in a white-and-gold room; that decoration always demands white wood, or else brass. White draperies embroidered in gold, such as may be gotten at the Chinese or Japanese stores, will be in best taste.

"ONE OF YOUR READERS"—It is in better taste to say "A man who is a friend of mine," than "a gentleman friend." It is presumed that your men friends are all gentlemen. The "gentleman friend" has been used in such a way that it has become vulgar and undesirable.

EULALIE—Vaseline is probably more healing to the lips than anything used, but if you object to the odor of it try strawberry cream to keep them from cracking. Just before you go out in the air put a little of the cream on your lips, not enough to show but enough to protect them from the cold air touching the sensitive part. Then apply it every night before going to bed, and your lips will soon be in good order and a good color.

ADMIRER—When your face and ears burn so terribly, bathe them in very hot water, as hot as you can bear. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

INQUIRER—Many ladies who have been widowed still retain their husband's names, although it is not correct. If you have done this for ten years, it would however, seem equally improper to assume either your first name, or to call yourself "Mrs. Smith" when you have been known as "Mrs. John Smith." It would cause endless and unnecessary complications.

BLONDE—A deep clear scarlet is much more becoming to a blonde than is blue, which color, though it has always been dedicated to her, is really best suited to the clear olive skin of the brunette.

A SUBSCRIBER—A party bag is prettiest when made out of a piece of dull, rich-looking brocade, and lined with a plain color. As far as size goes it can scarcely be too large, for it should accommodate fans, slippers, gloves, purse, handkerchief and any other little traps which may be required during the evening.

E. C. G.—Only by great economy and learning to do one's own sewing, and taking special care of one's belongings, could a girl dress well on the amount you mention.

DAISY S.—Formulas for friendly and business letters may be found in any of the good books on etiquette.

A COUNTRY GIRL AND OTHERS—There is no use whatever for the million defaced stamps that have been so extensively advertised. It has been a hoax from beginning to end, and no known hospital is to be helped by them. The best way to become self-possessed is to forget yourself and try and make other people have an enjoyable time. Flowers, music and sweets are the only presents that a young woman is permitted to accept from any of her men friends. There is no impropriety in a young girl having a photograph of a man friend, but she should be very careful to whom she gives hers.

FIRA—It is not considered good form to polish the finger nails very highly, because the eyes are then attracted to them, and it is believed that the American woman shows greater intelligence in her face than, like her Chinese cousin, on the ends of her nails. The best way to wash the hair is with extremely hot water and a tiny piece of the brown soap bought for the kitchen. This really cuts the dust from it, and a thorough washing in clear water after entirely removes anything that might cut or break the hair. Suggestions for the cure of blackheads have been given in this column.

F. B.—When some one has been kind enough to bring you from church, or a place of entertainment, it is sufficient to thank them in the simplest manner, only say, "Thank you for a very pleasant time," or, "Thank you very much for your courtesy in bringing me home."

CECILIA—Bathing the nose with water in which there has been put a few drops of camphor, is said to whiten it. But as redness of the nose usually results from some stomach trouble, it would be wise to search for the cause and get rid of it before you apply external remedies.

A. C. B.—The typewriter has so filled the place of the copyist that there is very little of that work to do, and don't you think, that as you are teaching school and have one profession, it would be wise if instead of risking ruining your health, you took a little pleasure, and gave some other girl, not so fortunate, an opportunity to do what you wish?

XENIA—Street introductions are very bad form and usually extremely embarassing. If an acquaintance is seen across the street it would be very rude not to bow. A young girl's visiting card has the prefix of "Miss," because when she is old enough to have a card she is old enough to be entitled to that courtesy. Unless you have asked your hostess to permit you to bring the gentleman, it would be very bad form to take him to spend the evening with her.

MISS K. B.—The skin will not be white and clear unless the system is in thoroughly good order, and when you have discovered that this is so, then it will be possible to do something by the application of simple cosmetics. Bathe your face in tepid water and use some simple unguent on it every night, but it will remain red and rough-looking unless your entire system is in good order.

E. A. T.—When you and your husband are calling on friends together, the card of each should be sent up. When calling without him his card should be left with yours. In a private boarding-house a tea-gown could be worn in the afternoon, but later than that it is not advised outside of one's own rooms.

BELLA H.—Try bathing your face in water that has just had the chill taken off; very cold water is a great shock to the skin, and that which has the chill removed and is about the same temperature as the room is that which is best suited to a sensitive skin. Use some of the softening creams on your face at night; to counteract the dryness this will be found invaluable.

HOUSEKEEPER—The illustration of a fashionable bed was given in the JOURNAL some time ago. An all-white bed is always to be preferred: it is in good taste and suggestive, to weary people, of rest. In getting your toilet-set see that you have a sufficiently large basin and pitcher. In the average household the basin might be large enough for a small kitten to wash its face in; but human beings do not want to wash their faces, they want to bathe them, and the basin should be sufficiently large for that. A pitcher full of fresh water, plenty of towels and a piece of good soap is more to be commended than all the lilies, pansies and roses that were ever painted on small and inefficient belongings. While a bedroom may be a picture in itself, it wants, first of all, to fulfill its duty and offer to whoever may be in it not only a haven of repose, but a place where whatever is wanted may be found.

R. S. T.—Steaming the face at night over a bowl of very hot water and then bathing it with very cold water, is a simple method of giving it a Russian bath and will tend to make the skin whiter and smoother and the flesh firmer.

A black gown is always in good taste and may be worn anywhere except to a wedding, where it is supposed to bring bad luck to the bride. Do not trim your bonnet too high as the tendency this spring is to low effects.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER—Take my advice and do not "dabble" in anything. What is worth learning is worth learning well, and even if you do not expect to make any more use of it than to enjoy it just now, it is possible that your painting may be the art to which you will turn if it ever becomes necessary for you to earn your own living. The dabblers are usually the bores of society. They are the people who, like the funny little ostrich in the opera, think they know it all.

BLONDE—Do not wear pale blue; it is seldom becoming to a blonde. It takes away from your color and gives your light eyes a rather faded look. In preference, choose a deep shade of pink that will increase your color and bring out the blueness of your eyes and the glints of gold in your hair. Blue is really the color of the perfect brunette. Deep brown, dark green tints, and white are the colors in which blondes look well.

N. Y. C.—A large pincushion is no longer used on the toilet table; instead, a small, square one slightly to one side, or else a silver pin-tray is used in preference. Among fashionable fans, one of which would be very pretty to give to the girl who is going to be married, is the screen or opera fan, made of gauze, paluted to represent feathers and cut out in the regular outlines at the top. This is used not only to cool the air, but may be held before the eyes as a protection from the glare of the footlights, and often in a brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, and by a graceful woman may be used very effectively. It is a little more novel than a feather or silk fan, and for that reason it will be appreciated by a girl who has been given, as you say, almost everything that money can buy.

AUTHORESS—There is only one way to get your stories published, and that is to send them to the different magazines until they are accepted. If one refuses, try another. The nonsense written—for it is nonsense—about unread stories is not worth paying attention to. Every editor is looking out for something original, and for that reason due consideration is paid by readers who are specially employed to read copy sent in. Type-written copy always receives quicker attention than other as it is so easily read, and because of this and specially as you do not write a very legible hand, I would advise you to have your manuscript copied before sending.

W. A. I.—Sleeping in gloves is not very pleasant but, nevertheless, it is one of the numerous ways of whitening the hands. Cover your hands well with some cream or oil and then wear a pair of very loose gloves. White ones are best, as the oil sometimes absorbs the color in others and puts stains on the hands.

If you do not wish to bleach your finger nails, cut off the tops of the gloves, otherwise in this treatment they will soon lose their rosy bloom.

A SUBSCRIBER—Almond meal should be washed off the face after it has been used, exactly as one would remove soapsuds by the application of clear water.

VALERIA—A little listerine in a glass of tepid water and used as a gargle, will sweeten the breath. One who has gray eyes, fair skin and brown hair would be called a brune-blonde, and might wear almost any color.

MAUD—When the plates for fruit and nuts are put around let the attendant lay a nut pick and fruit knife beside each one.

AN INQUISITIVE GIRL—I do advise the Russian baths for improving the skin. Massage will only make you plumper if you sleep for a couple of hours afterwards, but if you get up and take a brisk walk it will tend to reduce the flesh. Face massage is very often resorted to when the face is too plump, but the wise woman is she who remembers that when the flesh goes away wrinkles will take its place, and that many years will be added to one's appearance.

A STRANGER—At the evening meal, called supper, where meat and canned fruits are served, it is daintier to have them in two courses; have the soiled plates removed and the fresh plate put at each place for the saucer in which the fruit is served to rest on. Pickles are eaten on the same plate with meat. The small bread and butter plates have not obtained in this country, and the bread is usually placed on the left-hand side of the plate, and broken as one may desire.

K. V. F.—The wife of a Senator is not the Hon. Mrs. Jones. She is simply Mrs. John Jones, and to call her Mrs. Senator Jones is just about as sensible as to call the wife of a head-waiter, Mrs. Head-waiter Black. If you remember, when William Ewart Gladstone is registered at an hotel, it is the Hon. Wm. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone. The "grand old man's" simplicity would be a good thing for a great many Americans to follow.

B.—The bizarre letter paper is always in bad taste, and no matter whether its oddity commends it to you or not, it will stamp you as being one who prefers to attract attention by your paper and envelopes rather than by the ability with which your letter is written.

R. L. S.—I have said a great many times that when a man is paying a visit, it is his business to look after his hat and coat, and not that of his hostess. He is supposed to be a thinking being and to know where to put it, and it is not necessary for you to show the least anxiety about it.

M. B. L.—A little listerine dropped in warm water will be found an extremely pleasant mouth wash. Never use cold water for your teeth; the shock is too great and is apt to crack the enamel. Also be warned in time against the wooden tooth-pick. Use for your teeth the flat silk, known as dentist's silk, which may be gotten at any store.

A SUBSCRIBER—Alpaca is likely to remain in vogue during the summer. Plain black passementerie will make a pretty bodice trimming for it, while the sleeves may, if you desire, be of black velvet.

FLOSSIE—The expenses of a wedding are paid by the family of the bride. The expense of a white tulle veil is not great and as you are going to wear a long, white silk I would advise your having one.

MRS. G. A. C.—The corset to which you refer may be obtained in any of the large stores in Boston, New York or Philadelphia, where a specialty is made of ladies' underwear and corsets.

EDITH—It is not necessary to tell a man who has just been introduced to you that you are pleased to meet him. You simply bow and let him begin the conversation.

SUBSCRIBER—It is proper if the bridegroom is a clergyman to have the "Reverend John Smith" on his wedding cards and it is also proper for it to appear on his visiting cards. Any title gained at college is not, however, added. If the bride is dressed in white then the bridegroom should wear white gloves; but if it is not a full-dress wedding, tan or pearl color are proper.

READER—It is absolutely impossible to say how many clothes are required for any person unless one knows exactly the times and places where they will be required and the amount of money that one has to spend for them. Such an extremely general question as "What ought I to have in my wardrobe?" it is impossible to answer.

ALICE R.—A cloth gown can be cleaned, no matter how light it is. Drape it fresh and make epaulettes of broad ribbon on the shoulders.

Floral Supplement to Easter Ladies' Home Journal

ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH

START some of your flowers in the house. By giving the young plants proper care, you can have them come into bloom from two to three weeks earlier than those you saw in the open ground.

But it must be seen to that they get "proper care." This consists in giving them all the fresh air possible, and only enough water to keep the soil moist, and a moderate amount of heat. Too little air, too much water, and a good deal of warmth, will force a rapid and unhealthy growth, and a plant in this condition, at the time of planting out, will be so affected by the change from in to out-doors, that it will be severely checked in growth, if it does not die. It takes weak plants so long to recover from such a set-back, that plants grown from seed, sown in the open ground, will be quite sure to get the start of them. But a strong plant, started in the house in March or April, will come into bloom very early in the season.

START your Tuberoses to growing in April. When you pot them cut off the old roots at the base of the bulb. They will not only start sooner if you do this, but will be much surer to grow. Plant in five or six-inch pots, in sandy soil, and keep in a warm place till the top shows. The Tuberose comes to us from the South, where they have long summers, and if we would have it bloom in our gardens we must start it to growing early in spring, in order to give it as long a season as possible. Do not put the plants out in the open ground until the weather has become warm.

ALSO start your Dahlias in the house. Like the Tuberose, this plant comes from the South, where the summers are long, and unless we gain two or three weeks for it by starting it in the house in spring, it will not get ready for flowering before there is danger of frost. Plants started into growth in the ground, will generally fail to develop flowers. On this account the Dahlia has lost popularity which it formerly enjoyed, and which it richly deserves. It is one of our best fall bloomers when properly grown. In planting the tubers, break all those from the old stalks which have "eyes" or growing points on them, as one tuber, in a rich soil, will give you quite as fine a plant as you would get if you were to plant the whole bunch of roots.

SWEET-PEAS should be sowed as early as possible, after the thawing out of the ground, and at least six inches deep. If not sowed until the middle of May, or later, they fail to secure the requisite development of roots, which is necessary. If sowed in a shallow manner, they dry out so much at the coming of very warm summer weather, that they seldom flower well. Early planting, and deep planting, is the secret of successfully growing this most beautiful and fragrant flower.

CLIMBING GREENHOUSE PLANTS

TWO CLIMBERS WHOSE RICH FOLIAGE COUNTERACT THE ABSENCE OF FLOWERS

I HAVE been asked to name two good climbing plants for the greenhouse, plants having pretty foliage and no flowers preferred to those having fine flowers and poor foliage. I would advise the use of *Campsidium filicia folium*, or Fern-leaved Campsidium, and *Lygodium scandens*.

The former belongs to the Bigonia family, and has foliage very similar to the well-known and always popular *B. radicans*, which makes a charming plant for posts and veranda trellises. If given good soil and perfect drainage it makes a free and healthy growth. If *not* drained well, or if allowed to get too dry at the roots, it often stops growing, drops its leaves, and refuses to take a fresh start until re-potted. It must be showered daily, and all over, liberally, and kept out of strong sun-shine, if you would keep the red spider from injuring it. For training about a shady window, or along the rafters in a greenhouse, where the sun does not strike it, it is a charming plant, its fern-like, elegantly-cut foliage giving it a most striking effect. It is often mistaken for a climbing fern because of the resemblance of its foliage to those plants.

Lygodium scandens is really a climbing fern. It grows to a height of eight or ten feet, when properly cared for. Give the soil advised for ferns, and the treatment recommended for Campsidium. This plant is fine for cutting, its graceful sprays being very effective when used in tall, trumpet-shaped vases, and allowed to droop and twine about the vase.

THE LYGODIUM SCANDENS

HOW TO GROW FERNS

A FEW HINTS ON HOW TO CULTIVATE THE DIFFICULT FERN

NO plant would be more popular in a sitting-room or parlor collection than the Fern, were it not for the fact that it is a somewhat difficult plant to grow well.

It loves the moisture of the greenhouse, and this it seldom gets in the living-room. Still, it is possible to grow really fine specimens of choice varieties in the ordinary window, if the grower is willing to give the plant all the attention it requires. By sprinkling the plants daily, keeping moss or sand about the pots to give off a steady evaporation of moisture, and never letting the receptacle for water on the stone or register get dry, the air can be kept in a condition favorable to the development of the plant. A light, spongy soil from the woods, composed of leaf-mold in which all small roots are retained, is the proper one in which to grow Ferns. This is the soil in which you will find them growing best, in their native haunts. Do not add loam or manure to it, but drain the pots well. Keep the plants in a shady window, and do not let the thermometer rise above 65° or 70° in the room. Cover the plants with newspapers, or a thin cloth when you dust or sweep. And be sure to shower them all over, and *thoroughly*, every day. If a table is used, put cleats or strips about two inches wide around the edge of it, and fill with sand, on which the pots can be placed. Cover this sand with moss obtained from the woods, and the effect is charming, and both sand and moss will give off moisture steadily, greatly to the benefit of the plants. Unless you take steps to secure a moister air than that found in the ordinary living-room, do not try to grow Ferns there, for you will be sure to fail.

A well-grown specimen is worth a whole windowful of ordinary plants. Its delicate fronds will have the beauty and airiness of lace or frost-work. A bit of it adds greatly to the effect of a rose-bud, or any other flower needing a touch of green to emphasize its beauty. The Adiantums are most admired, and are perhaps most easily grown by the amateur. *A. cuneatum* is one of the best known sorts. *A. gracillimum* has more delicate fronds, and gives a suggestion of green mist. Both are exquisitely beautiful, and whoever grows them well will be sure to think them worth all the care and attention they require.

The fern is, as I said before, the most beautiful of all plants for the house, and, though difficult to cultivate, success is possible where care is taken.

THE BRIDESMAID GERANIUM

ONE of the most beautiful Geraniums of recent introduction, is the variety sent out under the name of Bridesmaid. It is a "new departure." We have had Geraniums with "eyes" of contrasting color, and Geraniums with an edging of contrasting color on each petal, but I have never seen one before with such peculiar markings as characterize this. It is a most beautiful thing. The petals are of the purest white, with a blotch of pink on each one, and the combination of colors is simply exquisite. The individual florets are of large size and perfect form, the petals being so broad that they overlap each other, thus forming a flower circular in shape, with no open space between the three lower and two upper ones, as in many Geraniums. The flowers are borne in good sized trusses, but are not crowded, and each bloom has a chance to show its beauty to good effect. It is a strong grower, and a very free and constant bloomer. It is a charming variety for pot-culture. If I were to name my favorite among the light colors, I think my first choice would be for Bridesmaid, and my second for Mrs. Moore. Of the two, Bridesmaid is the most delicate in effect, and I am inclined to think it a stronger variety than the better known old favorite, which still deserves all the popularity it has enjoyed in the past.

A FINE GREENHOUSE CLIMBER

ONE of the most satisfactory greenhouse climbers I have ever grown is *Jasminum grandiflorum*, often called Poet's Jasmine, because of its delicate beauty and delicious fragrance, both qualities having made it a favorite of the poets who love to sing of the beautiful. It is a free-grower, often sending out branches eight or ten feet long, in one season. Its leaves are finely divided, and shaped something like those of some varieties of fern. The flowers are borne in twos and threes at the ends of the banches, and are small and single, of a pure, waxy white. In odor, they resemble the well-known Cape Jasmine, though they have hardly as powerful a fragrance, and on that account they are greater favorites, the fragrance of the Cape Jasmine being too rich and cloying to suit very many persons. This Jasmine is sometimes known as Star Jasmine, because of the shape of its five-petaled flowers. It is a free bloomer, and is generally in bloom from December to April. It should be cut back sharply every spring, to induce the development of new branches. Give it a soil composed of turfy matter, leaf-mold and sand. Drain the pots well, and water moderately. It likes a good light, but is not fond of strong sunshine. With age the main stem and branches become quite woody. It is an exceptionally fine plant for training to greenhouse rafters, or for covering walls. While it is classed as a climber, it has no tendrils to hold itself up by, and does not twine readily, therefore, some pains must be taken to furnish it a support. A wire netting suits it well, or it can be tied to wires stretched tightly from the eaves to the peak of the greenhouse.

THE ADIANTUM CUNEATUM FERN

ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is enclosed. Address all letters direct to

EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

HOW TO MAKE TRELLISES

BY J. S. SORENSON

PERSONS growing climbing plants in the garden, or those requiring a support of some kind, are often at a loss as to what kind of a support to provide. One is generally improvised, which, while it answers the purpose, is far from satisfactory because it seldom looks well. With a design to work from most persons can make trellises which will not only serve as substantial supports for plants, but will not detract from the pleasing appearance which ought to characterize every garden. A woman who can handle a saw and hammer can make a trellis pretty nearly as well as the average man who isn't a professional carpenter. The boys will be delighted with the chance of showing their skill with tools, and the practice will be a good one for them. The cost of a trellis is next to nothing, and plants of climbing habit cannot be grown effectively without one.

The writer of this article has evolved designs for two trellises which he thinks will give satisfaction, both as to appearance and usefulness, and submits them herewith to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, with a brief description which will enable any one to make them, he feels quite sure.

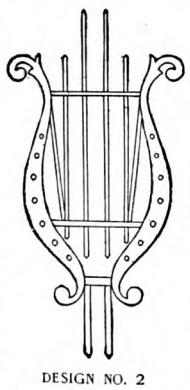
DESIGN NO. 1

No. 1 is simpler than No. 2, and on that account, better suited to the wants of the amateur, because it can be constructed more easily. An examination of the engraving will be sufficient to give the idea of construction, I think. The cross-piece at the bottom should be made of inch stuff, and be about four inches wide, to furnish sufficient strength. To this strips an inch in thickness, and about two inches in width, are fastened with wire nails. There should be two cross-pieces above, as shown. After making the rack, two pieces with sharpened ends should be nailed to the bottom piece for insertion in the ground. These should be about eighteen inches long, in order to furnish a substantial support for a heavy plant.

No. 2 is more elaborate, and, if well made, will be found exceedingly effective. The curved portions can be cut from boards with a scroll-saw, as can the ornaments shown; or the curved parts can be bent from thin strips of wood.

Two pieces should be fastened to each trellis to enter the ground and furnish support for it, because one will not be sufficient to hold it firmly. Where there is but one, the wind will loosen it, while two brace against each other, and hold the trellis steady.

These trellises should be made as neatly as possible, and painted before using. I would not advise painting them white or any strong color, as that would make them too prominent. Instead, make them a dull green, or gray, which will harmonize with the green of the foliage, and not assert itself too strongly.



DESIGN NO. 2

Frequently a temporary fence is wanted in the garden. One can be made by using trellises something like these, but modified, of course, as to size. Set them close together, and run a strip of wood along the top, wiring them to it firmly, to keep the row in line. When covered with plants the effect is fine, and next year, if you choose, you can move your fence to some other portion of the garden. Two or three large trellises can be set side by side and made to act as a screen to hide any part of the yard or garden.

Trellises for pot-plants can be made after the accompanying designs by changing the proportions to suit the size of pot or plant with which they are used. Of course, it is not expected that the designs will be adhered to in all particulars. They are given more as hints of what is wanted in this line than anything else, and a study of them will doubtless suggest many improvements to the amateur who desires to manufacture his own.

HERBACEOUS PLANTS FOR SPRING

SPECIALLY INTENDED FOR PERSONS HAVING BUT LITTLE TIME FOR GARDENING

I AM glad to know that an article on this class of plants, published in the JOURNAL last year, attracted the attention of many flower-lovers, and led them to investigate the merits of the class. I have been requested to name a few of the most desirable kinds, with brief descriptions of them, and I gladly do so, in time to help those who may care to send for some for spring planting. I have strongly advised the use of herbaceous plants by those who had but little time to devote to floriculture in the garden. Annuals require a great deal of care, and must be planted each season; while herbaceous plants get along with but little attention and are good for years. Therefore the person having but limited time to devote to the garden would do well to grow herbaceous and perennial plants instead.

DELPHINIUM, OR LARKSPUR

This is one of the old "stand-bys," and no new plant can excel it in real worth and beauty. It sends up a great many stalks from its strong roots, these stalks reaching a height of six or eight feet. Each stalk terminates in a spike of flowers, these spikes often being two feet in length. The most popular variety is of a most intense blue; the white variety is very effective by way of contrast, but is not as fine as the blue one. Hardy, and a vigorous healthy grower.

SPIREA

The herbaceous Spireas are most lovely plants. There are two varieties—*rosea*, pink and *alba*, white. The flowers are borne in panicles on the top of a slender stalk thrown well above the mass of rich green palmate foliage covering the base of the plant. These flowers are individually very small, and have a bead-like effect before they open. Upon expanding, the fringy stamens in the flower give a feathery effect which is most charming. Nothing more airy and delicately graceful can be imagined. One of the best plants we have.

DIGITALIS, OR FOXGLOVE

This plant grows to a height of two and a half or three feet. Its flowers are tubular, and pendant, arranged in a spike. Blue and white, prettily spotted.

HOLLYHOCK

Too well known to require any description. It is not only one of the most beautiful of all herbaceous plants in color, but it has peculiarities of habit which adapt it to locations where other plants of this class are not satisfactory. For open places on the lawn, or yard, where a strong and massive effect is desired, nothing finer can be found. The colors range through red, yellow, rose, purple and pure white to what is the nearest to a true black of anything I know of in flowers, with the single exception of the pansy. Double and single. The newer sorts are comparatively dwarf growers. By all means order a dozen varieties of Hollyhocks this spring, if you want something that will afford you a great deal of satisfaction.

THE FRAGILE BUT PRETTY IRIS

This plant has the delicacy of a lily combined with the gorgeous colony of an orchid. Its texture is seemingly as fragile as frostwork. A group or bed composed of the newer varieties is simply superb. The colors range through the richest shades of blue, purple, yellow and lavender to white. Many varieties are richly marked with contrasting colors. You will never regret your choice if you select a half-dozen or more varieties of this most exquisite flower.

PERENNIAL PEA

This is a climbing plant, having foliage of a pale green, and bearing large clusters of pink flowers, shaped exactly like those of the Sweet Pea, but lacking the delicious odor of that favorite flower. The Pea is especially fine for screens.

HELIANTHUS MULTIFLORUS PLENA

A long name for a very satisfactory flower. As a member of the sunflower family it may be suspected of coarseness, but it really is no coarser than very many other garden flowers. Indeed, it is one of the most effective fall flowers we have for use in vases. It is of the richest shade of yellow, a very free bloomer, and capable of producing a most brilliant effect on the lawn. It is very effectively used in combination with flowers of contrasting color, like the red or white phlox, or scarlet salvia.

A GOOD PLANT FOR AMATEURS

ONE of the best of all plants for the amateur, is the Abutilon, because of the ease with which it is grown into a large and shapely specimen. It is quite as easy to grow it well, as it is to grow a geranium, few plants have more good qualities. It blooms almost constantly, throughout the year, and though not as profuse a bloomer as the geranium, it almost always has flowers enough on it to make the window bright in which it grows. Its flowers are beautiful in shape and color, and their pretty bells, swinging from long and slender stems, give the plant a most charming look. It begins to bloom when only a few inches high, therefore one has not to wait until it becomes a large plant, in order to derive satisfaction from it. Its foliage is beautiful in shape and color, and a well-grown plant would be attractive if it had no flowers. It is one of the very few plants seldom troubled by insects, and on this account, if no other, it would commend itself to the attention of the amateur.

It grows well in a soil made up of leaf-mold, or loam, and sand. It should have good drainage, and be shifted to larger pots from time to time, as the roots fill the old pots. It is a somewhat rapid grower, and a large plant can be developed in one season from a small specimen.

It can be grown as a small tree, or as a shrub, to suit the taste of its owner. If wanted in tree-shape, train to a single stalk until two or three feet tall. Then pinch off the end of the stalk. Branches will soon start all along the stalk, but none should be allowed to grow except those near the top. Keep all below rubbed off. When the branches at the top have made a growth of four or five inches, nip off the ends of them, and in this manner other branches can be made to put forth between the end of each and the main stalk, and in this way, a thick, bushy, compact head can be secured. The plant is a most tractable one, and all that is required to secure the result aimed at, is pinching and perseverance. When you have as many branches started as you think necessary to give sufficient head to your little tree, leave off pinching them back, and let them grow and assume the half-drooping form characteristic of a well-developed specimen.

If you prefer the shrub-shape, cut off the main stem close to the pot, and force several branches to start from the base of the plant. Pinch the ends off these when they have grown to be a foot long, and this will make them bushy, and a compact plant will be the result, with many branches spreading out gracefully over the plant. Personally, I prefer the shrub-form, as it seems more natural for the plant to take on that shape; but a tree-shaped Abutilon is a charming sight.

There are several excellent varieties. Among the best are the following:

Boule de Neige—(Ball of Snow)—Pure white. The best of its class. A free constant bloomer.

Golden Fleece—Soft, sulphur-yellow. An abundant bloomer—perhaps the most so of all the Abutilons.

Rosæ florum—One of the most beautiful kinds. A soft, bright rose color, veined with a darker pink. Constant and free. Excellent for cutting, as the flowers are borne on very long stems. This variety is a strong grower, and is one of the best for training in tree-form.

Crusader—Crimson, veined with darker crimson. A large, fine flower. Very desirable.

Thompsonii—A charmingly variegated kind. The foliage is green and yellow, the two colors being combined in a manner suggestive of mosaic work. Flowers orange, veined with red. A charming plant.

Eclipse—A trailing variety, excellent for brackets. The foliage is variegated like that of Thompsonii, but is more pointed in shape.

THE FLOWER OF THE ABUTILON

THE POTTED ABUTILON

Flowers yellow, in a red-brown calyx. A beautiful plant.

Get one of each variety named above, and you get the best of each color and class.

—o—

CARE OF CARNATIONS

TO have good Carnations for winter use, you must begin with them early in the season. Order young plants of the florist when you get your stock of bedding-plants in April or May. When they come put them in small pots, unless the weather is warm at the time, and the ground is in good condition for working, and leave them in these pots until the garden is dry enough to make it safe to put them out. But if they do not come until the ground is in good condition, plant them out at once. They do well in loam enriched with well-rotted manure.

As soon as new roots have been formed they will begin to grow, and very soon after growth begins, they will put forth branches upon which flowers will be borne, if you do not interfere. As soon, however, as you notice a tendency to send up flower-stalks, nip them off, and keep on nipping whenever a stalk appears. This treatment, persevered in, will cause the plant to thicken up and become bushy and compact, and unless your Carnations are in such a condition when winter comes, you cannot expect many flowers from them. The more bushy your plant when taken into the house, the more flower-stalks it will produce always.

Keep the weeds down about the plants during summer. If the season is dry, water them well. In September, lift the plants and pot them. Seven-inch pots will be about right to suit the ordinary plant. Water well after potting, and keep in shade for a week. Do not remove to the house until cool weather comes, and then do not put them in a room where there is a fire, if you can avoid doing so. This plant likes a rather low temperature, and spindles up if kept too warm. Remove all the leaves that turn yellow and dry up, as many of them will do after being lifted. Shower daily with clear water to head off the red spider which likes to work on this plant, and does it great injury in a short time if not kept down.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE OLIVE

THE Olive, or *Olea fragrans*, of the catalogues, is a somewhat rare plant, judging from the infrequency with which we find it in even large collections. It deserves a place in every greenhouse, because of its delicious fragrance. Its flowers are white, and very small. They are borne in small clusters at the axil of the leaves. So inconspicuous are they, in fact, that they are often unnoticed, until their rich odor leads to their discovery. The odor has the peculiar quality characteristic of most plants of shrubby habit, coming from the South. It is something like that of the Cape Jasmine, with a suggestion of the tuberose in it—very sweet, penetrating, and heavy. Some persons would not like it, but those fond of perfume of the flowers named, would be delighted with it. One little plant in bloom, will give off fragrance enough to fill quite a greenhouse. Its foliage is shaped like that of the camellia, and has the same rich, waxy appearance, but is a trifle darker in color. It is not a rapid grower. It assumes a shrubby form without pinching in or training.

It grows best in a soil of loam and clay, well drained. It does well in an ordinary greenhouse temperature. The foliage should be showered frequently to wash off dust and keep down the red spider. It can be propagated by cuttings of half-ripened wood, inserted in sand.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

TO CORRESPONDENTS WHO FAIL TO RECEIVE A REPLY TO QUESTIONS ASKED

Many correspondents will fail to receive replies to questions they had asked, to which answers were requested in this Department, because the home of the editor, and everything it contained, has been destroyed by fire. If correspondents failing to receive a reply will ask their questions again, I will try to give the desired information. In this fire, I lost one of the largest and choicest collections of plants in any private greenhouse in the State, also the entire literary work of over twenty years. EBEN E. REXFORD.

STARTING PANSIES FOR SPRING

ELLA D. asks about starting pansies in the house for early spring-flowering. I would use a box about six inches deep, filling it with light, rich soil. Scatter the seed over the soil, and sift earth over it lightly, just covering the seed. Then press down with the hands, and water by using a spray, or something which will not disturb the soil enough to interfere with the seeds. Put in a sunny window, and keep them moist. After the young plants have appeared, do not give very much heat, as too great warmth forces an unnatural, and therefore unhealthy growth. Do this in March. As soon as the weather becomes warm, out of doors, during the daytime, set the box on the veranda, where it can get as much sun and air as possible. This hardens off the plants and prepares them for the coming change of quarters.

The "best" varieties are endless, judging from the catalogues, as almost every dealer advertises *the* best sorts. The fact is, the collections sold by all *reliable* dealers are good, there being but little difference in quality so far as my experience goes.

TUBEROSES

E. D. wants information regarding tuberoses, where to buy, when to plant, etc. I cannot specify any particular dealer. Consult the advertising columns of this paper. All the dealers whose names you find there are reliable. Plant as soon as received in pots of light, rich, sandy soil, putting the pots in a warm place. Water well at the time of planting. It is a good plan to cut off the mass of old, dried roots adhering to bottom of bulb. If this is done before planting, your bulbs will be sure to grow, and growth will begin very soon. If it is desired to grow the plants in open ground, turn them out of their pots after the weather has become warm, and you are *sure* of warm nights, but not before, as this plant is very susceptible to the effects of a "cold snap."

BEGONIA SPORTING

MRS. H. writes that her Begonia Rubra has sent up a stalk bearing spotted leaves, while those of the old, or parent plant, are all green. She wants an explanation of this freak. Doubtless one of the parents of *B. rubra* was a variety something like *B. alba picta*, and the sending up of shoots bearing spotted leaves shows a tendency of the plant to revert to an original type.

ROSE DISEASE IN CALIFORNIA

F. S. L. sends a specimen of rose-leaf infested with some kind of insect, and asks what it is and what to do for it. I cannot give a satisfactory answer to either query. She would do well to send leaves to the Dingee & Conard Co., rose-growers, West Grove, Pa. They can probably tell her what the trouble is and how to correct it.

DISEASED IVY-GERANIUM

MRS. S. B. H.—This correspondent sends specimen of Ivy-Geranium leaves, and says the old plant seems to be trying to grow, but most of the new leaves have a yellow look, while many of the old ones have fallen off. I am inclined to think she will find the pot filled with roots, or that the soil is so impoverished that the plant fails to receive sufficient nutriment. In either case, re-pot, giving rich soil. It may be well to cut the plant back sharply at time of re-potting. If the roots have plenty of room, and the soil is good, some insect must be at work on the plant. If examination shows this to be the case, apply a solution of sulpho-tobacco soap, thoroughly wetting all portions of the plant. Do not be satisfied with one application, but repeat it weekly for a month. It pays to be thorough in caring for plants. One application of soap-water, or a weak fumigation, does not "do the business."

THE PARIS DAISY, OR MARGUERITE

MRS. D. C. J. asks for information regarding the culture of the white Paris Daisy. She wants it to flower early in spring. Cut back well, and induce free branching. Shower daily, and keep in a moderately cool room, giving plenty of sunshine and fresh air. Shift to larger pots as the old ones become filled with roots. You will be likely to have more or less flowers from it during the season, and spring will doubtless give you a profuse crop. If you want it to furnish you plenty of flowers for cut work during the summer, plant it in open ground, where it will make a strong and vigorous growth, and bloom with great profusion. It is a charming flower for little bouquets, or for corsage use, and those who have an admiration for the field Daisy, will find this an effective substitute for it when "pent-up in city walls."

FERTILIZERS—NON-BLOOMING YOUNG GERANIUMS

The best home-made fertilizer is prepared from cows manure, packed firmly into a barrel, and leached. Use once or twice a week. Do not have it darker in color than weak tea. The best fertilizer to be bought in the market is the Flower Food, put up by Bowker Fertilizer Co. Young geraniums which are making strong growth will seldom bloom well, but as soon as the pots become filled with roots, flowers will be more freely produced. Then is the time to apply fertilizer.

INSECTS ON ROSES.—NON-BLOOMING IRIS

C. B. H.—I would advise the kerosene emulsion to destroy insects on roses. Apply in a weak state, at first, and watch results. You say that transplanting was advised for your iris, which is two years old, but has not blossomed. It would hardly bloom in less than two years, under the best of care, and if you have transplanted it during that time you have kept it from blooming. Few herbaceous plants require transplanting oftener than once in three or four years, and many will utterly refuse to bloom if not let alone for at least two years.

FAILURE WITH ROSES

MRS. P. N. C. writes that her roses, some of which are from the greenhouse, and some from the garden, are not doing well. I presume the greenhouse roses fail because of the change of conditions. In the greenhouse they could be kept damp and in an even temperature. In the living-room the air is too dry and the temperature too changeable. Plants from the garden could not be expected to do well in the house, as they have not become well-established. Greenhouse plants almost always suffer from the change from the greenhouse to the parlor, but with proper care they soon accustom themselves to the conditions, and begin to grow.

MARECHAL NIEL AND PERLE DES JARDIN

MRS. T. V. sends specimens of a yellow Rose, which was sold her as Maréchal Niel, and asks if it is really that Rose.—No. The specimens sent are Perles des Jardin. The Niel is larger and fuller. There is but little difference in color, though I think the Perle is hardly as rich in tone. I am told by leading florists in Milwaukee and Chicago that nine-tenths of the Roses sold as Maréchal Niels are Perles. The resemblance between the two is so close that very few know the difference. The Niel is popular, and is in great demand, and the supply is inadequate, and as long as customers don't know they are being imposed on by dealers they will be sold Perles, which are plentiful, at twice the price they would be willing to pay for the Rose under its true name.

NIGHT-BLOOMING CERIUS

SUBSCRIBER—I know so little about the cactus family that I cannot undertake to give you information asked for. Better write to A. Blanc, Philadelphia. He is an extensive dealer in this class of plants, and can doubtless give you advice.

DOUBLE TIGER LILY

MRS. M. T.—There is a double variety of the Tiger Lily, but it is not as beautiful as the old single kind. Some flowers are not improved by becoming double. The Lily is one of them. Imagine a double pansy! Who would care for such a flower? All the individuality of the pansy would be destroyed if it were to take on as many petals as the rose. Let us be satisfied with single Lilies since the skill of the florist isn't an improvement on nature's plan.

GOLDEN WEIGELIA

MRS. H.—There is a Weigelia having very beautiful foliage of a rich yellow. I think you will find it catalogued as *W. aurea*, but I am not sure, as I do not find it in any catalogue at hand. I have a fine specimen in my yard, but I forget what dealer I procured it of. It is perfectly hardy. Its flowers are exactly like those of *W. rosea*, and the contrast between them and the golden foliage is very pleasing. To secure the best effect from this shrub, it should be planted in front of an evergreen. The dark branches of the *arbor vitæ* make a fine back ground for it.

DAHLIAS SPORTING

MISS S. P. S.—Dahlias do not "sport" when grown from tubers. If tubers from a white, red, or other colored variety are planted year after year, they will always "come true"—that is, they will be like the original. You must have "got things mixed," in some way. Dahlias from seed are seldom like the varieties producing the seed. There is seemingly no end to the variety to be secured by raising seedlings. Most seedling dahlias are single, and many plants produce inferior flowers, but you stand a chance of getting some very fine ones. You will find it pleasant to experiment with them.

PERENNIAL PEA

MRS. D.—This plant is well worth growing. It is not as beautiful in color as the sweet-pea, and lacks the delightful fragrance of the latter; but it is hardy, a profuse and constant bloomer, and bears large clusters of magenta-pink blossoms, which are very showy if the plant is trained to a trellis in such a manner as to display them properly. Being a slender grower—really a vine—it must have support given it or it will not be effective.

PLANT FOR NAME

S. W.—Plant sent is the *Amaryllis formosissima*.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS

I have received leaves of Geraniums and other plants from several correspondents who ask me to name the variety to which they belong. It is impossible to do this from leaves, except in a very few instances. We can always tell a Mrs. Pollock, or a Mad. Salleroi by its foliage, but most flowering Geraniums have foliage so similar that it is wholly impossible to distinguish points of difference. It is the same with most plants. The name of the variety to which they belong must be determined by the flowers.

AZALEAS

L. A.—The Azalea must be given a soil of peat and fibrous loam, in which there is considerable sharp sand, if you would grow it well. Drain the pots well, and see that the plants get all the water they need. If allowed to get too dry near the completion of the growing season, the buds which are formed about that time will blast. Be careful to see that the soil has no lime in it, as the Azalea will not do well in a compost containing it. Re-potting should be done as soon as the plants have done blooming. Growth will then begin. During this period they should be showered daily. When well grown we have no finer flower for greenhouse decorations.

AIR-PLANTS

P. D. writes that she has what was given her as an "Air-plant." Leaves of it pinned to the wall or window curtain, send out other leaves which in time become plants. What shall she do with them?—Pot in a light, rich soil. The plant is Bryophillum.

MANETIA VINE

MRS. J. L. S.—The vine asked about is, I think, an old plant which has been allowed to drop out of notice, but has been taken up by some dealers and is being "boomed" as a wonderful new thing. It may be all that it is represented to be, for all I know to the contrary, but the advertisements of it read rather "humbuggy."

ORCHID AND GERMAN IRIS

MRS. M. McK. asks if these plants are grown from seed. The Iris is, to some extent, but mostly by florists who are in search of new varieties. I am not aware that the Orchid is ever grown in that way. It is propagated by bulbs or offsets from the old plants. It would be more satisfactory to grow the Iris from roots which can be purchased of almost all dealers.

PLANT FOR NAME

H. M. J.—The plant of which you send leaf and flower, is one of our native terrestrial orchids.

ACHANIA.—GLOXINIAS FROM SEED

"ANNA BELLE"—Give the Achania the same soil required by geraniums, and the majority of house-plants. Keep moderately moist. Give a sunny place, and shower once or twice a week. Shift to larger pot as the old one becomes filled with roots. This is one of the best of all house plants, being an almost constant bloomer, and requiring but very little attention. It is seldom attacked by insects. By the time this answer to your query is in print, it will be too late to start Gloxinias from seed. I would advise buying bulbs in spring.

HYACINTHS. — PEONIES. — EASTER AND JAPAN LILIES

"FLOWER-CULTIVATOR."—Your friends were right when they told you that Hyacinths were seldom satisfactory a second season. Better get fresh bulbs each fall. The Peony often fails to put in an appearance the first year after planting. I am not able to form any opinions as to the cause of Japan and Easter Lilies rotting. They might have been in too wet soil. The bulbs may have been defective. In asking questions of this kind, be sure to say how the plant *has been grown* which you ask about. If you tell me that, it is often easy to tell what the trouble originated from. If you do not, I can only "guess" at it, and guessing isn't very satisfactory, as a general thing.

BLACK FLIES IN SOIL

READER.—Apply insect powder to drive away the fly. Apply lime-water to soil and the worms will be driven out, after which there will be no flies.

DAY LILY NOT BLOOMING

L. A. C.—If your plant is an old one, and in a rich soil but does not bloom, division of its roots is probably required.

FAILURE WITH CALLA

MRS. S. P. S.—This correspondent writes that she has a calla which she keeps in a jar which stands in a pan of water. It makes a weak, spindling growth. Why? Most likely because the roots of the plant are injured by over watering. Put it in a pot which has good drainage, and then apply all the water you see fit to, and I think your plant will improve.

FAILURE OF CALLA TO BLOOM

N. E. writes that she gives her Calla plenty of water, large pot and rich soil, but the old leaves turn yellow and die off as fast as new ones come, and she gets no flowers. Why?—I am unable to answer her question, as all the conditions seem favorable. Perhaps the soil is not of the right kind. The Calla likes a mushy soil, with considerable vegetable matter in it to furnish nutriment.

PRUNING A ROSE

MRS A. M. N. writes that she has a Solfaterre rose-bush, with branches from six to fourteen feet long. These branches grow mostly from the top of the trellis on which the plant is trained. She would like branches lower down the main stalk, as the trellis is designed to serve as a screen. How shall she secure them?—The only way in which this can be done is by pruning the plant severely and causing branches to start along the main stalk. If I had a plant like this, I would not cut off the upper branches. I would plant some quick-growing vine at the foot of the trellis and train this over it to serve as a screen. A Solfaterre Rose, with branches six to fourteen feet long must be a magnificent sight when in full bloom. We cannot grow Roses like this at the North. (Mrs. N. writes from North Carolina.) Can't some of these long branches be bent down and across the trellis in such a manner as to cover it?

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER EGGS

A VERY PRETTY GERMAN LEGEND

By E. A. MATTHEWS

GERMANY is the home of the Easter egg. Other lands, of course, have them, but nowhere are they so beautiful or so freely bestowed, or used in so many lively games. On Easter morning in Germany there is always great excitement over the colored eggs and sugar eggs, and painted eggs and eggs with presents inside found in the nests the children have prepared, and every little one you meet will be saying, "Oh, just see what the dear little Easter Hare has brought me!" No one seems to be quite sure where this idea started. Some say it came from the old days of heathen-worship. But I have heard a wise German scholar tell this story, and he says that it is believed by most thoughtful people among the Germans:—

Many hundred years ago there lived a good and noble woman whose name was Frau Rosalinda von Lindenburg. In those days a cruel war was laying waste the land, and she had to fly from her home in the dead of night, with her two children. At first she knew not where to go, but her old serving-man begged her to go with him to his own people, who lived in a little mining village away, hidden in the Harz mountains. So the noble Countess put herself in his care, and his brothers and sisters were very kind to the poor wanderers, took them in and gave them the best they had. But the best they had was very poor, and, at first, the daintily-reared woman and children came near starving. There was no meat, no fish, and not even an egg; and this last for the good reason that there was not a single fowl in the settlement. These domestic fowls that seem so common to us, and that we see everywhere, at first came from the far East, and had at that time only been seen in large cities and towns. And these mountain folks had never even heard of such "strange birds."

So the Countess decided to repay their kindness. She secretly sent her old servant down to their old home. There he found the castle almost wholly destroyed, but was lucky enough to gather up a large number of the chickens that still roosted about their old home. He brought them up to the mountains and great was the surprise of all the peasants as they saw the queer birds. But a few weeks afterwards they were still more astonished and delighted, for a young brood of chicks was shown to them by the kind Countess. O, how the village children laughed and clapped their hands at the sight of the little, downy, bright-eyed creatures, who were so strong and spry, and who followed the old hen about to pick up their food on the very day they came out of their shells. Such a contrast to the blind, bald, ugly little fledglings that they saw in the nests in the hedges.

Now the Countess saved up her eggs until she had enough for a feast, when she invited all the housewives to come and taste the new food, and learn how to prepare it. At the close of the feast she gave each family a number of fowls to take home and use for her family. When Easter came, she was anxious to do something for the children, and it occurred to her that as the egg was the sign of new life it would be a nice thing to have an egg festival for the children's Easter treat. So she took mosses and roots, and with them colored some of the eggs—saying that "the earth lay aside her mantle of snow in the spring, and God himself made the fruit and berries not only good to eat, but pleasant to look upon."

On Easter Sunday, after the villagers had met for their simple service, she called all the little ones, and after talking pleasantly to them for awhile, she led them into a grove near by. There she told them to play about, and pretend they were little birdies, and make themselves some cute little nests. Then she called them to her house, or cottage, and gave them a little feast of the best she could prepare. It was only some nice milk-soup, with cooked eggs, and egg-cakes. When they had finished their feast, they heard a great whistling, and cooing, and squeaking in the grove where they had left their nests. What could be the matter? The children ran back to see, and lo! in every nest there were five beautiful colored eggs, and on one of these, a little rhyme was painted. Imagine the surprise and delight of these simple children. They talked among themselves, and wondered where they came from. "What a strange hen it must be to lay eggs of so many colors!" said one. "O, I do not think that hens lay such hard eggs," said another. But a third one said "I am sure it was that dear little Hare I saw jumping out from behind the bushes where I made my nest." This idea seemed to please the little ones, and they all shouted together—"Yes, yes—the little Hare laid the colored eggs." And they kept on repeating it until they began to believe it.

Not long afterward, as the Countess sat talking to the children, who was it that the little daughter saw coming up the mountain? It was the dear father, the husband whom they all thought must be dead. And as he came to them on this Easter day, it was another reason why the Countess loved the day and wished to have it always celebrated. So when she went back with her husband and children to rebuild their old home, she left a sum of money to be expended in giving the children an Easter egg-feast every year. She also started the fashion of the "egg-feast" in her own Duchy, and so it grew, and by degrees the custom spread all over the land, and the eggs also at length became a sort of a symbol of restoration to happiness and redemption from sin. The custom has spread to our own country, but I think none but German children believe that the eggs are laid by the timid little Hare.

HOW TO PLANT AND RAISE CELERY

By W. Woodson Walker

THIS delicious vegetable, when properly treated, is as easy to raise as cabbage, and much easier than tobacco; yet there are hundreds of intelligent men who would promptly assert the contrary, and proceed to prove their assertion by the recital of a dismal experience. "Don't talk to me about celery. I know it is nice, but it is more bother than forty times its worth."

As the writer has for a number of years made the raising of celery a specialty, and has never failed—wet years and dry—to raise and bleach it successfully (except when trying certain experiments in which he deliberately took all the risks), his experience may be of some value to his readers.

First: *The kind to raise:* If you read and believe the seedmen's manuals, you will come to the conclusion that every kind is exactly what you want, especially the last and highest-priced novelty. [Reader: No man is half a gardener until he can read about a novelty with perfect indifference, and be willing to let his neighbor find out by experience how much it is worth]. After trying nearly all of the celeries, my decided preference is for the Golden Dwarf. It is the hardiest, the best keeper, is much easier to bank up than the taller kind (while giving just as much edible celery as any of them), and in flavor it heads the list. It is also exceedingly handsome. The White Plume is certainly very beautiful, and, as an early celery, will do very well; but it can not stand a heavy frost, is not a first-class keeper, and sometimes has a bitter flavor. The Half Dwarf celery is first-class, but requires more banking-up than the Golden Dwarf, and gives no more edible celery. The red celeries are much praised in certain quarters, but I have never tried them. Suppose then, to be sure of having a good thing, we select the Golden Dwarf.

Second: *To raise the plants:* As soon in March as the ground is fit to work, enrich with fine, well-rotted stable manure a bed of the size needed, along the border of your garden walk. Chop in the manure and thoroughly pulverize the soil, making it as fine as possible. Now pat it with a spade or level it with a garden roller. Then get a plank about ten inches wide and of the same length as your seed-bed, and lay it lengthwise on the bed in such a manner that the outer edge of the plank will be about six inches from the edge of the bed. With a small stick make a drill an inch deep along either edge of the plank, then sow your celery rather thinly, and as evenly as possible in the drills, (mixing in a few radish or lettuce seed, which by their prompt germination will show where the rows are in time to keep down weeds). Make, in the same way, as many more drills as are needed, and when all the seed is sown, tread the celery in the drills with the ball of the foot, then cover the seed lightly with the back of your rake, being careful to draw the rake in the same direction as that of the drills. Pat the bed over with a spade, and then wait patiently until the seed come up. Don't be tempted by continued dry weather to water that bed, or to shade it, or to do anything else.

In a few days the radishes will be up, but the celery will take three or four weeks, at the expiration of which time, if the seed is good (and it almost invariably is), that celery will come up and show itself as prettily as your heart can wish. Be careful to keep the weeds down, and every two or three weeks trim off the tops of your plants with a pair of shears, so as to make them strong and stocky.

Never water your plants unless they show signs of actually dying. In that case give them a regular drenching *once*, so as to wet the ground six or eight inches deep.

Third: *To prepare the ground for the crop:* Some time in the spring, select a level, well-drained piece of land. Cover it with three inches of *well-rotted* stable manure (that from the hog or cow-pen is the best). Mix thoroughly with the soil by plough and harrow, breaking up the soil as fine as possible. Cover again with manure, and incorporate into the soil as before. The soil should be stirred at least a foot deep, and if it can be stirred a foot deeper so much the better. When ready to transplant, *i. e.*, in July or August, open the land in drills as for potatoes, running the drills four feet and a half apart.

Fourth: *To transplant celery:* Wait patiently until the first good season in July or August. Then get two large pans and fill them half full of water. Take up your plants carefully, and cut them down to within two inches of the roots. Put into one pan all the plants that are large and well-grown, until you have enough for your crop; put the others—small, spindling and irregular—into the remaining pan to be reset in the bed from which they have just been taken. Put these in rows one foot apart and two inches apart in the row. Here they will soon become good strong plants for replanting where any may die.

Drawing now from the pan which holds the large plants, set them out in the prepared drills, six inches apart, making a hole for each plant with a stick slightly flattened at the end, and drawing the earth well up around the plant. Where the plant is left, nothing but the bud should be out of the ground, and the soil around the plant should be packed with the foot so as to keep the hot rays of the sun from killing the roots. If the moist season should last two or three days, the plants will never fall. Otherwise it will be well to shade them for about a week, or until they become set and begin to grow.

Nothing further need be done with the celery now except to keep it clear of all weeds until the middle of September or the first of October. By this time it ought to be a foot or fifteen inches high. Then each plant should be drawn up very carefully with the hands so that the stalks stand straight up and close together, while another man draws the earth up to the plant as high as possible, not to cover the bud, and packs it with the back of his spade. This work should always be done by two men in the most leisurely and careful way. It should not be done when the soil is very hot and dry, nor when it is wet and heavy, nor on a cold day, and every precaution should be used not to bruise the plant which is now apt to be brittle and tender. Every ten days or two weeks, provided always the ground is in good working order, the soil should be banked up higher and higher as the celery grows, until by November 15th it should be banked clear up to, and even with, the top of the celery.

It is important that this banking be done properly. The way the amateur tries to do it requires an iron back and a steel hinge where the back bends. For he generally aims to put all the soil in his garden against the celery, and still does not get the bank high enough. The proper way is to get the soil from the middle of the space between the rows, making in so doing a trench about a foot wide. The soil thus taken should be packed carefully against the celery.

When the soil has been brought up to the top, and in this shape, a light covering of straw or pine needles should be laid on top of the row. This should not be postponed later than November 10. As settled cold weather comes on—say, December 20—the covering should be made a little heavier, and two or three inches of soil thrown on top the straw, which will not only prevent the celery freezing, but will keep heavy winds from blowing the covering away. Soil is much better for this purpose than logs, planks or brush, as it is warmer, keeps the celery fresher, does not bruise or injure it, and makes a neater piece of work.

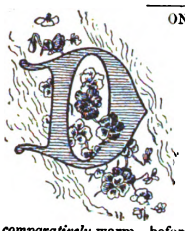
Celery bleaches in from three to six weeks, according to the warmth of the soil and the state of the weather. There are many other ways of bleaching and preserving celery, but the above I have found to be the safest and best, at least in this climate.

Points about celery:

1. Avoid novelties.
2. Raise the dwarf varieties.
3. Pulverize (*i. e.*, make a dust of) the soil.
4. Use stable manure, well-rotted, and plenty of it.
5. Don't try to "make a season"; wait for it to come.
6. Never set out plants of different sizes.
7. Don't touch when frozen.
8. A great deal more celery is hurt by warmth than by cold.
9. Early celery is poor celery. Jack Frost must have a hand in its cultivation.
10. If you are lazy, or stingy, or careless, let celery alone.

[Note: The above article is written for Virginia and the South. North of Washington, D. C., celery should be set out from two weeks to a month earlier than the dates here given, and as winter approaches, should be carefully taken up and lowered and packed upright into trenches ten inches wide and the depth of the celery, and gradually covered, as it gets very cold, to prevent freezing.—Editor].

A FEW SPRING HINTS



DON'T be in too great a hurry to get to work in the garden. "One swallow doesn't make a summer," and one bright, warm day doesn't make the spring weather necessary to satisfactory garden work. The ground should be warm to the depth of six inches or a foot—or, at least, *comparatively* warm—before putting seed into it. What I mean by the use of the term "comparative" is, that the chill of early spring should be gone. If damp and cold—as it is sure to be before the sun has had a chance to bring its influence on it, after the moisture of melting snows has drained away—seed will rot in nine cases out of ten. More failures to grow result from too great haste than from any other cause. The ground should be mellow enough to break apart easily when worked with the rake or hoe, and it will not do this unless the water has drained out of it and the sun has had an opportunity to do its work on it. It is well to spade up the beds as early as possible, and then wait awhile before attempting to make the soil in them fine and mellow. "Haste makes waste," is another old saying which applies here.

EVERY person who has a garden needs a good hoe, and an iron or steel-toothed rake and a sharp spade. The better your tools, the better work you can do, and the more pleasure it will afford you in the doing of it. Take good care of them and they will last for years. Have a place to put them in where they will be away from storms, still always at hand when wanted.

AND you need a good-sized watering-pot, with a long spout, and a fine rose nozzle. Use the spout only, when you water plants in the beds, and put it close to the roots of the plants, so that the water applied will get just where it will do the most good. Put on the nozzle when you shower your plants. It is a mistake to use it in watering plants as the water is so scattered that but little benefit results.

WHEN transplanting, or setting out plants recently received from the florist, be sure to shade them for two or three days, or until they have time to get a start in their new quarters. Water thoroughly when you set them.

GET potting-soil ready for the plants you care to grow in pots during summer, such as fuchsias, gloxinias and other summer-bloomers. If you wait until the time you want to use it the chances are that it won't be prepared as it ought to be, because you will be in too great a hurry then. Go to the pasture and turn over sods where the grass grows short and thick, in a sward. Just under the crown of the plants of grass, you will see tiny roots growing so thick and fine that there seems to be little else in the soil. Shave them off and take home with you roots and soil thus obtained. Add to this the same quantity of the best black loam you can find. If such loam is not at hand use garden soil, always getting the best there is to be had. Mix in with these sharp sand enough to make the mass friable—so much so that when you take up a handful of it, and press it together, it will fall apart on relaxing the pressure.

AND be sure to clean old pots thoroughly before using them again. Scour them, inside and out, with strong soap-suds, in order to remove all fungus. Some persons will, perhaps, "pooh!" at the idea of this being necessary, but I assure you that it *is* necessary, if you want to grow healthy plants, and, of course, you don't want to grow *un*-healthy ones.

A QUARTETTE OF QUESTIONS

IN WHICH THERE MAY BE A HINT OR TWO FOR OTHER FLORAL LOVERS

MAKING FLOWERS BLOOM

"AMY" and others ask what to do to make flowers bloom.—Give them proper cultivation. There is no other way to success.

TULIPS, AMARYLLIS AND CALLA

MRS. C. wants to know how to bloom the Tulip in the house; how to make *A. Vallota* bloom twice a year, and why her Calla fails to bloom.—Treat Tulips precisely as advised for Hyacinths. The Vallota is an annual bloomer, and cannot be coaxed into bloom oftener than once a year. It is a member of the Amaryllis family, but quite distinct from the Amaryllises to which a recent article had reference. I think the Calla, if five years old, requires a larger pot. One five inches across, for a plant of this age, must be altogether too small.

MEALY BUG AND WHITE WORMS.

MRS. E. A. G.—This correspondent sends a specimen of a bug infesting her plants, and asks how to get rid of it; also, what to do to exterminate white worms from the soil of pot-plants.—The kerosene emulsion, frequently advised in the JOURNAL, is sure death to the mealy bug if properly made and applied. With me, and with most growers of plants in the window and greenhouse, lime-water is effective in driving out worms, but she writes that she receives no benefit from its use. A correspondent lately wrote me that twenty drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water would kill white worms in the soil. Try this on some plant you feel like experimenting with. I have never tested it. Another correspondent wrote that spirits of camphor in water would surely drive out worms, but failed to give the proportion in which to use it.

SULPHO-TOBACCO SOAP

I have frequently recommended the use of this insectide in these columns. I have been glad to do so because I have found it a very superior article, being reliable, convenient to use and extremely effective. I am constantly in receipt of inquiries as to where it can be obtained. It seems that it is not kept on sale in most places. I think the manufacturers are short-sighted in not advertising it more extensively, for as soon as its merits became known there would be a steady demand for it. If those who fail to find it on sale will write me, sending postal card addressed to themselves, I will give the address of the manufacturers, which, of course, cannot be given here.

TROPICAL EFFECTS IN GARDENS

TROPICAL effects are much sought after in the garden, and consequently plants having large and striking foliage are in great demand. Below I give a list of those most generally used, with a brief description, which may be of benefit to those wishing to make a selection for summer use.

THE TROPICAL CANNA

This plant varies greatly in height and color. Some varieties reach a height of ten feet; other varieties seldom get to be more than three feet high. Some are a rich, bright green, while others are of a dark bronze, bordering on copper. By combination of the tall and dwarf sorts, and the various shades of color, striking effects can be produced by the use of this plant. The newer French kinds, have long spikes of richly colored flowers, which give a dazzling brilliancy to a group of these plants in September. Until lately, the Canna was not considered worth growing for its flowers, but the new kinds have blossoms almost as large as a gladiolus, and quite as rich in coloring. In shape, they resemble some of the orchids, and they are now regarded as quite as desirable for their bright, brilliant blossoms, as for their broad and massive foliage. Old roots can be divided, and thus the stock can be rapidly increased from season to season. Give a rich, deep, mellow soil.

THE LUXURIANT CALADIUM

This plant is fine for circular beds on the lawn, when well grown. It is very effective when planted about some of the tall-growing Cannas. Its leaves are often three and four feet long, and from two to three feet across, at the widest part. It requires a very rich soil, and plenty of water at the roots. It must be well fed if you would secure satisfactory results from it.

MUSA ENSETE, OR BANANA

This plant is a most effective one for conspicuous locations, because of its great breadth and dignity of growth. Its foliage is broad and massive, and of a rich green color. Given a soil and treatment similar to that required by the Caladium, it will make a surprising growth. A single plant is effective, and a group of plants gives a grand effect. Probably we have no more satisfactory plant for summer use on the lawn, where something striking is desired.

THE RICINUS, OR CASTOR BEAN

This is the Castor Bean from which castor-oil is extracted. It is grown each season from seed. It reaches a height of eight or ten feet, in a rich soil, and its branches spread out on all sides to a distance of three or four feet from the central stalk. Its foliage is of a dark bronze in color, lighted with metallic lustre. In shape, the leaves are palmate, often measuring three feet across. The stalk and leaf-stems are a rich red in color. Its flowers are inconspicuous and are produced at the extremity of the branches. They are succeeded by seed borne in spikes, each seed or "bean" being enclosed in a rough, prickly husk. Excellent for planting singly, in an exposed position, or for grouping. It is very tender, and care must be taken to shelter the young plants from frost. It is well to start the seed in the house in April.

All these plants require rich food. Give them the slops of washing-day, and all the manuring you can afford.

THE ORNAMENTAL GLADIOLUS

IN ordering plants for the garden be sure to send for at least a dozen Gladioluses. We have few, if any, flowers better adapted to the requirements of the amateur, and the professional gardener could not get along without them. The Gladiolus is to the garden—to everybody's garden—what the Geranium is to everybody's window. It is so easy to grow that every one can succeed with it with the smallest possible amount of care. It is of the richest coloring, and, at the same time, it is so refined and delicate in the quality of color that it is never anything but satisfactory to those having the most exacting taste. If you care for soft, pale shades, you can have them. You can select colors of the utmost richness, and depth of tone, if such are preferred. Ranging from white, through the softest shades of pink, lilac and sulphur-yellow, to scarlet, cherry, crimson, and violet, it presents great possibilities for the gardener. These colors are so combined, in the almost endless varieties sent out, that it is difficult to find two alike, unless named sorts are selected. If you want a variety for a special purpose, it is always best to select some kind whose description comes up to your requirements. In this way only can you be *sure* of getting what you want. But this method is expensive if the choicer sorts are selected, as two dollars or three dollars is not an uncommon price for some of the finer varieties. The cheaper kinds are just as satisfactory, however, to the majority of cultivators. If special effects are not desired, in which it is imperative that the colors should be distinct, the mixed collections are advisable, as you get fine flowers at a merely nominal price. If you buy seedling collections, you stand a chance of getting sorts quite equal to the high-priced bulbs.

Plant the Gladiolus in a rich, light, mellow soil, about the middle or twentieth of May. Plant the bulbs about six inches deep, and set them in groups, if the best effect is desired. When planted in this manner, one stake set in the centre of a group is sufficient for support, and has a much neater effect than several, as the stalks hide it. Fasten them to the support by strings, which should be tied loosely, in order to not give them a stiff and firm effect.

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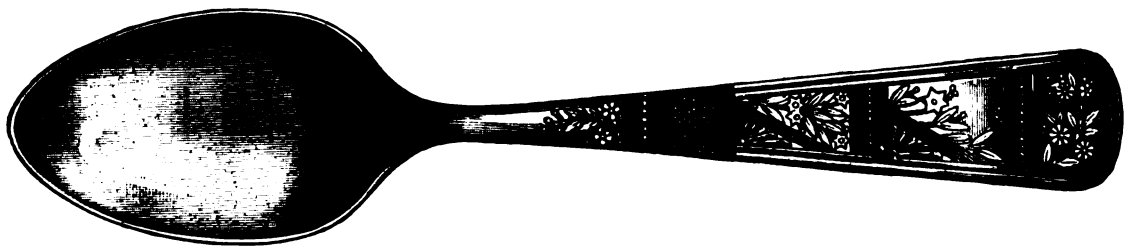
For years we have been offering a line of Silver-Plated Ware which is in our opinion the best in the market; but we begin to believe that all are not willing to pay for the best goods, even though offered at the lowest possible price, and we have determined to offer in conjunction with our regular line, goods which everyone, even the most economical, can afford.

Much of the plated-ware offered for sale is made of brass. While goods of this character will look better and smoother when first received, the base metal underneath soon shows through the very thin coating of silver with which they are washed, and in a short time the ware is wholly unpresentable and unfit for use, for no one wants to eat with *brass* forks and spoons.

As already stated, these goods are not of the same quality as our regular line of plated-ware, which is the best manufactured, but they are of good quality and will stand service a long time and always look well.



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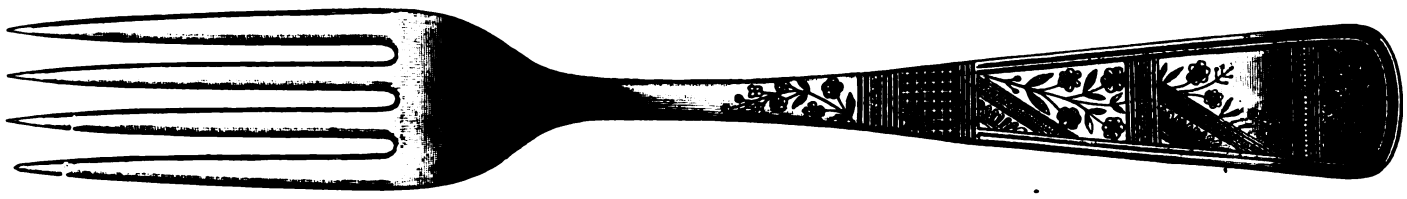

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We find No. 4 to be the most popular size. This size is 11 feet in length and 3 feet wide, and will safely sustain a weight of from 300 to 400 pounds.

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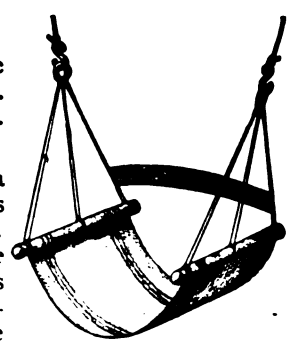
The Hammock-Chair

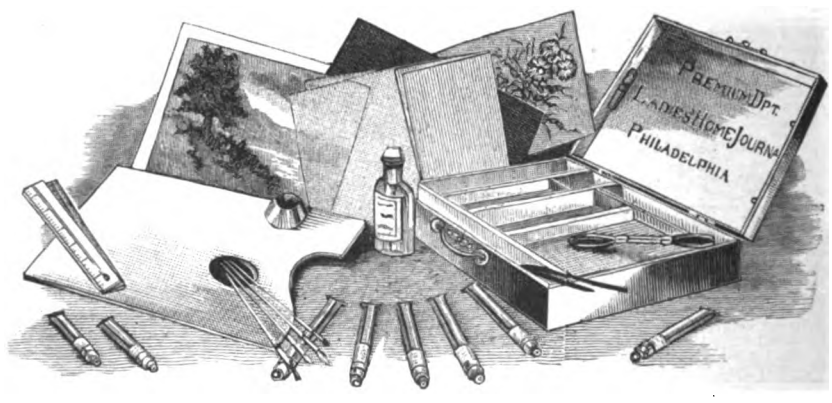
Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra. Price, postpaid, 70 cents.



This Hammock-Chair combines the features of a Hammock and of a Swing. As we send it out, it is complete and in perfect readiness for hanging up. Ropes, hooks and slips are sent with it. It can be packed in a very small and compact bundle, and is just the thing in which to spend a hot summer's afternoon under a shady tree. Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra.

The Young Artist's Sketching-Box

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra. Price, $1.65, postpaid.



This Outfit consists of: Polished Wooden Box with Brass Handle, containing Wood Palette, Tin Palette-cup, 8 selected Artists' Oil-Colors in tubes, 1 bottle Pale Drying Oil, 2 Flat Bristle Brushes, 2 Round Fitch-Hair Brushes, 1 Brass Crayon-Holder, 2 pieces Oil Sketching-Paper, 1 piece each of Impression and Tracing-Paper, and 12-inch Folding Rule. We also send a collection of Colored Studies, mounted on cardboard. This box is put up for our special use, and the materials are such as we can recommend. The Colors are those we keep in stock, which are first-class.

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MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. $12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; a perfect working, reliable, finely finished Sewing Machine, adapted for light or heavy work, with all latest improvements and complete set of attachments. A written guarantee for 5 years with each machine. Buy direct from manufacturers and save Dealers and Agents profits. Catalogue free.

OXFORD MANUFACTURING CO., Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL BEAUTY

HOW TO *ACQUIRE and RETAIN IT.*

How to remove Pimples, Wrinkles, Freckles and Superfluous Hair; to Develop the Form; to Increase or Reduce Flesh; to Color and Restore the Hair, Brows and Lashes, and to Beautify the Complexion. A book of interest to every lady. **Mailed (sealed) for 6 cents, to pay postage.** It contains many hints, testimonials and valuable receipts (easily prepared at home), and shows how to obtain free samples of Cosmetics.

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SPRING SALE

To reduce our stock of music we will send by mail, post-paid, **70** pieces full sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles (with calls), etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., for 20c. Little Annie Rooney and 600 songs, words and music, 30c. Satisfaction given or *money refunded.* Read this: Mr. Hathaway:—Am very much pleased with the music sent me; it is worth ten times the money. R. J. Allen, Hoosick, N. H.

500 pieces of Violin music, 50 cents. Address

Q. L. Hathaway, 339 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

FACE MASSAGE!

BEAUTY Developed, Preserved. Makes faces youthful, plump, rosy. Used by *Abbott, Patti,* and famous beauties. Improves expression. Removes wrinkles. Pimples, freckles, blackheads, sallowness, oily skin, darkness under eyes, headache, neuralgia, catarrh. **CURED. Only Book on the subject.** (Copyr'td.) Full instructions. Endorsed by scientific authorities.

Sent for 10c. (silver) by S. T. CO., Box N, Port Huron, Mich.

YOU ARE HONEST.

We want reliable women in every town to sell $6.00 worth of Teas, Spices, and Baking Powders for us, and get a set of Silver Knives and Forks free, or $12.00 worth, and get a set of China Dishes free. No money required until you deliver goods and get premium.

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ANDINA FURNITURE POLISH is what you have always desired for your furniture. It instantly removes the white, dusty appearance, developing instead the greatest beauty of the wood, while enriching its color in a remarkable manner, and imparting the warm tone and soft lustre of the wax polish.

ANDINA can be applied by any person, is permanent in its effect, and with its use all articles of furniture, both new and old, assume a tone and beauty not before supposed possible. Pieces that before attracted no attention now become a source of continual delight, and an air of quiet refinement is imparted to the whole house. Price, $3 a bottle, express paid. Of dealers, or THE BALTIMORE SPECIALTY CO'S. PANY, 314 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

A HOUSEHOLD BLESSING, and WOMEN BLESS IT.

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A Harmless Vegetable Tonic for all Female Complaints and Irregularities. Druggists, or by mail, 50c. & $1. *Trial size* 25c. Treatise Free.

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I will give any lady one dozen **Silver-Plated** Teaspoons, elegant design, warranted to wear, who will dispose of one dozen **Hawley's Corn Salve** warranted to cure, among friends, at 25 cents a box. Write me and I will **Mail** you the **Salve.** You sell it and send me the money, and I will mail you the dozen handsome spoons. Address

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D. NEEDHAM'S SONS
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RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS, And FLUID and SOLID EXTRACTS OF THE BLOSSOMS. The BEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN, Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping-Cough, and all BLOOD DISEASES. Send for circular. Mention paper.

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Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles, Pittings, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The Form developed; Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book (sealed), 4c., with sample Cremola Powder 10c. Mme. Velaro, 414 W. 47th St., N. Y. City.

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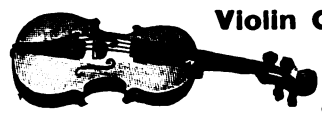
"MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN, harmless, pleasant and absolutely **SURE** and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes ALL clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY leaving the skin clear and unblemished always. For those who have NO blotches on the face it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR and TRANSPARENT, and clearing it of all muddiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure and NOT a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30 cents in stamps, or two for 50 cts., by GEORGE N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.



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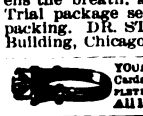

YOUR NAME on 25 Lovely Cards, 1 Ring, 1 Lace Pin, 1 PATENT FOUNTAIN PEN COMPLETE, 1 POCKET-BE-BOY ALBUM, 600 Album Verses &c. All 10c. Laurel Card Co., Box 45 Clintonville, Conn.

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SWEATY FEET Book free by mail. A Guaranteed Cure for 50 Cts. Lazarette Remedy Co. Unadilla, N.Y.

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To address envelopes, mail circulars, do pleasant steady homework *No peddling.* Good pay. Send *10c.* (silver), for terms and book of instructions in our *New Art.* SYLVAN CO., Port Huron, Mich.

FREE You will receive hundreds of Samples, Catalogues, Papers, Magazines, etc., by sending 10c silver to have your name and address inserted in the Old Reliable Agents' Directory, which goes to firms all over the U. S. A copy of Directory sent to each name. A. R. GOODSPEED, Dwight, Ill.

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In your town, Good Pay, Respectable employment. Send for circulars and terms.

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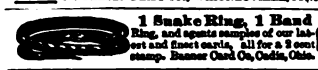
30 VELVET GILT EDGE, FLORAL HIDDEN NAME with Name on & Agent's Sample Outfit, 10cts. (silver) NO TRASH. DAISY CO., WHITNEYVILLE, CONN. **CARDS**



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500 Games, Tricks, Songs, Conundrums, Acts, Selections, Lover's Tel. Dreams, and New Designs Basket Fringe, Envelope, Silk or Plush Bow, Golden Chain Floral Motto Cards. Scrap Picturesbill. Catalogue 2c. Franklin Pt'g. Co, New Haven, Ct.

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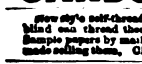
CARDS PACKAGE of BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE CARDS & SCRAP PICTURES Send 2c. stamp for postage. **FREE** ETNA PRINTING CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

CARDS NEW SAMPLE BOOK of Hidden Name, Gold Beveled Edge, Calling and Silk Fringe Cards. Finest Outfit ever offered for 2c. stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., SCIO, O.



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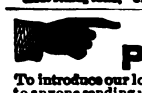

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To introduce our lovely cards, scrap pictures, &c., we will give to anyone sending us a 2c stamp for postage, 20 beautiful sample cards and one package of elegant Scrap Pictures **FREE!**

STEAM CARD WORKS, North Branford, Conn.

375 Plush Floral Silk Fringe cards, games, album verses, &c., Initial Handkerchief, Ring, Pocket Pen & Pencil & Agents' Samples 10c. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Ct.

CARDS FREE. Send your name and address on a postal card for all the Latest Styles of Silk Fringe, Photograph, Envelope, Beveled Edge, Crazy Edge Cards, etc. Samples free. HOME and YOUTH, Cadiz, O.

Self Inking Pen & Pencil Stamp, your name in rubber 15c. Tale Fountain Pen (one filling writes 20,000 words) 15c. Both 25c. 25 designs lovely CARDS & AGT'S OUTFIT free with each order. U. S. CARD WORKS, WEST HAVEN, CONN.

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FREE —A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases. Mention this paper and send address to REV. E. KOENIG, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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BY THE TAILOR METHOD.

Cut from Your Own Measure.

Send for blanks and instructions for self-measurement.

Will fit without change of seam.

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PARALYSIS CURED without medicine. Rheumatism, Spinal Diseases and Dropsy easily cured. Address Dr. C. L. THACHER, 6, Central Music Hall, Chicago, for a valuable book FREE to all.

EAGLE PRINTING OUTFIT 15c

Contains three alphabets of rubber type, type holder, bottle indelible ink, ink pad and tweezers; put up in neat box, with full instructions for use. Club of eight, $1.00.

Eagle Supply Co. New Haven, Conn.

ALMOND SOAP FREE Unique ANTI-WRINKLE remove. Freckles, Blemishes, Yellowness, etc. Unaffected by perspiration. Told in circular sent with Soap. The Toilet Requisites make beautiful the roughest skin. Send 4 cts. for postage. MME. PINAULT, 53 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass.

HEMORRHOIDS Or PILES CURED. You can cure yourself in a few days with our new mode of treatment and CURE. Easily and quickly used, gives immediate relief. Treatment, and large package of CURE, $2. Half-size, for trial, $1. Our TREATISE on PILES, free. We will cure you or return your money. GLOBE MEDICINE CO., Box 714, Cincinnati, O.

PILLOW SHAM HOLDER. Do not pay 2 or 3 dollars for a pillow sham holder. Mine are in sets of three, nicely nickle-plated, with screws complete and directions for putting up. They will last a lifetime. Mailed, postpaid, to any address for 10 cents a set; 1 dozen sets 75 cents. Agents wanted. **10 CENTS**

T. M. GANDY, Chester, Conn.

ASTHMA CURED! Schiffmann's Asthma Cure never *fails* to give *instant relief* in the worst cases; insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. *A trial convinces the most skeptical.* Price, 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

THREE ORANGE DELICACIES

BY A FAMOUS BOSTON RESTAURATEUR

ORANGE MARMALADE

TWO dozen oranges, one dozen lemons. Taking a sharp knife, slice the fruit across, rind and all, very thinly, rejecting the seeds, and cut each slice in four quarters. Put all to soak twenty-four hours in six quarts of cold water; then put on the fire, in the same water, and boil at least two hours. Then add sixteen pounds of white sugar, and simmer gently for one hour longer, watching that it does not scorch. This receipt does not call for bitter oranges; if the marmalade is desired more bitter, boil the seeds in a little water and add the liquor to the rest. This marmalade has been pronounced equal to the best imported.

ORANGE SPONGE

One ounce of isinglass; one pint of water; juice of six or seven oranges; juice of one lemon, or extracts of lemon or orange to suit the taste; sugar to taste; whites of three eggs.

Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a pint of boiling water, strain it and let it stand until nearly cold, then mix with it the juice of six or seven oranges and the juice of one lemon; add the whites of eggs, and sugar to taste, and whisk the whole together until it looks white and like a sponge. Put into a mold and turn it out next day.

ORANGE BUTTER TO SERVE WITH TEA BISCUITS

Take the juice of six oranges and the yelks of eight hard-boiled eggs, and pound in a mortar with four ounces of sugar, a tablespoonful of orange-flower water and four macaroons. When reduced to a paste, stir it over a slow fire for twenty minutes till thickened. Dip a mold in water and pour in the mixture, and when cold turn it out and serve with biscuits.

LADY AGENTS SAMPLE FREE Send for terms to Mme. McCabe's Celebrated Corsets and Waists. ST. LOUIS CORSET CO., ST. Louis, Mo.

DO YOU WANT MONEY? WORK? HEALTH? A FARM? A HOME? BUSINESS?

WRITE to F. I. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn., and say just what you desire, and answer will be sent free, together with maps & publications.

ED. L. HUNTLEY'S $10 READY-MADE SUITS FOR MEN give universal satisfaction. Why should you pay middlemen's profits when you can buy direct from us, the manufacturers? Send us $10 and the following measures and we will guarantee to fit and please you or refund your money. Rules for measurement: breast measure, over vest, close up under arms; waist measure, over pants at waist; and inside leg measure from crotch to heel. SEND SIX CENTS for 12 samples of our $10 Men's Suits, fashion plate and tape-measure. Boy's Suits, $5.50; Children's Suits, $3. ED. L. HUNTLEY & CO.,

Wholesale Tailors, 184 East Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

SEND 20 CENTS Stamps, for ARKANSAW TRAVELER one month, and Cloth-Bound Pocket Dictionary. Address ARKANSAW TRAVELER, Chicago.

MEDICINES How to make from the flowers and plants at your door. By mail, $1.00. FATHER HAWKINS, P. O. Box 3, PHILADA, PA.

MARVELOUS! Character read by the Handwriting. For particulars, send addressed and stamped envelope to WALTER WADE, 413 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOU CAN Easily make $5.00 a day selling our Stationery Packages. Every one wants one. Big profit. Send 17c. for sample and prices. Write for catalogue of good specialties. C. E. BANKS, York, Pa.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LIFE MEMOIRS AND GREAT DEEDS. THE ONLY AUTHENTIC BOOK. SEND 25 CENTS FOR COMPLETE OUTFIT. Act quick if you want to make money. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.

GUITAR SELF-TAUGHT without notes with Howe's Charts. 50c. per set (24) A. O. Howe, 70 State St., Chicago. Cir. free

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AT ONCE 50 GOOD WRITERS WANTED TO COPY AT HOME Address, with stamp, H. SUPPLY CO., Lima, Ohio.

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COINS If you receive any money coined before 1878, save it and send two stamps to NUMISMATIC BANK, Boston, Mass., for circulars on rare coins and Government premium bonds. A fortune for somebody.

OUR NEW 1891 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 200 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-Established and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADIES' WORLD is a mammoth 16-page, 64-column illustrated paper for ladies and the family circle. It is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancywork, artistic needlework, home decoration, housekeeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' paper into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following *colossal offer: Upon receipt of only* 12 Cents *in silver or stamps, we will send* The Ladies' World *for* Three Months, *and to each subscriber we will also send Free and post paid, a large and magnificent* Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, *two hundred varieties,* including Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums, Asters, Phlox Drummondii, Balsam, Cypress Vine, Digitalis, Double Zinnia, Pinks, etc., etc. Remember, twelve cents pays for the paper three months and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and paper if you are not satisfied. Ours is an old and reliable publishing house, endorsed by all leading newspapers. Do not confound this offer with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. *Write to-day*—don't put it off! Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for 60 cts.

SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady answering this advertisement *and naming the paper in which she saw it,* we will send *free,* in addition to all the above, one package of the new and popular *imported* Tropæolum Lobbianum (assorted), containing "Lucifer," "Spitfire," "Vesuvius," and other luminaries of high degree, bright and highly colored. An abundant bloomer and easily cultivated. A beautiful climbing flower for vases, hanging baskets, old stumps, etc., most glorious in effect. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

LADIES! FOR ONLY 25 CENTS.

"The Domestic Monthly" for 3 Months and a Coupon good for any 25-Cent "Domestic" Paper Pattern.

A GREAT TRIAL OFFER.

"The Domestic Monthly" is one of the oldest magazines for women, and the "Domestic" paper patterns are known everywhere. The magazine has each month 80 pages and over 100 illustrations of new costumes, bonnets, novelties, etc., and a large amount of readable miscellany consisting of stories, sketches, etc., with departments profusely illustrated, devoted to Fancy Work, Knitting, etc., etc. It is a complete magazine for women, practical and helpful.

Their regular yearly subscription price is $1.50 a year, with $1.00 worth of paper patterns free to every subscriber. Three Months and a Pattern Coupon for only 25 cents.

Send by mail direct to

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300 VARIETIES OF FLOWER SEEDS.

The largest and finest collection of flower seeds ever offered. These seeds are fresh and reliable. Among them: **German Pansies, Petunias, Sweet Peas, Asters, Japanese Pinks, Mignonette, Phlox, Balsam, Zinnias, Candytuft, Sweet Alyssum, Poppy Godetia, Nasturtium, Verbena, Chrysanthemum, Marigold, Stocks, Portulacca, Amaranth, Gaillardia, Larkspur, Cockscomb,** etc. This magnificent collection sent post-paid, to any one who will send us **seven two-cent** stamps for a **3 months'** new trial subscription to THE HOUSEKEEPER (regular price, $1.00 per year). THE HOUSEKEEPER is issued **twice each month** and contains from **16 to 24 pages** of the best **reading matter** from the **leading lady writers.** It is well edited, printed on **good paper. Write** for agent's terms, and **our premium list.** We have **600,000 readers.** Does this not speak well for our paper? Remember, we will send THE HOUSEKEEPER for 3 months and a package of seeds taken from 300 varieties, all post-paid, for only 14 cts. If you are **not pleased** with them, **let us know** and we will **refund** your money.

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THE HOUSEKEEPER, Minneapolis, Minn.

TURKEY·RED·DYE

FOR COTTON. For $1.00 we will mail 16 packages of the celebrated "Perfection" Turkey Red Cotton Dyes. Warranted brilliant and fast against sun washing. Single pkg., 10c.

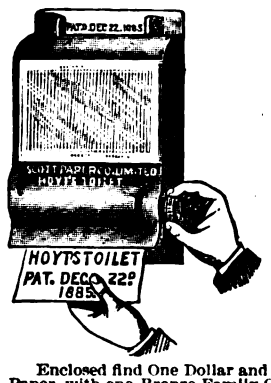
W. CUSHING & CO., Foxcroft, Maine.

GARFIELD TEA

Sir Henry Thompson, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

Garfield Tea overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; cures Constipation. Get a free sample from any druggist, or send to 319 W. 45 Street, NEW YORK.

FOR CONSTIPATION AND SICK HEADACHE



The Hoyt Toilet Paper and Cabinet.

NO CLOGGING OF SOIL PIPES.

The Cabinet is handsome and secures convenience, neatness and economy.

See special offer below. Delivery free in most of the principal cities; 50 cents extra on the Pacific Slope. Sign the order and send to us with remittance.

(Additional paper furnished by us promptly upon receipt of order.)

SCOTT PAPER CO., LIMITED, 25 and 27 N. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

..... 189

Enclosed find One Dollar and Seventy-five Cents, for which please send One Dozen Packs of your Hoyt Toilet Paper, with one Bronze Family Cabinet, which is hereby leased, and it is agreed between us that it shall be used only for the Hoyt Toilet Paper, and shall be returnable to you upon your demand and at your expense whenever discontinue the use of your Hoyt Toilet Paper.

Name, ... Address, ...

WHAT CUTICURA IS DOING DAILY

BABY ONE SOLID SORE

Tried Everything Without Relief. No Rest Night or Day. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

My baby, when two months old, had a breaking out with what the doctor called eczema. Her head, arms, feet and hands were each one solid sore. I tried everything, but neither the doctors nor anything else did her any good. We could get no rest day or night with her. In my extremity I tried the CUTICURA REMEDIES, but I confess I had no faith in them, for I had never seen them tried. To my great surprise, in one week's time after beginning to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the sores were well, but I continued to use the RESOLVENT for a little while and now she is as fat a baby as you would like to see, and as sound as a dollar. I believe my baby would have died if I had not tried CUTICURA REMEDIES. I write this that every mother with a baby like mine can feel confident that there is a medicine that will cure the worst eczema, and that medicine is the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MRS. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lockhart, Texas.

Cuticura Remedies

Cure every humor of the skin and scalp of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S FACE WAS RAW

Distressing Itching Skin Disease Cured in One Month by Cuticura Remedies.

When our boy was six weeks old he had a rash on his cheek. It spread on both cheeks and chin. His face was raw. I doctored with several remedies, but it got no better. My mother advised me to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I used them faithfully, and in one week the boy looked better. In one month he was cured, and now he is three years old and no signs of it returning. The child was so bad I had to tie him in a pillow case, and pin his hands down so that he could not scratch his face. I cannot speak too highly of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I recommend CUTICURA whenever I can. I would be pleased to see any one and talk to them of the good it has done my boy. MRS. CYRUS PROSCH,

Coytesville, Fort Lee P. O., N. J.

N. B. My husband is president of the Prosch Manufacturing Company, proprietors of the "Duplex" and "Triplex" Photographic Shutters, 389 Broome street, New York city. He dislikes undesirable notoriety, but is willing to make sacrifices to benefit others, and assents to this testimonial to encourage the use of CUTICURA, and thus bring relief to others.

Mothers, Do You Realize

How your little ones suffer when their tender skins are literally on fire with itching and burning eczemas and other itching, scaly and blotchy skin and scalp diseases? To know that a single application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will, in the great majority of cases, afford instant and complete relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because so speedy) cure, and not to use them without a moment's delay, is to be guilty of positive inhumanity. No greater legacy can be bestowed upon a child than a skin without blemish and a body nourished with pure blood.

A SCROFULOUS BOY

Running Sores Covered His Body and Head. Bones Affected. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

When six months old the left hand of our little grandchild began to swell, and had every appearance of a large boil. We poulticed it, but all to no purpose. About five months after, it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and, as his blood became more and more impure, it took less time for them to break out. A sore came on the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid scab, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at twenty-two months old, when I undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old, of consumption (scrofula, of course). He would walk a little, but could not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hands. I immediately commenced with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, using all freely. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would finally grow loose and were taken out; then they would heal rapidly. One of these ugly bone formations I preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bottles he was completely cured, and is now, at the age of six years, a strong and healthy child.

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

May 9, 1885.

My grandson remains perfectly well. No signs of scrofula and no sores. MRS. E. S. DRIGGS,
Feb. 7, 1890. Bloomington, Ill.

Cured for All Time

The above is one of the most gratifying of the thousands of cures made by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and is conclusive evidence that they do not only cure the worst cases, but cure them for all time. Hence it is not surprising that mothers and children bless the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

DREADFUL PSORIASIS

Covering Entire Body with White Scales Suffering Fearful. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head and shoulders being the worst. The white scabs fell constantly from my head, shoulders and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using two bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles I was almost cured: and when I had used six bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one box of CUTICURA and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the REMEDIES. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight.

MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Iowa.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier, internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements), and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), have cured thousands of cases where the shedding of scales measured a quart daily, the skin cracked, bleeding, burning and itching almost beyond endurance, hair lifeless or all gone, suffering terrible. What other remedies have made such cures?

FOR THE BLOOD

MORTAR SPOTTED SKIN

Covered with Scales. Awful Spectacle. Cured in Five Weeks by Cuticura Remedies.

About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw; then the next night, the scales being formed meanwhile, were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the county, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, until I had been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the REMEDIES, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I know of a great many who have taken the REMEDIES, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express my thanks to you. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as clear as a baby's.

GEO. COTEY, Merrill, Wis.

Only Relief and Cure

Words can scarcely do justice to the esteem in which these great skin cures, blood purifiers and greatest of humor remedies are held by the thousands upon thousands who have found them the only source of immediate relief and of speedy, permanent and economical cure of skin, scalp and blood diseases, which have rendered life almost unendurable by reason of personal disfigurement and great physical suffering.

AN ECZEMA 17 YEARS

Cured in 8 Weeks. One of the greatest Cures Ever Performed by Cuticura Remedies.

At the age of three months a rash (which afterwards proved to be eczema or salt rheum) made its appearance on my face. Physician after physician was called. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continually sitting on the floor on a pillow, my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab. The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, I read an account in the *Tribune* of your CUTICURA REMEDIES. It described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial. When I first applied them I was all raw and bleeding, from scratching myself, but I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing. In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk, I was so weak: but my sores were nearly well. As near as I can judge, the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (i. e., from January, 1879, to January, 1887) I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me. W. J. McDONALD,

3732 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., June 30, '87.

Wonderful Cuticura

I regard the CUTICURA REMEDIES of more important and intrinsic value to the world than any other medicines now before the public.

REV. WM. CREELMAN,
Worthington, Mass.

A BURNING SORE LEG

Ulcers Form. Hospitals and Doctors Useless. Crazed with Pain. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

About eight years ago I wrote you from Wilkesbarre, Pa., describing how your wonderful remedies completely cured me of a terrible case of eczema or salt rheum, I must now tell you what CUTICURA REMEDIES have again done for me. On the 22d of last September, I had the misfortune to bruise my leg, and I put a piece of sticking plaster on it. Inside of a week I had a terrible leg. My wife became frightened and advised me to go to a surgeon. I went and doctored for two months, but no good was done me, besides costing me big money. My leg had by this time formed into an ulcer, and got worse every day. I could not stand it any longer, and made up my mind to go to a hospital and see if I could be helped. I went to several here in the city, in turn, but none could do me any good. I had a terrible leg with a hole in it as big as a dollar, and pain that almost set me crazy. I got scared about it, and determined to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. I obtained a set, and inside of five weeks my leg was healed up as well as it ever was, except the terrible scar it left for a reminder of what was once a terrible sore leg. These REMEDIES are worth their weight in gold.

JOHN THIEL, 243 E. 93d St., New York.

Greatest Humor Remedies

It is one thing to claim to cure these great skin and blood diseases, but quite another thing to do it. No remedies ever compounded in the history of medicine have performed the wonderful cures daily made by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which are in truth the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers and humor remedies of modern times. We earnestly desire those who have suffered long and hopelessly from torturing and disfiguring humors and diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, and who have lost faith in doctors and medicine to make at least one trial of the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

SCRATCHED 28 YEARS

A Scaly, Itching Skin Disease, with Endless Suffering, Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago, it would have saved me $200 and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body, and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was $5 worth. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture (No. 2, page 47) in your book, "How to Cure Skin Diseases," but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched 28 years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

Why Suffer One Moment

From torturing and disfiguring skin diseases, when a single application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will afford instant relief and point to a speedy, permanent and economical cure, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail?

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1.

Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

SKIN AND SCALP