

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



JULY
1893
Ten Cents

Frank D. Small

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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THE STORY OF FIVE PROPOSALS

Five Leaves From the Life of a Western Society Girl

As Told by Herself

[With Illustrations by A. B. Wenzell]

WHEN I began to let down my skirts and put up my hair, and while I was emerging from the schoolgirl chrysalis into the butterfly young lady, my curiosity was aroused in no small degree upon the subject of the way in which



"One day when we were driving."

men proposed. I wanted to know the words they used, the tones, the looks, the gestures. I wondered if it were a solemn performance or a gay one; if the girl were always happy, or sometimes if she were not a little bit frightened. My ideas were primitive in the extreme. I questioned my mother, my married sister, my aunts. My questions all were answered, except what "he" said upon the supreme occasion. When they arrived at that point they suddenly "forgot." But to my suspicious mind their sparkling eyes belied their words. Evidently they wouldn't, perhaps they couldn't bring themselves to tell it of men they married. I clinched my hands and registered a vow. If ever I were so fortunate as to have an offer of marriage, and did not accept it, I would remember every word, even if I had to excuse myself in the midst of it to take notes! Then when other girls asked me just what he said, I also vowed to tell them. It is not idle curiosity which makes them ask. It is the deep interest they feel at the border of the enchanted land, as to what the knight will say and do, when they have pressed their dainty feet upon his domain, and entered the kingdom where they at any day may meet him. Books do not help them. They want real life.



"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?"

The following instances are my answers to their questions. They are *bona fide*.

They are just what I would have given one of my ears to have heard with the other.

A most wise mother having decreed that I should be sheltered from the boy-and-girl flirtations, the "veal love," as my brother calls it, to which most girls are subject, I grew up with a mind singularly free from all such travesties. Of course, this had the drawback of making me timid among men, and induced primitive but lofty ideals of love. I thought all men gentlemen, all women honest, all love honorable. My naturally romantic imagination was peopled with these prodigies, entirely the creation of my own brain. I knew nothing of flirting. Small wonder then, that I was by turns, the puzzle, the terror, and I doubt not, the laughing-stock of the first men I met, for there always are smart young fellows ready to ridicule an innocence which they cannot understand.

THE summer I was sixteen was the momentous one of my first proposal. I went to spend my vacation with four cousins in Kentucky. Gay, charming girls were they, living in a low, rose-covered house on the edge of town. Although at home men were not allowed to call, here they could not be kept away from me, as my cousins had them by the score.

The day before my birthday I met a man—a universal beau—as skilled in the art of flirting as I was unskilled. He flattered me until my head swam, and went through all the first stages of a flirtation without once hinting of marriage. In a confused, blind way I felt that something was wrong. I was ashamed to tell any one, but I thought he ought to know that I did not think of him as he professed to think of me. Still all he said was so intangible I could not refute it nor speak out frankly myself.

One day when we were driving, he suddenly threw his arm around me and tried to kiss me. Frightened out of my wits, I sprang up and actually had my foot on the step prepared to go out over the wheels, when he caught my hand.

"Sit down, child!" he said. "I won't touch you."

Never shall I forget the humiliation of that moment. As I look back I think nothing more unfortunate ever happened to me than that attempted kiss. It blistered the unspotted page of my childish belief in men, and the welt has never been smoothed out.

"There was no harm in what I did," he went on. "It was because I think so much of you." No answer from me. I knew now that he was flirting with me. It made me furious.

"Take me home," I said abruptly. In the silence which followed my thoughts spun round and round. I could not formulate them. Suddenly he said: "I love you."

I turned and looked at him. It was the first time he had spoken that word.

"Yes, I love you," he said. "I am very sorry," I faltered, losing my new-found courage and indignation at once.

"Sorry?" he echoed. "Yes, very sorry, for I do not love you."

"Why do you tell me that?" he cried. "Why couldn't you let me love you for the

few weeks you will be down here, without throwing cold water over me in that way?"

"Love me for a few weeks," I said, puzzled. "How do you mean?"

He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way, without reply, so I went on: "Was that cold water? I did not mean to be rude, I only meant to be honest. I do not want to give you any unnecessary pain."

He regarded me curiously. "So you think you couldn't love me?" he asked.

"Not well enough to—marry you," I said with averted face and deep embarrassment. Another long silence which nearly set me frantic. What had I done? Why didn't he talk? What could he be thinking of? Presently he broke in vehemently with:

"Yes, I do want you, and you will marry me, won't you?"

"Oh, no! please don't ask me. I was afraid of this, only I couldn't tell you sooner," I faltered, quite alarmed by his earnestness. He persuaded and coaxed, and I grew almost tearful in denying him. Finally he said:

"Well, I won't tease you any more. You will have lots of sweethearts after a while, and just let me tell you this: If you treat them as you have me they will thank God, as I do, that they have met and loved one perfectly honest woman." And as he helped me down at our own door he added, "I shall never get over this, I shall never marry."

He did not come in with me, thereby making everybody on the porch smile, as my guilty aspect could not have failed to

I certainly heard a sound behind the blinds, but did not dare to look around.

"Oh, Mr. John!" I said again, like an idiot.



"Forget everything I ever said."

"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?" he pursued, describing me in three equally flattering words, which I forbore to repeat.

"Oh, I don't think you are so very ugly," I said eagerly, trying to be both polite and honest—a difficult feat, by-the-way.

A subdued flapping of the curtain behind me made my hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John threw his head back and laughed so heartily he nearly lost his balance. He interrupted my apology, and grew suddenly grave.

"Too ugly and old for you to love me, sweetheart, but not too old and ugly to love you. Pretty soon you'll go back up North, but you'll not forget that there's one old fellow down South who loves you, and would marry you, no matter how old you were—you couldn't be ugly—any time you wanted him."

"Oh, how good you are!" I exclaimed sincerely, for his offer seemed, to my inexperience, a very handsome one.

"Promise me that if you ever change your mind you will send for me," he added, exhilarated to especial munificence by my gratitude. Much impressed, I gave the required promise. He begged a rose from me and came in. I called the girls, who entered with mischievous eyes, and he made a long call, quite as if he had not been rejected to start with.

I chronicle these with great faithfulness, because they were my first, and because



"Did you understand?" he whispered.



"I love you even if you are an American."

do. His tone was so tragic that I thought perhaps he would kill himself. I saw myself the cause of his bachelor life, and felt like a criminal. But—he did not die, he married another girl. I did not know then, but I do now, that "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

THE next was from a man who professed to care a great deal for me. It came about in this way: I was standing at the top of the piazza steps as he came up the walk, and overhead the honeysuckle and naphetos roses met and made an arch. No one was in sight, but my mischievous cousins were behind the closed blinds and heard every word, especially as they said Mr. John talked louder than ever in moments of tenderness, so they claimed that his proposal could have been heard "out in the big road." He took off his hat and stopped at the foot of the steps. Without a word of preface he said:

"If I could see that sweet picture every night when I came home, I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do you think you could do it for me?"

"What, stand here every night?" I said, laughing, thinking it merely a compliment to my white dress.

"Yes, stand there every night and let me know that yours was the face of my wife." I was too stunned to answer.

"Will you?"

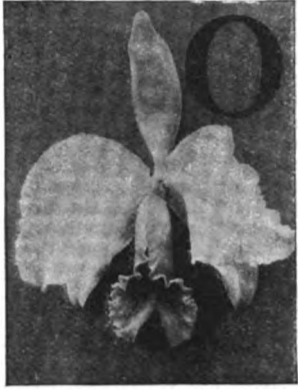
"Oh, Mr. John!" I gasped. [You will notice, friends, that I do not play a very heroic part in these interviews, being too frightened to be self-conscious and too ignorant to be coquettish.]

"I love you, sweetheart," he said. "You are the only woman I have ever loved."

A FLOWER OF THE AIR

The Cultivation of the Exquisite Orchid Explained

By Nancy Mann Waddle



C. MOSSIAE VAR

ORCHIDS are at present attracting a vast amount of attention. The interest felt in them is due to a certain mysterious charm they possess, caused by the fact that to those who are comparatively unfamiliar with their growth they seem a daring eccentricity in floral creation. The

very name orchid presents to the mind's eye a picture of dense tropical forests in which, suspended from the boughs of mighty trees, sway these epiphytal children of the southern suns, dazzling the eye by their gorgeous blossoms, and filling the air with their enchanting fragrance. Then, too, the enormous prices which have been paid for them enhance their interest.

large proportion of the plants on sale are imported, but their cost is moderate and any one who buys plants can afford an orchid or two. Orchids do not need a special house, provided they are given the temperature necessary to their growth. Many of them will grow and bloom in a window, or an ordinary conservatory. They are not at all exclusive but seem to enjoy the company of other plants. Any amateur may successfully grow them, if he is willing to study and observe their requirements, and once understood, orchid culture is not difficult.

The most important step for a beginner is to select a list of orchids whose requirements he will be able to meet. Having decided on the varieties he wishes to procure the next step is to make a study of their habitat. A "cool orchid" from the mountainous region of Venezuela, or the high altitudes of Mexico, would become

SPECIMENS RICH AND RARE

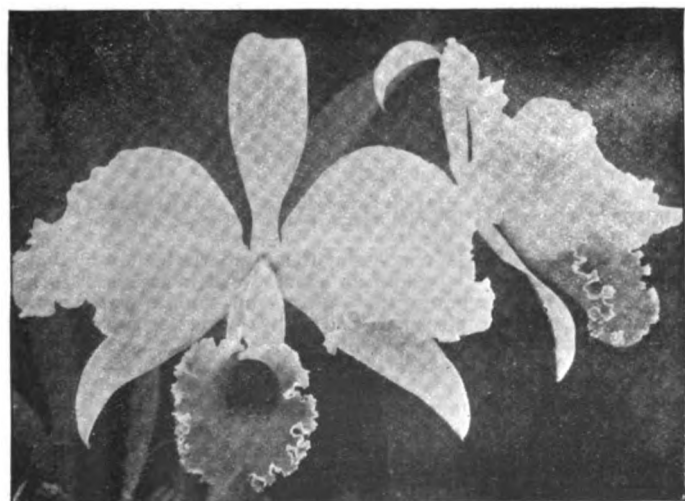
RARE specimens of orchids which are sought for in distant lands, and subjected to all the risks of importation are not cheap. Several years ago an English collector, Baron Schroeder, paid over sixteen hundred dollars for a single specimen of cypripedium stonei, a native of Borneo. Although possessing several specimens of this species the ardent collector was anxious to keep the dealers from obtaining possession of it, and thus paid so extravagant a sum to hold it all his own. There are many orchid enthusiasts who have longed in vain for the possession of a flower they consider beyond their reach, a common and erroneous idea being that these superb beauties of the tropical and semi-tropical world are the luxury of the very rich, that they only flourish in houses built specially for them, and in a temperature akin to that of a Turkish bath, and that they require the constant supervision of a gardener skilled in their culture. Before endeavoring to dissipate such ideas some practical information about orchids may not be amiss.

EPIPHYTAL AND TERRESTRIAL

ORCHIDS are of two kinds, epiphytal and terrestrial. The epiphytal orchids, which are found clinging to the bark of trees and clustering up among the branches, must not be confused with parasitic growths. The epiphytes draw no nutriment from the trees to which they are fastened, but being air plants absorb nourishment from the moisture in the atmosphere. The terrestrial orchids grow in the earth, like our native fringed orchis and lady's slipper, or in moss on the surface of the ground, like the calopogon. Among the epiphytal orchids are the cattleyas, probably the most superb variety known, the laelias, dendrobiums, vandas, oncidiums and many others. Terrestrial orchids comprise the cypripediums, the celanthes, bletia and phajus, etc. To give an idea of the vast number of orchidaceous plants let me state that of the types I have mentioned there are many species, as, for instance, in the cattleyas, there are the cattleya labiata, the C. mossiae, the C. trianae, etc., etc.

SOME POPULAR FALLACIES

IT is not likely that the orchid will ever become so cheap in price as the chrysanthemum, the carnation or the rose, for the reason that they are slow and difficult of propagation, and although the dealers have successfully propagated them, still a



CATTELEYA TRIANE VAI



GROUP OF ODONT. CRISPUM AND ALSOPHILA AUSTRALIS

weakened and fail to flower in a tropical temperature. These cool orchids require cool, moist and partially shaded places. The tropical orchids, of course, are at their best in warmth and sunlight.

ORCHIDS IN ALL SEASONS

CATTELEYA MOSSIAE is a grand specimen of the epiphytal orchid, blooming from May to July, and producing on one stem from three to six large, beautiful flowers, in the various shades of rose, lilac and white. They should be grown in a clean pot or basket, filled two-thirds full of potsherds and broken charcoal, finished with a filling of clean fern root and sphagnum moss, into which the plant should be placed, taking care to lift the pseudo bulb above the dressing. This orchid should be grown in a temperature of 60°; it should be given plenty of light, but should be shielded from the direct rays of the

sun. Give plenty of water during the season of active growth, but during the resting season, from November to May, water sparingly, never letting the plant become dry enough for the pseudo bulb to shrivel.

The resting season of the epiphytal orchid is the period when it has finished its former growth, and before a new one begins. Oncidium varicosum is another excellent variety. It blooms in October and November, and the flowers are borne on large, gracefully-branching spikes. Grow in baskets with pieces of broken crock and charcoal for drainage, and a top-dressing of fibrous peat and very little moss. Their growing season is the early spring, when they require a great deal of water. After the period of growth is completed do not water so liberally but give plenty of light and air, and partial sun to ripen the bulb. Average temperature 55°. Lealia anceps flowers from December to March, and is a very showy and beautiful variety, producing large, rosy flowers. A proper temperature is 65° during the resting season and several degrees lower during the period of growth. It should be grown in cribs, in peat and sphagnum moss with plenty of drainage. Cattleya trianae is one of the most thoroughly satisfactory orchids in cultivation. Its flowering season is from January to April. The flowers are large and exquisitely

Cypripedium Harrisonianum produces flowers several times a year. The flowers are very large, of a rich brownish-purple color. Cypripedium spicerianum is a beautiful species, in color yellow, green and white. Winter blooming. Cypripedium Laurenceanum produces large, brownish-green and white flowers, with purple lines drawn through the dorsal sepal. Flowers twice a year. Any one of these orchids may be purchased at moderate prices.



VAUDA AMIESIANA

The first orchids grown in this country were at the Botanic Gardens, Cambridge, about 1818. But it was only after 1865 that orchid growing became a popular fad, and now, in addition to professional growers, there are hundreds of private collectors.

SOME NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS

DO not kill your orchids with kindness. There is nothing better for them than a little wholesome neglect. Water freely when the pseudo bulbs are forming, but after the bulb has ripened give only enough water to keep the plant from becoming dry. The water should be of the same temperature as the atmosphere in which they are grown. Avoid pouring it on the young growth, and do not let it collect on the leaves as it may rot them. Orchids love a moist atmosphere. Show caution about repotting; if it is necessary it should be done when the new growth begins. In conclusion, I quote from an article treating of the sentimental value of orchids, which in a certain way expresses their great charm: "Other plants die unless rooted in the soil, these spring into beauty with only enough of earth to fasten them within our sight."

I would make a plea for our American orchids. There are many that are well worth cultivation. We may not recognize them under their high-sounding names, but most of us who are at all familiar with wild flowers know by sight some of the varieties of the lady's slipper, cypripedium spectabile, which springs from the black, moist earth, and bears its lovely pink and white blossoms in the deep shade it demands, or the varieties which produce the yellow moccasin, C. parviflorum and C. pubescens; C. acule is a curious, stemless variety. Perhaps the habernarias comprise the largest class of native orchids, quite a number of them producing extremely pretty flowers.

Habenaria blephariglottis (white fringed orchis) is the most beautiful of the species.

The spiranthes (common name "lady's tresses") is very odd; the stiff little white flowers look as if twined about the stalk.

Really the most curious of our native orchids belong to the Goodyera ("rattlesnake plantain") and corallorhiza ("coral root") species. They are both uncanny plants, and their common names were probably suggested by their strange appearance. Rattlesnake plantain has a thick, creeping root-stalk, and smooth white reticulated leaves. Coral root is a very disreputable branch of a great family, being a parasite. The root-stalk, which exactly resembles white coral, draws its nutriment from other roots. Observe care in transplanting native orchids, and study their habitat and conditions of growth.

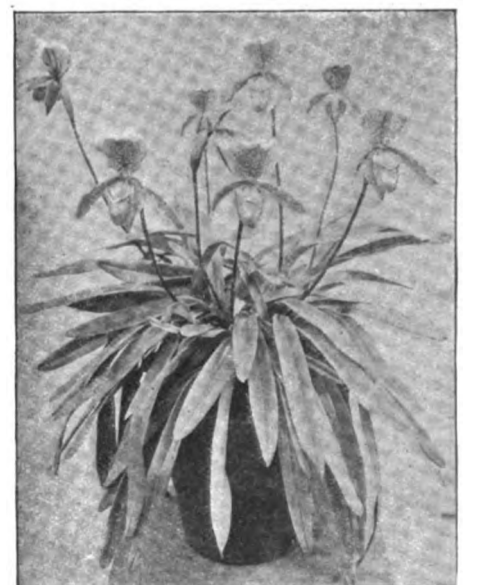
beautiful, running a scale of color from white, through the varying shades of purple, lilac and pink. Average temperature 60°, and partial sun, light and plenty of air. Dendrobium nobile is not at all difficult to grow, and will thrive in a pot or basket filled with potsherds, fibrous peat, and a top-dressing of sphagnum. During the winter it bursts into magnificent white and purple blossoms. It will do well in a temperature of 50°, but loves a little higher.

My list of terrestrial orchids would be cypripedium insignia, probably the best known orchid in cultivation. It has a constitution of iron, and will thrive under the intermittent attentions of even the most careless amateur.

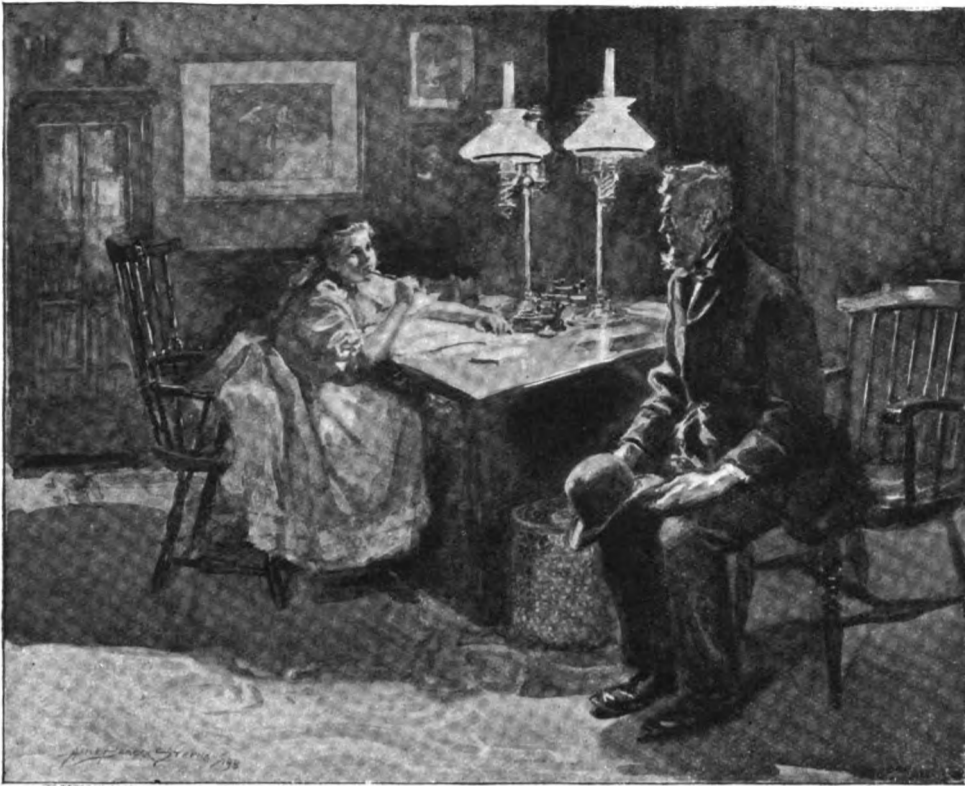
EASY OF CULTIVATION

ALL cypripediums are comparatively easy of cultivation. They require a potting of sphagnum moss and fibrous peat with sufficient drainage. They have no periods of rest, so their supply of water should never be decreased. Temperature, sun heat 70°, artificial heat 65°; give them plenty of light, air and shade from the midsummer sun. The flowers are very lasting, remaining fresh in water for weeks and keeping their freshness for twelve weeks on the plant.

The lycaste skinnerii I would recommend; it is a semi-terrestrial variety. Plant in fibrous peat and moss. The flowers are solitary, the plant sending up several flowers from one bulb; these blossoms are the different hues of lilac, pink and crimson.



CYPRIPEDIUM INSIGNIA



"I forgot, Dennis; the Pope is a bachelor, isn't he?"

DENNIS O'ROURKE

By Lucy Derby



DENNIS O'ROURKE had found a staunch friend and ally in the little daughter of the house, and a partnership had been established between the child of eleven and the good-natured Irish gardener. Nora stoutly defended each blunder of her oracle, and Dennis delighted in gratifying the child's slightest desire. Long summer mornings were passed in the sunshine of the garden, and Nora rejoiced when Dennis praised the skill with which her little fingers twisted up the weeds from among the strawberries, taking good care all the while that her feet should not step upon the long, tender runners. Dennis told her many long stories about his home and his old Nancy, and when the interest grew intense the child would stop all work and seat herself in the old blue wheelbarrow and listen, while she watched the sun dance on the sea, half wondering if that silver path really led all the way to Ireland.

Mr. Spencer's large house stood in the centre of only an acre and a half of land, which reached from the road to the ocean beach; but the single acre divided into lawn and garden seemed a vast estate to Nora, who shared all of Dennis' responsibilities. The arbor vitæ hedge, which outlined the entire place, required not only to be trimmed with Dennis' great shears, but Nora's own little garden-scissors were necessary to cut away the small brown branches burned by the midsummer sun.

The first sounds which greeted Nora's ears when she awoke early in the summer mornings told her of Dennis faithfully at work. Perhaps his rake in the gravel-walk lingered a little under her window to let her know that one member of the firm was awake.

The summer had half gone, and Nora's garden seeds had been examined once too often to see if they had taken root, and nothing gave any promise of glory in her small domain save the yellow rose-bush and the white currant-bush with its big, cool berries.

Across the avenue stood the smoke-bush, which had been crowned by the morning fog with diamonds, and Nora longed to transplant it in all its gleaming beauty into her own garden. Dennis shook his head. He saw the impossibility of safely moving the far-reaching roots, and he looked about to see what could be done for the greater beauty of the bare little garden. His eyes fell upon a large privet-bush, and pointing to it, he said: "And is it trimmed like a peacock or a payfowl ye'll have it, Miss Nora? Shure, Mr. Gresham at the grange cut ivery conceivable kind of baste and bird; there were roosters and guinea-hens, pigs and stars, and there's many a bit of an inn in the old country named after the figger cut in the tree at its own door." Nora thought the peafowl would produce a charming effect standing in the corner of her garden, and would show finely from the piazza, but she recalled her parents' displeasure when, having made with the greatest care large newspaper patterns of the letters, she and Dennis had spelled Erin in red geraniums, straight across the lawn, and she thought it wise to ask permission first this time. Mrs. Spencer was

willing that Nora should treat her own garden as she wished, and soon Dennis was at work clipping out a chunky chicken, which Nora watched with round-eyed wonder, unconsciously adapting her judgment to Dennis' infallible skill.

"Be gorrah, Miss, there's a payfowl for ye! Look at its tail, it's foine, it is," and Nora, delighted with the result, assured him that she did not believe there was another gardener along the whole north shore who could cut a peafowl out of a bush.

As Dennis worked in the little garden he told Nora that when Mother O'Rourke came over from Ireland she should bring a cutting from the rose-bush which had grown for forty years by his Irish home. "A real rose of Shannon, Miss Nora, to set out along with yer purty white currants there."

"You mean a rose of Sharon, don't you, Dennis?" Nora said gently, a little timid in correcting her friend.

"Faith, and I just don't, Miss, do ye mind the Shannon River? It's the purtiest in all Ireland, and it's no matter what the Bible manes, but I mane the rose of Shannon growing by my own door, with Nancy," said Dennis, looking quite hurt and troubled, so Nora hastened to say: "But, Dennis, when is Nancy ever coming? You have told me all last summer and this that you would send for her, and I should think she would be tired of waiting so long."

"Hushy there, now, Miss Nora, say no more about it; many's the long day she'd wait for her old Dennis—a whole century, if need be; but come along, now, let's make the garden nate enough for the foine young lady ye are, and be aisy with yer questionings," and Dennis was as near being cross as he ever was.

For three years Dennis had been striving to earn enough money to send back to Killaloe for Mother O'Rourke and the little grandson Jerry, whom he had left waiting for the great ship which he had promised them should sail some fine morning up the beautiful Shannon River to fetch them to America. Work had been hard to get, and Dennis had lingered about the steamboat docks picking up any errands or odd jobs which came in his way.

He had made up his mind that one hundred dollars would be necessary to get Nancy and Jerry all the way from Killaloe into his own two arms in Boston, but his progress toward saving that amount was very slow and full of discouragements. Now at last he had found employment for the summer as gardener to Mr. Spencer, but the long winter months without steady work slowly diminished his summer savings, and the spring found him very little nearer the necessary sum than he had been the year before. Nora, who had been a delicate child, grew strong and well in the outdoor life, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, appreciating their good fortune in securing the services of the faithful Irishman, determined to employ him in their city stable to assist the coach-

man, whose large family had outgrown the four rooms over the stable. Dennis was to sleep there at night, and to aid in the care of the horses and carriages during the day.

It was a plan which filled his very soul with joy; here was a home for his Nancy, and by the autumn he would have the necessary sum to bring her and Jerry safely to Boston. The proposition was made to him and quickly accepted, and the next morning he determined to tell Nora the good tidings. It was four or five weeks since he had cut the privet-bush, and the peafowl had now sprouted out so that it began to resemble a hedgehog. Nora was watching him trim it back into shape. It seemed to her that Dennis was unusually silent, and she wondered if any one had said anything which could have hurt his feelings.

She seated herself in the wheelbarrow, and looking full of sympathy, said: "Dennis, are you sad?"

Dennis stopped in his work and turned and looked at her, and she saw a twinkle in his eye which gave her every confidence to proceed.

"Why, Dennis, you're not sad, after all; what is it? I never saw you so happy, you look like sunshine. Have you heard from Nancy?"

Dennis, who had grown dependent upon the child's sympathy and advice, told her of his great good fortune in being given work and a home for the winter, and that he had saved within a few dollars of the necessary sum, and was at last going to send for Mother O'Rourke and Jerry.

"Faith, I've all but ivery cint of it, Missy, but I'm sorry with thinking how I'll get it into Nancy's own hands in Killaloe. Can me master tell me, der ye think, Miss Nora?"

"Of course; he can arrange it all, Dennis. I think it's very fortunate that he knows our Minister to England, and he'll just write and ask him to attend to it for us; I know he'll do it."

"To England is it, ye say? Niver a bit! England sha'n't have a finger in my Nancy's coming; it's free of England intoirely, we are, after trying to be. No, Miss Nora, that won't do at all, at all, and it's surprised I am at ye for mentioning it."

Nora had a feeling of deep mortification that, after all Dennis had told her of "England's heavy foot being planted upon

poor old Ireland's neck," she should have made such a dreadful mistake, and when Dennis really wanted such good advice, too! After a long silence she said: "Well then, Dennis, would it do to write to the priest in Killaloe, the one you said was so kind to you, and ask him to start them off to America?"

"There now, ye have it, and ye are a young St. Patrick for the sinse of ye; why, shure it's the very thing, and will ye write the letter yerself, Miss?"

Nora felt honored, and was delighted. She consulted her father about sending the money, and he agreed to purchase for Dennis a draft upon Ireland payable to the priest of St. Monica's Church, Killaloe, and offered to write the letter himself, but Nora claimed that privilege as her own, promising him to let him see that the address was clear and legible.

It was hard for Dennis to wait now that his plan was so near realization, and the days seemed weeks, but a great deal had to be decided upon in regard to the important letter, and Dennis and Nora discussed it for a full morning while trimming the grass borders of the garden, the sun flashing on the little sickle as if the new moon had come down to them. The letter was to be written that evening immediately after dinner. Nora had asked her father to give her the use of his library, and they were to get to work early.

The lamps had not been lighted when Nora took possession of her father's large writing-table. This was to be a very important letter, and she must have dictionary and blotting-paper and sealing-wax close at hand. The two tall student-lamps were brought in and placed on the table, casting a bright light on the little, fair-haired girl whose flushed cheeks and bare, sunburnt arms, contrasting with her white dress, made a pretty picture as the tall Irishman entered the room on tiptoe. Dennis seated himself hurriedly on the extreme edge of the chair nearest to the door, where he twisted about uneasily, as if anxious to get away. He had a sprig of red geranium in his buttonhole, and although his wrinkled face was timid and perplexed there was a look of bright hopefulness flitting across it.

After a few moments of waiting Nora looked up gravely from her paper, and said: "Dennis, I am ready—begin."

"Well, Missy," said Dennis in a whisper, from which tone he never changed during the interview, "just ask his riverence to send Mother O'Rourke and the boy right along in the very next steamer that has not left when he gets this, and tell him—"

"Oh, Dennis, that's too fast, and I don't like to interrupt you, but I must ask you a great many questions first. You see, to begin with, you've not told me whether to



"Dennis and Mother O'Rourke, cap and ruffles and all!"

THE BROWNIES 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

IN TWELVE STAGES: EIGHTH STAGE

THE BROWNIES IN TURKEY AND EGYPT



Turkey there was much to view That to the Brownie band was new.

The buildings strange and towers high At once attracted every eye. On every spire of wood or stone Or arching gate the crescent shone; So not one moment could the band Forget they trod the Sultan's land. The highest mosque and minaret climbed in hopes to get a view of gardens fair, that glittered there, that drifted to anchor far below. "To climb this to climb a tree; not an active this we'd have



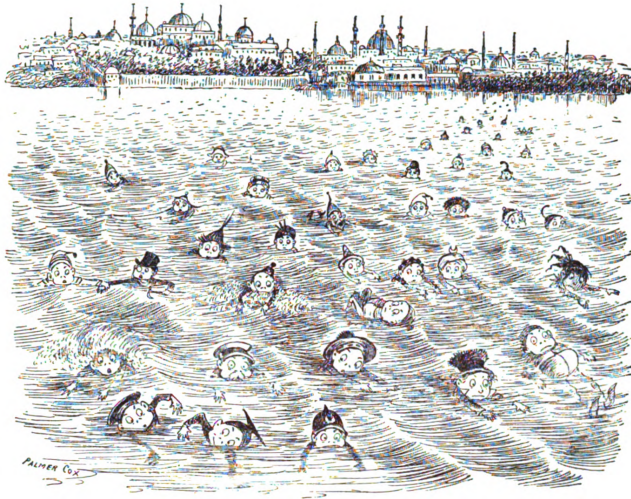
Then measured it with even pace, And found the statement as to size And beauty was not spiced with lies.

They walked around in gardens fair Enjoying perfume-laden air, And on the very Sultan's lawn They played at games till early dawn; In secret places skirmished round Where strangers no admittance found And all the household, by decree, Were kept safe under lock and key; They chatted freely of the way Some people live at this late day, In spite of all that has been done To work reforms beneath the sun. Some lay on rich divans a while, More sat in Oriental style On ottomans in quiet nooks, And tried the hookahs and chibouks,



Some filled the bowl, while others drew Upon the pipe, and puffed and blew Until the smoke hung like a cloud Above the heads of all the crowd.

This pleased a while, but in the end They felt they could not recommend The Eastern custom to a friend. One night the valiant Brownies tried To swim the Hellespont so wide— To imitate the daring feat Of young Leander, when to meet His lady-love in secret bower He braved the tide at evening hour. Not one of all the active band, But in that effort left the strand.



Though oft the band great streams had crossed, And here and there were roughly tossed, They soon perceived, from last to first, This was the wildest and the worst. Some grew alarmed, ere half way out, And with pale faces turned about, And but for stronger friends at hand That helped them safely to the land, The interesting, bright career Of half a score had ended here. While others, showing better skill, Contended with the current still, And neither fear nor failing knew, But gained the point they had in view. Though much they may have needed rest Where skill and strength had such a test, They could not stop, or water wide At morning would the band divide, And weeks might pass around before They'd have a chance to meet once more. So plunging in without delay To anxious friends they worked their way, Where arms were ready to enfold With fond embrace the swimmers bold.



IN Egypt next the wonders new On every side attention drew. Upon the Sphinx, the chief of all The wonders there, they made a call, And on the solemn head they found A chance to dance a merry round. On pyramids of slippery stones, That kings had built to hold their bones Till they would need the frame once more, The active Brownies clambered o'er; Up step by step without a stop

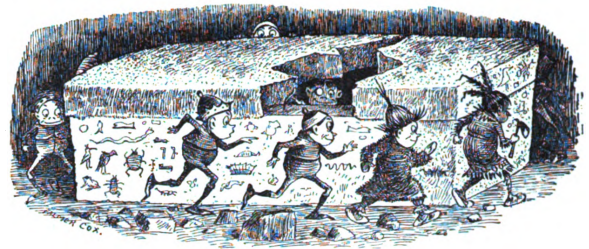
They struggled nimbly to the top. High on the peak for hours they sat, Enjoying free and friendly chat, Commenting on the prospect fair

They gained while perched so high in air. The daring band, not satisfied With wonders that appeared outside,



Found courage to pass through a door, The dark interior to explore.

With torches to dispel the gloom They groped their way from room to room; Sometimes they tumbled in a cell, Sometimes across a mummy fell. And by the mishap broke the crust the crust And scattered wide the sacred dust. A hundred feet beneath the ground The royal sepulchres were found, Where safe beneath a massive lid The monarchs lay for centuries hid, Not troubled by the overflow Of mighty rivers stretched below,



Around the stone sarcophagus Of some old king who had a muss, No doubt, with prophets in his day, At hide-and-seek they stopped to play. Said one, as he with thoughtful mien Looked round upon the sombre scene: "No better place could Brownies find To hide away from human kind. If we had time to study out The statements chiseled all about, You'd find each casket is supplied With tales about the one inside. Perhaps he stood with shading hand To watch his legions leave the land, And shouted to them in his wrath To follow in the Hebrews' path. But waves that had been long controlled By mighty power now inward rolled; With foaming crests they barred the way Like walls fast closing on their prey, And giving in one generous dish All Egypt's army to the fish. The dust of kings alone is here, From them we nothing have to fear, Their days of tyranny are past, Time raked them from their thrones at last; No more they'll range from place to place And subjugate a better race; No more impose a double task When slaves or bondsmen mercy ask, Say who shall live or who shall die



Or who their treasury supply. 'Tis well such creatures have an end, And these old rogues I apprehend, If I their picture-language know, Had theirs four thousand years ago." Upon an island in the Nile The Brownies tarried for a while. Among the ruins scattered round A temple's colonnade they found, And in hieroglyphics spread The fate of poor Osiris read, His birth, his love, and prowess stout In broken chapters they made out. An interesting tale indeed It proved to those who cared to read. There, studying the granite gray, They learned just how he passed away, And how he was embalmed with care By the kind goddess Isis fair.



Other countries to behold Off must go the Brownies bold

Nor worried by the warlike horde That from some neighboring country poured.



[Selected from hitherto unpublished shorthand notes by T. J. Ellinwood, for nearly thirty years Mr. Beecher's private stenographer and authorized reporter.]



THE season of the year has come in which all of us are more or less scattered, and some of us will be away from home through considerable periods of time. Meanwhile, some interest ought to be felt by us

as to how we can be efficient in the Christian life while we are under changing circumstances. My own impression is that not a few persons when away from home do a great many things that they would not do at home where they are known.

WHEN AWAY FROM HOME

RECOLLECT that when I was in London and Paris I observed a very great difference between the thermal line of duty there and what I had seen in New York and Brooklyn. I was asked to do a great many things which I had never seen it best to do at home; and I remember saying within myself: "If I am going to take any liberties I am going to take them at home. I am not going to slink off here to London and Paris and do things that I would not do there." It is a matter of sentiment and pride with me, largely, that if I propose to take any liberties in regard to going to places that I have never been accustomed to visit, I will not do it away from home.

I dined with some English gentlemen—some lords—and after dinner they were going to the theatre, and they proposed that I should go with them. I said: "No, I think not; I have never attended a theatre in my life. I never saw a play, and I think I won't begin theatre-going just now." They all said: "We do not expect you to go where theatre-goers generally go; we will go right to our box, and no one will know that you are there." "But," I said, "I think I should feel mean to go in that way. If I made up my mind to go to the theatre I should go as I would go to church, or anywhere else."

So I think in going away from home one should take less liberty than he would at home, rather than more. One should have a sense of honor about such things. Children well brought up are guided by principle in matters of this kind. Even though they may act with some freedom at home the moment they are away from home they feel that the influence of their father's and mother's name surrounds them, and that they must be more particular about their behavior than they are at home.

RELIGIOUS FEELING IN HOT WEATHER

WHILE there is always at this time of the year a good deal of scattering abroad, there is also a good deal of relaxation among those who do not scatter abroad. These facts lead me to say two things. One is, that you should not allow the languishing weather and change of place and circumstance to affect your religious feelings. The second is, that you should let your religious feelings alone in hot weather, and in change of place and circumstance. There is a sense in which both of these things are true.

In the first place, there are a great many people who want to feel in summer just as they feel in winter. They have an idea that piety is one thing; that it is a peculiar type of interesting social gatherings conducted in accordance with various rules; and that they are to carry them right through the year wherever they may chance to be. But even our Master varied His course according to times and seasons. He did not attempt to do in Jerusalem during the torrid heat what He did at other times and places. He adapted Himself, His work, the style of His discourse, His whole ministration to circumstances. So you are to adapt yourselves to circumstances. If you have an opportunity to gather together in the sanctuary or in places where prayer is wont to be made, and enjoy communion with fellow Christians, of course you should improve that opportunity; such privileges are to be sought everywhere and always; but suppose they are beyond your reach, suppose you are away from your church, from your neighborhood, from the city, suppose you are scattered hither and thither among strangers? You are not to lay aside your religion, you are not to suppose you have no religion, because you have not precisely the same line of duty to which you have been accustomed, nor the same motives and pressures under which you have been acting in term-time at home.

A RELIGION OF LEISURE

THERE is a religion of leisure. There is a consecration of mirth to God. There is a sacredness of social and affectional enjoyments. A man's sports with children may be in the nature of religion. There is such a thing as consecrating all these experiences to the name of Jesus. If one is thoroughly consecrated, whether he eats, or whether he drinks, or whatsoever he does, he does it unto the Lord. And wherever we go, if it is for pleasure, an element of piety should always go with that pleasure.

I do not mean simply that we can pray while we travel—that, of course; I do not mean merely that we should occasionally converse on the subject of religion—that is to be expected. I mean that our life and conduct in all its elements should be an offering to God. In the management of affairs leisure is not as important as intense occupation; nevertheless, leisure may be an offering to God, consecrated to Him. The unbending of a man may be religious: not in the same sense in which his bracing up and putting on the armor of God makes him religious, but in an important sense. Therefore, wherever you go you can bear with you the spirit of Christ, the spirit of consecration, the spirit of devotion, so as to make other men happy. You can wear a cheerful face. You can keep a good temper. You can in conversation choose such words that men will be made better by your being with them—and that without regard to thermometer, topography or geography.

A man should carry his religion with him. He ought to be able to worship on Mt. Moriah as well as on Mt. Sinai. It is true that in familiar converse with our brethren at home there is a certain pleasure which we can find nowhere else; but if we are lost in a forest, that forest ought to be a sanctuary to us. The waters of the great sea ought to be a temple of God to us if we are cast away upon them. At all times, whatever our duty is, that duty should be made sacred by a consecration of it to God.

BITS OF ANIMATED EXISTENCE

I LIKE to go out on a summer's day and sit on the side of a hill so quietly that the birds do not know that I am a human being. I like to see mice run out from under the grass. I like to see the sparrows that nest upon the ground come near and pick up bits of stubble for their nests. I like to see that ants, that spiders, that all the insects fear nothing from me. I love to think that all these little bits of animated existence are part and parcel of that great family out upon which God looks every day, supplying their wants. I have, in the summer-time, often, in watching the lights of God's interior kingdom, seen strange doings on spiders' webs. I recollect that once a little spider caught a hornet that he could not manage. He did not dare to touch him, for whichever way he came there was a threatening presentation on the part of the hornet. Finally, with singular wisdom, the spider snapped the strand of his web on which this giant was caught, and let him swing off and go clear. He could not eat him, and he did not want to be eaten by him.

As a boy I thought it to be my duty to tread on a worm when I saw one, and I used to fulfill that duty. I hated spiders. I thought flies were meant for us to pick the wings and legs off from, to see what they would do. A snake opened all the moral resources of my nature to hunt and kill him. In regard to fish, they were made either for man's eating at the table or for his sport in catching them. In general, I think the earlier instruction which prevailed in my boyhood was that the animal creation was made for the sport of man. It is comparatively but recently that we have learned to look with a different philosophy upon the unfolding of life in its long succession, the development of its last and greatest unfolding, ending in the human race. That they are to be treated with great humanity hardly now needs to be said. I am very grateful for my education, for the influence upon me of my Father's family—for a hundred things in life; but I know of no one thing of an external character for which I am more grateful than the susceptibility that makes such things in nature as insect life, animal life and vegetable life a source of exquisite pleasure to me, so that I am never, when over-wearied in body, mind or nervous system, without a source of recuperation.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS

IF there is a portion of the community that is more sensitive to reasons of humanity, and that is more shocked by cruelty than any others, it certainly is women; and I have a right to ask every reflecting Christian woman whether her happiness, her taste or her sense of the beautiful demands that she should encourage a traffic which insures the wholesale destruction of birds. Hundreds of thousands of them are brought into the market from Canada to Florida, and from the eastern coast of the United States to the Mississippi and beyond; and the traffic increases from year to year, and will increase just as long as fashion demands the sacrifice. I long ago made up my mind that fashion was a thing not accessible, that to preach to fashion was love's labor lost; but I am perfectly sure that if thoughtful and humane Christian women would set their faces against this evil it would be greatly diminished; and, as all fashions are like tides that come and go, it seems to me we should at least have a vacation in the destruction of birds. We have laws for the protection of fish and deer, of plovers and quails, of nesting birds, and I think there ought also to be a law for the protection of birds of plumage.

TERSE SAYINGS CASUALLY SPOKEN

IT is one of the most pitiable of things to see a fair and noble woman, good as angels are, the light of the house, the joy of her children, the tower of strength for her husband, in whom the physician, who knows the whole diathesis, sees taint. He sees that there are certain tendencies increasing; but he does not choose to speak of them, and fill the household with fear. He prescribes for her constantly in the hope of meeting and checking the inroad that he sees. It grows month by month. The pale face, the sunken cheek, the brilliant eye, the hectic flush, indicate what is going on in her system, and he knows very well that disease is drawing nearer and nearer to the citadel. Others begin to see it; but inspired with the strange hope which belongs to such a disease she knows it not. She is a little weak, but she thinks a slight relaxation will bring that all right. She hopes to live long, and be the glory of her husband and the guide of her children; but ere one twelvemonth has rolled around she is with God.

The name *mother* is the watchword—the talisman of life. Indeed, it is the very object, almost, of prayer, when the mother is translated. As the Catholic devoutly prays through the Virgin Mary, so you and I pray devoutly through our mother; not because we really believe she is a mediator, but because we want to have some sense of sympathy up there, and the mother has it. We get a hold on the beyond through her.

Your mother—she is a dear, noble, heroic soul; but the mother herself is but a spark that sprang out of the bosom of God.

Blessed is the child that is brought up at the mother's knee, which is God's altar on earth.

A bad woman is the worst thing in this world, and a good woman is the best thing in this world.

Take good care of disagreeable duties. Attend to these first. Never select the things that you want to do, and shirk upon others the things that you do not want to do. Wherever you are, choose the disagreeable things. You will get your pay in your manhood. You cannot grow in any other way so fast. You may be angry with some shiftless man who is willing to put on you work that he ought to do, you may feel that there is injustice in it, but you cannot afford to be unfaithful because somebody else is.

There is many a man who, under the influence of some pure and noble woman, is just on the point of going right. Go right, quick! If you hesitate, and come under other influences, it may be just that procrastination which will turn the scale and lead you to go wrong.

Our children are not forever to be irrelevant because they are heedless of divine and sacred things in the earlier hours of their existence. Wait, instruct, and have faith.

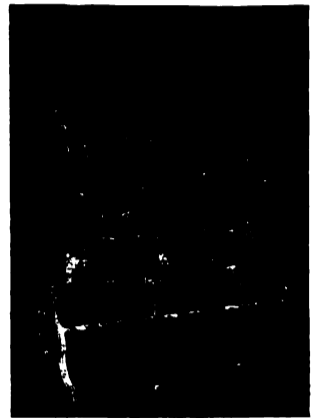
Little children are always at ease. Persons accustomed to society are apt to be at ease. Persons should always at home be careful of their speech and manners, so that when they go away from home propriety will be spontaneous with them. Politeness to everybody, all the time and everywhere, makes it easy to be beautiful.

We are to measure upward. Woe be to the young man who keeps company with those that are below him because they look up to him and flatter him and please him. Every man should keep company with those who can teach him something—those who are wiser and more expert in right directions than he is.

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BABIES



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"Let me taste it."

"Um-m! but it's good!"

"My turn now."

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The above photographs are published in our book "The Baby," which contains much valuable information on the subject of baby life. "The Baby" will be mailed to any one on receipt of address.

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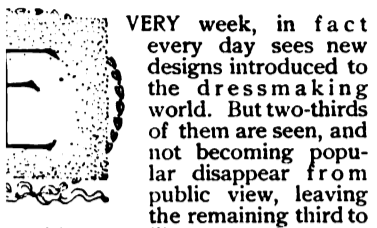
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50,000 Babies are becoming strong and healthy by using this wonderful machine. They like it; it amuses them for hours. It is not a toy. The baby sits in his little saddle and goes up and down by his own effort. Prevents bow legs, helps backward babies. Doctors recommend it. Never gets out of order. For children from 6 months to 4 years. Price, \$3.50. Delivered free east of Chicago and north of Baltimore. Catalogue free.

WILDER MFG. CO., No. 1 Washington St., Salem, Mass.

LATEST DESIGNS IN DRESS

By Emma M. Hooper



EVERY week, in fact every day sees new designs introduced to the dressmaking world. But two-thirds of them are seen, and not becoming popular disappear from public view, leaving the remaining third to bloom like a green bay tree...

SKIRTS OF A LATE DATE

of the handsomest skirts, a new empire in shape, is of three widths, or four, at least forty-four inches wide. Front and back widths are gored slightly...

CIRCULAR AND TABLIER SKIRTS

Circle Fuller or circular skirt is a circle cut from a square of material fully two quarter yards each way, which is with a hole for the waist-line...

FLOUNCE AND UMBRELLA DESIGNS

THE founce skirt is both single and double. The latter is a half circle three and a half yards wide at the lower edge, which reaches to the knees and falls over a second circle of the goods that is sewed to the lining foundation skirt without any gathers...

VARIOUS SKIRT TRIMMINGS

ALL of the full skirts have round effects in the trimmings, though many of the gored designs made for short or stout figures are trimmed lengthwise by covering each seam with narrow gimp, or piping with a tiny double bias fold or cord each seam of the front and sides...

VARIOUS RIBBON GARNITURES

RIBBONS are used in Nos. 9 or 12 for flat bands placed as described for ruffles. Nos. 12, 16 and 20 are also used for ruffles, and for this purpose the boyeau ribbons save time, as they are made with a cord at either edge and often in the centre...

FOLDS OF MANY KINDS

IN spite of the multitude of trimmings seen bias folds have not lost their favor for silk, velvet and woolen materials. Milliner's folds are used to head and finish the lower edge of circular flounces, or a cluster of folds overlapping each other. All folds must be cut a true bias, and it is now thought that they set better if lined, except the milliner's fold, with sleazy crinoline, which is also cut bias, sewed to the skirt and turned over...

WAISTS AND BASQUES

IT may be said that the only basque worn is one of a "habit" shape, with the coat back eight inches deep and lapped or cut short and full, rather in full plaits. Round waists are having their day in all materials and are made with as few seams as possible. The vest is flat or full, and both long and short revers are worn...

COLLARETTES AND SLEEVES

COLLARETTES or shoulder ruffles are cut in circular form, with the lower edge flaring for the shoulders only, or to reach around the full width. This trimming, to make the shoulders wider, may be of silk, the dress goods or lace, the latter being thickly gathered. Wide ribbons are also gathered over the shoulders to broadly flare...



No ruined stockings; no embarrassing break-downs; no metal in contact with the flesh, as all parts except the loop are inclosed in the webbing.

Samples by mail. Silk Elastic, Ladies' size, 40 cents; with Belts, 75 cents; Cotton Elastic, Ladies', 20 cents; with Belt, 30c.

Sold by Leading Merchants WARNER BROTHERS 359 Broadway, New York

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The G.-D. Chicago Waist is the only one that both looks and feels well. Gives grace of carriage and figure with absolute comfort. If your dealer has not this waist, send us \$1 and receive it by mail. Comes in white, black or drab.

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Featherbone Corsets

New Model Lengthens the Waist Gives Beautiful Form Best Satens Fast Black, White Ecru and Drab Only \$1.00



For sale by first-class retailers, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. Twenty different styles of corsets and waists. Send for price-list.

FEATHERBONE CORSET CO. Sole Manufacturers Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Satisfactory in all respects After Three Weeks' Wear It may be returned to us and money will be refunded. OHIO CORSET COMPANY Chicago and New York.

Seamless Ribbed Waist

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EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 29 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

DRESSING WITHOUT THE CORSET

The Artistic Side of Dress Reform Illustrated

By May Root Kern

UNTIL very recently it has required great courage to adopt dress reform, not only because its garb has been ugly, but because propriety was outraged by any departure from the strict rules laid down by fashion, and a woman to achieve freedom of body was almost obliged to endure social ostracism.

THE CORSET THE CHIEF AGENT

THE fact that the corset is the chief agent in changing the natural shape makes it obvious that first of all it should be discarded. And by ridding ourselves of its front steel we obtain freedom for the stom-

STANDING AND SITTING PROPERLY
THE most essential thing in wearing dress reform gracefully is a correct bearing.

The profile view of a correct standing pose will bring the balls of the feet in a line with the ear. In sitting, the spine should keep this position, inclined forward or back, but not bent. With this proper mode of sitting the abdomen will not become too prominent, although it will not remain flat as under a corset steel. The Empire dress, with or without the high belt, is the most comfortable of all modes, and house dresses, especially those for *negligé*, should be made after this fashion. For the street, something nearer the conventional belt line is usually preferred, but unless the dress be of *princesse* shape the skirt should be sewed to a lining waist to avoid undue weight about the hips. In the case of a round waist the dress may be practically in one piece by attaching the waist to the skirt.

GRACEFUL LINES AND CURVES

THE first mistake liable to be made by the novice in designing a reform dress is leaving an unbroken line from the armpit to the waist. A plain, tight-fitting bodice which shows the lines of the modern French corset is very pleasing, as the eye naturally delights in curves. But where the waist is left free and the large muscles of the back and sides are undeveloped, as is the case with ninety per cent. of women, this under-arm line will be straight, giving the waist a square effect very unbecoming. To avoid this the under-arm seam should be partially covered by drapery or folds; the short bolero jacket, so popular at present, is admirably adapted to meet this necessity.

THE PERFECT FEMALE FORM

NOTHING is more truly artistic than the simply outlined oval of the perfect female form. It is but slightly depressed at the waist, the hips are as wide as the shoulders, there is not an angle from top to toe. It is as different from the outline of the fashionable, "well-set-up" woman, with her squared shoulders and angular hips, as a horse is from a camel. We call the high-belted Empire dresses artistic, because they preserve this oval better than the longer-waisted shapes. The nude figure has no belt line. When the weight rests equally upon the feet, and the body is held upright, the smallest measurement of the waist is about where the modern belt is placed. But let the body bend to one side, and the point of intersection of the hip and side muscles will be over an inch above the former belt line. This is why field laborers, even to the slenderest young girl, are "short-waisted." For hygienic reasons the belt should never be placed below this point, and by thus shortening the straight under-arm seam by an inch the beauty of the uncorseted waist is materially aided.



A STREET COSTUME

ach and for the great ganglion of nerves called the solar plexus. This nerve centre is placed under an outward-curving muscle of such great strength that to press it in to where the dictates of fashion require it, the corset-maker must use one of the strongest metals known—steel. The protecting muscle quickly assumes its normal shape by the expansion of the floating ribs, and the wearer of the loosest corset will find, on discarding it, that to keep her waist buttons on she will have to let out the front



seams of her garments. Bountiful nature, in return for the freedom given her by removing this brace, will, in an incredibly short time, infuse strength and elasticity into these flaccid muscles. A course of physical culture will also benefit.

GOOD RULES TO BE OBSERVED

A GOOD rule to be observed in designing one's gown is: drape defects, and leave only the best points exposed by smooth covering. The wearing of bones and steels has led to another popular fallacy, which is that a large abdomen is offensive. Often, for fear of undue size at this point, children of eleven and twelve years of age are put into corsets. One of the reasons most frequently met with why women of mature years dare not adopt hygienic dress is that their abdomens are large, and need the pressure of the corset steel. The abdomen of a well-carried figure is never—unless in an abnormal case—too large. It is more noticeable in the

mature figure than in the youthful one, for the greatest change of shape brought by increasing years is at this point. But the full oval of riper years is quite as beautiful as the narrower one of youth. Artists—the great masters—use this fullness of the abdomen in depicting the female figures which are representative of Strength, Wisdom, Dignity and Maternity.

Color plays a more important part in reform dresses than in those made in fashion's mould. Black is good when the wearer's complexion is so brilliant as to form a sufficient note of color. It is always safe to match the hair or eyes. But unless the coloring of a gown be so harmonious as to be unusual—for in this matter we are striving after effect—it is best to have a sharply-contrasting touch somewhere. For the ordina-

ry-shaped gown, which has no delightful long line formed by a train, choose a shade that is in itself beautiful, and be sure, also, that it is one that will prove becoming.



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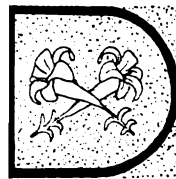
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HOUSEKEEPING IN THE COUNTRY

By Maria Parloa



DURING the summer house-keeping in the country may be difficult or easy, the matter depending wholly upon the environment and the habits of the family.

work during the planting and harvesting of the crops, when she must provide for many extra hands; but to the ordinary country housekeeper the summer months mean less care and labor than the cold season.

CHOOSING A COUNTRY HOME

THERE are many things to consider when looking about for a country home, but the most essential of all is the situation of the house.

Assuming that these three matters are satisfactory it is well to take into consideration the adaptability of the house or living purposes, the accessibility to the source of supplies, nearness to the railroad station, etc.

When it is possible the country housekeeper should have her vegetables and fruit from her own garden.

METHODS OF DISPOSING OF GARBAGE

HOW to get rid of the refuse is one of the questions that trouble many housekeepers. When possible to employ it fire is the best agent.

All offal pails or tubs should be washed several times a week, rinsing them with carbolic-acid water (a teaspoonful of carbolic-acid to a gallon of water).

DRAINAGE AND SEWERAGE

NO matter what one's means may be, how plain the house or how meagre the furnishing, the disposal of the sewage and all refuse matter, and the drainage of the cellar and the land surrounding the house, should be carefully planned and executed.

Usually there are two kinds of drainage required. First, it is necessary to carry off surplus water from the cellar and the soil about the house. Drain tiles should be used for this, as they are porous and will absorb the water.

WATER FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES

TO the seeker of a new home in all ages and countries one of the first considerations has been the supply of drinking water. It makes no difference what advantages a location may offer, the would-be tenant will hesitate a long time before deciding upon a home where pure water is not to be found.

A chemist who has given this matter much thought advises that this method should not be used constantly, purifying with permanganate being more healthful.

It frequently happens that the water is hard from the admixture of lime and other substances. There are several methods of softening hard water. Boiling, for example, will precipitate the lime.

A WORD OF ADVICE ABOUT WELLS

WHAT is called "Clark's process" is good for large quantities of water, but it is impossible to give exact rules, as waters in various localities differ in degrees of hardness.

Lead is a dangerous thing to use about wells or cisterns; better to use iron pipes. It should be remembered that, as a rule, the deeper the well the purer the water, and that all shallow wells are of doubtful purity.

KEEPING THE HOUSE COOL

MUCH of the comfort of the household depends upon keeping the house cool. In the morning every window and blind should be opened, giving the sunlight and air access.

On an intensely hot day the room of a sick person can be made more endurable by having sheets of cheese-cloth wrung out of cold water and hung across the open windows.

The attic windows should be kept open all the time, if possible. A free sweep of air at the top of the house does much toward keeping it sweet and cool.

CARE AND SUPPLY OF FOOD

THE food question is often a serious one to the country housekeeper. It is usually within her power to get a good supply of fresh vegetables, milk, butter and eggs, but one cannot be sure of even these things unless they are produced on one's own farm.

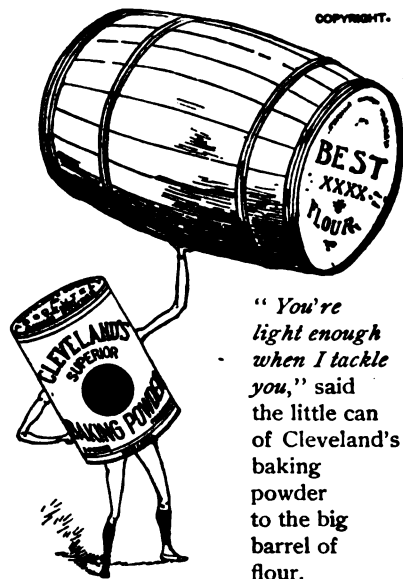
Charcoal is of great value in keeping ice-chests, storerooms and food sweet. Place a shallow dish of fine charcoal in the ice-chest. In milk-rooms and other rooms where food is kept set dishes of charcoal.

For keeping large pieces of meat and poultry here is a simple device: Have a large barrel or hogshead half filled with charcoal. Put meat hooks in a strip of joist and place across the top of the barrel.

Fresh fish may be rubbed with salt, wrapped in paper and buried in a bed of charcoal. Of course, the charcoal in boxes and barrels should be changed at least once a month.

It must be remembered that it is not always in the hottest weather that food spoils the most quickly. If the atmosphere is dry food will keep much better than in damp, muggy weather with the thermometer many degrees lower.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Parloa's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Everything About the House," will be found on page 28 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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THE IDEAL SUMMER BLOUSE

By Isabel A. Mallon

EVERY one of us realizes the desirability of a bodice that can be worn with any skirt, for every one of us knows perfectly well how persistently skirts outwear bodices. In one form or another the odd bodice has always been in style. At one time it was the very loose garibaldi, at another it was the close-fitting jersey, at another it was the bright-colored basque, in absolute contrast to the skirt, but now it is the blouse, and when one says blouse one covers a multitude of designs. In the first place, while the blouse is easy-fitting, it is not loose; in the second, its sole decoration may be its collar and cuffs, or it may be elaborate with smocking, Empire capes, Empire revers, jacket fronts or whatever the fancy of the wearer may dictate. In the third place it may be perfectly good form although made of cotton, and of very bad form although made of silk, and then again, to be entirely contrary, it may be in perfectly good form and be of either.



THE SMOCKED BLOUSE (illus. No. 4)

It is bad form in silk when light pinks or blues or yellows are used; it is good form when dead white, dark blue, purple that approaches midnight or any of the dark-colored silks are used. In cottons, preferably in chevots, it may be of any shade in the rainbow or of any variation of shades.

A SIMPLE BLOUSE

A VERY pretty, but simple blouse is shown at Illustration No. 1. It is made of black foulard silk, with a mysterious blue figure upon it. The slight fullness is gathered in at the neck. And down the front, the closing of which is done with hooks and eyes, and is invisible, is a double-plaited frill of the silk. The collar, which is rather high and just broken in front, and is, of course, stiffened with canvas, is of blue silk, exactly the color of the figure, and the full sleeves are drawn into cuffs of the blue silk, caught on the outer edge with tiny black buttons. The belt worn with this is of heavy woven silk of black, with a blue stripe running through it, and has hanging from its black clasp three or four black chains, on which all the belongings peculiar to the chatelaine are suspended. A blouse intended to be worn with a white skirt, and made after this fashion, is of white silk, with a scarlet figure upon it.



BLOUSE OF WHITE CAMBRIC (illus. No. 3)

A MORE ELABORATE BLOUSE

I HAVE said that decorations of all sorts seem to be permitted on blouses, and so it is not strange that the square, as well as the round jacket front, should be noticed. By-the-by, the jacket fronts will be found more becoming to women who are very broad across the bust, than the Empire revers which, of course, add to the width. A blouse of striped silk, a fancy peculiar just now to the French people, is pictured in Illustration No. 2. The blouse itself is made of very dark blue and white striped silk, is quite simple, the fullness being gathered in at the neck, and later on confined, as is usual, by casings and strings at the waist-line. It is just as well to say here, that in making a blouse one must allow a good long skirt to it, for nothing is more annoying or more ill-appearing than a blouse which has been cut too short. The blouse of to-day is almost invariably worn underneath, rather than outside the girdle. The elaborate air of this striped silk blouse is given by the Toreador fronts of blue velvet, outlined with tiny blue beads; the collar, which turns over, is of the striped silk, and a soft, white silk scarf is brought around, knotted in sailor fashion and the ends allowed to flare. The full sleeves are of the silk, and are decorated with a rosette made of the velvet, cut on the bias. The belt is a wrinkled one of blue velvet, and fastens slightly to the left side under a similar rosette.



STRIPED SILK BLOUSE (illus. No. 2)

THE COOL BLOUSE

FOR wear in the house there is probably no blouse so desirable as that of white lawn or of thin cambric, with a dainty figure upon it. These blouses are not made as elaborately as those that do not visit the laundry; they are made to look pretty. The typical one shown in Illustration No. 3 has a yoke in the back, the fullness gathered in at the neck in front, and just down the centre on each side a full, wide ruffle of the material, cut so that the selvedge forms the edge, which gives the air of a jabot of lace. These are drawn in slightly at the waist, so that while very wide at the shoulders and bust, they taper off and tend to make the waist look small. The sleeves are the regulation leg-of-mutton ones, absolutely untrimmed, and the collar is a turn-down one of the lawn, with a small bow of white ribbon concealing its fastening. In any cotton fabric, that is, in any light-weight cotton fabric, this blouse would be pretty, but it would not do to attempt to develop it in cheviot or in any of the heavier materials. Of course, if one wished it, lace could be substituted for the frills of lawn, but to my way of thinking the lawn seems in better taste. Any belt desired, and of any style, may be worn with such a blouse, and even a ribbon sash could be assumed with it if it were in harmony with the skirt.



BLOUSE OF FOULARD (illus. No. 1)

such a way that it seems to have a draped air. Starting from the shoulders are very broad Empire revers of the silk that reach quite to the waist-line.

A FEW LAST WORDS

TO make the blouse suit the time is really a very important matter. The linen or cheviot blouse, admirably adapted for daytime wear, is utterly out of place in the evening unless one should be in the very heart of nature "roughing it." The silk blouse, with its pretty decoration, is quite proper for evening wear almost any place, but I must beg that in assuming a blouse a little care be taken to make it look natty; all idea of the original semi-loose affair, which was something between a night-sack and a wrapper, should be avoided. While the blouse should fit easily it should, at the same time, be perfectly in accord with the lines of the figure, and in that way achieve the apotheosis of the separate bodice, which is the one worn to-day.

A FANCY BLOUSE

A BLOUSE that, while it looks very fancy, yet depends upon its effect for the dainty needlework upon it, is pictured in Illustration No. 4. The material is a light-weight unbleached linen, and the fullness is drawn up to the throat and smocked from there to the shoulder, a dead white thread that looks satiny being used. From under this smocking comes a full frill of the linen, about four inches deep, which extends around the entire bodice, after the fashion of an Empire cape. The full sleeves are smocked in at the wrists to form cuffs, and have a frill like the cape for the finish. The belt worn with this is an undressed kid one, fastened with straps and buckles.

In almost any material such a blouse could be made, and it is certainly decidedly pretty, but one has to be an expert in the art of smocking to give the desired effect, for unless such work is well done it had much better not be done at all. Linen blouses, laid in soft plaits, like the old-fashioned shirts worn by gentlemen, are much fancied for traveling wear; when I say "linen" I mean the unbleached linen. When the blouses are done up, and after the plaits have been ironed down, a paper-knife should be run under them so that they may stand quite loose from the under part. Sometimes it seems expensive to send one's blouses to a regular laundry, but where they are not soft and easily ironed ones it is much better to spend the few extra pennies, because then they come home retaining their shape.

AN EMPIRE BLOUSE

A PRETTY blouse made of heliotrope silk, and which is not suggestive of anything but dainty wear, bears the mark of belonging to the days of the Empire. It is laid in three soft plaits at the back, and then is drawn in in full, soft gathers in front, in

The Question

is a simple one — easily decided by reason and common sense.

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THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

[Continued from page 8 of this issue]

about over the room. It was very full, and the first of Mrs. Westley's Thursdays was successful beyond question. With the roving eye, which he would not suffer to be intercepted, he saw the distinguished people, whom she had hitherto affected, in their usual number, and in rather unusual number the society people who had probably come to satisfy an amiable curiosity; he made his reflection that Mrs. Westley's evolution was proceeding in the inevitable direction, and that in another winter the swells would come so increasingly that there would be no celebrities for them to see. His glance rested upon Mrs. Maybough, who stood in a little desolation of her own, trying to look as if she were not there, and he had the inspiration to go and speak to her instead of her daughter; there were people enough speaking to Charmian, or seeming to speak to her, which serves much the same purpose on such occasions. She was looking her most mysterious, and he praised her peculiar charm to Mrs. Maybough.

"It's no wonder I failed with that portrait."

Mrs. Maybough said: "You must try again, Mr. Ludlow."

"No, I won't abuse your patience again, but I will tell you, I should like to come and look now and then at the picture Miss Saunders has begun of her, and that I want her to keep on with."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Maybough in the softest assent. She would not listen to the injuries which Ludlow heaped upon himself in proof of his unworthiness to cross her threshold.

He went back to Cornelia, and said: "Well, it's arranged. I've spoken with Mrs. Maybough, and we can begin again, whenever you like."

"With Mrs. Maybough? You said you were going to speak to Charmian!"

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Yes; I—I don't know yet as I want to go on with the picture. I had not thought—"

"Oh!" said Ludlow, with marked politeness. "Then I misunderstood; but don't let it annoy you. It doesn't matter, of course. There's no sort of appointment."

He found Mrs. Westley, in a moment of disoccupation before he went, and used a friend's right to recognize the brilliancy of her Thursday. She refused all merit for it, and asked him if he had ever seen anything like the contrast of Charmian at the chocolate with Cornelia at the tea. "Did you notice the gown Miss Saunders had on? It's one that her mother has just sent her from home. She says her mother made it, and she came to ask me, the other day, if it would do to pour tea in. Wasn't it delightful? I'm going to have her spend a week with me in Lent. The General has taken a great fancy to her. I think I begin to appreciate her fascination; it's her courage and her candor together. Most girls are so uncertain and capricious; it's delightful to meet such a straightforward and downright creature."

"Oh, yes!" said Ludlow.

XXVIII

CORNELIA knew that Ludlow was offended. She had not meant to hurt or offend him, though she thought he had behaved very queerly ever since he gave up painting Charmian. She had really not had time to think of his offer before he went off to speak to Charmian, as she supposed. The moment he was gone she saw that it would not do; that she could not have him coming to look at her work. She did not feel that she could ever touch it again; she wondered at him, and now if he had spoken to Mrs. Maybough, instead of Charmian, it was not her fault, certainly. She did not wish to revenge herself, but she remembered how much she had been left to account for as she could, or painfully to ignore. If he were mystified and puzzled now it was no more than she had been before.

There was nothing that Cornelia hated so much as to be made a fool of, and this was the grievance which she was willing fate should retaliate upon him, though she had not meant it at all. She ought to have been satisfied, and she ought to have been happy, but she was not.

She wished to escape from herself, and she eagerly accepted an invitation to go with Mrs. Montgomery to the theatre that night. The manager had got two places and given them to the landlady.

In the excitement of the play, which worked strongly in her ingenious fancy, she forgot herself for the time, or dimly remembered the real world and her lot in it, as if it were a subordinate action of the piece. At the end of the fourth act she heard a voice which she knew, saying: "Well, well! is this the way the folks at Pymantoning expect you to spend your evenings?" She looked up and around, and saw Mr. Dickerson in the seat behind her. He put forward two hands over her shoulder—one for her to shake and one for Mrs. Montgomery.

"Why, Mr. Dickerson!" said the landlady, "where did you spring from? You been sitting here behind us all the time?"

"I wish I had," said Dickerson. "But this seat is 'another's,' as they say on the stage; he's gone out 'to see a man,' and I'm keeping it for him. Just caught sight of you before the curtain fell. Couldn't hardly believe my eyes."

"But where *are* you? Why haven't you been round to the house?"

"Well, I'm only here for a day," said Dickerson, with a note of self-denial in his voice that Cornelia knew was meant for her, "and I thought I wouldn't disturb you. No use making so many bites of a cherry. I got in so late last night I had to go to a hotel anyway."

Mrs. Montgomery began some hospitable expostulations, but he waved them with, "Yes; that's all right. I'll remember it next time, Mrs. Montgomery," and then he began to speak of the play, and he was so funny about some things in it that he made Cornelia laugh. He took leave of them when the owner of the seat came back. He told Mrs. Montgomery he should not see her again this time; but at the end of the play they found him waiting for them at the outer door of the theatre. He skipped lightly into step with them. "Thought I might as well see you home, as they say in Pymantoning. Do' know as I shall be back for quite a while this next trip, and we don't see much ladies' society on the road, at least I don't. I'm not so easy to make acquaintance as I used to be. I suppose it was being married so long. I can't manage to help a pretty girl raise a car-window or put her grip into the rack the way I could once. Fact is, there don't seem to be so many pretty girls as there were, or else I'm getting old-sighted and can't see 'em."

He spoke to Mrs. Montgomery, but Cornelia knew he was talking at her. Now he leaned forward and addressed her across Mrs. Montgomery: "Do' know as I told you that I saw your mother in Lakeland day before yesterday, Miss Saunders."

"Oh, did you?" Cornelia eagerly besought him. The apparition of her mother rose before her; it was almost like having her actually there, to meet some one who had seen her so lately. "Was she looking well? The last letter she wrote she hadn't been very—"

"Well, I guess she's all right now. You know I think your mother is about the finest woman in this world, Miss Nelie, and the prettiest looking. I've never told you about Mrs. Saunders, have I, Mrs. Montgomery? Well, you wouldn't know but her and Miss Nelie were sisters. She looks like a girl a little way off, and she is a girl in her feelings. She's got the kindest heart, and she's the best person I ever saw. I tell you it would be a different sort of a world if everybody was like Mrs. Saunders, and I should ha' been a different sort of a man if I'd always appreciated her goodness. Well, so it goes," he said, with a sigh of indefinite regret, which availed with Cornelia because it was mixed with praise of her mother; it made her feel safer with him and more tolerant. He said across Mrs. Montgomery, as before: "She was gettin' off the train from Pymantoning, and I was just takin' my train west, but I knew it was her as soon as I saw her walk. I was half a mind to stop and speak to her, and let my train go."

Cornelia could see her mother, just how she would look, wandering sweetly and vaguely away from her train, and the vision was so delightful to her that it made her laugh. "I guess you're mother's girl," Mrs. Montgomery interpreted, and Mr. Dickerson said:

"Well, I guess she's got a good right to be. I wasn't certain whether it was her or Miss Saunders first when I saw her the other day."

At her door Mrs. Montgomery invited him to come in, and he said he did not know but he would for a minute, and Cornelia's gratitude for his praise of her mother kept her from leaving them at once. In the dining-room, where Mrs. Montgomery set out a lunch for him, he began to tell stories.

Cornelia had no grudge against him for the past. She was only too glad that it had all fallen out as it did; and though she still knew that he was a shameless little wretch she did not feel so personally disgraced by him as she had at first, when she was not sure she could make him keep his distance. He was a respite from her own thoughts, and she lingered, and listened and listened, remotely aware that it was wrong, but somehow bewildered and constrained.

(Continuation in August JOURNAL)

EDITOR'S NOTE—So many have been the requests for the date of the first installment of Mr. Howells' delightful serial, "The Coast of Bohemia," that the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL wishes to announce that its publication was commenced in the issue of December, 1892. This number, and the subsequent chapters of the story, may be had at Ten Cents per number by addressing THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.



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JUST AMONG OURSELVES
EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a social interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

HERE is a great deal of unrecognized kindness in the world. We are all of us unconscious debtors for little things done for us, with no attempt on the part of the benefactor to obtain any acknowledgment. A favorite chair is vacated at the sound of an approaching step, and is taken without the slightest idea that it was given up with a purpose.

THE last few years there has been great activity among men and women in America in the search for noble ancestry. The Sons and the Daughters of the Revolution have sought everywhere for records of courage and loyalty in the lives of those to whose lineage they belong.

SO many don't know what to do, or what they wish to do. I was helped in this matter many years ago by the good old Fenelon, who said: "The work that comes to you each day in the order of God's Providence is the work He would have you do."

HOW much may be made of the sweet and restful hour of twilight; what a nice time it is to review the past day with its cares and worries and plan to make the next day better.

This word from one to whom life has taught its greatest lesson is so helpful that I hope many of us who have not progressed so far in the school as this dear friend has, may take heart, and with fresh courage, put into our hard tasks that potent charm which shall change the turmoil into quiet and make our burdens joys:

"Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright, With more than rapture's ray; As darkness shows us words of light We cannot see by day."

WILL you please tell me if you think it rude to decline to lend one's books? I have been sorely tried at times by receiving my books in a terrible condition, and not a few times I have failed to receive them at all.

Books are so much like friends that it is a real sorrow to see them abused, and the carelessness with which borrowers treat them does make one almost indignant. On my own shelves there are some pathetic gaps caused by the neglect of the borrower to return a volume very much prized for association sake.

Incidents connected with lost books are sometimes humorous. A gentleman once went to an auction where the library of a famous man was to be sold, and saw upon the shelves two of his own books, which had years before been borrowed and never returned.

It is a nice time also to think over our reading, for all, even very busy people, should have good reading, for it educates the mind and prevents it from becoming narrow, as it is very apt to do if devoted wholly to our daily work.

A wise use of the twilight hour for reflection and for the confidential talks between mother and child, would result in more good in the home than can be estimated. It requires strong purpose and a firm nature to secure a quiet time at the closing hour of the day, but I believe it could often be done than most busy women think possible.

I HAVE a most generous husband, and a large allowance for running the house, so all the birthday and Christmas gifts he receives from me are saved from the weekly expenses. Still, in reality, he pays for them, and sometimes has to give me money to meet expenses which should have been paid out of my allowance.

I do not understand from your letter whether your own personal expenses and the needs of your children are paid from the allowance or not. If these are covered by one sum I should ask to have a separate account, dividing the household expenses and those of the children from my personal allowance.

Fastened to my answer to "H. R.'s" question I find the following as I return to my desk after a few moments' absence. The handwriting is familiar, and I recognize it as that of one who may scan my work without intrusion, and who has tried in his own household to remove every feeling of discomfort from wife and children when they draw from his purse the supply for their own.

"It is only in exceptional cases that a wife and mother can, without disadvantage to the home, be a wage-earner, and still more rarely should she feel herself under any pressure to become one. The wife who uses her care and skill in so regulating the expenditures of the family as to keep them well within the legitimate allowance made therefor, as truly earns by her thought and industry a share in the household expenses as does the husband earn the perhaps larger share.

IT is strange upon how slight a thread very weighty results may hang. A young girl, brought up in a family where thoughtful attentions to those who are less fortunately circumstanced are the common acts of everyday life, whose outgrown garments were given for the use of a young girl connected with the family only by ties of obligation, was about to give a gown away.

A. J. H. Abbott

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Blue Lilies A Delicious Perfume delicate but wonderfully IMPERISHABLE Ask your druggist for it or send us 25 cents in stamps for 1/4 oz. sample C. B. Woodworth & Sons, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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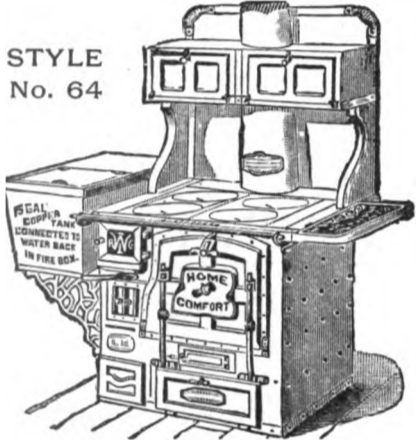
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HOW TO KEEP A BROOM

THE COMMON SENSE BROOM HOLDER keeps a broom dry, keeps it in shape...

EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE BY MARIA PARLOA

MISS PARLOA will cheerfully answer, in this column, any question of a general domestic nature sent by her readers.

MRS. A. H. C.—You will find the receipt for horseradish sauce on page 485 of the cook book you mention.

C. A. H.—You will find in the JOURNAL for January, 1892, under "To remove black ink stains," all that I can tell you on this subject.

CHICAGO—I would advise you to send the chairs to a naphtha cleaning establishment...

A SUBSCRIBER—Yes; hang the portières at the foot of the stairs, if there be light from above.

ALHAMBRA—Lace doilies are usually four and five inches square.

MAUDE—If you will send me a self-addressed and stamped envelope I will give you the addresses of two places where you can send your silk rugs to be woven into portières.

MRS. MCF.—The "Scientific American" gives the following rule for a cement that will be unaffected by heat...

INQUIRER—At any first-class kitchen-furnishing store you can get covers and hot-water dishes for keeping food warm on the table.

LEFT-HANDED HOUSEKEEPER—It is quite proper to have odd coffee, tea and chocolate pots in china, or odd and dainty china sugar-bowls and cream-pitchers.

NOVICE—Bonbonnières are receptacles for fine candies. They are made of all sorts of materials and of all sizes and shapes...

MRS. M. E. B.—Your wisest course would be to consult a chemist. The means employed to remove the ink might make a bad spot on your art rug.

M. W.—I fear that you may have trouble with your bedspread if the colors in the embroidery are not fast. The way I launder embroidered linen is to make a strong suds with white castile soap...

MRS. M. A. M.—Except in rare cases canopies are used only with iron or brass bedsteads. Bread-and-butter plates are generally used on the breakfast, luncheon and tea table.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—You can use a long scarf of silk, plush or any of the many novelty goods. If soft and thin, it should be caught up in festoons.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER—You will find instructions in the JOURNAL of December, 1891. If you cannot keep your bathroom sweet by thorough flushing every day and by pouring hot soda-water, or dissolved coppers through the pipes about once a week...

JOURNAL SUBSCRIBER—Here is a good rule for soft soap: Put seven pounds of crude potash in a wooden pail and pour over it enough boiling water to cover it. Stir well, and let the mixture stand over night.

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If you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy bright, and active, and to grow up happy, robust, and vigorous.

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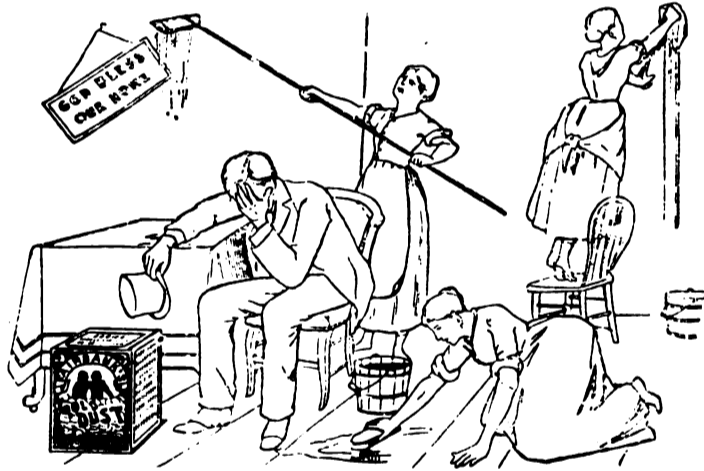
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And brooms and mops and kindred things Absorb his wedded wife; But he'll return at eventide And sweetly smile we trust, If in her work his busy spouse Will use Fairbank's GOLD DUST.



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Marion Harland

Housekeeper's Weekly, Feb. 11, 1893.

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Look at the clothes that are washed with **Pearline**. They're brighter, and fresher, too. They haven't been rubbed to pieces on the washboard. They may be old but they don't show it. For clothes washed with **Pearline** last longer.

Look at the paint, glass, woodwork, etc., in fact anything that has been cleaned with **Pearline**—looks like new also, for **Pearline** takes away what you want taken and leaves the surface like new. Surely it's to your interest to use it. 317.

Millions ^{NOW} USE **Pearline**