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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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THE OPENING YEAR

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES

YOUR hand, New Year, since we must comrades be
 Through the strange circles of the seasons four!
 Plodding in lonely paths 'mid drifting snow
 When days are dark, and whirling tempests roar.
 Will your strong guiding arm be 'round me pressed?
 And when the ice-bars melt, and warm blue streams
 Laugh in the sun, and leap toward the sea.
 Will you, then, share my happy spring-time dreams—
 The waking songs that birds and poets know?
 And when red roses burn on bended sprays,
 And lovers roam through shadowy woodland ways,
 Will you keep kindly pace? and last when brown,
 Lie the sweet fields, and faded leaves come down.
 And we are tired, both, and faint to rest—
 Will you be friends with me, still true and near?
 Then take my hand and heart, dear comrade year.

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FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

FRIEND, if thou dost bethink thee now
To lip some earnest pledge or vow,
Search well thy heart, nor idly let
The burden on thy soul be set.
Load not thy faith until it strain
And break, and all be worse than vain;
Measure thy power, and for the rest
Beseech thy God to bless the test.



* XIII.—MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER

BY ALICE GRAHAM MCCOLLIN

MRS. John Wanamaker, the wife of the Postmaster-General, is one of the most interesting women, from her character and abilities, that have been described in this series, as she is one of the least known. She has most successfully avoided accurate description during her husband's public career, and it is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that the JOURNAL is able to present to its readers a sketch which it is hoped will show something of her character and attainments in her domestic and social life.



MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER

Mary Erringer Brown—this is Mrs. Wanamaker's full maiden name—was born in Philadelphia, on November 23, 1839, and educated very thoroughly and completely at a private seminary in that city. Shortly after leaving school she became engaged to her brother's intimate friend, John Wanamaker, to whom she was married two years later.

She has had six children, four of whom are living: Rodman, Thomas, Minnie and Lillie. The two sons are married, the younger, Rodman, being the father of the two grandchildren of the family, the younger of whom is known as John Wanamaker, Jr. The daughters are still unmarried, only one of them, Miss Minnie Wanamaker, having as yet made her debut into society.

Three years ago, desiring to give her daughters the benefit of European instruction in their French and musical studies, Mrs. Wanamaker went abroad where she remained until summoned home by her husband's entrance into official life. This absence in Europe disturbed quite seriously much of her work in Philadelphia. For more than thirty years, during both winter and summer, she had been instructing a Bible class of women at Bethany Sunday-school, and the separation from this work was very painful. She had also to relinquish, temporarily, her extensive work among the class known as "working girls," a class for which she has the warmest interest and sympathy. She assists such girls with her advice and personal care, as well as by money; and appreciating fully the difficulties and unhappiness which they must encounter, tries to add a little brightness to their lives.

* In this series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," commenced in the last January JOURNAL, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison	January
Mrs. P. T. Barnum	February
Mrs. W. E. Gladstone	March
Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage	April
Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew	May
Lady Macdonald	June
Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris	July
Lady Tennyson	August
Mrs. Will Carleton	September
Mrs. William McKinley	October
Mrs. Max O'Rell	November
The Princess Bismarck	December

* Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each by writing to the JOURNAL.

Of Mrs. Wanamaker's social ambitions there is absolutely nothing to write. She is a woman to whom worldly honors have come unsought and undesired. "Perhaps there never was a woman," said a friend once, in speaking of her, "to whom ordinary ambitions and desires were more foreign, and ostentation or display of less importance." Even for her children she has had no worldly ambitions. Let them but grow into good men and women, and she cares for nothing else. It is well known how, in spite of this indifference to social position and honors, both position and honor have come to Mrs. Wanamaker, but it may not be so generally known how successfully and thoroughly she fills her station.

Mrs. Wanamaker's consideration for her servants is unusual in a woman of such numerous occupations and multifarious interests. We can not illustrate it better than by a little incident which occurred at the time of the building of their country home, "Lindenhurst." When it was nearing completion Mrs. Wanamaker went with the architect to inspect the house. Everything delighted, but one thing puzzled her, and that was why the kitchen windows were built up to within a few feet of the top. Upon inquiry the architect explained that his idea had been to secure light for the room and to prevent at the same time any view from without of the kitchen and its contents. "That was very clever," said Mrs. Wanamaker, "but I want my servants to be able, when their work is done, to sit at the window and look out at the beautiful country, and so please change them." And they were altered accordingly.

Her abilities as a hostess must be unquestioned, after they have been passed upon as they were by ex-Governor Curtin, in the following incident. During their first winter or official position in Washington, the ex-Governor received an invitation to dine with the Wanamakers at one of the first of their state dinners, the one given in honor of Vice-President and Mrs. Morton. It must be remembered that Mrs. Wanamaker was unaccustomed to official hospitality, with its innumerable little pitfalls for the unused and unwary, and that ex-Governor Curtin is one of the most critical, as most appreciative, of guests and *bon vivants*. The invitation was accepted; and in speaking of the dinner afterward, Mr. Curtin said that in all his years of experience of official banquets in London, Paris, St. Petersburg and Washington, he had never attended so perfectly planned and executed a dinner.

Mrs. Wanamaker is her own housekeeper, and when it is remembered that her duties include the management of four homes, some appreciation of the systematization which accomplishes such management may be experienced. One of these homes is in Philadelphia, where the family spend the early winter, the months of November and December. The rest of the winter season is given to Washington, where they have a second beautiful home. The summer is divided between "Lindenhurst," a magnificent house and estate about fifteen miles from Philadelphia, and "Lilennymyn Cottage," a smaller country house at Cape May Point, which gets its rather peculiar, but entirely original name from the diminutives of the daughters of the house—Lillie and Minnie. The house in Washington contains a fine art gallery, which must be taken as an evidence of its mistress's devotion to fine paintings and statuary.

For dramatic representations she cares little, but music, in the form of either concert or opera, finds her always a delighted and attentive listener. She is a most enthusiastic Wagnerite, explaining her love for this school of music by her inheritance of German blood from her mother.

To her mother she was a thoroughly devoted daughter. Since her death, as a memorial, Mrs. Wanamaker has built and endowed an annex to the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, to which she constantly sends flowers and reading matter for the sick. It is strikingly characteristic of her modesty that there is not a word in the inscription or dedication of the building which shows forth her name.

In appearance she is most pleasing. Her face, though not strictly beautiful, is a most charming and delightful one, and her expression while usually grave and preoccupied, is constantly broken by smiles which brighten her gray eyes and display a charming mouth of beautiful teeth. She is of medium height, and weighs perhaps one hundred and forty pounds. Her figure is plump and pretty, and her gowns, which are usually gray, black, or dark purple in color, always fit it perfectly. Her hair is brown, and by its utter absence of gray tries still further with her appearance to conceal the fact of her grandmotherhood. She wears it twisted high on her head, and in a light curly wave over her brow.

She is most generous and kind to her friends, of whom she has a great number, and is fond of taking them with her on trips and journeys of great and small length. They are never given an opportunity to spend any money on these occasions, but also, they are never allowed to see or feel the cost of their entertainment. It is perhaps characteristic of her, that her generousities, like her duties, are accomplished quietly, unostentatiously, far from the sight of men, but that they are all performed, both duties and charities, her happy busy life, and the number of people who call her blessed, are evidence.

EVOLUTION

BY JOHN B. TABB

OUT of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.



* III.—MISS ETHEL INGALLS

BY JEAN MALLORY

HONORABLE John James Ingalls is too well known to the American public to require an introduction; nor is the fame of the learned statesman and orator confined to his own country.

The daughter of so brilliant a man must necessarily be of interest to all, but not alone for her father's attainments is the name of Miss Ethel Ingalls so deservedly prominent, since she has won for herself claim to fame.



MISS INGALLS (in profile)

Miss Ingalls is the third of eleven children, seven of whom are living, and is the eldest of four girls. She is a true Kansas girl, having been born in Atchison, Kansas, on the very bluffs of the "muddy Missouri," and she is as proud of her native state as it is of her. In the picturesque old homestead, which was destroyed by fire in 1888, she began her life under the direction of the wisest of mothers.

At the age of six Miss Ingalls was sent to the Convent of St. Scholastica, conducted by the Benedictine nuns in Atchison, where she received instruction in needle-work. The plump, golden-haired child, with sweet brown eyes and lovely head earnestly bent over the work directed by the calm-faced nun must, indeed, have formed a beautiful picture. Her faithful guardian in her journeys to and from school was an old colored man who had been in the employ of the family for many years, and who died some time ago at the homestead. Entering afterward as a day pupil—though at times she boarded during the family's absence in Washington—Miss Ingalls remained at St. Scholastica's until her fourteenth year, leading the happiest of lives, and carrying away with her many fond memories.

After leaving St. Scholastica's, Miss Ingalls went to the Visitation Convent, in St. Louis, which is her mother's "Alma Mater," and where she spent two profitable and happy years, making many warm friends. On account of its proximity to Washington, where the family remained during the winter, she was next sent to the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, and here her education was completed, graduating in 1887, at the age of eighteen, with great honor. She was the salutatorian of her class, and delivered upon the occasion an original poem showing undoubted talent. Her life at Georgetown formed one of the happiest periods of her life. Nuns and pupils were alike her friends.

The following winter she made her debut in Washington with well-deserved éclat for a fairer rosebud than the "beautiful Miss Ingalls" none could wish to see. Of her Washington career so much has been written in the past that but little is left for me. She avoided, from principle, large public balls, but graced

* In this series have been published
MISS RACHEL SHERMAN : : : November
MISS "WINNIE" DAVIS : : : December
These numbers can be had at ten cents each.

many select and private dances and dinners, while afternoon teas were not considered quite successful unless Miss Ingalls "assisted."

It was during this winter that her public literary career really began, with those clever, sparkling letters to the newspapers, though she had been writing since the age of twelve, at which time a dainty little poem on her sister Muriel's birthday gave evidence of remarkable talent in a child of twelve years. Not the least of her productions is her "Journal," which she has kept since her tenth year, though the only volumes remaining are those of the last four years, the others being destroyed in the fire of the Ingalls homestead.

No photograph can do Miss Ingalls justice, for it is to her exquisite coloring that much of her beauty is due. She is tall, well proportioned and erect, with fine figure, and small, beautifully shaped hands and feet. But perhaps her chief beauty is her glorious golden-brown hair, which curls naturally and waves around her forehead in shining ringlets. It is worn quaintly parted and drawn low into a soft knot. Her eyes of a warm dark brown and full of kindness and intelligence, forming delightful contrast to her hair and fair complexion.

She dresses very simply, but always becomingly. Pink is her favorite color, and its becomingness is greatly enhanced when worn with moonstones—her favorite gem.

Miss Ingalls inherits from her mother an amiable disposition, which, indeed, is a family trait, with just a dash of the sarcasm for which her father is noted. Affectionate, very impulsive, romantic, extreme in her likes and dislikes, she is a bundle of contradictions which makes a harmonious and lovable whole. Like her father, she is somewhat superstitious, and will begin nothing of importance on Friday. Like him, too, she chooses rather one or two very close friends than a number less dear. She is extremely fond of dogs and horses, an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and delights in flowers. Though not herself a finished musician, she is very fond of music. Her warmest friends are usually among older men and women. She is loved much or not at all.

Though a success in society, social pleasures are by no means necessary to Miss Ingalls's happiness. Indeed, pursuits of a deeper nature, reading and writing, are much more to her taste, though she enjoys dancing and mingling with people whom she is fond of studying.

Since the family's return from Washington, Miss Ingalls leads a peaceful, happy life in her father's beautiful home, Oakridge, just at the edge of town, either driving over the beautiful country surrounding it, strolling about the grounds, or pursuing her favorite occupations in her own room.

This room is furnished in blue and oak, and everywhere are bits of rare china and silver, the gifts of friends, pictures, photographs of friends, many of dogs and horses. Upon her desk the picture of a large Dane occupies the place of honor, while on her table are found Shelley's Poems, profusely noted, the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, nearly all of which she knows by heart, and a Bible, the companion of her mother's girlhood.

Miss Ingalls out driving with a huge black cat, bearing the classic name of "Jim Crow," for a companion, is a familiar figure along the streets of Atchison. "Jim Crow" is one of several cats about Oakridge, but is his mistress's favorite on account of his intelligence, great beauty, and strange nature.

Miss Ingalls has a large correspondence, and receives many curious and amusing letters. Some of these are evidently from people who have heard but little of her and write for her opinion on woman suffrage, and kindred subjects, plainly believing her to be older than 22. Ethel Ingalls is, however, not a short-haired "reformer," but

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."



MISS INGALLS (full-face)

SOCIAL LIFE AT SIX CENTRES

*I—SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW YORK

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IN TWO PAPERS—CONCLUDING PAPER

(Continued from the December LADIES' HOME JOURNAL)



MRS. HARRISON

the observer be able to decide what is the true society of New York.

THERE is certainly, to my knowledge, no allied band of high-stepping aristocrats of ancient Knickerbocker stock holding themselves aloof from later comers, shunning overture from the contemporaneous entertainers, whose fame is in every reporter's mouth, and keeping religiously to the localities and customs affected by their revered ancestors. If isolated families of such temper there be, they stand about as much chance of flourishing and spreading as a lone tree in the track of a swollen river. Households of the old régime are yet happily to be found, who, feeling themselves unable to keep up in purse with the rush of our later-day gaiety, do not choose to receive that which they may not return; who hold themselves above drinking of the champagne-cup and eating of the truffled dish of the rich new-comers in society, while exchanging satirical comment on the givers of the feast; who, satisfied with the quiet of their evenings around the lamp, or in the music-room at home, make no effort whatever to be included in regnant gaieties. Others, not so philosophical, go forth to "see how that kind of people do this kind of thing," and find themselves generally willing to repeat the experiment. Waifs and strays from the Faubourg St. Germain of old New York have been seen, coldly, and with a certain resentment, appearing on the outskirts of the dashing gatherings of some recent sovereign, conscious of threadbare spots here and there, ill-concealed by their wisps of antique lace; and, insufficiently panoplied by their colonial miniatures, they wear an expression at once deprecating and severe. It is the children of these sorely-taxed conservatives who have lived down parental prejudice. A gentleman of race and traditional dignity, a picturesque figure in the modern hurly-burly, was seen last season wearily, but with high courage, supporting the doorway at a ball given by a whilom humble employé of his house, awaiting the pleasure of a fair young grand-daughter to leave the cotillon. When rallied by a friend, he answered: "Oh, well! we'll speak only of my indulgence in this folly, at my age. But there was no one to come with Maud, and she tells me she must be 'in the swim!'"

ON these premises, I assume that the line between old and new in New York is imperceptible, and is rapidly becoming effaced. English people, who have never done wondering at our class distinctions, say: "In one breath you Americans defend your ideal democracy, and abuse our stupidity for fancying that you all associate on equal terms over there. What we think is, so long as you all work, or have worked, for your living, what's the odds, you know!" Hence the common spectacle, in London society, of a young person who has left her nebulous surroundings in the western continent, has happened to catch the eye and fix the fancy of some traveling high-and-mightiness at a continental watering-place, has been ticketed as the new American beauty, arriving speedily in the inner circle of that portion of the British aristocracy which is safe to welcome, with like fervor, a black bishop or a champion lady-whistler. And what London has endorsed, New York will never put aside. We, in our turn, and despite our bewildered protest that really she was never heard of here, accept little Miss Nobody at second-hand. She and her family, upon re-touching their native shores, shine with a new lustre in our sight. The cavillers who decry English influence upon our manners ought really to be grateful to them for teaching us to practice the democracy we preach. No woman in New York, who has had occasion in the decades since the war to make an annual inspection of her visiting list, can fail to be struck with the widening of the borders thereof to include names that have little root in the immediate past of this community. East, west, south in our own country have sent representatives, and there is now a plentiful sprinkling of foreign style

* The first of a series of articles on social life in six of the foremost American cities, each city being sketched by one of the leaders of society there. The next paper, closely following this concluding article by Mrs. Burton Harrison, will be CHICAGO SOCIAL LIFE, by Mrs. Reginald DeKoven; after which articles by writers of equal note will follow on social life in other American centres. Mrs. Harrison's first article on "Social Life in New York," appeared in the Christmas (December) Journal.

and title in the ranks that poor Lady Barberina found so monotonous. In proportion with this increase is that of the area to be covered in the attempt to make visits once or twice a year. Times have moved forward quickly since the late Sexton Brown, of Grace Church, declared that he could not undertake to deliver invitations above Fiftieth street. In this expansion of social limits, therefore, no reputable aspirant need despair of finding that room near the top which is said to be always unfilled in America. It is neither old family nor great wealth that claims pre-eminence. More than one shining example of either qualification is seen to be distinctly on the outer edge of things social and fashionable here. Like London, although perhaps in a more timid way, modern New York is crying out to be perpetually dazzled and entertained. The two unpardonables in her list are an old fogey and a bore.

IT is claimed for the gentleman whose name has been so often cited in connection with his famous epithet, "New York's Four Hundred," that it were distinction to leave it for once unsaid, that he has since enlarged his limit set for the number of people in good society, by explaining that he meant only to count in the ball-going element of the fashionable world generally to be reckoned upon in providing space and supper for certain private or semi-public gatherings. This was balm to the wounded spirits of the many who never set foot across the threshold of Sherry's or Delmonico's, or the Madison Square Garden, places of revelry on these occasions. While not exactly in the state of mind cruelly described by Mr. William Black's "Octavius Quirk"—"that unceasing self-consciousness that makes the American young man spend five-sixths of his waking time in asking himself if he is a gentleman"—the public of New York felt itself entitled to the soothing of such authoritative utterance. We are also told that lists made up at the time when McAllister's four hundred first put Tennyson's six hundred out of vogue, and industriously circulated by the press, caused of heart-burnings not a few. Whence came these fatal registers no one paused to ask. To be, or not to be inscribed on them was the only thing of importance. Only the exquisite elasticity of New York in the matter of sensations has, in fact, enabled many worthy citizens to live down the emotions of that hour. And the really entertaining spectacle of the result of all this tempest in the tea-pot à la mode, was to behold the swelling wrath of some of those overlooked against the presumption of some included. The affair was, in truth, a triumph for the clever journalists who worked it up.

BUT the term "Four Hundred" remains, for want of a better one, as the appellative of the select body whose names are most often seen in print as participants in the active gaieties of New York. Year by year, as absence, ill-fortune, ill-health and death decree it, the list varies perceptibly, new names appear and are exploited vigorously, names heard of for the first time, perhaps, by the gay world, during the previous season at one of the great watering places that are as social ladders to ambitious feet; names questioned, derided it may be, but in a little while accepted without further challenge. It is absurd to suppose that a vast and cosmopolitan society like that of New York to-day, could crystallize its "best" into a number so small, so little known to fame save through saltatory agility and the expenditure of unlimited dollars in dinner giving and in gew-gaws for the cotillon. Take, in illustration, the assemblage of people recently seen here under one roof—the Madison Square Garden—during the week of the Horse Show. Around the amphitheatre devoted to the horses, circled or sat in their boxes a brilliant multitude, including most of the "smart" set; in the Assembly-Room near by, at the same moment, a gathering of cultivated ladies and gentlemen listened to the wit and wisdom of the debate on "Journalism and the Right of Privacy," before the Nineteenth Century Club; and in the Garden Theatre a goodly audience of well-dressed and intelligent people lent ear to the tuneful chirpings of "La Cigale." Certainly no one would venture to assert the right of the larger number of these guests on pleasure bent to the best that American society can give. I am sure they do not, nor do I think the readers of this magazine need attach much importance to the apparent exclusiveness of the term "Four Hundred," which may be considered a *mot du jour* of the society writers in the personal columns we all affect to condemn, and read religiously. The ladies and gentlemen so often quoted in print are certainly apt to be heard of as each other's guests in the exchange of Vanity Fair. But this does not argue that their doors are never opened for a wider hospitality, bringing in the varied elements indispensable to give life to a general assemblage. On the gala nights of some of the up-town palaces, art, literature and journalism are seen abreast of the gay current which has drawn also into its flow representatives of bench and bar and medicine, too distinguished in professional achievement to be familiar to scenes like these.

OF the brilliancy of New York society to-day, there is no question. "An American ball" given in London at the height of the season is attended by many great people avowedly with the design of seeing the decorations and enjoying the supper; and here, in our own houses, with our own luxurious surroundings, the thing is even better done than amid hired appendages abroad. But brilliancy carries in its train facility, and there is no doubt that we are open to the reproach, so often heard, of yielding too ready an admission to our drawing-rooms and balls to foreigners ill-equipped with the necessary credentials. It has been not unheard of, recently, for a jury of matrons, leaders of society, to sit in conclave asking one another who first started upon his gay career in New York's inner circles a man who had been received and entertained by each of them, and about whom caution had come from a friend in England. A few years ago a young officer of an ancient Scottish family presented himself with his pretty little wife at an American summer resort famed for its exclusiveness. He had been introduced by letter to one of the best-known families in the place, and by them was presented to other friends. In a short time this couple, young, attractive, and conveying that aroma of English high life said to be so agreeable to American taste, were invited everywhere, the young matron requested, even, to chaperone a party of girls upon some driving-party much desired. At this juncture the family to whom they had been first accredited heard from their friend who had furnished the letter of introduction the startling news that he had made no mention of a Mrs. — as she, it was well known, had remained behind in England. Investigation developed the further fact that the so-called wife was in truth the wife of a brother officer with whom the young scion of aristocracy had eloped to America, not scrupling to impose her upon the too credulous hospitality of the people whose dinners circumstances made it a consideration for them to eat. The pair were bravely and with true dignity confronted by their first hostess with this charge, made no attempt to deny it, and vanished into the obscurity that best befitted them. Longer ago there was the case of the dashing and gallant Frenchman, the "Count" de T.—who imposed on New York society more cleverly; bid a select company of thirty guests to a banquet where singing birds hung in cages among garlands of roses on the table; and disappearing after a meteor-like course across the social firmament, was next heard of in Austria on trial for the murder of his new-made wife, an English woman of wealth whom he had pushed over a precipice in the Tyrol in order to inherit her belongings. T.—was convicted, condemned to solitary confinement for life, and died miserably in prison, where no doubt he solaced many dreary hours by the memory of his successes in the American metropolis.

Fortunately for us, and for the residents of other towns who accept such vagrant charms on the strength of their recognition in New York, the many international alliances and connections of a dignified and legitimate sort now existing between America and other countries make it easier to investigate the claims of new-comers. It behooves us, however, to look well to the source whence introductions come, and to throw off the stigma of the charge sometimes heard abroad "Oh! you will take anybody in America."

I AM asked to say a word upon the mooted question as to whether the New York woman, through whom seem to filter the fashions of the continent, goes to extremes in the matter of dress in public places. Whatever we may think, it is a painful fact that other nations charge us with so doing. A foreigner just arrived said to one of the box-holders of the Horse Show a few days before the opening: "I am told that I shall see there all the magnificent full-dress toilettes and jewels in New York." This gentleman hastened to disillusion the inquirer as to the full-dress and jewels, but gallantly added that there was no question as to the display of the prettiest women in the world. The toilettes to be seen at the Metropolitan Opera House, three evenings of the week, are indeed resplendent, but no more so than those on exhibition in the boxes at Covent Garden during the London season, nor are the jewels more profuse. I observed at the latter theatre, during the performance of "Romeo and Juliet," by Mme. Melba and Jean de Reszák, last June, a lady of rank wearing a huge diamond crescent six or eight inches high above her brow, the low bodice of whose satin gown was covered with jewels, while her throat and neck were almost hidden from sight by ropes of seed pearls, chains of diamonds and pendants of sapphires, rubies and emeralds. She was literally overburdened by the weight of gems, and this was no uncommon spectacle. It is as New York is emerging from the lingering influences of Puritanism and provincialism in her fashions, that she lays herself open to the charge from her remoter countrymen of extravagance and impropriety in ornament. In all great capitals of the world it has been, since time out of mind, considered appropriate that women should appear on gala occasions, and by artificial light, in gowns with low-cut bodices, wearing such ornaments as they may possess. Queen Victoria, the most rigid of moralists, will not allow presentations to be made to her—and that in the garish light of day—of women wearing the ordinary high-cut gown. To assume it, her subjects and strangers desiring to be presented at court, are obliged to secure the certificate of a physician that their health will not permit the exposure of their necks. In an English or Scotch country-house, the hostess, no matter what her age, who has gone all day in her simple tailor-made frock of tweed, will come down to an eight o'clock dinner with bare shoulders, wearing, generally, some discarded ball-gown of the season past. The universality of the fashion of the décolleté gown in older countries has gradually spread to ours, but I do not think

the abuse of it should be laid at the door of New York as a national reproach. Exaggeration of this, as of any mode, is sure to be offensive and disgusting in the eyes of people of good taste. The offenders should be judged individually, and condemned accordingly, though the woman who so transgresses is generally pachydermatous to censure. And if we are inclined to be extravagant in ornament and stuff, let us be consoled with the reflection that it is all of its kind harmonious. American women are admitted everywhere to have admirable skill in setting forth their charms by dress. To see New York society on a grand occasion realizes Taine's phrase—it is an "unique sensation, that of splendor and brilliancy carried to the highest pitch—all the flowers of civilization and nature in a single bouquet and in a single perfume."

THE other half of the social federation—that important half without which social enterprise were like meat without salt—deserves more than the brief touch I can bestow upon it in finishing this paper. The men of society in New York to-day are divided into the rich, who having fought their fight with Fortune and conquered her, either settle down to be supporters of the clubs and theatres, or are born anew into the juvenile vivacity that finds its level at the elbow of a debutante. One marvels to see specimens of this variety, fat, purple-faced, stertorous, entering the lists of youthful beauty beside active young fellows who share the smiles bestowed on them. But they are known, their presence lends fashion to its beneficiary, and all else is lost to sight. Then come the men of affairs, who having married young, and still working hard, are content to be seen in the wake of their gay and pleasure-loving wives. The professional men, burdened with thought, venture more rarely into crowded gatherings, and while there, look as if they wish themselves well out of it. The idlers, the professedly luxurious and indulgent class, are comparatively few. They go among their own set, and take care not to let themselves be oppressed by the necessity for rendering civility in any shape. The young men entering into life, for the most part occupied during the day, are like the Night-blooming Cereus in their appearances before the public. The real hope of the dancing and ball-going world is in the youngsters upon the threshold of responsibility, late supporters of the dancing class, who patronize their mother's friends, women of mature age with whom, on the whole, they prefer to be seen, rather than with the maidens of their own age. What New York would be, without these volunteers, is a problem to be solved.

THE real risk is that some day the would-be biographer of the fashionable world of Gotham may find the metropolis depopulated of its gilded contingent. It begins to look as if there were no time of the year to be counted on for seeing them "en bloc." People of the wealthier classes, choosing wisely to linger among the illuminated haunts of Nature until the after-glow of autumn has faded, return to town to go out of it again for Christmas. Early in January begins the southward movement; February and March are intolerable in town for those who can afford to migrate. And then, with the first break of Spring in the air are heard discussions of a journey to Alaska and the Yellowstone, to be followed up by the annual glimpse of London, Paris, Vienna, the German and Swiss baths, Norway, Russia and the East. If all of the summer is not given to travel, the rest is spent in luxurious country homes, to be forsaken in due season for a house hired at Bar Harbor, Lenox or Tuxedo. And so the pendulum swings on and ever. The stately dwellings of Fifth avenue, with their storied furnishings, are left for the greater portion of the year under an eclipse of brown holland and green shades. But patience! Stranger things have happened than that New York may one day again become the fashion. Just now she is out of vogue.

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Perfectly Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Pittsfield, Mass., Sept. 26, 1891.

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We were Discouraged

The doctors said it would disappear when he was seven years old. I happened to be taking Hood's Sarsaparilla myself and thought I would give it to the child. At that time he did not have a hair on his head, and it was covered with a crust. The poor child's sufferings were awful. In two weeks after giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the scabs began to fall off, and in 6 weeks he was entirely cured of the sores. He is now the healthiest child we have." FRANK I. RICKSON.

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THE STAIRCASE OF FAIRLAWN MANOR

BY MAMIE DICKENS

PART II



ANY members of the Godfrey family had come and gone, but Fairlawn Manor had been little used by any of them, and no children's

voices had, as yet, echoed through the house, though many, many years had passed since poor Dame Anna's death.

And although the place was perfectly kept and the gardens were as beautiful as ever, a sad gloom hung over all.

And I—Madge Farquhar, who am to tell this modern little history of Fairlawn Manor—have felt this gloom as I have strolled about the lovely but deserted grounds. As yet, I have never been into the house. I cannot say that I actually believe that it is haunted, but still—

The estate had but just fallen into the possession of the next heir, Captain Rupert Godfrey, now serving as a soldier in India, and a letter is on its way taking him the news of his inheritance.

He, I, my brother (Sir Ronald) and a family named Hamilton—who had been neighbors, but who now were all dispersed, and the home passed into strange hands—had been children together and dear friends.

Five years previous to the time I write of Rupert Godfrey had married beautiful Kitty Hamilton, robbing me of my dearest girl friend. I had hoped, as she, too, had hoped, to have become her sister, for I and her brother George had loved each other dearly. I know he loved me, but a bad, false friend (?) came between us and separated us.

I am happy as my good, dear Ronald's housekeeper; we are fast friends and constant companions. I have much to be thankful for.

Two and a half years ago Kitty wrote to tell me that a son had been born to them, and a little godson to me, and that when she had to part with little Rupert—they were fortunate in being at a very healthy station—she would ask his godmother to take care of him at Towers Court. It was so like my beautiful Kitty to promise me this trust. She knew how it would please me, and how dearly I should love her boy.

But now, we are hoping soon—O! it takes so long when one is dying for news!—to hear that our dear ones are on their way home. And at last the letter came.

"Prepare yourselves for bad news, my dearest friends," wrote Kitty. "I have lost my husband. When your letter reached us I had but just closed his dear eyes. I cannot write much about it yet. He caught a chill after a long, hot day's march; fever came on, then inflammation of the lungs, and he was taken from us after a fortnight's illness. He was conscious to the last, and was able to give me minute instructions as to the bringing up of our boy. 'Make a man of him, Kitty. Let him learn all manly sports. Talk to him of his father when you can, dear love. He has his mother's noble, generous, unselfish nature. I feel sure of this, and I know all will be well with him. I have appointed Ronald Farquhar co-guardian with you, and you will find papers addressed to him. Take them to him, Kitty. He will save you from many responsibilities, and he will be a godsend to you should our Rupert ever inherit Fairlawn.' He seemed quite happy and contented—you both know how true and lovable a man he was—and died in my arms quite peacefully. And now I have our son, my one Rupert, to

live for, and I am bringing him to England by the next mail. We sail in the ship *Indiana*. You, Ronald, will see to all arrangements at Fairlawn Manor, and you will, I know, help me to make my boy's home-coming a bright and happy one. He is even now passionately fond of animals, and has no fear of them whatever. I hope you will find him an easy charge, for he is, indeed, a noble little fellow."

And this was the letter we were longing for. "Ah! Ronald, how sad!"

My brother, who was weeping bitterly at these tidings, looked up with wet eyes: "Yes, Madge, sad enough. But we shall see how bravely Kitty will bear her sorrow. I doubt not but that the 'noble little fellow' takes after both his parents."

So now we had to be busy preparing the house, engaging servants, and up to the eyes in all the bustle of cleaning, airing, etc., etc. Ronald had left it to me to make choice of

the rooms I thought best suited for Kitty and her boy, and so, for the first time, I entered the old house. I was much struck with the entrance hall, with its fine and also very cheerful appearance. What a place for little Rupert to romp and play about in! Then I turned to the right. The first room would do capitally for Kitty's sitting-room if, when alone, she should find the hall too large. Over this room I made the nursery looking on to the park, so that the child could see the deer as they grazed opposite the pretty bay-window. At the back, with folding-doors between, was the night nursery, looking on to the beautiful old garden. Here Ronald had just installed a family of peacocks for the child's edification, and very handsome and consequential they looked as they strutted about on the trim grass walks.

Kitty's two rooms had this same aspect, as had also the one I chose for myself; for Ronald was to spare me to Kitty as much as he could.

After choosing the rooms, we set to work to make them as pretty and as dainty as possible, and for many weeks I had no time to explore the rest of the house, which now I was longing to do.

But a short time before the travelers were expected there came a lull. There really was nothing more to be done, so I made up my mind to explore the house thoroughly.

After looking again into every room in the right wing, all of which I now knew by heart, I opened a baize door, which I found gave on to a second staircase. It opened with a curious spring, and shut with a bang as I passed through. About half-way down I felt some one distinctly push me, but I couldn't see for a second or two, as a sort of mist came into my eyes, and when I looked up to apologize for getting in the way, I was—well, I was startled to find that I was the only occupant of the staircase. I passed on though. I looked into the rooms in this wing, but was

thankful when I found myself in the hall once more, where I waited for Ronald, who soon joined me.

"Halloa, Madge, anything wrong? Why, your face is as white as a sheet! Have you seen a ghost?"

"No; I haven't seen one, Ronald. But come here. I want you to go up the staircase at the bottom of yonder wing, and I will let you out at the baize door at the top. But don't begin to ascend until you hear me open the door."

So I ran up and called to him and watched him as he came slowly up the stairs. It was not my fancy, then, for he moved on one side, and putting up his hand to his eyes, said: "Why did you push me, Madge? What's the joke?" And then I told him.

He looked very grave and owned that, of course, he had heard rumors about a ghost, and that now he remembered that a certain staircase had always been called after our ill-fated ancestress "The Dame Anna," but he could not explain why. We searched among the books in the library—which in olden days had been called "the withdrawing room"—and there we found an old, shabby little book, giving us the sad story.

Curiously enough, there was no such book at Towers Court, nor had either of us ever heard the true story before.

After reading the sad history we went into the picture gallery to see her portrait, one of the most exquisite I had ever seen. The beautiful eyes looked into yours with such a heavenly expression, and yet with something sad in them, too; but they literally held you spell-bound. It was an effort to get your own eyes away, so to speak. There were many grand portraits in the gallery, but you turned constantly and instinctively to look again and again at those wonderful eyes which were so lifelike in their steady gaze.

"What about Kitty?"

"I have been thinking as to that question, and I feel sure the best thing will be to let her find it—whatever it may be—out for herself. She is as brave and as sensible as she can be. The maids are never about 'Dame Anna's Staircase' excepting for cleaning purposes. But I would suggest that two, who can be thoroughly trusted, should be told off for this duty."

And so it was.

Three more days, and they would be here! Ronald made one more inspection with me of the grounds, gardens and stables. (He was master of bounds now, and the kennels had become his property.) Then a visit to the nursery, where we found Molly busily unpacking and arranging upon a shelf, which went all round the room, a huge packet of toys, which he had sent to London for.

Molly was to be nurse and to take the place of the ayah, who was only to see the boy safely home and was to return to India.

She was pretty, bright and clever and knew Kitty well, having been my young maid for many years.

Besides the toys, a pretty cage with a bullfinch in it was hanging in the window.

"Rock yourself from side to side, Madge, and in a minute it will pipe to you."

And sure enough, the dear little thing struck up "Home, Sweet Home," in such a sweet, pure, soft, fairy-like voice, that the tears

his pocket, poked in his mouth and brought out a carrot.

"O! Ronald, it's all like a lovely fairy-tale, with you for the good fairy. How happy the boy will be!"

When my brother had left me—he was off to Southampton this morning to wait for the ship's arrival—I returned to the nursery to have a talk with Molly and to find a vent for the intense excitement and nervousness which possessed me.

"I wonder, Miss Madge, if the little boy will take to me?"

"And I wonder, Molly, whether he will take to me."

And so on, into the realms of wonderland for a real, long gossip.

As Kitty had asked that her "boy's home-coming might be a bright and happy one," every man, woman and child had made up his, or hers, or its, mind that it should be so. But there was, naturally, great sorrow in the neighborhood at the death of Rupert Godfrey, who had been greatly beloved and well known to all the people, rich and poor, during his many visits to us, and deep sympathy was felt for Kitty in her young widowhood.

The railway station—for, of course, now there was a station—was about three miles from Fairlawn Manor. The station-master, an old friend, had decorated it most tastefully. The road all the way to the park gates was ornamented with triumphal arches, and lined with the carriages of the neighboring gentry. The gentlemen of The Hunt, numbering about thirty, minus the master, who was escorting the travelers, turned out in full hunting array, each wearing a black band on the sleeve, to form a guard of honor.

As Kitty and little Rupert passed from the station to the open carriage all heads were uncovered. She sweetly, and with much grace and dignity, but with cheeks and lips quite white, acknowledged these respectful salutations, the boy took off his sailor's cap, and off they started.

Silent though the greetings were which were given them as they drove along, she felt how kind they were, and was deeply touched.

At the park gates all the men employed on the estate, with flowers in their coats and hats, were waiting to take out the horses and to drag the carriage up the drive.

This delighted the child, who clapped his hands, saying, "O! Mammy, how dood of 'um, and how funny!"

The women and children were grouped about the entrance. Many of them had strewn flowers in Kitty's path five years ago as she walked out of the church with her gallant, handsome husband.

She, no doubt, thought of that time, and when the carriage stopped came quickly in, and I clasped her in my arms.

Suddenly there came such thundering cheers and cries of "Long live the young squire," that I ran to the window. There was Ronald, with the child on his shoulder, and the little fellow waving his cap. The Hunt forming a circle round them, with their horses' heads toward them, saluting with their hunting crops. It was indeed "a bright and happy home-coming!"

At last—for he had been round with Ronald, shaking hands with all the people—I had my



The little fellow was sitting on the floor, sharing his bread and milk with the two dogs, Wolf and Girlie.

started to my eyes. I had never heard a "bully" pipe before, and the first hearing is thrilling to a degree.

Again in the hall, I found two fine dogs—"Wolf" a splendid mastiff, with long ears and large brown, soft, loving eyes, and "Girlie," a little terrier with a curly coat like the softest astrachan.

And at the door was the prettiest pony cart I ever saw, drawn by the smartest, dearest pony.

"Allow me to introduce you to the young squire's trap and to his steed, 'Dobbin.'"

As Ronald mentioned his name, Dobbin gave a little neigh and rubbed his nose against

godson's arms about my neck. His bright blue eyes were sparkling, his fair hair was tossed about, his cheeks were flushed, his pretty mouth with its rosy lips was partly open, and I thought I had never seen, would never see, so beautiful and so manly a little fellow. He looked hard at me, then kissed me again, saying: "I 'ove 'oo, dodma," and running to Kitty and patting her cheeks with his plump, sweet little hands, cried: "But I 'ove 'oo bet, dear, dear mammy."

I saw that he was, what a friend of ours would call a very fervent child and excitable, too. And I think Kitty thought that he had gone through enough excitement for one day.

"Now, my darling, we will ask godma to take us upstairs, and we will have some tea and a little rest."

"Me aint tired, mammy, not one tiry, tiny bit."

And to see his delight at the sight of Bully, his rapture when it began to pipe, didn't look like fatigue.

He listened until the last soft note had died away, when he threw himself into his mother's arms and burst into tears.

"My son, my little man!"

"Me aint toe werry tired, mammy, but Bully is toe werry tweet."

After tea his ayah put him to bed, and he was soon fast asleep. Kitty sat beside the cot for a long, long time. I crept quietly away on tiptoe, leaving her alone with her one treasure and her thoughts. Dear Kitty!

When she came down to dinner she was gentle and smiling, and I thought how true her husband's words were, when he said that she had "a noble, generous and unselfish nature." She looked very beautiful with her wealth of lovely hair most becomingly arranged, and her simple mourning dress fitting her to perfection and showing off her graceful, elegant figure.

Ronald looked at her with open, chivalrous admiration as she took his arm.

In the evening she told us about her married life, and all the incidents connected with it. She was very quiet and much calmer than either of her listeners. "And now we all three have my boy to think about. But, mind we musn't spoil him between us."

Before separating for the night we went up to the nursery and found him fast asleep. After kissing the sweet little face, we left Kitty kneeling by the cot. I did not go into her room that night. I felt she would rather be alone.

Next morning, very early, I heard the pattering of little feet along the corridor. Molly opened my door, and in ran Rupert. "Dood mornin', dodma, now me doin' to mammy," and with a hasty kiss he was off again. Then from Kitty's room came sounds of laughter, scamperings and great merriment.

Looking into the nursery before going down to breakfast, I found the little fellow sitting on the floor sharing his bread and milk with Wolf and Girlie, giving them many hugs and kisses in between. "Oh! loot what uncle 'Onald has div to me!"

And Ronald told us, when he went up with the dogs, he found the child rocking himself from side to side, as he had seen me do, and Bully piping to him.

Kitty had brought with her from India, or rather he had insisted upon coming with "the mistress and the young capting," her husband's soldier-servant, Dan Collins. He was devoted to the child, and was a handy, capital man to have about the place.

When Ronald proposed that he should take the boy to the stables he said: "And Tollins, too? and Molly?" "Well, not Molly, I think, only we three men." He quite understood the joke, saying that "Uncle 'Onald is a funny tap." When they were gone Kitty proposed that we should make the tour of the house together. She was enchanted with all she saw, the round-room especially.

"We can get back to your wing again up this staircase, Kitty."

I stood aside to let her pass, and watched her with a beating heart. Ah! yes; the quick turn, the dim eyes. It was surely there, even to Kitty! "Come down again," I said, and she came, with the same result. Her cheeks had blanched a shade. "What is it, Madge?" I took her into the library and gave her Dame Anna's history to read, and then into the gallery to see the portrait. She gazed at it long and earnestly. "Poor unhappy, beautiful creature! But she never could have done anybody any harm, Madge, nor can she now. What a fate!" So Kitty decided to leave things as they were. "If I were to shut up the staircase it would be too terrible and far more ghostly; and the boy need never come this way." And so it was settled, and by a sort of tacit understanding we kept entirely to our own wing. Indeed, there was no occasion whatever to make use of the other, as we had as many rooms as we could want.

After a week or two Ronald returned home, spending, though, at least half his time at the manor, or riding about the estate with the baillif.

We women settled down into a quiet, peaceful life with the boy. He breakfasted with us in the Hall, went the rounds of the stables, with sugar and carrots for the horses, and an extra portion of these dainties for his Benjamin, in the shape of Dobbin; round the kitchen and flower gardens, and then back to the stables for a ride, Dobbin at this time carrying a pannier until the child was old enough for the saddle. Collins was always his attendant and companion, and led the pony. Sometimes Molly would go "for a teat" at Rupert's request. He took a slight cold about now, and was kept in for a few days. On the second day, as we sat at breakfast, a rather queer-sounding knock came to the door. Upon my opening it in walked Master Dobbin! He went straight to the child's chair and rubbed his nose against his head. "O! Oo dood Dobbin! Mammy, he's tum for his sudar and tarrots," and he trotted off to get them, singing and clapping his hands.

"And now, my son, he must go back again. Ring the bell for Collins."

"O! No, Mammy. Dobbin follows me like Wolf and Dirle does. Tollins knows. Tum along!" And followed by the pony and the two dogs the little independent fellow marched alone to the stables.

Thus Dobbin's visits became a matutinal institution. Although of such a loving and docile disposition, the child, now and again, had sudden outbursts of passion. For instance:

He had gone one morning with Collins to see some of the villagers, and was to be absent for an hour or two, when long before the time we saw the cart returning. Out jumped Rupert, with his cheeks aflame. He pushed

passed us, walking very fast—he walked exactly like his father—and Kitty followed him. He rushed upstairs to her sitting-room, took down his father's hunting crop from the wall, unfurled the lash and was rushing down again when Kitty stopped him.

"What is the matter, my boy?"

"Mother (He could speak quite plainly now.) I am going to give Joe Smith a real sound good thrashing."

"But, why?"

And then he burst out with passionate tears and sobs that Joe Smith had knocked down his brother, poor crippled little Charlie, and had hurt him, "And I shall thrash him!"

It was a long time before Kitty could calm him, and when they came down together the boy's bosom was still heaving, and long-drawn sobs were shaking him.

"Rupert is going to drive me in his cart, Madge, to see after little Charlie Smith, who has been hurt. We shall soon be back."

Then I understood something of what had happened, the boy having a perfect horror of anything like injustice. Even in his temper he was a fine and noble little man.

He was seven years old now, and, as yet, Kitty had been his teacher in everything. On his sixth birthday she gave him his first riding lesson. It was a pretty sight to see them start, the stablemen and gardeners looking on in admiration, Collins following as groom. Kitty was an accomplished horsewoman, and when she took the leading-rein and the boy had mounted and they rode quietly off, you could not have found, in all the world, a more beautiful mother and son.

This next winter was a very hard one, with much frost and severer snowstorms, and we had all to keep a great deal indoors, and these days were rather irksome to the out-of-doors-loving boy.

The picture gallery was then his favorite resort, and he was constantly there with Wolf and Girlie, and would tell them long stories about the pictures, about "the beautiful white lady" in particular.

One day he strolled about the house, and we lost sight of him for some time. We were sitting in the room off the hall, when he reappeared.

"Why, my darling, where have you been? You're cold and trembling. Come to the fire. And what is the matter with you, Wolf, and with you, too, Girlie," for the dogs were trembling, too.

"Mother, I'm not cold, but I'm—Well, I'm too big to be frightened, ain't I, mother? But, coming up a new staircase something pushed against me and came into my eyes, and Wolf and Girlie growled, but there was nobody. O! mother!" and he buried his head in Kitty's lap and sobbed as if his heart would break.

I shall never forget the look of horror and despair on Kitty's face, and my heart sank within me. She said afterward: "Madge, Madge, does Dame Anna want my one treasure? Will nothing short of this give peace to the poor restless spirit?"

I tried to comfort her, and to reason with her, but the poison of fear and of great dread had come upon her, and, for a time, all reasoning was in vain.

By slow degrees, by little and little, one thing after another was given up.

"No riding must be allowed for the present, and if the young Squire goes in his cart I think that you, Madam, had best take the reins. Do not be alarmed; there is a want of power, the system must be strengthened, the brain is too active, etc., etc."

That is all!

When Kitty came to realize that the beautiful, bright, happy boy was to be taken from her she nerved herself to bear the thought. She never left him. She was cheerful, always cheerful, with him. She would sing and play to him, tell him long stories, and gave, as indeed she had ever given, her whole soul to this dear life.

And slowly, but surely, this life was ebbing away.

One afternoon, as it was growing dusk, and the child was, as we thought asleep, he raised his head. "Mother dear, I have seen her."

"Whom have you seen, sweetheart?"

"The beautiful white lady, mother. She has been here, by my bed. She told me kindly, O! so kindly, not to be afraid, but that an angel with long and lovely white wings would soon be here to take me up to heaven. But must I leave my own mother?" and tears ran down the dear, pale cheeks.

Soon after this he asked to be carried down stairs, that he might see Dobbin "once more; and Collins too, mother." So the pony was brought round, and came into the hall and took a piece of sugar and a carrot from the young master's hand for the last time, and he kissed the pony's nose and told him how he loved him. Poor Collins was quite unmanned and weeping bitterly.

"Don't cry, dear old Collins. Take care of my mother. Good-bye. Good-bye to you all. You have all been very good to me." For all the servants had asked to be allowed to see the young master, and had gathered round him.

So, midst tears and sobs he was carried back to his nursery in Ronald's tender arms, for he, too, had come, Kitty following, the only one in the house whose eyes were dry and tearless. He was very loath to part with Ronald, and told him, with his arms about his neck, to "Take care of mother."

No need to tell him that, my darling boy! And now, we three, were left alone with him. "Take me in your arms, mother darling, and hold me very, very tight." And then he went to sleep, tired out, and slept for many hours. At the dawn of the next day—the very early dawn, which brings with it, I always think, something so eerie and mysterious—he started up in bed, and crying out "O! the angel is so beautiful, mother, and I must go," stretched out his arms and fell back on Kitty's bosom.

And the angel had come indeed.

Kitty made a sign, and we left her alone. Alas! for dear Kitty! Quite alone!

When we returned, she had done all that

was necessary. The child was dressed in his white sailor suit, and in his marble hands, which were crossed on his breast, was a pure white rose, and about the pillow, making a fitting frame for the fair head, were beautiful hot-house flowers of many tender colors.

This being the Thursday before Easter Day he was to be buried on the Saturday morning.

It was a glorious spring, and the meadows and woods were carpeted with primroses. When I told Kitty about these flowers she kissed the sweet, dead face, saying: "How he would have loved to see them!" But still her eyes were dry. She had not shed a tear.

Before the child began to droop it had been arranged that a photographer should come down from London to take a portrait of him on Dobbin, but it had to be given up. So now Ronald had telegraphed for him to come, and Kitty had thanked him for his "goodness and thoughtfulness."

Poor Bully had not uttered a sound, but sat moping on his perch.

The portrait was to be taken in the day-nursery, and when Kitty had carried the child in and laid him on the couch and had arranged the flowers about him, Bully, recognizing his little master and companion, burst into such a song of joy that at last, thank God, tears came to the relief of the poor mother in a storm of pent-up sorrow, and she wept long and sore.

On Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, the sad little procession started for the church.

And yet, to all appearance, it might have been a gala day. His little cart, in which the coffin lay, was decked with flowers and the coffin hidden by them. Dobbin's harness looked as if made of primroses only. The faithful Collins led the pony. On one side of the cart walked Wolf, carrying the little hunting crop in his mouth; on the other side walked Girlie, with the little riding gauntlets. Kitty, dressed all in white, followed the cart, and Ronald and I walked at a distance.

All the villagers were in the churchyard, and many neighbors, notwithstanding the early hour, were there to show their love, respect and sorrow. The child had been so dearly loved. Everyone was weeping, and the mothers and children who had known the boy well and had seen him nearly every day, were sobbing aloud. Again Kitty was the quietest and most composed of all.

Neither Wolf nor Girlie would give up their treasures at the grave, but brought them back to the manor and deposited them—not in the nursery, dear sensible beasts!—but at the door of Kitty's room.

And she! Well, after giving some remembrance of the boy to every man, woman and child belonging to the village and serving on the estate, sank into a profound, and for her, most unnatural, melancholy. Nothing seemed to arouse her. She had been up the fatal staircase once again, and told me, with a heart-rending sigh: "Just the same, Madge. Not exorcised even yet."

One evening, many months after the boy's death, she came to me with a bright smile. "There is some one below, Madge, who would like to see you. Kiss me first, dear."

It was George.

Well! Well! It was almost too great a happiness at first.

Kitty insisted that our marriage should take place as soon as possible, and as our happiness had made her happy, we had no reason to thwart her wish.

"But what will you do, Kitty? You will not stay here alone?"

"Indeed I shall. And I have an idea in my head, Madge, and I feel sure that Ronald and Molly and Collins will help me to carry it out." When we parted from her she was more like the Kitty of old time.

"Come back to me, brother and sister, on Christmas eve, but not before," and she stood at the door waving to us until the dip in the drive shut her from our view.

It was a splendid Christmas eve, with a clear, full moon and myriads of stars shining like jewels in the crisp, frosty air, and the old house looked lovely and very homelike in the moonlight as we caught sight of it from the park gates.

Ronald was at the door with Wolf and Girlie, Collins and Molly, to receive us, but—no Kitty! Facing us, as we entered, was a life-size bas-relief, in white marble, of an angel holding a child by the hand, and the child—yes, and how wonderfully like him—was our own dear lost boy! This beautiful work was a present from Ronald, and had been fixed there this very day.

But where was Kitty all this time?

Ronald beckoned us to follow him, and made for the left of the hall. When he opened the door such sounds of merriment burst upon our ears as to be almost deafening.

And on the stair sat Kitty, all in white again, surrounded by a number of happy, laughing children.

At the sight of us she jumped up, put her arms around me, crying, with bright drops in her sweet eyes: "Exorcised at last, Madge. O! thank God!"

In Dame Anna's old room was a splendid Christmas tree.

Thus, in the place where so terrible a tragedy had been played through ungovernable passions, the workings of a true and noble spirit had sanctified the hitherto accursed spot, and with a child's spirit had blessed it.

And this was Kitty's plan, this Home for children.

In every room was a picture of her boy, beautifully decorated with holly and flowers.

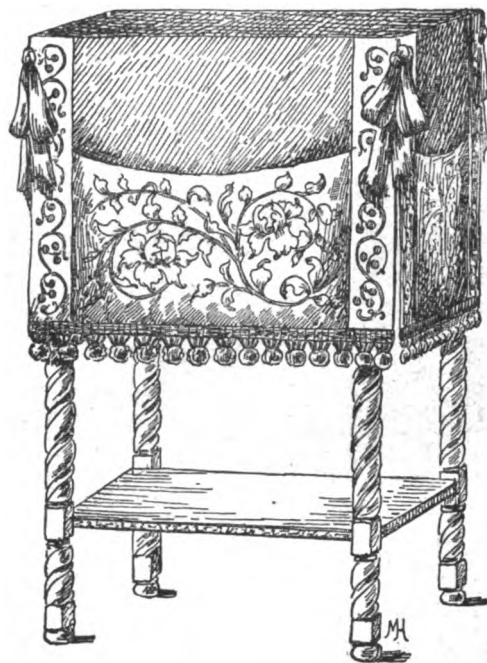
"I have done it all for his dear sake. And his sweet spirit has helped his mother. God bless him." And from many little lips we heard the word "Amen."

And Ronald, my good, true, faithful Ronald. Is there no hope for him?

I think there is hope.

A COVER FOR A WORK-TABLE

A VERY useful cover for a small work-table is made with pockets, in order to hold the work that may be in progress when laid aside temporarily. While the choice of materials is of course extensive, bolton sheeting is suggested as one of the most suitable, and as this is manufactured of double width the cover may be cut out without any join or



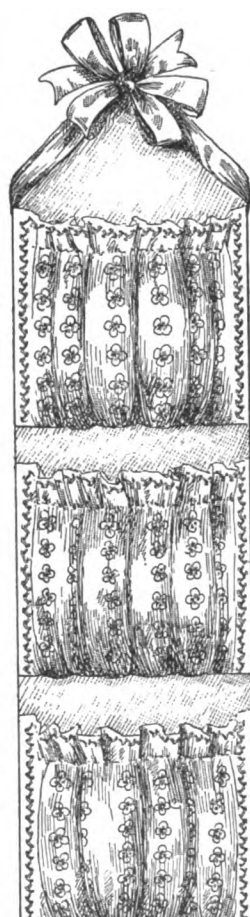
seam. The design may be treated in various ways. It looks well heavily outlined with rope-silk and partially filled in with long and short stitch. The border is very simple and effective. The berry forms are worked solidly. The coloring must depend, of course, upon the tone of the room in which it is to be placed. It looks particularly well carried out entirely in soft shades of yellow, brown and red upon a gray-green material.

A VERY PRETTY WALL-POCKET

THE illustration herewith hardly gives a just idea of the extreme daintiness of this wall-pocket. It is made as follows: Cover a piece of card-board, pointed at the top, and twenty inches long by five and a half inches wide, with white linen.

Make each pocket about five inches long, and embroider upon them little conventional flowers in very delicate colored silk, making a feather-stitch edging to match. Gather these with a heading as shown in the drawing, and insert a piece of elastic to keep them in place. This is intended for the bed-room, and a toilet tidy can be made to go with it in the same style, horn-shaped, covered with the embroidered linen and lined with silk of the color used for the flowers and feather-stitching. Pale pink, blue or yellow are all equally pretty for this purpose.

The same idea might be carried out in a much larger size if desired, still keeping to the proportions shown in the drawing. Satin ribbon is used for the bow, and a small loop should be made at the back of it, by which the pocket may be suspended. White linen, variously decorated, is very popular for all kinds of ornamental purposes in the boudoir or bedroom. It is used for the manufacture of letter-holders, engagement calendars or photograph frames with pretty effect.



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Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN SIX PAPERS

FOURTH PAPER



LL through his preparatory studies Mr. Beecher was the opponent of intemperance, and in his western pastorates he fought it continually. He never lost a chance to put his foot boldly down to show where he stood.

The abolition cause was, also, becoming a prominent subject of discussion, even before his entering on public life, and was very prominent during his law seminary course. Those who favored it were unpopular, and most persons were bitterly opposed to the subject being brought into public meetings.

FIRST INDICATIONS OF THE FUTURE

IN Indianapolis Mr. Beecher especially entered boldly into the abolition movement at a time when all the courage a man possessed was needed. His supporters truly took their lives in their hands in every effort made for the cause. Mr. Beecher's people were often vexed that he would persist in speaking so boldly on the subject; some threatened to leave the church, and now and then some did leave, and threatened to take their letters. Then, after staying away a few Sabbaths they returned, and remained contented and astir in church work until some fresh and more indignant attack on slavery would lead to the same results. But nothing checked Mr. Beecher's earnest denunciation of this great evil. It burned more fiercely with every new development of the wrong and cruelty connected with it, and as he was situated these acts were constantly brought before him. In Lawrenceburgh, with only the Little Miami river separating us from the Kentucky shore, the cries of the slave under the lash were often heard; and in Indianapolis those fortunate enough to escape sought refuge and sympathy, and were helped to reach the North.

AMID FLOWERS AND FRUITS

CHIEFLY because he saw that some change was necessary, he consented to edit "The Farmer and Gardener," knowing that in that work he must turn his mind into an entirely different channel, for the time being. The books he consulted for this work, which he had access to in the town library, were as a feast to him, and a great help in enabling him to edit the journal. After an hour of such rest, and then a run up to the garden with me, he could return to his pastoral work with renewed vigor. Some of the best sermons I ever hear him preach there, were made fresh and full of richness, born of this kind of rest and refreshment. Even till the last, the pleasure, rest and comfort Mr. Beecher secured by studying such books and the catalogues of trees, fruits and flowers, never changed. He often said: "A seed-man's list or catalogue are far more fascinating to me than any story or romance I ever read."

Aside from the pleasure through such relaxation, he gained a very thorough knowledge of the best modes of agriculture and horticulture. He could not be idle, and in all he undertook aimed for the best and highest result. It was in one of the horticultural exhibitions in Indianapolis Henry Ward Beecher took three prizes for the best vegetables.

Years after we left the West, when talking with, or giving advice to young ministers, Mr. Beecher would say:

"This mode of using or making leisure hours in the garden when overworked by my regular church labors, not only answered the purpose of soothing and quieting excited nerves, but brought me into such relations to the material world that—I speak with moderation—when I say all the estates of the richest duke in England could not have given me the pleasure I have felt when riding through the unoccupied prairies, bright with wild flowers, or by the waysides rich with the coloring that Nature, unassisted, so bountifully bestowed."

Since Mr. Beecher left us, one of his old Western parishioners writes:

"Mr. Beecher loved to work and toil, especially in his garden. He always had the earliest vegetables in the market, and his garden was the best in the city. He loved to work among his flowers, and could readily call each one by its name. I think he loved his flowers and took more pleasure in them, than in anything else, excepting his family. He was certainly more devoted to his family than any man I ever saw. It was no uncommon thing for him to take his fruits and vegetables to the market himself before daylight and sometimes his little five-year-old daughter went with him."

* * * The first of Mrs. Beecher's articles on "Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him" was printed in the October JOURNAL. Back numbers can still be had for Ten Cents each.

BEGINNING HIS GREAT CAREER

THE first literary work of Mr. Beecher's which attracted any attention was his "Lectures to Young Men." Living in the capital of a new State, he saw, with increasing pain, how every form of vice, every species of temptation, was making headway—enslaving the young and undermining their morals. The more those evils increased and boldly made their work manifest, the more keenly did he feel the danger. New cases of wrong-doing were constantly coming to his knowledge. When called "down town," or to the post-office, he seldom returned home without seeing or hearing of some outrage, or some case of dishonesty. Among the young, to whom Mr. Beecher had been especially drawn, bright with the promise of grand and useful lives, many were allured from the paths of truth and honor, breaking their parents' hearts, destroying their homes and at last dying dishonored and hopeless. Seeing young men thus led astray he felt there must be some way to help them, some one who could show them how full of danger, how near to certain ruin, were those paths which looked to them desirable and full of pleasure.

Hoping he might, with God's help, be permitted to aid them and convince them of their danger, he gave his prayers and most earnest effort to this work, the "Lectures to Young

the house, and then begged two young men who were boarding with us to go with him; but they were afraid. I doubt if he thought of the fears that had been expressed after the sermon. He certainly did not allude to what passed when he returned; but one of our people came in soon after and told me. As usual, the veranda of the hotel was filled with "loungers." He passed by, went to the post-office, and returning, this person stepped down and stood before him with a pistol.

"Mr. Beecher, were you alluding to me in your remarks yesterday morning?"

"I was."

"Take it back, or I'll shoot you!"

Mr. Beecher looked him sternly in the face for a moment, and said:

"Shoot away!" and walked on.

The man followed him some rods with the pistol aimed at him; and then, as if ashamed to face the people on the hotel steps, turned down another street and walked away. Mr. Beecher often met and passed him after that, but no other word ever passed between them.

SORROWS WHICH TAUGHT HIM SYMPATHY

YET with all the wrongs and cruelties continually brought to his notice, keeping him always ready to do battle for the oppressed, it did not sour Mr. Beecher's spirits, or change the sweetness of his home-life. His unvarying gentleness and kindness to the young made him a general favorite with them, and all in trouble or sorrow well knew where to go for advice or sympathy. Before he had ever experienced loss or affliction he shrank from such calls because he felt inadequate to bring them such comfort as they needed.

But early in our second year in Indianapolis our first little boy died at his birth, and loving children as he did he felt the loss deeply, but said, "God saw I must myself pass under the rod before I learned the secret of comforting others."

Two years after this loss, returning from Jacksonville, when within a few miles of

OVERTURES TO LEAVE THE WEST

I SHALL merit reproof if I linger so long in the west. But as Mr. Beecher once said, in recalling our life there, "there is no end of things gone by; they rise at every point, and one walks encompassed with memories which accompany him through the living streets like invisible spirits." And so just as the pen seeks to travel to the east, something comes up worth the telling.

However, for more than a year, one letter followed another with urgent invitations to Mr. Beecher from churches at the east; but he unhesitatingly declined these overtures for him to leave the west. Finally, an invitation was sent him from the American Home Missionary Society to come east and address them at the May anniversaries, 1847. I had been very alarmingly ill, and when this request came to him I was still so feeble as to give friends and physicians much anxiety. The physician emphatically urged Mr. Beecher to accept this invitation, and to take me with him. Just before my illness we had sold the little cottage, and from that, with money from my father's estate, had built a small house, not quite finished, but which would be all ready for us on our return from the east.

We went east to the anniversary meetings, and then began a most earnest effort for Mr. Beecher to remove to Park Street Church, in Boston, and Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, each desiring to secure him. His reply was invariably, "My wife is, I think, greatly improved in health by this rest; we shall return to our church in Indianapolis in a few weeks. If Mrs. Beecher continues to improve we shall remain west. But if she is again broken down by these western fevers my duty is plain. I shall leave. Her health is the only thing that can induce me to relinquish my work at the west."

No church was yet formed in Brooklyn, and when they still urged his coming he told them "it was like asking a young man to promise to be the husband of an unborn girl. There is no church here to be my bride."

We returned to Indianapolis in June. The house which was to be surely finished before our return was not then completed, yet we had no alternative but to move into it as it was. No doubt living in a house so unfinished had some effect on my health; but aside from that, the summer had proved one of the most unhealthily we ever passed through, and in six weeks after our return Mr. Beecher, myself and three children then were very sick. Under such circumstances Mr. Beecher acknowledged that it would be unwise to risk remaining longer, and with great reluctance sent in his resignation to the church he so dearly loved.

ACCEPTS PLYMOUTH'S CALL

PLYMOUTH CHURCH was formally organized on June 13th, 1847, and on the following day a unanimous call to Mr. Beecher had been passed and sent to us. Upon his determination to resign from the Indianapolis church, he considered Plymouth's call. On August 19th he concluded to accept it, and so notified the waiting people in the East. Truthfully, we both believed that in a few years we should return to the West and our first home.

But although Mr. Beecher had accepted the call, how were we to find the means to leave? We were greatly in arrears financially. Mr. Beecher's small salary was behind, and he had been forced to borrow to meet the necessities of his family. Our furniture would not bring much; the house was mortgaged and not easily sold.

But as soon as the call was accepted the friends at Plymouth Church, with that kindness and liberality that for forty years has never failed, raised the money to take us East, and my brother after a while disposed of the house, and then settled people in the East. My brother took myself and three children East, while Mr. Beecher remained to dispose of all furniture and pack boxes, etc., and eight weeks after he started East on the first car that ever ran out of Indianapolis.

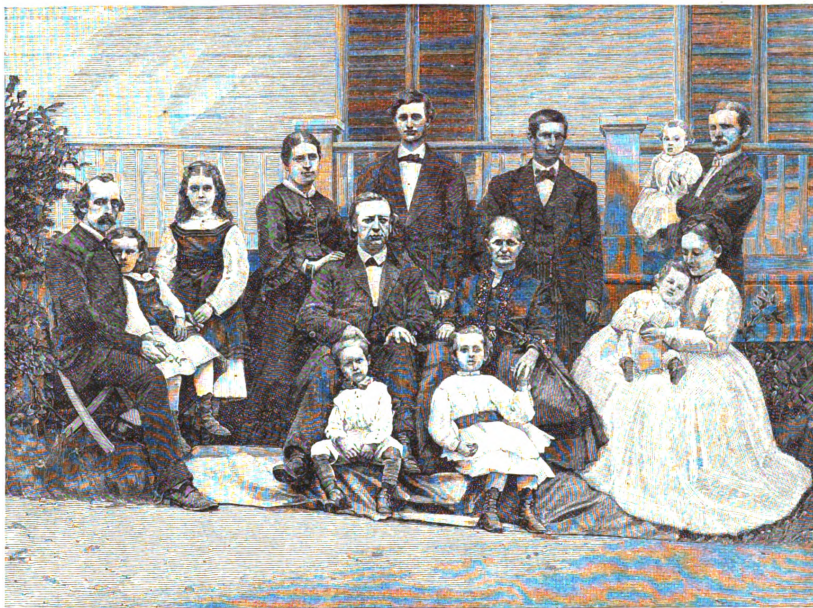
And now he was to enter upon a life entirely different from any he had ever known. He had proved himself equal to carry forward his work at the West, a faithful preacher and missionary in a pioneer State, and had earned a reputation for hard, faithful work. But now he was to labor in a refined, cultured and highly-critical city, almost a part of the metropolis.

Even among those most earnest in calling him there was some fears that he might, in these critical times, be a little too outspoken—at least for his own good. Ah! how little they knew him! As if his own good would have a feather's weight to hold him back from any duty!

Outside of Plymouth Church there were very many prophecies. The new church would not hold together for many months, some said. Others knew that Mr. Beecher would not fulfill the expectations built upon him. Those who were a trifle more sarcastic gave him six months to preach over the barrel of his father's old sermons, and thus tongues wagged, and under such auspices did Henry Ward Beecher come to the city which was destined to prove the arena of his subsequent career!

EDITOR'S CORRECTION.—In the last (December) issue the portrait of Mr. Beecher and mine was designated as being the great preacher and his first child. This is incorrect; the child was William, the sixth child.

The fifth of Mrs. Beecher's papers will be continued in the next (February) JOURNAL.



HATTIE SCOVILLE MRS. SCOVILLE W. C. BEECHER HERBERT BEECHER COL. HENRY B. BEECHER
(now Mrs. Devan) (nee Hattie Beecher) MRS. BEECHER with Baby Daisy (now Mrs. Arthur White)
REV. SAMUEL SCOVILLE MR. BEECHER with Kate Beecher (Mrs. Harper) MRS. HENRY BEECHER
(with Annie Scoville) (with six Nephews) (with Baby Scott Sage)

MR. BEECHER AND HIS FAMILY (From a portrait taken in 1871)

Men." Before giving them he had been instant "in season and out of season," in pleading with the young, or in fearlessly rebuking those who were tempting them to destruction. Of course, threats and abuse assailed him on every side for these bold reproofs; but nothing had any effect in retarding his earnest labors for those in danger, or his stinging rebukes to their tempters.

HIS FEARLESSNESS IN UTTERANCE

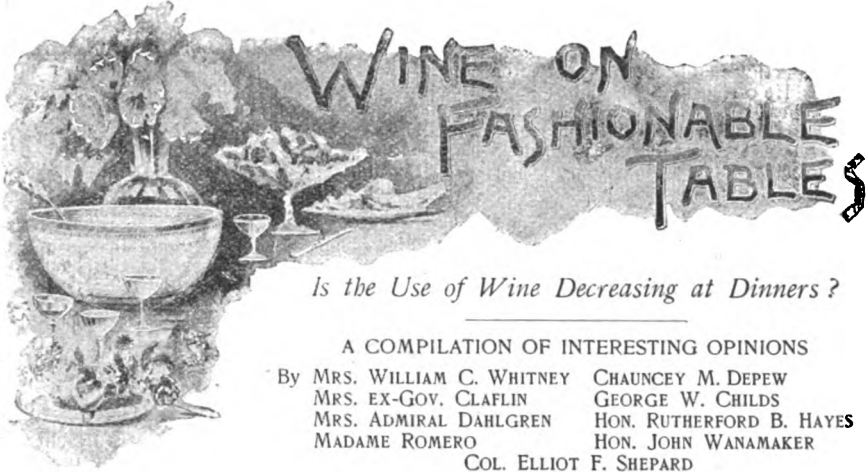
I RECALL one occasion, when a case of most atrocious wickedness had transpired, and had occasioned much excitement, that the next Sabbath Mr. Beecher fearlessly alluded to it, and in the most severe terms. The offender was notoriously wicked, and the people feared him. His church was greatly excited at their pastor's rebuke, and after service gathered about him exceedingly alarmed. "Why, Mr. Beecher, you risk your life by speaking of ——— in those terms! By to-morrow he will have been told of what you have said, and we fear will make trouble, even if he does not resort to violence. It was not wise for you to have expressed your opinion so freely."

"I do not fear him. It was wise for me to do my duty as I see it. It would have been useless for me to have said what I did had I not hoped and intended that he should have known it."

Monday morning, as usual, Mr. Beecher went to the post-office, and to do so must pass the large hotel, around which there was always many idle people loitering, and where, if this man intended mischief, I would probably be. Knowing Mr. Beecher's habit of going to the office in the morning, I was very much troubled, but said nothing until he left

home, we met some of our people, who stopped and abruptly told Mr. Beecher his brother George had killed himself! Henry did not speak, but drove rapidly on. I just glanced at his face. It was like marble, and I can never forget the agony I saw there. When we reached home we learned that his brother died from the accidental discharge of his gun; and to find that "killed himself" did not mean suicide seemed to take away half the sorrow.

In March of 1846 our two eldest children were taken very seriously ill. Just as they began to mend, little Georgie, our third son—not, as has been stated by mistake, our first-born son—sickened, and died in a few days. This was the first great sorrow—a sorrow that hardly lost its acuteness in the years that have since passed. The people meant always to be kind; but it was a young city, and each one had their own cares, and they did not know how to help in times of trouble. Our darling—more like his father than any other child—died in March, and what was unusual, there had been a heavy snow-storm. "On that wild bleak day,"—to quote from Mr. Beecher's account, years after—"we bore our noble boy through the storm to the graveyard. I got out of the carriage, and wading through the snow took the little coffin in my arms, walked knee-deep to the grave, and looking in I saw the winter to the very bottom of it, and laid his beautiful body in his cold, white grave. The snow-flakes followed and covered it, and then the earth hid it from the winter. If I should live a thousand years I could not help shivering every time I thought of it. It seemed as if I had not only lost my child, but had buried him in eternal snow. It was very hard for faith or imagination to break through the physical aspect of things and find a brighter feeling."



Is the Use of Wine Decreasing at Dinners?

A COMPILATION OF INTERESTING OPINIONS

By MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
MRS. EX-GOV. CLAFLIN GEORGE W. CHILDS
MRS. ADMIRAL DAHLGREN HON. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES
MADAME ROMERO HON. JOHN WANAMAKER
COL. ELLIOT F. SHEPARD

With "Wine at Women's Luncheons," by MRS. BURTON HARRISON



Those who are accustomed to dine at public or fashionable dinners, it has been for some time apparent that the use of wine is steadily decreasing. Perhaps in no way could temperance interests be more directly advanced than that the wine-bottle should disappear from those tables where for many years it has held undisputed sway. Fashion has advanced more than one reform; perhaps it may yet be an important factor in the furtherance of universal temperance.

With a view of learning more definitely the extent to which wine is becoming a relegated fluid at large dinners, the editor of the LADIES' HOME

JOURNAL recently caused careful inquiry to be made of those who either largely entertain, or who are frequent guests at social and public dinners. To each was submitted the question: "Do you find that the use of wine is decreasing at large dinners, public and private?"

WHY WINE DRINKING IS LESSENING

IT is an undoubted fact that the serving of many and heavy wines at large dinners is gradually becoming a thing of the past. Of course, I do not mean that wines are no longer served, for they are and will continue to be, so long as civilized men consider them a feature of dinners. But I do mean that of the varieties of wine there are fewer, of the quantities less, and of the qualities lighter, than was the custom ten years ago.

To illustrate the two former facts, let me say that were I preparing for a large dinner for men—which isalways from the nature of things more heavily wine than an ordinary "mixed" dinner—I should not think it in the least degree necessary to order anything like the same amount or assortment of wines that would have been imperative a few years ago. And in extenuation of the statement that the qualities of the wines served are becoming lighter, the simple fact that at the average English dinner table port wine has been almost entirely superseded by claret, may be cited. It is also becoming a very ordinary thing at English dinners to meet prominent men who do not drink wines of any kind, and in our own country this is also becoming more and more a fact.

Of course, a dinner must have fluids: the best of solids require some liquids with which to relish them, and a dinner would be but wasted energy and material without them. But I think it is no longer imperative to serve wines, or at least we can serve with them some other beverage which will be of equal pleasure to the constantly increasing set of people who find that wining and dining together is rather too heavy a combination for their comfort. What shall this other beverage be? The question is one easily answered. Mineral water is a good choice, and many people rise from dinner tables where these waters are served now-a-days to call their hosts blessed. Mineral waters when drunk with a heavy dinner are not productive of headaches and kindred discomforts upon the following day as is champagne, for instance, and they furnish a really satisfactory, and so far as I know the only available substitute for alcoholic beverages. The dinner will taste the better for their use. The practice of serving mineral waters is becoming quite general, as much attention being devoted now to the selection of suitable waters, and to securing a sufficient supply of them for dinners, as is often devoted to the wine list.

Personally, I welcome the change. Although I have given a great many dinners, and have been a guest at many more, I never drink wine. I have also all my life made it a point of duty never to offer wine to young people, and to use such influence as I may have with them to secure their abstinence from liquors of all kinds. Stimulants rarely do good, and are often provocative of much harm. Everyone, I know, does not feel in this matter as I do, and, of course, every man is entitled to his own opinions. But, as I said, personally I am glad of a change which lessens wine drinking and provides enjoyable substitutes in the various mineral waters; the best of all I consider Apollinaris.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

THE SUPPLY EXCEEDS THE DEMAND

I AM not confident that there is a marked decline in the practice of providing wine at banquets, public or private. But, if my observation is correct, the number of those who drink to intoxication, even in the least degree, is less than it was a few years ago.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

MADAME ROMERO BELIEVES OTHERWISE

SO far as the use of wine at large dinners in Washington is concerned, my observation does not extend far enough to make a correct statement; but, so far as I have seen, wines are used as much now at a formal dinner as before, although, perhaps, there is not so great a variety as in former years. I must observe, too, that I have never seen wine drunk to excess at a dinner party.

LUIA ROMERO.

MRS. EX-SECRETARY WHITNEY'S VIEWS

THAT the fashion in wines and wine drinking at table is surely changing, I think no one at all addicted to dining, either in the capacity of guest or host, at large dinners will deny. The causes for this change are numerous, perhaps the most potent of them being the dread of invalidism which attacks men even more generally, and with more remedial effect, than women. Perfect physical condition is an ideal much striven for, and one and perhaps the principal way of attainment thereto is by temperance in the use and selection of wines. Men appreciate that fact in this generation as never before, and are helped toward it in many ways—by fashion, by the spirit of the age which frowns upon self-indulgence, and by athletic training.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one the average gentleman's son is at college, and at work usually in some department of college athletics. His training there forbids an excessive use of either wine or tobacco, and so during these years a habit of abstemiousness is inculcated, and almost never outgrown. Older men learn the advisability of such habits, perhaps after over-indulgence, and in sight of threatened disease, both of which act as decided curbs to a careless intemperance.

A change in the fashion of serving wines has come about, and a greater temperance in their use has arisen with it, although the custom itself is as firmly entrenched as ever. A mixture of claret and water, and champagne are the two beverages most usually served to guests now. How many of us can remember of how recent a date is this change, and appreciate it accordingly. Light wines are the order of the day, the heavy ports and Madeiras of our grandfathers being relegated into obscurity.

The amount of wine consumed at dinners, too, is much decreased. Most men, knowing their capabilities, seldom exceed them, and but rarely drink to reach them.

As to women, they are always light drinkers. Men study the effect of wine drinking on their digestion next morning, and are as a consequence the better in health, mind and happiness. Better, too, than those of their ancestors, who, to prove their manhood, would drink until nature advanced its own refusal.

Happily all this has changed, and mothers can, in this age, watch the growth and development of their sons with the serene consciousness that the common temptation to excess in drink is nullified in a great measure by the fashion of temperance and the hygienic tendencies of modern society.

FLORA PAYNE WHITNEY.

MRS. ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S OPINION

THE decided tendency to a decrease of the use of wine at formal dinners arises in great part, it seems to me, from the changes that have been gradually taking place in the construction of these dinners.

The serving of a dinner holds to view, as in a faithful mirror, a reflex of the ultimate civilization of the age, and the finer æstheticism of the present day dispenses with the prolonged prodigality of the Lucullian banquet. Our dinners are perhaps no less costly than during the most sumptuous periods of Roman decadence; but it is now better understood that excesses are to be avoided. Formerly, where the prandial courses were endless, inasmuch as the gastronomic art requires that each dish shall have its appropriate wine in order to stimulate appetite and aid digestion, it may readily be understood that intemperance in eating and in drinking went together.

The real evil that existed, and in so far as it still continues, lies in the splendid gluttony of eating rather than in the sanitary use of wine that accompanies such indulgence. A score of years ago not less than sixteen courses made the regulation dinner, while at present half that number, most carefully selected as to relative adaptation and rarity, is deemed to be better form, and now constitutes the best served dinner. One may see at once that when eight courses are dropped you dispense with half as many varieties of wine. It is really cheering, and looks like the millennial dawn of a higher life.

MADELENE VINTON DAHLGREN.

MR. DEPEW'S VALUABLE TESTIMONY

THE use of wine at dinner has been decreasing for several years. In the novels and autobiographies of fifty and one hundred years ago, "one bottle," "two bottle" and "three bottle" men formed a feature of the description of the society of the period. They did not take light wines either, but solid sheries, ports and Madeiras. We learn that it was common at those entertainments for a number of the guests to be hopelessly intoxicated. The fact that the diner-out was apt to get in this condition did not impair his popularity or his standing among his friends. One may dine now every night in the year and never meet with a tipsy person. It is because we drink very much lighter wines, and less of them.

Within the last ten years a great change has come over dinners in the number and variety of wines served. This is especially the case in the United States and in England. Formerly there was a procession of wines, one with each course. Anyone who went through such a dinner, after astonishing his digestion with white wines and sherry, with claret, champagne, Burgundy, Madeira, brandy and liqueurs, became an early subject for Carlsbad waters and a premature grave.

I have noticed in London in the last two seasons that at the English dinner they now almost to the utter extreme, serving claret and champagne, according to the preferences of the guests for one or the other, through the whole meal. We have not come exactly to that yet, but at a New York dinner, while you still find several varieties of wine, champagne is the one which is served mainly through the entire evening. The amount of wine which is consumed per head is constantly diminishing at all dinners, and the number of men who abstain altogether is decidedly on the increase. The sparkling mineral water is largely performing the functions formerly filled by the stronger beverages.

An infrequent diner-out is much more apt to indulge unduly in both food and drink than a veteran. When one's social obligations compel him to appear in evening dress at his own house or some one's else every night, he finds that to have a clear head and sound stomach for the business of the next day he must practice self-denial and temperance. We are all creatures of habit, and self-denial can become as much of a habit as over-indulgence. As the cares of business become more exacting, and the pace in life more rapid, we pay greater attention to the loss of health. We find not only longevity but comfort in avoiding those things which impair or unduly excite our organism. Thus, while our temptations increase we become more temperate.

As matters are now progressing in the social world, the next generation will be found dieting under medical directions. They will be enjoying better health, doing a larger amount of work and enduring a greater social strain in a festive way, and having a better time than their fathers did.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

OTHER REASONS FOR THE DECREASE

I BELIEVE that one cause of the unquestioned diminution of the use of wine at the table is that the most frequent and most acceptable toast—"Woman"—has so unanimously, through the Women's Christian Temperance Union, declared herself in favor of cold water. And it seems unreasonable to drink her health in red wine when she herself prefers the sparkling crystal.

Another reason for this decrease is the stringency in the money market. While financial panics will generally drive one or two people to drink themselves into drunkard's graves, yet their usual effect is to reduce the consumption of luxuries; and the use of wines, except in the cases of the aged and sick, is not a necessity of life.

Neither should wines be considered luxurious when all the headaches, redness of the eyes and disintegration of the vital organs which they produce are considered.

I am seriously inclined to think that neither as many kinds of wine, nor in the aggregate as large a quantity of wine, are used socially in the city of New York, at least at this time, in proportion to the population, as five years ago.

ELLIOT F. SHEPARD.

MRS. EX-GOVERNOR CLAFLIN, OF BOSTON

NO question has enlisted the attention of thoughtful people throughout the length and breadth of our country as has the temperance question. Every one who thinks at all seriously is interested in a matter which touches so many human interests and affects the life and happiness of so large a number.

During the last twenty years a marked change has taken place in public opinion concerning the use of wines and liquors, but this change has come about almost entirely in the great middle class—that is, in the industrious, well-to-do class who do the earnest thinking, and the best work of the world, and not among the fashionable and wealthy class, nor yet in the laboring classes. At the top and bottom of society there has been little change. Wine is used just as freely in fashionable clubs and at the dinner tables of the wealthy as it ever was, and the hard-working day laborer seeks just as eagerly after his day's work is done the whiskey bottle and the dram shop. The clubs formed for the discussion of the burning questions of the day by earnest men who have the interests of the country at heart, have almost wholly discarded liquors from their club tables. It is difficult to form an opinion as to the relative amount of wines used now and twenty years ago, for the reason that with the advancing civilization and population, society is broken up into sets and cliques, so that one can hardly write society with a capital S. There are as many societies as there are different interests, and the barriers between this set and that are quite as impregnable now as they were in other days.

MARY B. CLAFLIN.

THE ADVANCE TOWARD MODERATION

FROM personal experience I am unable to give any information, but I am told that the use of wines and liquors for social purposes is not increasing in proportion to the increase in population. At large dinner parties many guests do not use liquors, while at receptions lemonade has replaced punch in many households. I am led to believe that much of this moderation is due to temperance agitation and to the abundance and increased use of mineral waters.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

WINE AT WOMEN'S LUNCHEONS

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON



WITHOUT undertaking to handle the moral aspect of the point under discussion, I shall limit myself to a question of good taste in the matter of serving a variety of wines at the luncheons for women which now play

so prominent a part in the entertainment of our friends throughout the country.

Look for example at the large parties to which, at half-after one o'clock in the afternoon, are convened ladies in visiting costume, bonneted and veiled, to be shut in a darkened dining-room, where gas and candles supplant the wholesome light of day. There, during two mortal hours, the guests are fed with delicacies of which each one seems to the taxed digestion to be—yet never is—the very last they will venture to accept. Cucumbers, caviare, truffles, foie gras, almonds, mayonnaise dressing are but a portion of the addenda of the feast. To relieve the thirst thus engendered the banqueter has recourse to what? Beside her plate stands exactly the same array of glasses—glasses of English cut, of Venice or of gilded Carlsbad ware, lending glitter or color to the board—glasses for sherry, for Rhine wine, for claret, for champagne, all that would be demanded for the service of the most formal dinner.

Beside this scintillating group of glassware is to be found a tumbler or goblet of water filled to the brim—there are so few houses where the servants are instructed on this point—with fragmentary ice! What woman having ordinary regard for the elements of hygiene presumes at such a crisis to insult her already disturbed digestion with a douche of iced water? Ten to one she does not care for wine, never thinks of touching it at home; as a matter of course lets the sherry, the Chablis, the Burgundy go by untouched; but unless it occurs to her to quietly demand a glass of water without ice, and, if need be, to tinge its clear substance with a dash of claret, she is compelled to drink champagne.

Latterly, as a natural solution of this recurrent difficulty, Clysmic, Apollinaris, and the Hygeia waters are continually served.

Champagne, curiously enough, continues to hold its own. "How very extraordinary that you Americans should set champagne before your guests at mid-day," said a traveling Englishman, from whom, naturally, he having received the best hospitalities of the best American society along his line of march, frank comment was to be expected. "With us, you know, except at races and picnics, it is a wine that is like an evening coat—never seen out until after dark." However little we may relish the condescending manner of this and kindred national rebukes, there is no disputing that the right is on their side. The whole matter of serving champagne in season and out is overdone in America. But especially does it seem inappropriate for an assemblage of ladies, who, if they were in their own homes, would not go beyond a glass of claret, and who, for the most part, are content with the bottled waters of their favorite Spring.

Tea drinking at luncheon, once so popular, has been elbowed out of place by the universal cup of tea at five o'clock. Women, unlike their predecessors of the Brick Lane Association, who could partake of the cheering beverage till detected in the act of "swelling wisely before the werry eye," have now found out that the philosophy of drinking tea consists in limiting one's self to one cup per diem. Chocolate as an accompaniment to food is found to be too heavy. Water, the beverage of Eden, and during so many years since respectively in vogue with a large portion of the civilized creation, has recently been pronounced fattening when absorbed with meals. What, in the eyes of many of our sisterhood, could be more condemnatory of any drink?

In connection with this question may be cited the experience of a young American girl on her first visit to an English castle, who, at luncheon, feeling thirsty, looked about her for something she could drink. Her host, next to whom she had the honor to be placed, demanded her need, and was informed that she would be glad of a glass of water. With a puzzled face he referred the matter to his wife, the servants being absent from the dining-room, "Water?" said the surprised lady. "Wont she have beer or claret?" The American girl, rather depressed at this public notice, yet stoutly persisted in her demand. A bell was rung, the majestic butler entered, and on hearing what was required paused for a moment to collect his scattered faculties, bowed and retired. Some time later a footman, carrying upon a silver tray a small glass of a fluid that looked as if it had been dipped from the castle moat, appeared at the lady's elbow. After this she made prompt resolve to renounce her national beverage until again on her native beach.

What then poor dear women are to drink at luncheon must, it appears, be decided by climate, custom, health and individual bias. As it is becoming clear that on these occasions little wine is actually used, perhaps hostesses will some day wake up to the wisdom of suppressing the show of glasses which lends to the ladies' luncheon its chief reproach from outsiders.

A GROUP OF SOFA-CUSHIONS

By Maude Haywood



THIS is decidedly an era of sofa-cushions. Their popularity seems ever increasing, their decorative possibilities are great, and the comfort of them is undeniable. Where they might formerly be counted by twos and threes, they can at the present time be reckoned by the dozen and the score. It is apparently almost impossible to have too many of them in order to be "in the fashion." They may be seen in every conceivable shape, size and style—good, bad and indifferent. No limit except that of personal taste is

very newest style is undoubted. Puffings are also inserted in the seams, large ribbon bows are often tacked on to one corner of the pillows, which, unless they have the frill, are very frequently finished off quite plainly. Soft thick silk fringes are, however, employed with good effect as an edging.

Where the house-wife does not possess the requisite skill in embroidery, or where her ambition is for many cushions without much expenditure of time, it is a good plan to purchase pretty art silks with which to cover the pillows.

The foundations made of down can be bought in all sizes, at any large dry goods store for very reasonable prices. The patterns may be outlined with rope-silk and their beauty much enhanced, but in many cases this is not necessary. Almost any material may be used for sofa-cushions according to what room they are intended for; plush, velvet, silk, satin and cotton goods in their

various qualities are each in their turn suitable. Mail cloth is much liked, especially for darned work, and makes a handsome background.

A PRETTY DECORATIVE DESIGN

IN all kinds of decorative work at the present time, various arrangements of floating ribbons, together with garlands of flowers or leaves, are specially favorite subjects. The first two illustrations show examples of this style and may be carried out in several different ways, although whatever method is chosen it seems essential that the coloring and general treatment should be kept rather delicate. Illustration No. 1 may be charmingly executed for a blue couch by choosing a soft gray or drab-colored ground,

and making the garlands in shades of gray-green, and the ribbons in the design, as well as the bow on the corner, of blue. If well chosen, the use of these related tones will be found delightfully harmonious. The leaves should be embroidered, the ribbons may also be worked in the same way, or may be applied, or else tinted and outlined according to individual preference. Upon a cream or pale grayish blue ground, the leaves being in natural colors, the ribbons might be in graduated tones of the yellows and reds seen in autumn foliage, making the tints either very light and delicate or extremely rich in color.

FOR TAPESTRY PAINTING

THIS cushion (Illustration No. 2) is suitable for tapestry painting as well as for embroidery. In either case the silk tapestry canvas of an ecru shade will prove a pretty ground. The blossoms will look best made of a pinkish color, and the ribbons of the favorite Gobelin blue; the leaves should be treated simply, but varied in tint, some being yellowish, others of a gray or bluish-green. The stems can be made effective by introducing browns of a sienna tone. Where a cheaper material is desired, the tapestry linen may be employed, and this will prove a most satisfactory ground for either painting or needle-work.

PRETTY FOR A MUSIC ROOM

THE cushion represented in Illustration No. 3 is suitable for use in a music room, or the musical corner of an apartment. It is designed specially for treatment with the tapestry dyes, by means of which a good effect can be gained with little labor, whereas to embroider such a subject would prove a longer and more difficult task than the majority would care to undertake. To carry this out in delicate coloring, which nine people out of ten would probably prefer, make the flowers pink, or pink and yellow, the ribbon pale blue, the lyre a light mahogany, and the other instruments of a golden yellow; gradate and vary the leaves in tone.

Nearly all these subjects in tapestry require much the same treatment as to color, certain shades of pink, blue, yellow, green and mauve of rather subdued tones being used over and over again, arranged in a slightly different manner, but giving always that peculiar tapestry effect which stamps them as imitations of the woven pieces. Where the surroundings would render a deep rich scheme of color more suitable, this design will be found readily adaptable for the purpose. Deep sombre reds, yellows and browns, gray-greens and purple-blues, with rich wine-colored shades, should then be the scale of tones chosen. Any desired color, if sufficiently light to allow of the design being painted over it, may be obtained by laying a flat wash upon the material, and allowing it to become thoroughly dry before drawing in the subject.

SUITABLE FOR TINTING AND EMBROIDERY

THE octagonal cushion (Illustration No. 4) may be carried out effectively by means of a combination of painting and needle-work. This is, at least, one of the quickest methods, and therefore, naturally, with workers of our day, a favorite one. The large forms should be tinted in, and the outlines made with stem stitch in rope-silk. If preferred, the flowers and leaves may be applied in the requisite colors, with a couched line, the stamens and tendril forms being, however, in the stem stitch.



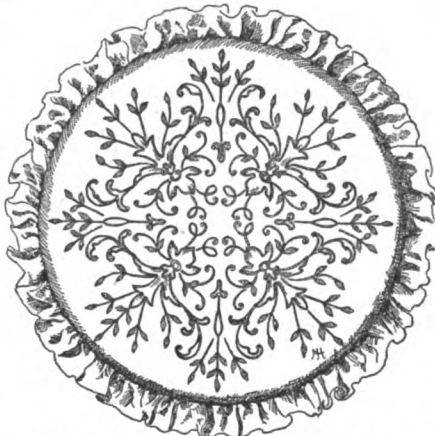
FOR TINTING AND EMBROIDERY (Illus. No. 4)

Suitable coloring would be of rich, subdued tones—not necessarily dark, however—in simple shades of red, blue, yellow and green.

AN EFFECTIVE ROUND CUSHION

A SOMEWHAT similar treatment is suitable also for the round cushion (Illustration No. 5). In this case the outlines are of cord, and the small leaves should be worked in satin stitch. Very little tinting is necessary,

but what there is, should emphasize the color scheme of the whole. Another pretty way of carrying out this design would be to fill in the forms with a couching of heavy silk, instead of tinting them. If preferred, the whole design might be very effectively executed in outline only, with the exception of the small leaves, which look best worked in the satin stitch. The puffing, which forms the finish, is of thin silk, such as India or China silk, and may either match or form a harmonious contrast to the material used for the cushion itself.



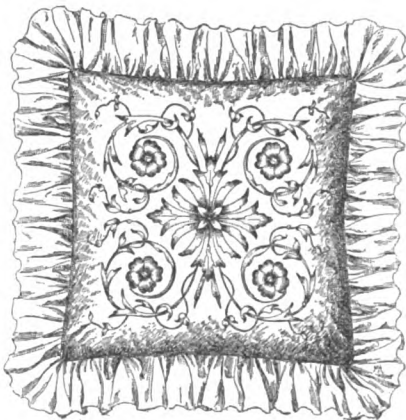
AN EFFECTIVE ROUND CUSHION (Illus. No. 5)

Very small pillows, either round or oblong in shape, are quite popular, and where they are used in numbers, it is a relief to the eye to see variety in form and size. The very prettiest and most dainty are frequently entirely homemade, in which cases the stuffing of down should be put into a strong casing and securely sewn up first. Care should be taken in making them up that the covers fit nicely. There is no reason why amateur needle-work should not be as good as professional, the chief quality required being that of neat fingers and careful execution. Really good work must not only be well finished, but should bear no marks of the handling it has undergone during the process of its manufacture.

PARTICULARLY SUITED TO EMBROIDERY

ILLUSTRATION No. 6 may be carried out in any of the above methods already described, but would look particularly well embroidered, partially filling in the design with long and short stitch. It is finished off with the fashionable deep frill. The material suggested is heavy silk or Roman satin. The color scheme is entirely a matter of individual taste and requirements. It is often very effective to make the whole in graduated tones of one color, for instance, working the design in shades of yellow and brown upon a cream or buff ground, or in blue upon a white, light blue or gray material.

Now-a-days cushions or pillows are not employed merely to lean against, but also to sit upon, or as footstools, being thrown down in twos



PARTICULARLY SUITED TO EMBROIDERY (Illus. No. 6)

and threes upon a divan or upon the floor. When intended for such use, they should be made of heavier, stronger materials, in order to be suitable for the rougher wear they experience. For a girl's own room, a pile of comfortable cushions before a cheerful fire in a good, old-fashioned open fireplace, will, especially toward twilight, be in themselves an invitation to a cosy half-hour's chat with a dearest friend, or to a well-earned rest in welcome solitude, when the flickering firelight tells strange stories and assumes weird shapes, the brain, meanwhile, weaving queer fancies, and all that is commonplace banished for the time. While on a summer afternoon, deep window seats with the addition of plenty of cushions form the most luxurious lounge imaginable.

A QUAINT DRAGON DESIGN

ILLUSTRATION No. 7 shows a very quaint and original design for a cushion, which will amply repay the careful work it demands. The material is of mail cloth on which the background may be darned or left plain. The dragons are worked solidly in gold thread together with silk in various shades of red, green and yellow, arranged in most places so that the threads of gold and silk lie one against the other in alternation, the silk in this way giving the requisite local coloring. A little silver thread may be introduced in parts with excellent effect. The scales are embroidered in silk, each one being outlined with gold thread. The Japanese background lines are of cord, and a heavier cord in dull gold seems the most appropriate finish for the edge.

In working this design the expression and drawing of the dragons should be followed very carefully, for if the spirit of the whole is lost, it ceases to have any meaning or character, and what should be quaintly grotesque becomes merely ugly. An appropriate backing to this cushion might be of a decorative arrangement of the scales, shown on the dragons' bodies, worked upon silk. A very handsome and effective material for the pillow is of plush, in a soft artistic shade, and for some purposes it would be preferable to mail cloth. For use on a yacht, a pretty and suitable design may be made of dolphins, or some queer sea creatures, with waving lines in the background as a conventional suggestion of water. If the needle-woman is also an artist, and equal to the undertaking, a mermaid or water-baby subject can be chosen, in which cases the flesh



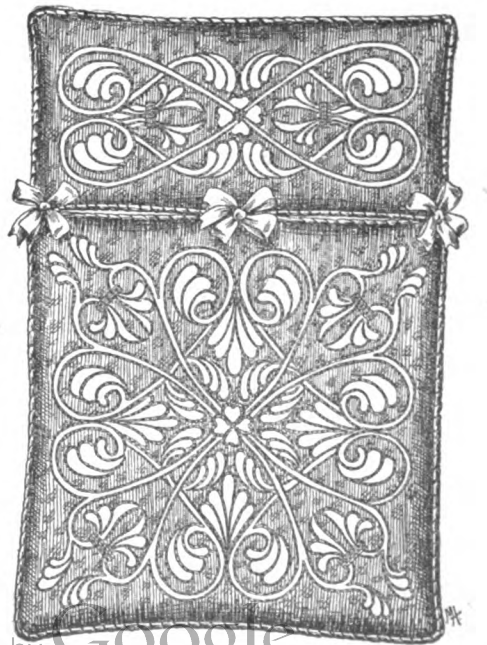
A QUAINT DRAGON DESIGN (Illus. No. 7)

should be painted, preferably in tapestry dyes, tapestry canvas being used as material.

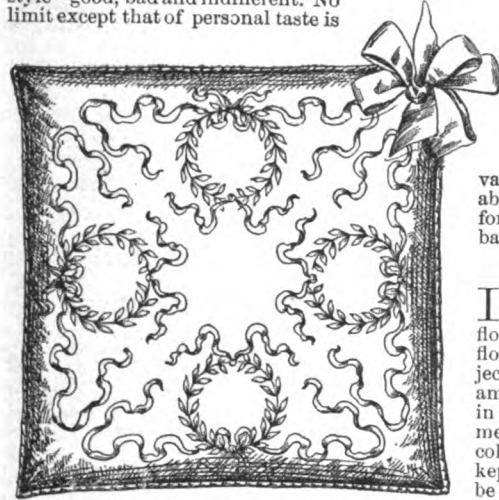
THE COMFORTABLE DOUBLE CUSHION

THIS double cushion (Illustration No. 8) is the shape used for steamer-chairs, and in suitable materials proves an acceptable parting gift to a Europe-bound friend. An outline design in heavy white outline upon blue denim is both pretty and effective. This style of pillow will be found also very comfortable for use upon the piazza, when many would prefer to choose a handsomer material and to put more elaborate needle-work upon it, especially in cases where, as is so frequently seen, piazzas are furnished so much like dwelling rooms, where lunches, teas or other social entertainments are given. In the illustration the design is outlined with cord, and the background darned. These darned backgrounds are very popular, and with a little practice do not take so very long to execute, especially upon mail cloth, where the texture of the material enables the lines to be kept perfectly even without any trouble whatever.

Those who wish to work out the designs given on this page for themselves, should notice how that in making the large drawings of the requisite size for their cushions, in nearly every case a section only need be drawn and the rest traced from that. In No. 8, for instance, one-eighth of the lower part repeated makes the whole design, and, with a slight alteration, is adapted also for a quarter of the upper portion of the pillow. It is necessary, however, in enlarging designs in this way, to be extremely accurate, and it is usually best to get the whole design made out on paper first before transferring it. The most usual method adopted is to perforate the design, and to transfer it by means of pouncing, going over the outline with pen or fine chalk.



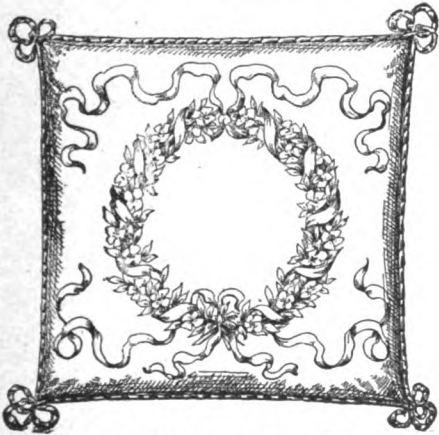
THE COMFORTABLE DOUBLE CUSHION (Illus. No. 8)



A PRETTY DECORATIVE DESIGN (Illus. No. 1)

put to the choice of fabrics and to the manner of decoration. Sometimes it is to be feared that the aim is apt to be for the multiplication of their number at the sacrifice of individual merit, whereas the excuse for possessing so many cushions and pillows should be that each in its way is a work of art.

Suitability should also be studied in selecting materials, remembering that they should be adapted for use, and that a cushion that is merely ornamental and too beautiful or delicate to be employed for its legitimate object, is as a matter of fact rather a meaningless affair, and therefore from the truest standpoint has no right to existence, having no real value as an example of decorative art, the highest aim of which is to add beauty to that which is useful, and not to destroy its utility. In studying the history of art it will be invariably seen that meaningless decoration is a sure sign of the decadence of a national art. Some



A DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY PAINTING (Illus. No. 2)

women, in the matter of their over-elaborate or dainty cushions, strive to steer a middle course, by manufacturing for them pretty covers of cotton goods or of wash silk, which are removed only on state occasions—when, to be consistent, they really ought to be labeled: "Please do not handle!"

The best way, indisputably, is never to make a sofa-pillow that is not meant to be leaned against, and, on the same principle, not to use tinsel cord or raised appliqué work, and not to decorate them with oil painting, the only kind of painting allowable being with indelible dyes in imitation of woven tapestry. The cushions may be trimmed in various ways. The latest and most fashionable method, seen on the newly imported cushions, is to put a very full frill all around them, measuring at least six inches in depth. Whether this is pretty in the abstract is an open question, but that it is the



PRETTY FOR A MUSIC ROOM (Illus. No. 3)

FOR A FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY

BY CELIA THAXTER

WOULD I could bring you some beautiful gift,
Something to gladden you, something to charm,
A blessing to brighten, to cheer, to uplift,
A shield to protect you from shadow of harm!

Had I the power I'd gather for you
All the world's treasures of good and of fair,
All things to comfort you—friends that are true,
Joys that are purest, and pleasures most rare.

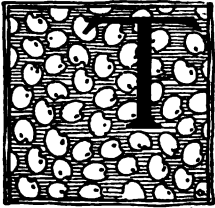
These at your feet on your birthday I'd lay,
Fill its swift moments with quiet delight,
Make it divine from its earliest ray,
From the gleam of its morn to the dusk of its night.

Empty my hands, but my heart holds for you
All the good wishes of heaven and earth,
Fragrant as roses at dawn in the dew—
With these let me crown the glad day of your birth!



*XI.—WOMEN AS ILLUSTRATORS

BY MAUDE HAYWOOD



THE first point to be emphasized to any one who contemplates taking up illustrating for the press as a means of livelihood, is the absolute necessity of possessing a good knowledge of drawing as a requisite and indispensable qualification at the very outset. Otherwise, there is nothing which justifies the choice of this as a profession. Moreover, without the previous acquirement of at least the first principles of art, it is both useless and foolish to expect to achieve success. It is best and kindest to be entirely frank and decisive in this statement from the beginning. This series of papers is not being written in order to raise false and delusive hopes of a visionary career in the various callings treated of, but to give honest advice, based on practical experience, which shall help those possessing the necessary ability to turn their knowledge to profitable account, and which shall, at the same time, if possible, save those not having the needful qualities from an attempt that can only result in heart-sickening failure and disappointment.

A certain facility of execution with the pen, and the exercise of that care in the finish of a drawing, however slight and sketchy it may be, which is a distinguishing mark of professional workmanship, is likewise necessary; and also, finally, that which can only be gained by each individual, gradually, often through failures at first, namely, a practical knowledge of how the drawings will come out under various conditions, and of the technical details, which must be duly regarded, in order to ensure satisfactory reproductions. For instance, it is obvious that illustrations for a high class of magazine, which will be printed on good paper, in the best manner possible, must require a different method of treatment from those destined for a newspaper hastily turned out by the thousand, on very absorbent paper, with common printer's ink. For the latter, the lines must be simple, fine, clear, unbroken, vigorous and sufficiently far apart not to blur together in the printing. The shading should be very slight. A glance at the city dailies will show at once what is meant, bearing in mind that the originals are always drawn considerably larger, in order that they may be reduced in the reproduction, and therefore that the lines are made by the artist much farther apart than they appear when published.

The improvements in the photo-engraving process, and the comparative cheapness of reproducing drawings by this method, in late years, have greatly increased the demand for pen draughtsmen, and there is always an opening for any one, women equally with men, who can turn out really good work. Perhaps more even might be said for the chances of those whose drawings are of undoubted merit. Editors frequently complain of the difficulty of getting the work satisfactorily accomplished, and profess themselves willing, so to speak, to pay any price to a really competent artist, while they are obliged to reject by the score the utterly unsuitable drawings submitted to them, because a practical eye can see at a glance that it would be impossible to reproduce them with any good result, apart from the consideration of their artistic value. While the woman who seeks to illustrate should have the artistic values of her work in mind, she must not forget the market for which that piece of work is intended.

* This series of papers "Women's Chances as Bread-winners," was commenced with
"HOW TO BECOME A TRAINED NURSE" . . . January
"WOMEN AS STENOGRAPHERS" . . . February
"WOMEN AS DRESSMAKERS" . . . March
"BEE-KEEPING FOR WOMEN" . . . April
"WOMEN AS DOCTORS" . . . May
"WOMEN AS TYPESETTERS" . . . June
"THE GIRL WHO WANTS TO TEACH" . . . September
"WOMEN AS INTERIOR DECORATORS" . . . October
"WOMEN IN ART" . . . November
"WOMEN IN ART" . . . December
The back numbers can be obtained at ten cents each.

Now, a few words of advice as to finding a market for the work in the beginning. We will imagine that the reader is possessed of the first two requisites mentioned above, namely, a knowledge of art in general, and of pen-drawing in particular, but that at present the third—practical experience—is entirely lacking. This, therefore, it is the primary object to obtain at any cost; and in the beginning the amount of actual pecuniary return should be a very secondary consideration, success being reckoned according to the experience gained rather than by the dollars earned. Later, this period—a period of apprenticeship—will be amply made up for by the prices which really good work always commands. It is worth while to be patient, provided it can be felt that something is learned from every drawing made. Moreover, where a worker is really capable and energetic, using to the utmost every opportunity for gaining experience and making progress, it will soon be found that one thing leads to another, once a start has been made in actual practical work. A good method of obtaining steady employment is from photo-engraving companies, which have a very varied class of work pass through their hands. Apart from the reproduction of bona fide pen-drawings, they are often called upon to imitate more expensive processes. For instance, many illustrations are made to resemble wood-cuts so closely as to be almost indistinguishable from them. For examples of this, study the advertisement pages of the principal monthly magazines. The drawings have to be made by copying the line shading peculiar to wood engraving; and although in many cases this requires little more than mechanical skill, there are so few, comparatively, who can do them successfully, that the work is very well paid, and any one competent to undertake it would find no lack of employment.

With regard to obtaining a permanent position with a magazine or newspaper, it must naturally be greatly a matter of chance, however capable the artist, whether such a position be vacant. Those not living in any of the large cities will often have a better opportunity of getting an opening with a local publication, because there would be less competition to encounter. This might possibly be only a stepping stone to something better, meanwhile proving the occasion for testing the powers and developing the capabilities of one thoroughly in earnest. In submitting work to an editor, try to look at things from his point of view. Do not send him drawings that anyone of common sense must judge unsuitable or unworthy, and expect to have them accepted. In dealings with him be business-like, clear and to the point. Be, above all, reliable and prompt. On these points a woman should be especially careful, in order to vindicate the possession of business qualities by her sex. And it is a fact that—man or woman—anyone taking up illustration work, to be successful must be very practical as well as artistic. A good deal of patience may also be needed, and the realization that the fact of a drawing being rejected does not necessarily imply that it lacks merit; there may be many other reasons why it is not available just where it was offered. At first it may seem very discouraging to have work declined, but perseverance, always provided it is backed by capability, is bound finally to gain the wished-for opening, and then success wholly depends upon the use made of one's opportunities.

Probably the question naturally arising in the minds of many, on reading this article, will be: "How much could I earn at this work?" Such a question is very difficult to answer with any degree of definiteness, obviously so much must depend on the ability of the artist, the rapidity with which drawings can be accomplished, the class of work undertaken, and much, also, on the "push" and perseverance of the individual. The writer recently asked a draughtsman of experience as to the average prices paid by the photo-engraving companies, eliciting the reply: "Anything from fifty cents to a hundred dollars;" and nothing less vague could be extracted from him. But he vouchsafed the information that thoroughly competent pen-draughtsmen are in actual demand, and can make their work very remunerative, even without entering into the highest branches of their art; but that those who are not able to accomplish what they attempt, and who are careless, deficient or incapable, cannot hope to achieve success. Salaries vary as greatly, ranging from perhaps fifteen or twenty dollars a week upwards; the higher branches of illustration, which however require great artistic ability, and a special gift, commanding good incomes. Those who can do such work, however, will need no advice as to how to obtain employment, neither have they made their names or their fortune at one step. They have mostly fought their way up by sheer hard work, and from modest beginnings. There is no royal road to success, although nature has endowed some with greater natural talents, and so made their progress easier and more rapid. But in any case, don't expect to gain your ambition in a week, a month, or even a year.

Don't become discouraged, impatient or out of heart if the drawings do not come out at first just as you expected. Nothing worth knowing was ever learned except through failure.

Don't expect mistakes to miraculously disappear in the reproduction. This is a common delusion with beginners. Reducing the drawings refines them somewhat, but never corrects a wrong line.

Don't copy. This is the biggest don't of all. Whatever the work, let it be original. Draw directly from nature as much as possible, and never get into the way of cribbing other people's ideas; it is fatal to the development of individuality. Freshness and novelty of expression have their market as well as their artistic value, and are an indispensable quality in order to rise above the common level—and this is the legitimate aim of even the humblest beginner.

DUTY'S PATH

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

OUT from the harbor of youth's bay
There leads the path of pleasure;
With eager steps we walk that way
To brim joy's largest measure.
But when with morn's departing beam
Goes youth's last precious minute,
We sigh "'twas but a fevered dream—
There's nothing in it."

Then on our vision dawns afar
The goal of glory, gleaming
Like some great radiant solar star,
And sets us longing, dreaming,
Forgetting all things left behind,
We strain each nerve to win it,
But when 'tis ours—alas! we find
There's nothing in it.

We turn our sad, reluctant gaze
Upon the path of duty;
Its barren, uninviting ways
Are void of bloom and beauty.
Yet in that road, though dark and cold,
It seems as we begin it,
As we press on—lo! we behold
There's Heaven in it.

SUNNY SPOTS FOR WORKING GIRLS

BY GRACE H. DODGE

PRESIDENT, THE WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

LAST evening a number of busy girls were having a social time in a place that might well be called a "sunny-spot." We were all workers, and had had a hard day's service in various places, for some of us had been teaching, some taking stenographic notes, others running machines or looms in great factories; others were weary with trying to please behind counters, or tired after home cares, or perplexed in trying to solve problems affecting large movements.

The "sunny-spot" meant to us bright rooms, with books, pictures, comfortable chairs, piano, etc., for these rooms were the headquarters of our Society, paid for by our monthly dues, and arranged for, and used by the members. Here we have classes, music, laughter, books and companionship, as well as thorough co-operative sympathy.

But, to go back to last night. We were talking about various matters when, finally, some girl asked, "Have we any sunny-spots in our lives?" Quick came the replies, "We have, indeed, sunny-spots." One said, "My bright spot is this Club room, where we get new ideas, join in pleasant and instructive talk, and feel that we are worth something." "Did you ever think," said a quiet girl sitting in the corner, "what satisfaction it gives to perform duty faithfully, and to have true friends to advise and sympathize?" "Yes," said the friend beside her, "and think, also, how delightful it is to find your best efforts appreciated by your employer!" Miss F— said, "The brightest spot in my life just now is that my employer pays me my wages in full, whether he is able to give me steady work or not." "Who is he?" called out a chorus of voices. "What a splendid man he must be!"

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, and discussion was again resumed, some one asked, "Is it possible to make the work-room a sunny-spot?" "Yes," was the answer given by many lips, "when we can win the good-will and esteem of our fellow-workers, and have sympathetic friends among them, and where the superintendent speaks a kind word, and seems to look upon us as something more than mere soulless and brainless automatons."

The talk drifted on, and the necessity of good health to keep one bright was discussed. Next followed remarks on the delight that comes from unselfishly doing kind actions; the advantage of good, cheap reading, and how books and papers give many happy hours. Long before we were through with our talk the clock struck for 9.30, and this was a signal for pushing back our chairs and having a little music before we dispersed.

There are many such bright, charming rooms in New York city, as well as many more in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and smaller cities. They all mean cheery, rallying places for groups of working girls, varying from fifty to six hundred in number, all animated with interest, enthusiasm and pleasure over their own special rooms. Clubs or societies are the names given to these various groups, and the very name of some suggests pleasant thoughts: thus, the Kindly Club, the Endeavor Society, the Progressive Society, the Mutual Benefit, the Steadfast Club and the Enterprise. These mean, in action as well as in name, kindness, endeavors toward steadfast progress, with the key-notes of enterprise, co-operation, education and love. The classes are appreciated, the books found valuable, the provident schemes utilized, the lectures well attended; but, above all, the sympathetic companionship and the organized opportunities to do for others, make these gathering places bright to us all.

Let us glance at one club-room that is especially sunny, in contrast to the darkness outside. Under the New York side of the Brooklyn bridge there are streets dimly lighted at night, but filled with people. Passing through the crowd one comes to a door which leads into a hallway, and going through this enters a rear yard full of children, and festooned with clothes-lines with their white burdens. About the middle of the yard woolen steps lead to the second-story of one

of the houses. Ascending these by the light of a bull's-eye lantern, we come upon a little balcony, and find a door, which, upon opening, reveals a cheery sight. A small ante-room, used as kitchen and class-room, with its bright paper, shining tins, muslin window curtains, etc.; beyond this, a long, narrow room with open fire at one end, table, lamp, brass chandelier giving brilliant light, and wall paper with pink and blue tints. These are all attractive; but not as much so as the bright, happy faces of the busy workers, who come each evening with the freedom of ownership and possession.

Sometimes all the clubs combine, and a thousand or more meet for a social reunion.

Three concerts held in the large hall of Cooper Union in New York city brought the enjoyment of charming spirited music to two thousand girls; and the anniversary meeting for business, when eighteen hundred came together, was another bright spot.

On a certain night of the week, at several club rooms, twenty or more young men come in as privileged members of a literary circle, to discuss, with as many young women, matters of interest; and the interchange of thought inspires many to more earnest living.

A sunny industrial center has grown from the clubs, viz., The Children's Dressmaking Company. The president of the company is Miss Virginia Potter, and there is no pleasanter work-room in New York than the brightly-lighted fourth-story room which the company occupies. The girls found here are mostly club members, and all are skilled workers on babies' clothes and spend the day in making the daintiest of things.

Summer brings sunny-spots of days and weeks to hundreds of working-girls. Vacations are delightful to all tired people; but who can estimate their charm when from eight to ten hours per day for the rest of the year is spent by noisy factory looms, behind counters, at cashiers' desks, or in any unceasing round of monotonous work! How we revel in the freedom of the country, the late breakfast hour, the trees, flowers, sea or mountains, and the sunshine over all. A little hamlet on the north shore of Long Island is a favorite resort for those workers who are members of the Working Girls' Societies, for here they have two houses, known as Holiday House and Holiday Harbor, which are owned by the societies. A bright, happy life goes on here, filled from day to day with country pleasures, known only to those who roam field and wood in search of nature's treasures, or sit on the pebbly shore by the "sounding sea." A pleasant feature of the day is the walk through shady paths to the beach, where bathing is entered into with zest, and good swimmers produced by persevering daily practice. Picnic parties on wooden slopes, and moonlight rides through country roads, are occasions of fun and enjoyment; but the grand feature is the weekly "barn frolic," when the big barn wears a festive appearance and is filled with a delighted audience from the surrounding villages, while the girls take part in "private theatricals," acting the part of the stage-manager as well.

The Working Girls' Vacation Society furnishes other happy holiday places. No one can hear of Liberty, Green's Farms, Farmington or Winsted, without being impressed with the charms of these localities for outings, and realizing something of what cheerful weeks working-girls must spend in these centers.

The Harper Cottage at Long Branch, and similar summer boarding-houses elsewhere, are much enjoyed, as well as the excursions to Glen Island, Central Park and the beaches.

Busy working-girls!—there are bright, sunny spots everywhere for us, some small, some large, many so hidden that only a few know of them; and others conspicuous.

Each one of us can find brightness, or, what is better, create it. Few plants grow and develop without sunshine, so we cannot become bright, earnest women without letting the sunshine fall upon us. Let us try to live out of self, bringing sunshine to others, even if we have not much ourselves; and, by being sunshine-bearers, brightness will be reflected back into our own hearts. A hand clasp, a smile, a sympathizing word, or a flower, has made many of us happy for a day, and surely we can all give forth such rays as these. For the larger beams let us ally ourselves with some girls' organization, find out about the work done in it, then join it or form a society among our acquaintances. Do not let any of us feel that because we are workers—wage earners—we need do nothing but drudge from day to day. We should rouse ourselves and look around, feeling sure if we have health we can make much of our own lives and bring brightness and happiness to others.

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THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

A SERIES OF 12 ADVENTURES OF THE FUNNIEST LITTLE MEN IN THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

NUMBER FOUR

THE BROWNIES IN JANUARY



When January laid the snow
On mountain high
and valley low

And gliding sleigh and jingling bell
Told folks improved their chances well,
The Brownies planned, with language bold,
A ride across the country cold.
Said one: "No cutter, frail and light,
Will answer our demands to-night;
We must have something large and strong
To carry all the band along,
And stand the rack of going fast
On sideling roads, where drifts are cast."
Another cried: "I know a place
Where something lies, will suit the case;
'Tis like a life-boat, long and wide,
In which the sailors brave the tide:
'Twill hold us all, I well believe
Full half the band can seats receive,
While those who are a seat denied
Can in some other manner ride.
It has the plumes, all blue and red,
To stream so gaily overhead.
There's nothing lacking there, I know,
That we require to make a show."
A third remarked: "To match it grand
A splendid team is near at hand;



They will not take a second lash
Before the rigging goes to smash,
But treated properly, will glide
As fast as you will care to ride
It matters not how hills may rise,
Or how the snow before them lies;
Once on the road you may depend
They'll strive to find the other end.
When going fast the lines I'll hold,
More teams than one I have controlled



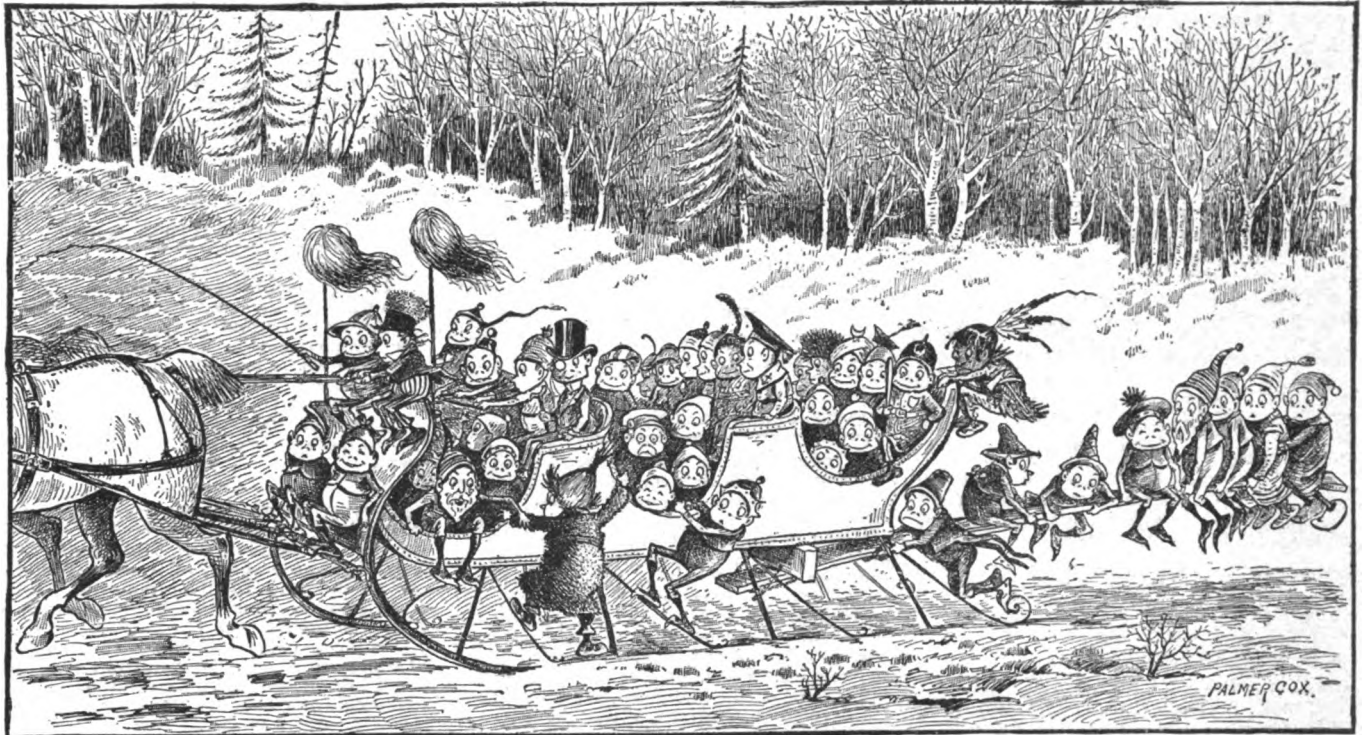
While comrades trembled
in their places
With bristling hair
and pallid faces."
Another spoke:
"Excuse my smile,
No disrespect
is meant the while,
But, sir, to state the matter plain,
You're hardly fit to hold a rein;
You may have strength, and courage, too,
And in your way may wonders do,
But 'tis not all in pull and haul,
Some judgment there must be, withal,
And that's a quality or crown
With which you are not weighted down."
Then brief
discussions started there
In settling who
the whip should bear;
For half a
dozen filed a claim
To wield that
implement of shame.
Said one: "I'll
make it snap so loud
'Twill wake an
echo in the cloud;"
But others said:
"You're far too bold;
No hasty hand
the whip should hold,
That in each trivial
action may
See cause to bring
it into play."
Those who have seen
the Brownie band,
In other scenes,
by sea or land,
Know how the cunning
rogues agree



Upon a scheme, as well as me;
While those who have not studied o'er,
Their wondrous doings, heretofore,
Will learn, if they pursue the rhyme,
How much the Brownies value time.
In twenty minutes by the clock,
That in a steeple on the block
Both day and night its visage showed
The happy band was on the road.
A picnic party on a barge
That floats, a puffing tug-boat's charge
Upon the river or the bay,
When labor takes a holiday,



Would hardly show such faces bright
As from the sleigh peeped out that night.
For several miles, with nothing wrong,
Behind the team they slid along,
The night was bright, the road was clear,
And nothing came to interfere.



Some, rather than be counted out,
At such a time, had crawled about
Until they found a friendly brace
Or rail that offered them a place;
While disregarding pride and ease
Some rode on rattling whipple-trees,
And kept their seat through jolts and jogs,
And sudden turns round stumps and logs,
Content to be, as it would seem,
At least the nearest to the team;

The team was not inclined to wait
Until they settled their debate,
But an impartial spirit showed,
And didn't take to either road,

And sleigh and load went in the ditch.
Now every one began to find
A chance to exercise his mind,
For speedy action wins the prize

But carried out the neutral plan
And straight ahead between them ran.
Now some pulled left, and more pulled right,
While those who could not manage quite
To reach the lines from where they stood,
Gave free advice to those who could.
But counsel was not worth a pin,
For some fell out, and some fell in,
And all that showed above the seat
At sundry places were the feet,

At such a time, you may surmise.
Some grabbed the team without delay,
And some began
to right the sleigh,
While others dug
to bring to light
Companions who
had gone from sight.
Thus was distress
much quicker found



More rigged a board they chanced to find,
Which, like a rudder, reached behind,
And formed a seat and teeter gay
Unknown to makers of the sleigh.
They circled round the country wide,
And then commenced the homeward ride.
But as they near the city drew,
The road divided into two;
Some thought the right-hand one the best,
The left seemed better to the rest;
And each one pulled, to reason blind,
According to his turn of mind.
Too many cooks around the pot
Will spoil the broth, and doubt it not;
Too many hands to reins applied
Will surely spoil the finest ride.

While those who took the outward fall
Had all the field in which to sprawl,
And seemed to strive to do their share
In covering all the ground was there.

Then Brownies found a place to hide,
And chat about their splendid ride.



But those who had the team to drive
And to their duty were alive,



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Philadelphia, January, 1892

THE DAWN OF A HAPPY YEAR



GOOD cheer, bright prospects and happy homes will never be so abundant as through the year upon the threshold of which we now stand together. A prosperous nation means a happy people, and never have we, as a country, entered upon a year under brighter skies. The abundance in our wheat-fields will carry happiness into our homes. The distance from the land of the farmer to the most fashionable city parlor is not very great in America. In commerce, every interest is a spoke of the great national wheel. The line from the smallest shop-keeper, through the larger retailer, the wholesale merchant and the banking-house, to the National Treasury is a very direct one. It is a truthful saying that the small corner grocery reflects the financial condition of a country. A national panic is first felt in the butcher-shop. And so it is in our individual lives. Every one of our actions finds its reflection in the life of some one else. No matter how humble may be our surroundings, we have an influence on some other life. Individual good cheer means general happiness. If we are bright we brighten our neighbor; the neighbor is an emissary to the community, and the community, in turn, to the great world-at-large.

Thus in the year before us we have it pretty much in our own hands. National advantages are ours; we need only supply the individual elements. The past is valuable only for the lessons it can teach; the present for its opportunities; the future for its possibilities. Whatever the past year may have meant to you make it dead history. But let the New Year be a living issue. With a big, fresh sponge, dripping with the clear water of forgiveness, wipe clean the slate of your heart. Enter the year with a kind thought for every one. You need not kiss the hand that smote you, but grasp it in cordial good feeling, and let the electricity of your own resolves find its connecting current—which very often exists where we think it not. An ill-natured thought often makes us unhappier than the person to whom it is directed. A happy mind is an elixir, and as are the spirits of the wife in the home, so will be those of the husband, who in turn will carry them into the outer world. Domestic happiness often colors commercial prosperity. The hearthstone is the corner of the counting-room. An unhappy wife makes a blue merchant. As we men live at home, so we work in the outer world.

Therefore, to the thousands, yea, I may say the million and more of women to whom I speak with these words, let me say: Make the new year a happy one in your home; be bright of disposition, carry your cares easy; let your heart be as sunshine, and your life will give warmth to all around you. And thus will you and yours be happy in eighteen hundred and ninety-two!

THE EDITOR.



In the last issue of the JOURNAL a number of England's famous women sent messages of Christmas cheer to our readers, so, for this number, some of the great men of England have written their hearty New Year's greetings.

Thus, while the women closed the book of the old year, the men open the leaves of the new, and with what grace and courtesy they perform their pleasant task our readers are best able to judge for themselves.

CANON FARRAR'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

IF it be true that "the corner-stone of the Commonwealth is the hearthstone," how important is the work of every woman, even in that sphere of family life which many are tempted to despise as too narrow for their energies. Every woman should, indeed, aim at doing good in wider regions of life, and should endeavor by the irresistible force of sweet and silent influence, if in no other way, to raise the whole tone of national thought and conduct. But even if a woman, whether married or unmarried, be "never heard of half a mile from home," the purity and loftiness of her ideal, the devoted unselfishness of her life, may tell with immense and continuous power upon every member of her family. The bright invisible air produces effects more stupendous when no whisper of a breeze is heard than all the fury of the passing hurricane; and the influence, conscious and unconscious, of thousands of women entirely unknown to fame, may go to the ennoblement of the moral being of generations yet unborn. Men are, and ever will be, what their wives and sisters, and above all their mothers, tend to make them, by influence which begins with the cradle and ends only with the grave.

FREDERICK W. FARRAR.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

AS the pupil in early youth, as the close friend for forty years of my illustrious predecessor in the guardianship of a building as dear to the citizens of the United States as to the children of our common Mother Country, I hope that the women of America will accept the good wishes for the coming year of one who knows how vast is their influence in shaping the ideal, in forming the character, and in moulding the history of the still youthful nation which shares the birthright of all the memories connected with the Abbey of Westminster.

None who enjoy the friendship of Arthur Stanley can forget how the closing years of one so dear to them were brightened by the kindness and hospitality which he received in his visit to the United States in 1878 from so many of those to whom, at your suggestion, I venture to send this brief but hearty New Year's greeting.

G. G. BRADLEY.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S CORDIAL WISHES

IN sending a New Year's greeting to the women of America, I must say that I do so very heartily. There are some who hold the sea in small repute, possibly because their own experience of it has not been happy. Others there be who extol it in terms so vast that the listener, if a mere man, departs wondering why beings thus superior do not hasten to their rightful place, and more especially to relieve his incapable shoulders of a share of the world's labor. A third old-fashioned party remains, and this writer belongs to it, which thinks that Providence and Nature have mapped out the functions and sphere of women with sufficient accuracy, and that no efforts of either sex will suffice to remove those eternal boundary stones. Therefore it is to the women who are content to be women that I send my warmest wishes—to those true women whose hope and happiness lies in their homes, and whose desire it is to rule, not at the polls, the markets, or in Congress, but in the hearts of men and children. May they be such as our mothers were: I can wish them no better. May they find love in their homes and infants at their knees, and, above everything, may they find religion to help them in their sorrows and to console them when all else fails. And, lastly, may they remember that theirs is the greatest of responsibilities, for they are the potters who mould the clay of character, and as they shape the child so he shall be. And to those to whom such household burdens and rewards are denied, and who must struggle with men to win their daily bread, I give my New Year wish that the weight of work may be lifted from them by some more fitted to bear it, or failing this, that they may find strength for the unequal fight, patience to persevere, and skill to gain the victory.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AN ENGLISH AUTHOR'S TRIBUTE

AMERICAN women seem to me to be more earnest of purpose than those of European countries. I have been told that this opinion arises from my having met only the best American womankind. Be that as it may, such is my impression, and I am glad to record it upon this occasion of sending a New Year line to the women of your country.

THOMAS HARDY.

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT WISHES

MAY your lovers become your husbands, and your husbands remain your lovers. May you never be troubled by yearnings after the unattainable, nor feel called to a mission you are unable to fulfill; but may you find fragrance in the flowers that grow beside your pathway, and may your duties be your delights.

May the laughing sweetness of your spring-time, and the strong sunshine of your summerhood, make ripe a great harvest of love for you to gather in the autumn of your lives, and, thus, may you have a Happy Year!

JEROME K. JEROME.

FROM ENGLAND'S WITTIEST WRITER

MY heartiest New Year's greetings to the fair daughters of Jonathan. What I wish them for the year 1892 is embodied in my answer to a beautiful American lady who one day exclaimed in my presence: "How I do wish I were a man!"

"Madame," I replied, "You are ever so much better as you are."

Do remain what you are, dear American ladies; there is very little room for improvement.

MAX O'RELL.

GREETING FROM CHARLES DICKENS'S SON

A WARM and heartfelt New Year's greeting to the women of America from the son of one who, though dead, still lives, a loved and cherished friend, in thousands of American homes.

God's blessing on the daughters and mothers of that great people who, hand in hand with Great Britain and Australia, must surely dominate the world!

CHARLES DICKENS.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S WISH

I WISH I were better able to fulfill your wishes by writing a message to the women of America.

What would I say about them as a class? It is very difficult, but since I must answer briefly, I would reply in the Persian word, Afrin; i. e., "Allah make more like them!"

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE'S GREETING

CYNICS are fond of declaring that the old-fashioned Christmas as described and perhaps a little idealized by Charles Dickens, was, with all its boisterous good fellowship, at bottom nothing better than gluttony and intemperance artfully disguised as Christmas virtues. We are told that the whole thing is a relic of barbarism which is slowly but surely dying out among cultured people. I should be sorry if I thought this was true, for the cup of life does not, for most of us, so brim over with gladness that we can afford to lose one drop of innocent pleasure. Happiness is the most powerful of all tonics for the soul not less than for the body, and I hold him a hater of his kind who would shut out even a single ray of joyful light from the dark places "where men sip and hear each other groan." Into the higher symbolism of Christmas I do not seek to penetrate here, but apart from its more sacred associations it seems to me to be above all other anniversaries in our calendar the festival of wholesome human mirth, human kindness and compassion for suffering, human forgiveness and reconciliation. It is, or should be, a season of new birth—of rekindling the dying embers of the finer feelings of our nature, of love for kindred and country, of charity and sympathy for all men, and even for our "poor relations" of the animal world. "Good-will to men" should not, of course, be reserved as a moral watchword for Christmas or the New Year Day alone; it should be our rule of conduct in our daily lives, but silently and without too much open profession. The holiday season is, however, the season for giving expression to the sentiment in every way in our power; for, as it were, renewing our oath of allegiance to the sovereignty of humanity, the appropriate time for our recognition of all the duties to our brother men which it lays upon us. In this spirit I send all the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and the members of every home, however humble, in the great American Commonwealth, the heartiest of New Year's greetings.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

MR. FROUDE'S GRACEFUL WORDS

WHAT am I that you ask me to send a message to the ladies of America? Have I not found them everywhere witty, beautiful and delightful? And what more can I ask since I have not to pay their dressmaker's bills, except to wish for them a year of happiness and content during 1892?

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

MR. YATES IS CERTAINLY GALLANT

I AM GLAD of the privilege to send the kindest of regards and the heartiest of good wishes on New Year's Day to the women of America from whom I received hospitality and kindness immeasurable, and who seemed to me to be in their own country even more delightful than they are here, where they are decreed irresistible.

EDMUND YATES.

WOMEN AS THE WORLD'S MINISTERS

PLEASE express my hearty sympathy with the noble women in America who, in public as well as in private, are advocating the cause of temperance, purity and religion, and I hope that in the new year their fondest hopes may reach fruition.

I think it is generally to be regretted that the mighty influence of woman's ministry should so long have been lost to the Church through prejudice. Eight hundred years before Christ, the God, by Joel, said: "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and my sons and my daughters shall prophesy;" women as well as men shall preach. On the day of Pentecost the apostles were gathered together "with the women;" and there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; on the women, therefore; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance; women, therefore, as well as apostles. And Peter said: "This is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel, 'I will pour out my Spirit and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy.'" NEWMAN HALL.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

I COMMEND to the women of America the example set to every woman by the Queen of England.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

AS a most fitting conclusion to the galaxy of greetings printed above, it gives the editor great pleasure to publish the following message of holiday cheer from Her Ladyship, the Countess of Aberdeen, which arrived too late for the Christmas JOURNAL. One of the most charitable and lovely of English gentlewomen, Lady Aberdeen is, likewise, one of the most earnest friends of American women:

MOST gladly do I take advantage of the opportunity, kindly given me by your editor, of expressing my most hearty good wishes to the women of America for Christmas and the New Year.

How would an American editor of a hundred years ago have been regarded who asked a woman of Great Britain to send a holiday message to the women of America? What a happy change has come over the spirit of the scene since those times. Nowadays, we in England may claim to be allowed to rejoice with you that your forefathers refused to allow their freedom to be trampled on, that they proved themselves true sons and daughters of the race from which they sprang in championing successfully the cause of liberty; and you in America show, on your part, that you are not unmindful of the blessing bestowed on the heritage of a great and inspiring past, in the possession of which you and we may together pride ourselves.

And can any thought make the old sweet Christmas message of "Peace on earth and good-will to men" come home to our hearts with a renewed life and vigor more than the thought of all that this renewal of the recognition of the tie of brotherhood which unites us, and which has come in recent years to us, the two great branches of the English-speaking race, may mean to the world?

Already we are learning to know one another in a way never dreamt of by our parents, and every year strengthens the bonds which are formed in the strongest way by the intermingling of the members of our great philanthropic and religious societies. You send us workers and speakers who give a fresh and stirring impulse to our work; and you welcome among you with a cordiality never to be forgotten our workers and leaders. We feel that much the same problems face us both in the old world and in the new; that we fight a common foe, that we serve a common Master, and that all our labors may be vastly forwarded if we make common cause and learn all that we can from another. What a grand new union is thus almost unconsciously being formed, and how magnificent may be its results! We pride ourselves on our countries and on our race; and yet I think we scarcely yet have a glimmering of the grandeur of the vocation to which God has called us, the English-speaking people of the world. If we unite together in strenuous and steadfast resolve that His will shall be done on earth, that His kingdom may come, who can withstand us? If ever a divine call was made manifest to any people in the world's history, surely it is to us. And is it not also clear that on us English-speaking women rests much of the responsibility of whether we, as a race, obey that call? Are we using our influence as sisters, wives, and above all as mothers, to inspire our children and those amongst whom we live, not only with an intense and patriotic pride and love for their own country, and desire to serve her, but also with that greater ambition which comes with the sense of belonging to a race to whom the great Father of all has entrusted in these later days, in large measure, the destinies of the world? All remembrances of past wrongs and present causes for jealousies and strife must keep away if we live in the remembrance of the greatness of our mission, and the sacredness of our vocation. And if I am not trespassing on the liberty which your editor has accorded me, I would pass on to you this Christmas message which is ringing in my ears, of how we women may help forward the redemption of the world by doing our utmost to bring up the rising generation with so passionate a desire for such a union of the heart of English-speaking nations all over the world as will enable them to go forward without a hindrance to the accomplishment of God's grand purposes in and through them.

ISABEL ABERDEEN.



"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

WHAT TO EXPECT FROM ME



YOU know—but of course you do; at your time of life people know everything—but do you believe, which is quite a different thing, that a sermon which has been delivered before an audience of convicts in the penitentiary is the

sermon to preach to the congregation of the most fashionable church in America? Well, it is. And the little talk your superintendent made to the boys in the reform school is the very thing for the Sunday-school in which you are a teacher, and I expect it would do your class of girls ever so much good. You see, I have made a study of this thing for more years than you have been going to church, and I went into it more profoundly than ever before assuming charge of a special department in an able and influential journal. The result of observation has convinced me that the population of this world is made up largely of people. If that be the rankest heresy that ever broke up a church fair, I will maintain it, though I be cast out of the synagogue for it.

NOW, I have traveled a great deal, and travel, as every one knows, corrects one's judgment, enlarges one's views, and broadens one intellectually. People who travel always say that to people who stay at home; then they quote a remark about pagan Rome from the guide book, and look "broad," and stand quite still to let you admire their breadth, which is sometimes a breadth that would look better turned, and would be broader measured lengthwise. But I have been about a goodish bit—doesn't that sound English and traveled? Well, it is; it has been around the world and back several times before I got hold of it. I have traveled considerably, and ought to know, and really do know, a great deal; I am afraid to tell you how much, lest you should feel too keenly your own narrow limitations. I have been to Kickapoo Town and Harker's Corners; once I drove to Toulon, Stark County, and in all these countries I found scarcely a living human being except people. People! why they're common as grass. Peoria County used to be full of them when I was a boy. I've seen hundreds of them; I suppose that is one reason why they never awe me any more. Great people—that is, people who look wise and talk bass, and lift their eyebrows, and say "Ah!" except at other times, when they say "Ah?" with a circumflex that fairly runs up and down your back; people who are afraid to walk very near the edge of the earth lest they should tip it over and slide off. I used to be afraid of these people, and take off my hat and say "Sir," and "Ma'am," to them. But soon I observed that they were the same kind of people I had always known. Just like the man who kept store in Mossville, and the woman who run the church fairs out on Orange Prairie, and the girl who taught school at Richwoods.

ONCE met a real "lord." He was the living image of Bud Jenson, who used to come to Peoria and hold auction sales of rare paintings by the old masters. I've seen him knock down a genuine Raphael, or a Paul Veronese, for two dollars and eighty cents, without the frame, that you couldn't buy in New York to-day for five dollars. He was bald, too, the lord was. I was bitterly disappointed with him, but as I grew older I became reconciled to him, because I knew that neither peer nor auctioneer could help being people. Then I was introduced to a French nobleman. He was an ambassador of some kind; I forget just what his title was, that is, I don't just forget it, but I can't exactly spell it, in print. I can spell it easily enough in writing, where I can make all the letters alike, but it is different in print. Well, I told him he reminded me so much of a friend, Hi Olmstead, who run a fish-boat down at Copperas Creek. He is dead now—the ambassador. I thoughtlessly spoke French in conversing with him, and he killed himself trying to understand me. It was my fault. I did not think that he hadn't been here long enough to learn our French.

SO observing more and more that people everywhere resembled people in other places, I fell into the habit of regarding all men and women as people. If I had my life to live over again, and if I have anything to say about it, I certainly won't, I think I would not go outside of Peoria County in my travels. They have about the same kind of people there you will find anywhere. A man who understands all the people in Peoria County can teach school anywhere. You understand, then, that when you come into this corner of the JOURNAL, you are never to expect anything unusual, or especially adapted to any special class of people. Very well, then; we are glad to see each other. You are welcome; sit close to the door; there are no cushions on those pews, but you can sneak out if you don't like the sermon. That's why they come so much higher.

WOMAN YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY



HERE was a time, not a century ago, when women were considered a race of beings altogether different from men; when no woman could sharpen a pencil, tie a parcel or sling bass; when about the only out-of-door game—it was called a "game" in bitter derision—in which

young girls, between the ages of twelve and forty-two, were permitted to indulge, was a melancholy performance called "grace-hoops." Boys were sometimes compelled to assist at this lodge of sorrow, but only in case of a dearth of girls, and in the presence of the old folk, who had grown tired of playing "Copenhagen."

But now, woman can do anything she tries, even to singing bass in her own quartette of girls, so that weak man is a superfluity in the choir. She has harnessed her grace-hoops tandem, and made a bicycle of them; she rows, she fishes, she shoots, inasmuch that all men, and it may be that some game, fear her shooting (joke); she wearth her brother's hat, and his outing cap; his shirt front, his four-in-hand tie, and many things that are her brother's. She is stronger than her mother, and can stand a great deal more rest; she is quite as happy, and far more independent. She hangs on to the strap in the street-car when her mother had a seat in the omnibus if every man rode outside in the rain. She gets jostled and pushed about in the crowd, when some bare-headed man, bowing low, used to make way for her grandmother. With weary patience she stands in line at the ticket-office; woe is she if she presume on the privilege of sex to step in ahead of a man; she gets hustled back to her place. Much she hath gained by freedom; somewhat, also, hath she lost. She cannot eat her cake and keep it. Still, if she didn't eat it, it would become fearfully stale, or somebody else would get it. And cake is only good to eat, anyhow. Scarcely would she exchange her independence for deference and helplessness. Her loss is more in form than fact. Men are more unselfishly chivalrous toward her than ever their fathers were; but this hurrying age of gallop and gulp has trampled upon the deliberate grace and studied elegance of a lazier day, when men bowed lower and did less; when men abandoned loafing and went to work, they quit wearing lace at their wrists and rapiers at their side; they ceased to talk in blank verse, and conversed in plain prose; they cut off their long ringlets, and the curling-tongs were dethroned by the clippers.

HER LOSS AND HER GAIN

IN all these changes woman has had to yield something good for something better. "Woman's sphere," whatever that ever was, has almost disappeared, and our sister can claim scarcely a place in the world's work and thought that is exclusively her own. She has no monopoly in dressmaking and millinery; the animal who used to make Rome howl every time he missed a shirt button is no longer dependent upon her for one item of his raiment. Oh, once in a while a man comes to town whose wife makes his pantaloons and cuts his hair; but he is usually sent to jail for it and warned not to do it again. In some countries he would be beheaded, but in this Christian land the law is merciful. The "Poetess" should be laid away with the "Female Seminary," which in the backwoods still lingers superfluous on the stage. "Out west?" Yes; out west. And down east. Did you think all the backwoods were out west? You will run into them in the suburbs of Boston, a little way out of Washington, and around New York and Philadelphia. Also, right in town. We have, in the national councils, a board of "Lady Managers," although why there is no board of "Gentlemen Managers" does not appear. If this sort of thing should get fairly started, we may yet have a "Female Columbian Exposition," which may the gods forbid. In these days when the fields of thought and labor for men and women lie so close together, are so often identical, a poet is a poet, and an editor is an editor. It is perfectly natural that Edward W. Bok should be the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, while Mrs. George Archibald is editor of "The Young Men's Journal." Woman has entered the bar, but there are no female courts in which she may practice female law. She stands in the pulpit, but there is no female gospel for a preacheress to proclaim to female sinners. She dresses almost as sensibly as the men, although she makes more fuss about it. When the wisdom of Chautauqua finds a tunic which the men threw away centuries ago, she hails it as a "discovery" in dress reform, and bids the world behold, admire and wonder. We are ready to behold, willing to admire, but there's nothing wonderful about it. Your grandfather wore one just like it at threshing time, and a very good raiment it was to keep him from making a porcupine of himself with wheat beards.

SOME THINGS THAT HAVEN'T CHANGED

AN Old Woman one day found a Rude Girl sitting in her favorite Apple Tree, enjoying the delicate flavor of Stolen Fruit. "Rash Maid," exclaimed the Old Woman, "do you not know what happened to your Grandmother for eating Fruit without permission?" And then, in soft and persuasive language, somewhat dislocated by the instability of a misfit Upper Set, the Old Woman kindly requested the Young Scapegrace to come down and receive the worst Trouncing she ever danced under. But the Rude Girl, who was one of the Tulu tribe, and could whistle tunes like a Boy, replied that it was yet several hours to Train time, and, beside, she was not going that way. "Then," said the Old Woman, for it was she, "if Soft Words have no effect upon you, I must resort to Violence." So saying, she whistled in an athmatic, sibilant manner for a Large and Ferocious Dog, which she said was kept unchained behind the barn. At this Dire Threat, however, the Rude Girl, who was well acquainted with the premises, and knew there was not an animal about the place except a toothless Cat, much older than the Woman, laughed in derisive accents, and started in on another Apple. "Oho," quoth the Old Woman, "You will not come down for threats? Then, your Bumps be upon your own Head." With this, she gathered her apron full of stones, and proceeded to bombard the Tree. The first stone went wide, and broke a window in the School-house over the way. The second described a reversed curve and smote the Cat, which was purring in the sunshine on the door-step. Taking deliberate aim at the Marauder, she fired a third stone, which met the School-Ma'am as she came running out to see what was the matter, and catching her under the trimmed side of her hat Grassed her. At this, the Old Woman shrieked and ran into the house, while the Rude Girl, overcome with Convulsive Laughter, fell backward from the limb, and dropping heavily to the ground, would have Broken her Back, had she not leaped so quickly to her feet to see if anybody was looking. Having assured herself that He was Not Looking, she burst into tears, and wept all the way Home.

Moral—This fable teaches that with the Changed Condition of Things, and the altered Relations of the Sexes, in practical life, Woman still retains unimpaired many of her Superior Qualities.

ADJUSTABLE NEW YEAR RESOLVES

I WILL get up and dress when the breakfast bell rings.
I will not complain when everything goes to suit me.
I will treat my wife as politely as though she was a perfect stranger.

I will strive to be more thoughtful for my own comfort, that others, seeing me happy, may also endeavor to be contented, and thus I will be a missionary for good.

I will not spend so much money this year on the useless frivolities of Easter bonnets, spring wraps, and other vanities that draw the thoughts of my wife and daughters from better things.

I will remember the poor if I have to make a memorandum to that effect every morning. The memory can be greatly strengthened by practice; it does not cost anything, and brings a pleasant glow to the approving conscience.

I will endeavor to impress upon my family the duty of greeting, with cheerful voices and laughing faces, the father of a family when he returns home, wearied with the depressing cares and labors of a long business day.

I will go out by myself oftener, in order that my family may enjoy the tranquil and improving pleasure of a long, uninterrupted evening in the quiet sanctity of a happy home. It will be a great sacrifice, but I must think of them first.

I must be more unselfish, and take better care of myself that I may long be spared to be the joy and light of the home which it has pleased an appreciative providence to bestow upon one in every way worthy of the blessing so wisely ordered.

I will pay my pew rent this year, if I have to deny myself a new overcoat, and my children have to go without shoes. I feel that we have not heretofore sufficiently denied ourselves in little luxuries for the sake of maintaining a good appearance at church. In my luscious mellow mood I am beginning to think differently about it.

I will be, in all things, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a good provider; and I will rear up a family that will love and respect me, and render to me prompt and cheerful obedience, with perfect deference to my wishes and thoughtful regard for my comfort, or I will break their backs in the attempt.

THAT PECULIAR KIND OF SILENCE

ALFRED," said Mrs. Lovidovie, "you do not love me as you did in years gone by; you no longer call me pet names; you have ceased to coin new terms of endearment for me; years ago all the newspapers in the world could not have kept you from my side for one evening. In those happy days you were—"

"I was a young ass," grunted Mr. Lovidovie, from behind his paper.

"True! true! true!" sighed the neglected wife, "that's just what I was going to say." And a long time afterward she added, "You are older, now."

And Lovidovie read the same paragraph in the paper over and over, and tried hard to think of something to say, and couldn't just think of it right then, and so kept on thinking, and thinking and thinking, and thinking, and wanted to peep over the paper and look at her, but was afraid she might be looking at him. And he couldn't think of anything to say back until some time the following day, and then something told him it was too late.

The Daylight

Take off shade, take off chimney, apply the match, put on chimney, burn your fingers, put on shade, scorch it. No, no; nothing of the kind. Light your Daylight without removing shade or chimney and do it as quick as a wink.

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Sold Vestibuled Trains are still run over our former lines via Kansas City and St. Joseph, and the elegant service heretofore given on these routes by "The Great Rock Island" will continue.

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FOR A

FAMILY DINNER.

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"Cowdrey's Succotash"

Roast Quail with Watercress

Celery Salad

"Cowdrey's Plum Pudding"

Coffee

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The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of The King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters" bearing upon this one and special purpose *only*, should be addressed to MRS. BOTTOME, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please do not, however, send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business communications of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the order, 158 West Twenty-third street, New York city, and prompt attention will be given.



A HAPPY New Year to all! And it will be that to all who are determined to look up and not down! A Happy New Year! Some of you will be happy in a subdued way; happy because at last you find yourself "Slow rounding into calm." The years have been stormy with many of you, but the sea of life has become quieter, and there is a deeper meaning in "Thy will be done." Then some of you will find this year the most blessed of all, for you "will see your Pilot face to face when you have crossed the bar."

AS WE ENTER UPON THE NEW YEAR

NOW, I want my circle to come very close to me. You are very near my heart. I have earnest words to say to you, young and old, rich and poor, sad and gay. I think, dear ones, we ought all to take a broader outlook at the commencement of this New Year, and see how much more we can do to lighten the loads so many have to bear. I wish the spirit that a dear little child of an intimate friend of mine showed this past summer in the White Mountains could come to us. She had seen a very little girl "favored" like herself, take a seat beside a poor little cripple and try to comfort her in her own little way. My little E— went back with her nurse to her mother and laid her head on her mother's shoulders, and her tears fell fast over her sweet face as she said: "Oh, mamma, I have never loved like that!" Dear child, the Spirit of the Cross, the emblem of which she wore, was entering into her little heart. As the mother told me, I seemed to see that child grown to be a woman, and when I thought of her as having the love that would care for the unfortunate and relieve them, I joyed in our Creed, which simply means unselfishness.

RESOLUTIONS CARVED IN SILVER

DO you not think that at the commencement of this New Year, dear members of my circle, our real concern as a circle should be our love for humanity? I know in these five years of our life as a Sisterhood, it has dawned on us that we are really to do as our King did when He dwelt among us; that we are only to think of the Father's will; that we are to "go about doing good;" that we are to feed the hungry, visit the sick and tell them of the love wherewith they are loved. I am glad that so many have a little secret connected with the Cross they wear. I was so interested in a dear girl whose father and mother had left her, and she wore the Cross to remind her of the cross she had determined to take up, because, as she said, she did not want to feel there was no family altar left. Afterward, when traveling in a foreign land, her maid noticed her Cross and asked her what it meant. She replied: "I do not think I can tell you now." "How could I tell her," she said to me, "it meant unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others when I felt she must have seen the lack of them all in me." Ah, as I looked into her face I knew her trying to be like Him had not been in vain.

WHAT SOME OF YOU HAVE DONE

AND now, for fear I forget, I want to thank you for sending the means for those less fortunate than yourselves to get the little Silver Cross. How I wish it were possible for you to know the after-history of the Cross you have given. Maybe in the revelations of the future you will know. A friend of mine once said to me she thought the mansion was given us but the furnishing we did by our good works, and every good deed was perhaps a new picture in the mansion we are going to enter by and by. If it is so, some people are going to have beautifully furnished mansions, and some will be rather bare, but, after all, it is the friends who visit our houses here, or in the Beyond, that will make our homes the loveliest! One girl wrote me: "Is there just a little corner in your heart for me, I am so lonesome?" Dear child! she made me think of what George MacDonald said, "that God had a place for each one in Himself, because he never made two alike, and if we did not occupy the room no one else ever could." Do you not think it lovely that we have our own place in God? I do not think it strange, when one remembers God is like a mother. My mother had a place for each of us, and it always seemed to me that the youngest had a peculiar place, and she left him her New Testament when she died. So Christ said: "I know my sheep and am known of mine!" It is this feeling of personal relationship between God and the individual that makes our religion what it is. People do not hunger for formal theological systems; the food that nourishes the lonely heart is love; and love is a thing of relationships.

THE SUN BEHIND THE CLOUDS

NOW, there is something very vital I want to speak with you about at this time. You feel your imperfectness, you have grown so slowly, you are so very far from being what you ought to be, that you are in danger of being discouraged, and I must try to save you from this. How can I get you to see that you will be some day what you want to be? Do, do keep thinking: "Well, I shall not always be what I am now; some day I shall be beautiful!" Every one of my circle must think this, He will make me the woman He wants me to be; the woman I long to be. I do not say how or when, but some time, somehow. Now, promise me you will think this. I know how disappointed you have been, I know all about the hot tears, and maybe some of you have said, "I shall never hope again." Oh yes, you will, you will hope in the One that all the other friends meant. I am so sorry for some of you, life has been so hard. Yes, I know you have been crushed, but most everything has to be crushed to be made useful, I find. I cannot say I understand it, but I do believe in a God of love, who loves everybody, even me, even you. Strange that on this glad day I turn instinctively to the sorrowing, but I do. The glad ones do not need me as the sad ones do, and I have found out that there are many sad people who read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and I serve a Master who said "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted," and who invited especially the weary to come unto Him. So I am following Him if I turn to those who need comfort most.

THE DAWNING YEAR FROM THE SICK-BED

TO the dear "Shut Ins," I would also give a special New Year's Greeting! I want to give you a helpful thought at this happy New Year's time, when you are saying "If I was not 'shut in'; if I could only go on errands of mercy."

The thought is this. Christ could not do when He was here on earth all He wanted to do, or felt He could have done under other circumstances. He had His limitations, but because He could not do all He wanted to do, He did not stop and do nothing. It is written "He could not do any mighty work because of their unbelief," but He laid His hands on a few sick folks. You see the lesson—do all you can. You are limited, that is true, but work close up to the limitations! Say: "If I cannot leave this rolling chair then I will do all I can in this chair. If I cannot leave my bed, I will do all I can in this bed." If you say, my hands are so drawn out of shape with the rheumatism I cannot do anything with them; well, you can smile. You can be patient with those who care for you. You can contribute something, and in your case it will undoubtedly be costly, and God will know how costly.

As I write I am thinking of a beautiful "Shut In" who, as she says, "Sits in the vineyard." And as I think of all she does as she sits in her rolling chair, or lies in her bed, all the good work she keeps going, all the literature she scatters, her work seems so vast.

But you say, "she has money, and if I had money I could do good, too!" Well, I admit the wonderful works that only money can accomplish, but it cannot do every thing. And many good works that will count in God's sight can be done with little or no money. All that is needed is for you to have the sweet words said again of you, as He said of another woman—"She hath done what she could."

So I wish you dear "Shut Ins" a Happy New Year "In His Name."

MY MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR

ALMOST my entire life I have taken a passage of Scripture to be, as it were, a motto for the year. Little did I dream I should ever have so many to share my motto with as I have to-day, in this invisible circle that gathers round me now. The words I have chosen and which I give to you, embody the spirit of our order, and were uttered by our King—"I am among you as one that serveth." If this thought takes possession of you, if you strive to live it out, your very presence will be a service. There are people whom just to have around is a benediction; but you may depend upon it those people are the unselfish people! Hold this motto close to you at this New Year. "I am among you as one that serveth." Christ said it, let us say it; Christ acted it, let us act it! There is a hard battle before some of us, and it is just here; shall I be selfish or unselfish; shall I prefer my comfort or another's? I am sure, dear daughters, a great many of your troubles will disappear as your selfishness disappears. We have many circles with the name: "Kindly Affectioned Circle;" let us have more circles called "In honor preferring one another," or circles living up to that spirit.

There are untold depths of joy in this spirit.

Whittier has it in his Autumn Song. (How I wish every member of my circle, especially those who are approaching the autumn time of life would learn it by heart!)

"What matters, mine or another's day,
So the right word be said and life the sweeter made?"
Let us, however, make it as sweet as we can. Let me repeat at the beginning of this New Year what I have said so often: Do not despise the day of small things. Do you know that the great organizations throughout our land for the removal of poor children from the heavy air of the city to the country grew out of an attempt of a single woman to save one dying baby? Suppose she had said, "I cannot save all, why should I strive to save one?"

BOYS AND GIRLS AS WORKERS

A GREAT poet once wrote:

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
Both bird, and man, and beast."

There has been formed in Boston a band called the "American Band of Mercy," the pledge of which reads:

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Here is a work the boys and girls of our order could be interested in. The founder of this band, Mr. George T. Angel, of 19 Milk street, Boston, says: "Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act to make the world happier or better, is invited to address him." Every boy or girl that possibly can should read "Black Beauty," and get a copy of the little paper published in the interest of dumb animals. Here is real work for any circle of little boys: to spread these pledges among their playmates and companions.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

I HAVE learned so many lessons from my own children and the children of my friends, that I think I will tell some of them to you as we meet month after month. There are so many little children in our Order, and I am hoping that they will lead those who love them most to the One who gave them the beautiful children.

I looked one morning at a little girl as she went from her high chair to her father and asked him to stoop down. He did so, and she pinned the little bit of purple ribbon on his coat and said: "Now, papa, you are one of the King's Sons, aren't you happy?" I knew he was happy he had such a child, and a silent prayer went up that he might recognize his relationship to the Father. I noticed, when he left for business down town, he had the purple ribbon on which the child had put there.

O, what opportunities we have to plant the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of the little children. I could fill this entire page in telling the beautiful things I have seen and heard from little children.

HOW TO WORK I. H. N.

CONSTANTLY there come to me letters, and people call on me to know if we cannot relieve this and that case of distress. I stepped into our office the other day and one of the clerks said to a lady "Here is Mrs. Bottome, she will give you the information you desire." The lady told me of a poor, old woman who needed assistance, and asked me if I would see that she was helped. I found that the lady was interested in the case, so I asked her if there were any circles of the King's Daughters in her church. She said she thought not. Then I said, the way for you to do is to call a circle around you, who will take the case of the old woman as their work. If they have no money then they can put their heads together to see how they can earn money, and young people are very ingenious; they will use their hands and make fancy articles, and have a sale, perhaps. The lady had never thought of that way of helping the poor, old woman, but she saw it all in less than five minutes, and thanked me. And I have no doubt the dear old soul is being taken care of. Form a circle for the need you see. I have to reiterate it that we have no money at the center, and all the circles have their individual work, but if you will take our idea and work it out, you can do so much. And there are such splendid opportunities for doing. I am often at my wits' end to see how supply and demand can be brought together, and I could very soon go into the business of keeping an intelligence office.

WILL YOU UNITE WITH ME IN THIS?

I WANT my circle, which is becoming very large, to unite with me this New Year in reading the 13th chapter of Corinthians every Sunday, and then we shall have it to live on through the week. And I want you to take in the thought that there is in God the love for you, only infinitely greater, that in this chapter we are exhorted to have for one another. You need to think there is a love for you that "beareth all things, endureth all things," and as you come more and more to realize His love, it will be easier for you to bear with others and hope for others. You will find a perfect outfit for your interior life and outward life for 1892 in this chapter. And it is fathomless; you can never outgrow it. From month to month, we can tell each other how much more it is becoming to us, and you can so simplify it that the little children in your families and circles can be made to understand it, for little children as well as big ones have to learn to bear and endure.

Your loving sister In His Name,

Margaret Bottome

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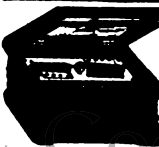
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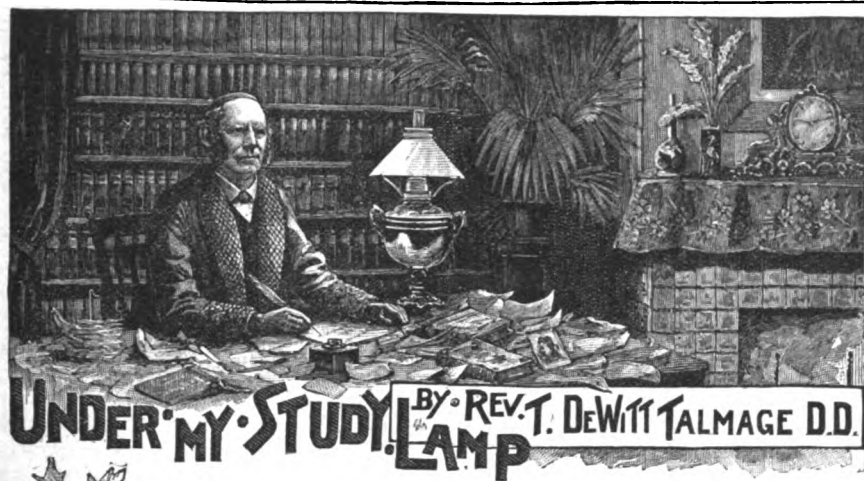
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WHEN these words are read the holiday festivities of another year shall have passed by, congratulations have been given, the Christmas trees have been taken down, or have cast all their fruit, vacations over, the children returned to school, the friends that came to spend the holidays have gone in the rail-train, and the Christmas of the year 1891 shall, like unto the year itself, be a thing of the past. With the old behind us, we look at the child before us!

THE CHILD—1892.

NONE of us can tell what the child will be. That it will have an eventful future is assured. It will be a year of mirth and a year of sadness, a year of prayer and supplication. It will laugh, sing, weep, grow and die! The old year died in giving birth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI, dawned. The old year was a queen—the new is a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. At such a time, on the threshold of another year, we review, we wonder and we contemplate; only a genius at stupidity does not think at such a time. To many of us the year of 1892 will be a memorable one. The spring grass may be cleft by the spade to let us down to our resting-place; or while the summer grain is falling to the sickle we may be harvested for another world; or while the autumnal leaves are flying in the November gale we may fade and fall; or the driving sleet may cut the faces of the black-tasseled horses that pull us out in our last ride. It may be the year in which our body and soul part—the year in which for us time ends and eternity begins. All other years as nothing; the year in which you were born, the year in which you were married, the year in which your child died, the year in which your mother or father died—all of them of less importance than the last year of your life. Fifteen hundred and forty-six was a memorable year, because in it Luther died; eighteen hundred and twenty was a marked year, because in it Benjamin West died; eighteen hundred and fifty-two was a marked year, because in it Wellington died; eighteen hundred and fifty-six was a marked year, because in it Hugh Miller died. But what are these years to us in comparison to the year of 1892, if it shall prove to be the year in which we shall die?

MAXIMS FOR THE NEW YEAR

I DO not point out this fact to you that you shall this year be mournful. Make it the best year of all your life—the brightest, the happiest and the best. Imbue your heart with the freshness of the morning, your soul with the sparkle of the dawn. Resolve by good deeds and thoughts to make this the most triumphant year of your life. As a series of short maxims to carry with you through this year, let me give you these:
 Make every day begin and end with God.
 Be content with what you have.
 Have a hearty, joyful family altar in your domestic circle.
 Fill your home with as much good reading and bright music as your means will allow.
 Think ill of none, but well of all.
 If fortune favors you, think of others.
 Don't sham; be real.
 Keep busy and you will keep healthy.
 Respect all sacred things.
 Love God.

BELIEVE THESE THINGS WITH ME

THAT Jesus is the day-spring from on high—the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes! Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble! Jesus hath prepared a house of many mansions; Jesus is the anchor that always holds; Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed; Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted; Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night. No matter what troubles may befall you, what ills or dangers may come to you, in Christ you are safe. Oh, my reader, place yourself under the wings of the Almighty; however wandering, however weary, however troubled, come under the wings of the Almighty; however ragged, however wretched, there is room enough under the wings—under the broad wings of the Almighty for you! Oh, what a gospel! So glorious, so magnificent in its provisions! I love to write of it to you! It is my life to preach it! It is my heaven to teach it!

THE BEAUTY OF FROSTED HAIR

SOME very good women I know have a way of getting irritable when the silver penetrates into their hair, and perhaps some of those to whom I write have the same feeling. Whimsical fashion, I notice, changes its mind very often as to which is the best color for the hair. The Romans sprinkled theirs with silver and gold. Our ancestors powdered theirs white. Human custom decides this and decides that; but God declares that He likes frost color best when He says: "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be in the way of righteousness." Indeed! is there anything more beautiful? Alas! for those who will not take the adornment, and who swear by all the dyes of the apothecary that they will not have it. Nevertheless, my dear woman, let me tell you that the greater part of humankind look upon gray hairs as a crown of glory. It is beautiful in the church, it is beautiful in the home, it is beautiful at the wedding, it is beautiful at the burial.

WHAT FASHION DOES FOR ITS DEVOTEES

WHEN a woman listens to what color fashion dictates shall be her hair, she gives ear to an element in our modern life that is making society more and more insincere every day. I sometimes stop to marvel what this element called "fashion" has done. Through its teachings its devotees are made so insincere that you scarcely know when to believe them and when not. They ask you to "come and call," and you do not know whether or not they really want you or not. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an external civility. One learns to take almost everything said by these people at a discount. Word is sent, "Not at home," when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say "the furnace has just gone out," when in truth they had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table, when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. "It was an heirloom, and once hung on the walls of a castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather." People who will lie about nothing else, will lie about a picture. On a small income this "Fashion" practically teaches us that we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit, and a sham.

TO THOSE IN SICKNESS

MANY in sickness write to me. They seem to feel that God is singling them out to bear the ails of the world. My friends, but few of us are entirely well. Not one out of ten is thoroughly sound in body, and this is no exaggerated statement. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that each of us is peculiarly subject to. One has a weak side or back, the other is subject to headaches, or faintnesses, or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life, or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous—as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous! At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings; but God knows; God feels; God compassionates. He counts the sleepless nights; He regards the acuteness of the pain; He estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle, and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the vials filled with nauseous draughts, and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which He hath gathered all our tears. God keeps a tender remembrance of all our sicknesses. To every sick-bed in the universe would I say: Be of good cheer, dear sorrowing heart, this world is not only of pain. As you suffer now, so shall you rejoice hereafter. Do not allow yourself to grow disconsolate. As the night comes, so cometh the morning, and as the most violent rain-storm is followed by glorious sunshine, so shall all the sick-beds of this world be transformed into thrones of gold. We are here but for a little while, and we help to make that time pleasant just in proportion as we keep our spirits buoyed up.

HELP YOUR MINISTER TO PREACH

IT is astonishing how dull religious audiences, as a rule, look! In lecturing halls you see people with eyes wide open, nudging each other, and nodding to the sentiments offered. In prayer-meetings the same people look dull; they cultivate the dull look; they have an idea that to be devotional they must look sleepy. A brother gets up to talk, and a father in Israel puts his head down on a cane, and a mother in Israel her head on the back of the seat in front of her, and another looks up to the ceiling and seems to be counting the cracks in it. Now, when your minister gets up to preach, look at him. There is inspiration in the human eye. Many a time I have, through pressure of other work, gone into the pulpit with little to say, but in the upturned faces of the people I have seen twenty sermons, and the only bother was to know which I should preach.

WOMEN AND THE MODERN NOVEL

PEOPLE constantly write to me and ask: "Do you believe in women reading novels?" My friends, it all depends upon the novel. Some novels are exhilarating, but a greater percentage of them seem to me to belong more to the literary men and women of the past than of the present. Some of our modern novels are appalling in their influence. But as one young girl writes me: "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the persons so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite, and all the characters so enrapturing, I cannot quit them." My sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate and purify, and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated, that you cannot afford to fill up with husks, and cinders, and debris. In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home, or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can, by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes here or there in every day, rise head and shoulders in prosperity and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing or that which bedwards.

PURITY IN HAUNTS OF INIQUITY

CAN you tell me why a Christian woman going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of the place: "Do you come here nights to hold a service?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said, "never." That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, an armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on gospel work into the haunts of iniquity carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the arm of his wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one who should offer her indignity. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal indignation. Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man. "I am afraid, too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is that if any of those boys should use a nasty word in that presence the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot."

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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS

EDITED BY RUTH ASHMORE

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



ANOTHER year has come and we can wish each other all joy and happiness for the future, though wouldn't it be just as well to give a little thought to the past? Go off, my dear girl, by yourself and decide whether the old year has taught you anything that will be of service in the new year.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR
IF one closes one's ears to evil speaking, one is very apt to forget to ever say the evil word one's self. When trouble comes, know where to go, and if only you bury your head in your hands and think "God help me," be sure He will, not just perhaps in the way that you expect, but certainly help will come unto you.

THE GIRL WITH A WISH
SHE is many in number, and she keeps on asking and asking the same thing. She says: "How can I make myself popular?" The girl who has the mere desire for popularity, who doesn't care whether she only creates a pleasant impression and is then forgotten, is making a mistake.

ARE SOME OF THESE YOURS?
ARE those ugly ill-tempered words spoken so sharply really yours? Are those rude habits of whispering, of using slang and of continual lack of quietness yours? Are those dreadful habits, of impertinence to your parents, of lack of consideration for others and of untidiness yours?

Now, my dear girls, think this over, and make your nest as pretty as a girl's bedroom should be. Spend a reasonable amount of time on its furnishing, and you will not regret it.

FRIENDS MADE IN A DAY
IN passing along the wayside you girls are very apt to pick up a friend here, and an acquaintance there without much thought as to whether they are desirable ones to have or not. You are prone, especially you clever girls, to laugh at conventionalities and to say you will know who you please and when you please.

A RICH MAN'S THOUGHT FOR GIRLS
THE worth of five minutes, of ten minutes, of half an hour or even of an hour, is often underestimated, for so much can be done or learned in a very little time. Some time the plea is "I don't know how the time goes because I haven't got a watch," and this lack of a watch is something I want to tell you about.

IN A GIRL'S OWN ROOM
SOMEBODY once said, "Show me a woman's bedroom and I will tell you what she is like." It is natural for every girl to want her own little nest to look as pretty as possible, and I wish I could encourage her in this.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

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

- DOT—I cannot recommend any deplatory.
WARNER—I think all desserts made with a pie crust come under the heading of pastry.
D. V.—A pretty shade of golden-brown, with trimmings of velvet and ecru lace, will make a dainty house dress.
A SCHOOL GIRL—The only way to prevent blackheads coming is to take especially good care of your diet, to exercise regularly and to bathe with great care.
A READER—The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand; it is laid aside during the marriage ceremony and assumed afterward as a guard to the wedding ring.
C. M. S.—It is useless to attempt to make a living at giving music lessons unless you are a fine pianist. A slight knowledge of music is not sufficient to make you a competent teacher.
M. A. H.—Cocoa butter is frequently used in massage, as it is especially good for the skin, whitening and healing it. In using benzoin, throw just enough in the water to make it turn a milky hue.
S. J.—Put the cocoa butter on your eyebrows at night, letting it remain on until morning, and keep up this treatment until you see some sign of growth, which should be within a month's time.
SWEET SIXTEEN—For my own part, I do not approve of boys and girls going to school together; but as a great many people differ from me in this respect, I can only express it as my opinion.
VIVIAN—Tea and coffee are not supposed to promote the beauty of the complexion. If you are interested in the other questions asked, suppose you write to Mrs. Mallon herself for the information.
NEW SUBSCRIBER—If it is not late in the evening and your family are acquainted with and like the young man, there will be no impropriety in asking him to come in when he has been kind enough to escort you home.
ELLEN—A Russian bath is one of vapor, where from the extreme of hot vapor a cold scrubbing is given one, and a thorough spray and shower bath is taken. The Russian bath at once whitens and makes firm the skin.
FLORENCE K.—When a gentleman is presented to a lady she does not rise; she simply bows, unless, indeed, she is his hostess. It is not necessary for a lady to rise when she bids good-night to him. The hostess should always rise.
X. Y. X.—The twin sisters would have one card for formal visiting on which should be engraved, "The Misses Gordon; while each should have another for the other cases on which should be engraved, "Miss Clare Gordon."
MARY R. AND OTHERS—I can give no information or opinion in regard to cousins marrying. This question has been asked me a great many times, and it is one that is impossible for a stranger either to discuss, or give judgment upon.
A READER—A girl of sixteen wears her dresses well below her ankles. If her hair is not very long, or thick, it would be pretty to curl it and tie it with a ribbon at the nape of the neck, allowing it to come out in a fuzzy bush.
BESS.—Ushers at a church wedding wear gloves even in the daytime; they should match those worn by the bridegroom. When the bride is dressed in white it is proper for the bridegroom, best man and ushers all to wear white kid gloves.
EDITH H.—I doubt if you will get much good from either by reading two books at the same time. I do not think a young girl ought to read more than 10 o'clock at night. It is better to be the latest time that she greets the morning sun.
ELLA N.—The best book of etiquette is that great one of the world. Observe what other people do, and imitate them; I mean, of course, people of good manner. You will learn more from good society than from all the books that were ever printed.
EDITH B. F.—Brush your hair with great regularity, for this, while it makes it shiny, brings out the oil about once a week wash it with hot water and exercise regularly. A regular treatment of the neck by massage will, it is said, tend to make it fuller.
BERNE—I do not think it in good taste for a young lady to go to a restaurant alone with a man friend. Eleven o'clock is quite late enough for a visitor to stay, unless, indeed, there should be quite a party, and then a little later would not be objectionable.
M. I. E.—The announcement of a wedding is not an invitation to it, and certainly should not appear until at least the day after the ceremony. I walking with an older lady give her the inner side of the street, and let her enter a church or any public place first.
KATHLEEN—If the young man has promised his mother never to marry he certainly acted in a very improper way when he proposed marriage to you, and took the liberty of kissing you. The proper treatment would be suggesting his going at once and never coming back again.
ALLIE—To develop the bust bathe it with hot water, and then rub it, spherically, with olive oil. Do not remove this in the early morning; bathe it with cold water and dry it thoroughly with a soft towel. Do not be induced to use a heavy or coarse towel, as it is apt to roughen and make sensitive the flesh.
M. G.—The only acknowledgment necessary to the announcement of the wedding, which is accompanied by a card giving the dates of two "at homes," is a personal call on one of the "at home" days. If you are not visiting because of mourning or illness, then send your visiting card by messenger during the hour of the first reception.
WE TWO—As you are not intimate friends of either the bride or bridegroom, it will be quite proper for you to go to the wedding, and it is not necessary for you to send a present. In asking what has been said, the abrupt "What is not in good taste; but instead you can say "What did you say?" or "I did not quite understand you."
J. F. W. AND OTHERS—If what you write is worth publishing it will receive notice; and all that can suggest to the many of you who claim to write well and yet do not know what to do, is to send your copy to a well-known publisher, inclosing stamps for its return. Do not be discouraged, but try another and another and still another publisher.
H. F. C.—It is not usual among people of medium circumstances to give anything to a clergyman officiating at a funeral; but where the family is wealthy, and the clergyman, like most others, is poor, it would be in good taste, after a month or so, for the gentleman of the house to inclose him a check, thanking him at the same time for his kindness to them in their trouble.
ENGAGED—Even at a quiet home wedding, where only the immediate family and a few friends are present, it would be in best taste if the invitations were sent out written in the first person, about three days before the ceremony. The people in the place should call on the bride. There is only one city in the United States where the stranger makes the first call, and that is in Washington.
BLUE-EYED LOU—Thank you, very much, for your kind words to me; they are fully appreciated. The choice of piano or violin lessons should be decided by your ability on either instrument. Choose, by all means, the one on which you play best, and then work to achieve success at that. Try wearing a looser collar and bathing your neck with very hot soap-suds; this will tend to whiten it.

For Girls Musical Tastes

A FREE MUSICAL TRAINING WITHIN THE POWER OF EVERY GIRL.



ALL offers ever made by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, none have met with such quick response as those of a free musical training for every girl in America. At the time of the conception of these offers the one point most borne in mind was to place them within the reach of the humblest girl. For years we had heard the cry of the girl of musical tastes stifled by the lack of means where-with to acquire her desires for a vocal or instrumental training, and we determined to make possible

A MUSICAL TRAINING WITHOUT COST

OVER five hundred girls are now working for these offers. Every report coming to us tells of easy success. Girls who started only two months ago are already within a few of the small number of subscriptions necessary for success. "It has come to me almost without an effort," writes one girl, "and I can scarcely believe that the easy work of the last two weeks means twenty weeks of free vocal training for me." The great advantage in these JOURNAL offers is that there is no competitive element in them. Every girl stands the same chance. It is not a question of who secures the largest number of subscriptions—the girl in the smallest village has the same good chance as the girl in the thickly-populated city.

THE MUSICAL HOME WE SELECTED

THE large conservatory selected by the JOURNAL to which to send our girls, is probably the best and most liberally equipped in the country. It is the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston. Girls from every State in the Union are within its walls. The most skilled teachers preside over it, while, in a domestic sense, it possesses all the advantages of a carefully regulated and refined home. Foreign musicians of prominence have recognized the standing of the Conservatory by personal visits and indorsement. During her last visit to this country, Adelina Patti honored the Conservatory by spending a morning in its different departments, and now recommends the institution over her own name.

WHY THE OFFERS ARE GENEROUS

THE JOURNAL is anxious that the largest possible number of girls shall take advantage of these offers for a free musical and vocal training, not because of any pecuniary profit to itself, for there is none. The simplest calculation will show, to any one who studies the offers, that we are not guided by any money consideration. On the other hand, each successful girl whom we send to the Conservatory means an actual financial outlay to the JOURNAL beyond the income. We have merely changed our methods of advertising. We have now extended these offers beyond the time originally set for their withdrawal, but they cannot be continued indefinitely, as any one can easily see. It is important, therefore, that girls enroll themselves on our books as desirous of trying for the offers. Any girl can learn all particulars by simply writing to the JOURNAL, and details will be forwarded to her. Remember that this is the best season of the year to secure subscriptions.

Write and we will gladly tell you all about the idea. Address THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS



BY FOSTER COATES

MR. COATES cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which his young readers may desire help or information. Address all letters to FOSTER COATES, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



More perplexing question presents itself to the lad ready to step upon life's busy stage than the choosing of a trade or a profession. A good many boys, far too many, indeed, seem to prefer to go out into the world empty-handed. They dislike a trade, because it means hours of toil and study, and one's hands become rough, and clothing soiled by manual labor. Some boys seem to regard manual labor as degrading. They argue that they were born to better things; they console themselves with the reflection that they will be lucky enough to get on without very great labor, and they hope and pray that they will get through life without any drudgery. Later they find they have made a mistake. When they should be making giant strides on the road to success, they find themselves distanced by competitors who are better qualified for the race. It is too late, however. They builded their lives wrong. The foundation stone was not set properly, and the whole structure proves a failure.

EVERY BOY SHOULD LEARN A TRADE

If I had my way I would insist that every boy should learn a trade. It was so in the olden times, and it should be so now. The man who has a trade is a thousand times better equipped than the man who has none. Let every boy select the trade that best suits his ability, and promises the highest honors and remuneration. When he has mastered his trade, if he dislikes it, or it is not profitable, he can begin to study a profession, or enter upon a commercial life. If he should fail in both of these, he is still master of a good trade—something that no one can take from him, no matter what exigencies may arise. The man who is master of a good trade is as independent as a millionaire. He need never want; he can find profitable work in any corner of the world. I do not say one word against a professional career. But I do say emphatically that the man who has a trade and a profession as well, need have no fear of the future. The boy who wants to can master a trade between the years of sixteen and twenty, and if he dislikes it, he still has time to study medicine, the law, or any other of the learned professions. But if he waits until he is twenty, or over, he may not have an opportunity or feel inclined to learn either.

A MILLIONAIRE'S VIEW OF SUCCESS

It was my intention to have given prominence in this article to the views of the late Charles Pratt, the founder of the Pratt Institute, of Brooklyn, one who grew up from a poor boy and became a rich man, whose later years were occupied in helping boys to fit themselves to become successful men. He had begun an article for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL when he was beckoned over the dark river to his eternal reward. A few pages of the uncompleted article were found upon his desk the day after he died, as follows:

"The education of a young man or young woman is, in a few words, embraced in the power of habit. Every young person needs to learn the power of attention, the value of industry, promptitude in beginning work, method, accuracy and dispatch in carrying it out, courage before difficulties, self-denial, self-control and temperance. These are the primary qualities, and the fundamental rules for success in life. And how these qualities can best be obtained is what we are seeking at Pratt Institute to illustrate.

"My general experience is that if a young man desires to make a success of life, either in a professional way or in business, it will all depend upon the thoroughness with which he has learned the fundamental requirements of every successful man. These are outlined in the first thoughts expressed."

THE RIGHT THING FOR A BOY TO DO

It is my general opinion," continued Mr. Pratt in this article, "that the young man or young woman whose education and training have been such as to throw them in contact with material things; where the eye has been trained to see accurately through an effort to learn to draw; where the senses have been quickened to distinguish sounds; where the hand has been trained to careful, exact execution of work of any kind, whether planning a board or modeling a figure, are more likely to acquire the principles outlined above. The same principles, however, which lead the young artist or artisan to be exact in the measurement of material things, or careful in the mechanic arts, can be developed through the study of language or mathematics, or the patient, careful, painstaking application to a knowledge of literature. The question which seems to me to be before our people is: 'In what way can we develop these fundamental qualities with the greatest facility?' My thought is that this may be done through what is generally termed 'industrial art

work,' that is, teaching the eye to see, the hand to execute, while the mind is brought into active sympathy with these efforts.

"It is not to discard as unimportant the literary part of a person's education, but it is to develop specifically the power to think and see correctly. With the foundation of character laid on these general lines, I think the future of a young man's life depends upon the use he makes of the opportunities open to him. The thing that lies nearest at hand is the thing for him to do, whether it is a trade or a profession, and his success will depend upon the fidelity with which he makes use of his opportunities."

The article ends abruptly here, as did the good man's life, but his work is going on and doing incalculable good.

THE VALUE OF A TRADE

I REMEMBER years ago, when I was a very young man, meeting John Roach, the great ship-builder, in his ship-yard at Chester, Pennsylvania. I remember, too, what he said then about the value of a trade to the average boy.

"Young man," he said, laying his great, broad hand on my shoulder, and looking at me earnestly with his keen, steel-blue Irish eyes, "next to a clear conscience, a trade is as good a thing as any young man can have in this country. You can carry it with you all your life long; you have to pay neither rent nor taxes upon it, and it will help you around a sharp corner when most other things will fail."

I have never forgotten that utterance from a man who started in life—after landing in New York from Ireland—as helper to a machinist, who became the leading ship-builder of his time, and who, up to the hour that he was stricken with a fatal illness, could take the place of any of his workmen, whether it was a man driving rivets, or an expert putting together the most delicate parts of a steamship's machinery.

Something very like what John Roach said, I heard another great man, who is now dead, say. This was Peter Cooper, a man of whom American boys cannot know too much, and whom they certainly cannot too much admire.

"If I had my way," said the venerable philanthropist, on the occasion to which I refer, "I would give every boy a trade. Then I would have him stick to it, love it and be good to it. If he does, it will be good to him."

It was homely language, but it was truthful, as boys will find if they will it so.

LATER INFLUENCES OF A TRADE

I HAVE noticed one thing about some men who started in life from the carpenter's bench, from the forge or the mill, and who became great—they never entirely get away from the habits and influences of their early life. They never lose the habits of diligence and of industry that they learned to acquire in the workshop. They may have drifted away from their original trade and become famous in some other pursuit, but they never get altogether away from their earlier environments. Another thing that I have noticed is that these great men are more inclined to be proud of their skill as mechanics than of their successes in other lines. When I was in Europe last I saw Bismarck. I was somewhat surprised to hear he was more proud of his skill as a brewer than of the fact that he had crushed France and unified the great German Empire. In this country there is practically no end to the number of men who found a trade the most valuable of all helps on the road to fame and fortune. I have the names of some of them before me as I write. I pass over the name of Andrew Johnson, who from a shoemaker's bench arose to be President of the United States. He lived and succeeded under conditions that do not exist now.

MECHANICS WHO HAVE SUCCEEDED

THERE is Thomas A. Edison, the greatest genius of our day. Learning telegraphy was the first thing that led him into that intimacy with electricity which has ended with him being its master; Andrew Carnegie was a telegrapher; Charles Pratt, whom I have mentioned above, and who did more to help young men to acquire trades than any man whom I can mention, started in life as a machinist; Judge Daniels, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was a shoemaker; William R. Grace, who was Mayor of New York, and who is worth some twenty million dollars, was a butcher; the late George Jones, who, as editor of the New York "Times," was one of the most powerful men of his day, was a printer's "devil," in the same office with Horace Greeley when both were boys; Jay Gould, the great financier, was first a tanner and then a surveyor; Dr. John R. Paxton, D. D., who preaches to the wealthiest congregation in the world, began life as a carpenter; Philip Armour, the Chicago millionaire, was a moulder; the late John Kelly, the famous politician, was a grate seller; John D. Rockefeller, now worth one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, was a mechanic in iron; Rev. Robert Collyer, D. D., was a blacksmith;

John A. Mackay was a stone-mason before he became the owner of the Comstock Lode, and one of the richest men in the world; Jesse Seligman, the eminent banker and philanthropist, laid the foundation of his fortune by studying in the very poor night trade schools that existed when he was young; United States Senator Hill, of New York, was a printer; the late Henry W. Grady, the greatest orator the South has given us since the days of Calhoun, was also a printer. And so it goes. I could give scores of other names of men who were mechanics, or were skilled in trades and became great after serving faithfully at their various tasks.

THE MAN WHO PUT DOWN THE WAR

I NEARLY forgot one man. Abraham Lincoln once said that three forces put down the Rebellion. As he put it they were: "The Army of the United States, the Navy and Petroleum V. Nasby." The latter was the late David R. Locke, owner of the Toledo "Blade," and the greatest satirist of his day. He was the best specimen of the man who has learned a trade and can never shake off its influence. Even in his later years, and when he was wealthy, he was more proud of the fact that he was a good printer than of his reputation as the favorite humorist of President Lincoln. I have seen him, when he had some subject in his mind, go to a printer's case, and with composing stick in hand, set the type of the article with his own hands, and he did his best work that way. Almost the last time I saw him he recalled the days when he was a boy in a country newspaper office. "I got my education there," he said. "Lying flat on the floor, with 'pied' matter all about me, I read the exchanges and such books as came my way, and so the world opened up before me. Those were very happy days."

Such is the fascination that a trade well learned has for a man, even after he has passed beyond all necessity for retaining it.

A TRADE EASILY LEARNED NOW

THERE is no reason now why every boy should not have a trade. Be he rich or poor, the opportunities are alike ample. Indeed, they are the same. Doors have been thrown wide open in the behalf of all who wish to make use of the opportunities offered. Nothing is more easy now than to acquire a trade. You do not need to bind yourself to a certain employer for a certain length of time and give up all other employment. To-day the bright boy of fifteen can learn a trade, and at the same time continue his education in its ordinary courses, or if compelled to leave school at that age, as very many boys are, and become a bread-earner, he has the chance still to learn any trade toward which he is inclined. The schools in which trades are taught are now open day and night, and Jack must, indeed, be a dull boy if he can learn nothing in them.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF THE LAND

I HAVE been looking, of late, into the workings of some of our industrial schools in New York, at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, the Manual Training School, of Philadelphia, and the schools in Chicago, St. Louis and other large cities. They suggested one thought. The American boy of to-day is rich in advantages that his father knew nothing of. I often hear boys say that there are no such chances to succeed now as there were a generation ago; that there is too much competition, and that all the pursuits in which success is to be won are overcrowded. Now, boys who talk that way lack knowledge, and in most cases self-confidence as well. They would not succeed under any circumstances. As a matter of fact, the paths that lead to success are as many and as broad as they ever were. What is more, the boy or young man who now treads these paths finds willing hands to help him on his way. Men, who when they were boys, had to work fourteen to sixteen hours out of twenty-four for a pittance, and pick up an education as best they could, have not forgotten their early struggles, and the result has been schools like the Pratt Institute that now exist in many cities, and that are certain to be followed by others. The present is the very time for you to go in and succeed.

HOW THE BOYS ARE TAUGHT

HOW am I to profit by these schools? Can I choose the trade I wish to learn? These are among the questions that are, naturally enough, put to me. I can only answer them briefly. In the first place, there are schools that are entirely free, but these are not numerous. This system is yet in its infancy. When the public schools generally in city and country towns have manual training departments connected with them, the learning of a trade will become something within the reach of every boy. In Philadelphia there is an excellent "Manual Training School," which is part of the public system. A full course in it covers four years, but any boy who has any wish to go ahead may learn enough in that time to fit him for any walk in life. In the way of manual training he is taught in drawing—free hand, mechanical, architectural, design; in wood-working—pattern making, carving, joinery, turning; in metal-working—chipping, filing, fitting; in smithing—iron, tin, brazing, casting, molding, and beside, electrical and mechanical engineering in all their branches. But in addition, these pursuits in which the hands of a man are factors, the young man is taught science, mathematics, literature, history and economics.

What is going to become of the young men who go through a course like this and conclude it with hand, and heart, and brain alike, well trained? I will venture to answer that question for you. In twenty years they will be the flower of our land. They will drive uneducated and unskilled labor from the field, and with their brains and their hands will exalt the name of their country.

A YEAR OF "THE JOURNAL"

We can now supply the year 1891 of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, twelve numbers—January to December inclusive—in a handsome binding cover.

The price will be \$1.50. Postage and packing, 45 cents extra.

Those who already have a binder may secure the twelve numbers of the JOURNAL for \$1.00. No extra charge will be made for these back numbers, and we will pay the postage. A bound volume of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL furnishes an almost unlimited amount of most excellent reading matter. We do not know where as much could be elsewhere purchased for the same amount of money.

Our new self-binding cover makes a perfect volume with twelve numbers. Dark-green in color with cloth back and corners; cover stamped in gilt. We have sent out a very large quantity of these binders, and find they give universal satisfaction. We use them altogether, here in our offices. A most desirable feature of our binder is that its peculiar construction permits of any portion of its contents being temporarily (or permanently) removed without the balance being disturbed.

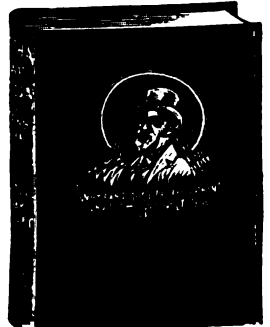
Each one is mailed packed in boards. The Binder Hooks will be mailed separately. Price of the Binder alone, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 35 cents extra.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE'S" BOOKS

Anyone sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$1.60 each, postpaid.

Samantha at Saratoga
My Wayward Pardner
Samantha at the Centennial
My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's

Miss Holley's books are delightful because of their pure fun, while under the fun there is a strong current of good, healthy common sense. "Josiah Allen's Wife" has written a great deal for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and many of our subscribers will doubtless be glad to secure some of her writings in a permanent form.



Price, \$1.60 each, including cost of postage.

BOOTS AND SADDLES; Or, Life in Dakota with General Custer

BY MRS. ELIZABETH B. CUSTER



Given for 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra. Price \$1.50, postpaid.

The adventures of this gallant cavalry officer among the Indians in Dakota and Montana will never be forgotten. No Indian story could be half so exciting. You will read the book with unabated interest, from his first expedition to the fatal Little Big Horn encounter. The book pays a royalty to Mrs. Custer. 312 pages, handsomely bound.

Price, \$1.35. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra.

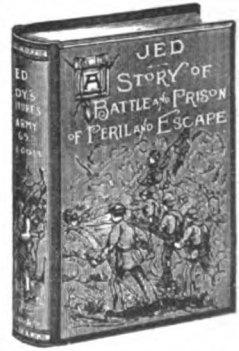
JED A Boy's Adventure in the Army of '61-'65

BY WARREN LEE GOSS

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

Of all the many stories of the Civil War that have been published, we cannot think of one which, for sturdy realism and intensity of interest, can compare with "Jed."

It is a wholesome war story told by a soldier; a spirited, manly and useful book. There is inspiring patriotism but no marring bitterness. There is a serious tone and purpose running through this book which can be commended heartily alike for its facts and its high principles.



Price, \$1.50, including cost of postage.



THE AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER

By A. S. FERGUS



VERY few writers are aware of what is likely to happen after the long-sought-for publisher has at last been found.

- 1. They will publish the work at your expense. 2. They will publish the work at their expense, and pay you a royalty on all copies sold. 3. Or, they will buy the manuscript from you, paying you a certain sum down.

If the first proposition is made, you will have to pay the entire cost of publishing. The first step is to consider the nature of the work, and what style of book it would be most befitting to pattern after.

An estimate of the cost of publishing the work will be submitted to you. Publishing means issuing the work complete for delivery to the public. Do not confuse the word "printing" with this, as the use of these two terms are confusing, and has often led to much trouble and annoyance.

The chances are a separate estimate will be made for electrotyping; in other words, making a set of plates from which succeeding editions can be printed if desired.

Another important item is the size of the edition. Shall it be 500, 1000 or 5000? This you will also have to decide; again seek the advice of your publisher on this point.

Having decided these questions, an agreement will be drawn up. You cannot be too careful in seeing that it is as complete as it is possible to make it.

the exact amount of money you are to pay and for what, and how much is to be paid you; and at what times you are to pay and to be paid.

This done, the publishers will proceed with the work. Before beginning, however, you will have to pay them one-half the amount of the estimate, and before completion the balance must be paid.

If they accept your manuscript, and feel satisfied that it is a good work, they will take the risk of publication themselves. In that event, you are at no risk whatever, nor are you liable for one dollar of expense.

They may offer to accept your manuscript and pay you a certain sum down, which if accepted deprives you of any further proceeds. They own the manuscript absolutely.

A GIRLS' LITERARY CLUB

By LEIGH NORTH

A CLUB for girls with the aim of mutual improvement and profit, may be organized in some such manner as this: The girls need not necessarily be of equal capacity or identical tastes.

LITERARY QUERIES

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

A TEXAN.—Mrs. S. C. Perkins is the author of "Honor Bright."

ROMNEY.—See A. E. H., in this column. Your writing is very good, and the paper of suitable size.

H. B.—I see no objection to your using in a magazine article the substance of a lecture you propose delivering.

O. O.—"Drake's Magazine" is published in New York City. I cannot give you the address of "The American Baptist Flag."

J. E. B.—If you will send me your post office address, I will give your letter to Mr. John Preston True, who will answer your questions direct.

D. S.—"Home As Found," is the sequel to "Homeward Bound," by Cooper, and "Wise and Otherwise," is the sequel to "A King's Daughter," by Pansy.

SUBSCRIBER.—The author of "Mildred's Ambition," published in the JOURNAL several years ago, is Mary J. Holmes. Price, \$1.50. The JOURNAL can supply it.

M. S. T.—Frances Campbell Sparhawk was born in Amesbury, Mass., 1838. She is the author of "A Lazy Man's Work," "Little Polly Blatchley," and other books.

J. B. N.—It is a matter of mutual arrangement between publisher and author as to who shall have a work illustrated. If the author has artistic abilities he may prefer to do it himself.

S. M. L.—You are quite correct. The author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," and many other short stories, is Rudyard Kipling, which is his real name. He was born in Bombay, India, in 1865.

PAX.—See J. B. N. You must prepare your manuscript perfect in every detail for the printer. Aim to have as few corrections as possible in the proof, as it is very expensive to make alterations then.

J. O.—The birthday book you have compiled is a good one, inasmuch as none have been made from that author as far as I am aware. Unfortunately, the demand for such books has largely fallen off. Send your manuscript complete to some publisher.

C. E. H.—Do not correspond with editors direct. They are too busy to pay attention to communications except on matters of direct interest to them.

FAY, AND P. C. N.—If your stories have appeared in print, it is highly improbable that any publisher would care for them, unless they be of such extraordinary merit as to be deemed worthy of reprinting.

L. E. W.—Louisa Muhlback, now deceased, was the nom de plume of Clara M. Mundt. The American publishers of her books are D. Appleton & Company, of New York, to whom you can write.

A. T.—Miss Jane Porter was born in Great Britain, 1778, and died in 1860. She was the author of "Theodosius of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs," and several other works.

M. W.—You send me a printed slip from the editor of a magazine enclosed with your article returned to you. I cannot aid you as you request in judging from its polite terms, which part of it applies to your manuscript.

NAINA.—In addition to such magazines as "The Century," "Harper's," "Scribner's," etc., you will find much brief and interesting reading in "The Review of Reviews," "Current Literature," "Short Stories," (2) "The Photographic World," and Frank Harrison's "Short-hand Magazine," are two good journals on the subject of photography.

A. E. H. AND MANY OTHERS.—If you will consult the Literary Queries columns of the back numbers of the JOURNAL you will find many directions to young writers, how manuscript should be prepared, how to send it and what to do generally.

MAY.—See A. E. H. in this column. The dedication of a book to any person by an author is generally a token of esteem and regard on the author's part.

M. E. M.—It is impossible for any editor to say when or how soon he will be able to give an answer regarding a manuscript. You must remember that he is the recipient of many favors in the way of manuscripts, and that it takes time to have them read and decided upon.

J. M. V.—I hardly know how to advise you to spend the amount of money you state for a library. If you have no books at present, certain standard authors are essential, and should be purchased at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—I must again call attention to the fact that I cannot answer questions sent to me requesting authors of poetical quotations. It is simply impossible, and no attention will be paid to them.

E. W.—Had you given me your address, I would gladly have written to you direct. Literary work at the beginning is uncertain, and it is very difficult to make a living at it, unless you have name and reputation.

L. E. O., BERMUDA.—I would suggest, as a suitable book for a boy, "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott, for a girl.

A. M. M.—Copyright does not protect an idea. You can use the same provided you treat it in an original manner. You must prove that you have done so, and not copied bodily.

R. I.—Literary bureaus materially assist authors in placing their manuscript. Publishers who employ readers rely largely upon their judgment.

MILFORD BARD.—I am indebted to one of our readers, who has kindly sent me the following valuable, and not generally known information regarding John Lofland: He was born at Milford, Kent Co., Delaware, March 9, 1798.

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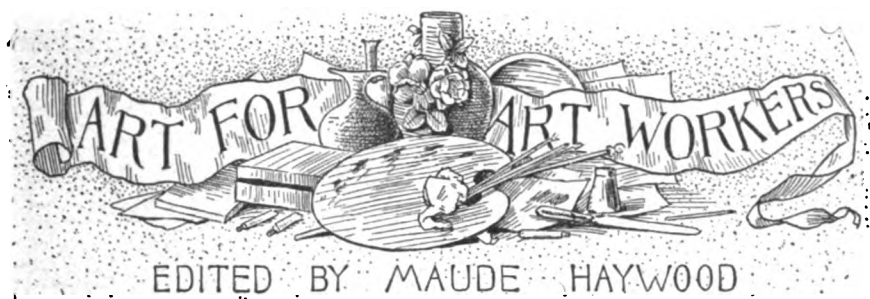
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MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD will be glad through this Department to answer any questions of an Art nature which her readers may send to her. She cannot, however, undertake to reply by mail; please, therefore, do not ask her to do so. Address all letters to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

PAINTING IN WATER COLOR

FIRST PAPER

A FEW PRELIMINARY SUGGESTIONS



WATER COLOR as a medium has charms all its own. It has unlimited capabilities in the hands of an experienced artist, and yet is particularly suited to the early efforts of the amateur. The indescribable delicacy, transparency and freshness obtainable by a skillful worker, and the apparent ease with which very rapid and effective sketches can by its means be produced, create the desire in so many to dabble in the art. I say *apparent* ease advisedly, for, as a matter of fact, a master's hand is required to create in a few broad washes or strokes of the brush a life-like impression of a passing phase of nature, gleam of sunshine, or a transient pose. Clever sketching, properly so called, for the term is often misapplied to more elaborate work which can justly lay no claim to the title, is hardly to be expected of beginners. Let them at first be content to make careful studies, and so gradually learn to master their materials that in time they will for themselves discover the surest and quickest method of expressing the effect they desire. It is a golden rule for those happily conscious of their own ignorance never to stint work, but patiently to work over a drawing until they have done the very utmost they can with it.

Now, as to materials. They need not be many, but must be of the best. As far as the colors are concerned a simple palette is infinitely to be preferred, not only as easier to manage but as producing the cleanest, truest and most forcible work. It is better to buy only just what is needed to begin with, and not the boxes ready filled by the manufacturers. A list of the most useful colors for a beginner is often asked for. With the following it is possible to paint in any and every kind of subject and style: Ivory black, indigo, Antwerp or Prussian blue, cobalt, burnt umber, raw umber, burnt sienna, raw sienna, vandyke brown, yellow ochre, chrome yellow, Indian yellow, lemon yellow, orange cadmium, crimson lake, rose madder, brown madder, light red, vermilion, terre verte, emerald green and Chinese white, which is only to be used in cases of necessity. If the artist particularly wishes to add to this list, some more of the chromes or cadmiums are often useful, especially in painting yellow flowers, but they are not indispensable, and, I repeat, the simpler the palette the better. Brushes should be of sable, and carefully selected; three or four of varying sizes are plenty. One should be large, for broad washes, and none need be very fine, unless for painting small faces, for a large brush which comes to a good point will do very small work, and it is well, with a view to boldness of execution, to always use as large a brush as possible. A few hints as to the preservation of these treasures, which, if well chosen, they veritably are; for with inferior tools it is well-nigh impossible for even the best worker to produce good results. With care they will last for years; in ignorant hands they may be ruined in a week. Do not leave them full of color, or lying wet, or in the water; do not endeavor to coax color with them from a dried-up pan; keep an old brush for this purpose; do not, in putting them away, allow the hairs to become bent.

The paper should be Whatman's hand-made, finer or coarser, according to the subject, and also to individual taste to a great extent. For smaller work or sketching, the blocks containing layers of paper, from which the sheets can be removed as they are used, are very useful. If the paper is bought in sheets it must be stretched before painting upon it. This can be done either in one of the frame-boards sold for the purpose, or by means of glue or paste on an ordinary drawing-board. In either case the paper must be thoroughly wetted first, since in drying it contracts and so becomes stretched. The best paste is made in the ordinary way with flour, a small lump of glue about the size of a walnut to a pound jar of paste being added to strengthen it. Although stretching the paper is really a very easy matter, it seems to present so many difficulties to the beginner that a few simple directions may be acceptable. Bend up about half an inch of the paper all around, and keeping this edge dry, proceed to thoroughly soak the rest of the paper with clean water, a clean sponge and clean fingers. Nothing is more disagreeable to work upon than soiled paper. Then rub the paste onto the dry edge—being careful not to let any drop or smear on to the face of the paper—and with a clean rag press it into contact with the board. Allow it to lie flat, and to dry spontaneously, when every wrinkle should disappear, and the sheet present a surface inspiring in its smoothness and evenness.

A FEW WORDS TO DESIGNERS



A VERY great number of letters come from the readers of this department asking various questions as to the possibilities of a career for women as designers, as to the practical details of the training necessary, and as to the best means of finding a market for the work of those who already consider themselves competent to undertake it. In the first place, with regard to whether the designs made by American women are likely to find a ready sale, the answer is emphatically Yes—if they are of the right kind, and there is no reason why they should not be as good as those of any other nation. But the difficulty, as a general rule, lies here at the very outset, in the fact that very few seem to have the faintest idea of what the art of designing really is, and of the eternal truths and principles upon which it is founded. In the judgment of men competent to give an opinion, the characteristics of the daughters of this nation render them pre-eminently capable of the highest artistic development. They are original and poetic, and, furthermore, are extremely quick of apprehension, capable when once an idea is presented to their minds of giving it practical expression. Therefore, the whole aim of art being to express the truths of nature, it will be seen that the very foundation of a designer's education must consist in learning to see those truths. Every one who aspires to any career in art must grow to realize that the fundamental laws and principles which govern all things in heaven and earth are identical, and to recognize the same forms alike in the orbit described by a planet as in the vegetable or mineral kingdoms, in physics, in chemistry, in all nature and in all science, because they are, from greatest to least, stamped with the impress of the hand of the same Creator. Art that is not animated by these vital principles is dead, just as a religion where the truth is not worked out by faith in the life of each individual is dead, and as the body from which the spirit has fled is dead also. Those who so misapprehend the high nature of an art vocation as to imagine that copying or imitation—by taking other men's designs and making them over in a slightly different form—has any legitimate right to be called designing, are doomed to a certain and a well-deserved failure. The fraud is recognizable at once, it is too painfully common; while, on the other hand, the work inspired directly by nature, translated by a human mind, and therefore original, inasmuch as it is the individual expression of an actual truth, however simple or even crude it may be, is equally certain of a quick appreciation. Herein is the whole point. The kingdom of art, like the kingdom of God, lies within each one; the vital spark which makes the art, whether it is painting, sculpture, music or poetry, a living thing, exists in the soul of the individual, and can neither be bought nor sold.

To come to one or two practical questions. The great mistake made by so many is that money is, in fact, the one and only object of their desire. When a man wishes to shoot a bird on the wing, if he aims directly at it he will lose both the bird and his powder also. So in art. To aim beyond the money is the surest way of obtaining it. The best preparation for the profession of designing is undoubtedly a good general training in an art school of undeniable standing, preferably choosing one where the course is specially intended for those whose study of art is with a view to its practical application to decoration or manufacture; but the really important thing is to get a good general education of the mind, the eye and the hand. A man or a woman who can draw well has a better chance, from a merely financial point of view, than anyone who, without the necessary fundamental training, has merely acquired the knowledge of some technical details in order to produce drawings which may be practical, but do not rise above the dead level of worn-out and commonplace conventionality. Certain schools profess to teach in so many, or rather in so few, lessons, the whole art of designing for some particular branch to those without any previous knowledge of art. This is a sheer impossibility, and money invested in such a way is simply wasted. No one would expect to be able to compose music on the strength of a few weeks' study, and the case is analogous. Worse yet is the idea that the requisite education can be given by correspondence; for while in some kinds of work, a knowledge may perhaps be gained solely through written teaching, this mode of instruction is particularly unsuitable for the study of practical designing. In speaking thus strongly the object is, if possible, to deter those who can ill afford it from a mistaken outlay of their money, and from inevitable disappointment and failure.

HELP IN YOUR OWN WORK

Under this heading I will be glad to answer every month questions relating to Art and Art work. MAUDE HAYWOOD.

TO MANY CORRESPONDENTS—I must repeat that there are certain questions that it is quite impossible for me to answer in this column, although I am always glad to give all the help in my power to those who write to me about their individual work or aims. At the same time, I cannot give the names and addresses of firms, nor recommend private teachers, nor say where oil paintings can be disposed of. Neither can I answer by mail. All whose letters contain these or similar queries will please consider them replied to by this notice.

Mrs. I. J.—The sole "mannerism" necessary is the ability to lay the paints on very thinly and smoothly. You need only use fresh spirits of turpentine in painting on the linen and silk for the purpose you describe.

THOA—I do not know of any free school for music like that of the Cooper Institute for Art. You should write to the office of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for the particulars of their offers of free musical training.

NEW SUBSCRIBER—A design of wild roses, or of dogwood, would be suitable for your white linen sachet, lined with light blue satin. These being single flowers are simple in drawing, and comparatively easy to paint.

Y. L. H.—(1) In painting in oils on cheese-cloth, mix the colors with fresh spirits of turpentine, to prevent their spreading. (2) Either oils or water-colors may be used upon silk ribbon, but the latter are preferable. Gum-arabic, when employed with water-colors, is mixed with water, but it is not needed at all when painting on silk.

MARGARET—The information that you ask for is given in an article entitled, "Women as Illustrators," published in this number of the JOURNAL. The drawings are made with India ink, on Bristol-board. Of course, you can do such work at your own home, as drawings are easily sent through the mails to any part of the country.

L. P.—In painting a tiger-lily, the color may be obtained by using light, medium and orange cadmium, afterwards glazing where necessary with rose-madder. Lay the shadows in first with raw umber. The spots may be of raw umber and crimson-lake, using the same color for the stem and, accentuating the latter, if required, with brown madder.

M. D.—Suitable flowers for painting on Nile-green satin, intended for a dress, would be either the large flowering clematis, in delicate mauve tint, or tea roses. If for evening wear, it is advisable to look at your coloring by artificial light, as the painting advances, in order to be sure that you are getting the right effect, as all shades of violet and yellow are liable to appear much changed when thus seen.

Mrs. W. H. C. L.—For the local color and shadows of a glass goblet, use white, raw umber, New York City, cobalt and ivory-black. The reflections thrown by surrounding objects will partake of their tints. Glass should be painted suggestively, with but few touches. It is not easy to represent really well—unless you know how, and when you do, like many other apparently difficult things it becomes a wonderfully simple matter.

SUBSCRIBER—The following is a receipt for a copying tablet, which I can personally answer for. Steep two ounces of glue in four ounces of water until the latter is absorbed. Add eight ounces of glycerine, four to six drops of carbolic acid and a small lump of whiting. Put this into a saucupan over the fire, and stir until all is well mixed; then pour it out into a shallow tin and leave it to cool. Before using it, pass a damp sponge over the surface.

E. H. R. and D. S.—The address of the Cooper Institute is Eighth street and Fourth avenue, New York City. Write to the Superintendent of the Women's Art School. You may have to wait for some little time after making your application before a vacancy occurs. In your position you cannot do better than avail yourself of the free course of study offered there to those who are willing to work, but who cannot afford to pay for their own art education.

W. C. S. D.—The best way to dispose of designs for wall papers is to submit them to the different manufacturers, either sending them by mail, enclosing stamps for their return if unsuitable, or taking them personally. The latter is the better plan where it is possible. In order to learn how to make the designs, get your instruction from a successful practical designer. The technical part is not hard to acquire; but as I have said before, anyone who undertakes this work ought to be naturally original and creative. Designs that are mere imitations are extremely unsalable.

L. E.—Soak the photograph in cold water until it floats off the card of itself. The painting you speak of is evidently crystalline, and the receipt given for the paste to be used in mounting the photographs on glass for this work is as follows: Take several large table-spoonfuls of arrowroot, and mix gradually with a little cold water, then pour on some warm water until quite liquid, and put it in an enameled saucupan on a clear fire; stir all the time while on the fire, and remove after it has been on one minute; do not allow to boil; pour the mixture thus made into a small jar and keep it covered.

O. M. B.—I will try to answer your question more fully in my article at some future time. In sketching animals from nature aim chiefly to get life and action into the drawings. When making a study of an animal having long or thick fur, be specially careful to realize the form beneath, and draw very accurately the joints, and those portions of the body which are least hidden by the growth of the hair. As you will find that your models never keep the same position for long together, practice studying their attitudes and attempting to reproduce them from memory. Make many sketches of single limbs. It is a fact that this branch of art requires more than most, a special gift and natural aptitude, but much may be done by patient, conscientious work.

J. A. C.—(1) The colors to be used in marine moon-lights are not arbitrary. A useful mixture for a night sky is ivory-black, yellow ochre and white, adding permanent blue or cobalt, according to the color desired; with white, cadmium and rose-madder around the moon itself. The sea reflects the sky tints; probably lemon yellow will be needed for the pathway of light caused by the moon shining on the water. (2) Simple frames in natural woods are artistic and inexpensive. It is not possible to give definite advice without a fuller knowledge of the requirements of the case. (3) Hang the picture on a line with the eye of a man of average height. (4) Do not varnish a painting until some months after it is finished, and then use mastic or copal, if you wish to varnish it at all.

MIGNONETTE—(1) The only way in which you can learn to mix your colors is by practice and experience. If you are not able to have personal teaching, you would probably find a handbook helpful at first. (2) The general rule in painting flowers is to commence by blocking in the shadows, drawing them very carefully with every stroke of the brush; afterwards put in the local tones in such a way that every touch has a meaning. Pay heed to getting the drawing, the color, and the light and shade as much like the original as possible, and the technique will take care of itself. (3) See answer to "Many Correspondents." (4) The series of handbooks published by Winsor & Newton for teachers of art at all art dealers, are very good. They include treatises on almost every branch of work.

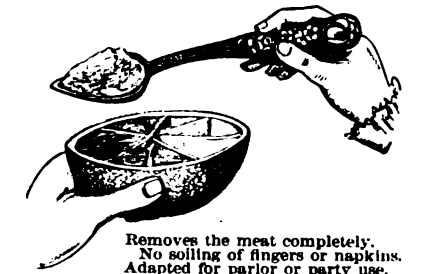
B. D.—Your question as to whether designing is a profitable profession, is a hard one to answer satisfactorily. To a successful designer it is very profitable, but competition is keener than it formerly was, and many things go to make up success. Technical knowledge is, of course, requisite, and everyone, with patience, can gain it; but alone it is not sufficient. It is necessary to be able to create and originate ideas; and though this talent may be cultivated, it must be, to an extent, inborn. Much disappointment has resulted from women taking lessons from teachers professing to teach design, when they are, in reality, possessing a knowledge of the principles of the art, have no experience in their application to manufacture. If possible, get your instruction in a good school specially devoted to the study of art in its practical branches, such as the New York Institute for Art Artisans.



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THE BEST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY HELEN JAY

THE secret of many a ruined life lies between the lids of a bad book read at the formative period. The home was protected against malaria, but the germs of evil thought were allowed free entrance. In other cases, habits of reading were not inculcated by placing near the restless little hands traps of information painted with illustration and story. There is such a thing as mental dyspepsia. A child fed upon candy develops an abnormal appetite for sweets, rejecting solid food. So the brain may be surfeited with sentimental love stories and unnatural adventure until it loses all taste for anything more substantial.

Children and animals for a brief time in the lives of the former, associate upon terms of perfect equality. The little girl would not be surprised at any time to have her kitten pour her woes into her sympathizing ear. She cares nothing for Jack the builder, but is devoted to "the cow with the crumpled horn." Taking advantage of this fact, natural history can be taught in most delightful guise. Fable, fact and fancy can unite in sowing the seeds of habits of observation and love for all things both great and small. Books like Uncle Remus's "Little Folks in Feathers and Furs," "Queer Pets at Marcy's," "What Darwin Saw," and Wood's "Homes Without Hands," are a few of a numerous class indicating the character of one division of the ideal library for the child. To these may be added Kingsley's "Water Babies" and Buckley's "Fairy-land of Science."

I would also enter a plea for "Mother Goose," never let that dear old lady be banished from the shelves. Place her side by side with "Dollie Dimple" and the Rollo and Bessie books for the very little ones.

Every boy wants something to happen. He glories in adventure, and gloats over a narrow escape. Before he falls into the hands of "Dick the Scalper of the Plains," introduce him to the "Pathfinder" and all his kin. In order that he may have an intelligent idea of the Indians, for after those Indians in some fashion he will go, let him read Morehead's "Waneta, the Sioux" and "Our Wild Indians," by Col. Dodge. The works of Schoolcraft, Francis Parkman and Catlin contain accurate accounts of the customs of the tepee lighted up by camp-fires and alive with hunting scenes. "A Century of Dishonor," and "Romona," by Helen Hunt Jackson, will make the average boy less eager to buy a scalping-knife and leave home in search of vengeance. From Mrs. Custer's "Following the Guidon" and Captain King's "Campaigning with Crook," he will get the genuine ring and dash of battle without profanity, or misleading statements of the delights of life free from family restraints.

The pit-fall that lies in wait for the sister of the boy reader of equal age is sentiment. She is apt to become devoted to novels not of the best type but those full of the love-making of very commonplace people over whom the novelist throws a misleading glamor. She needs two things—occupation, and contact with wholesome characters. In a most successful educational institution the teachers have found the following books helpful in interesting girls in needlework and in the details of home life: "A Bundle of Letters to Busy Girls," Grace Dodge; "Beauty in Dress," Miss Oakley; "Our Girls," Dio Lewis; "What Girls Can Do," Phyllis Brown; "Manners and Social Usages," Sherwood, and "We Girls" and "Real Folks," by Mrs. Whitney, not forgetting "Gentle Bread-winners" and "Mollie Bishop's Family," by Catherine Owen.

The development of character is charmingly portrayed by Sophia May in her Quinnesbasset series, consisting of "Our Helen," "The Doctor's Daughter," "Quinnesbasset Girls," "The Asbury Twins" and "Janet," Miss Alcott's "Little Men," "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Eight Cousins," teach such sweet lessons of family love and loyalty that we cannot afford to banish them for newer comers. "One Day's Weaving" and "John Jack," by Lynde Palmer, teach the importance of self-control and the blessing of work for others. "A New England Girlhood," by Lucy Larcom, is a mental and moral tonic. "The Titcomb Papers" of Dr. Holland, and "Girls and Women," by E. Chester, meet almost every question which puzzles the growing girl. With equal profit a boy might read Mathew's "Getting On in the World," Thayer's "Tact, Push and Principle," Eggleston's "How to Educate Yourself" and "Thrift," "Self Help" and "Character," by Samuel Smiles, Washington's "Rules of Civility," may well be added.

Everyone knows the child's love for a true story. To meet this want are works like Drake's "Indian History for Young Folks," and his delightful "Legends of the New England Coast," Kingsley's "Heroes," Coffin's "Boys of '76," Fiske's "War of Independence," Mrs. Strickland's "Queens of England," "Historic Girls" and Abbott's smaller histories.

Perhaps there is no part of a child's education so overlooked as his political training. He should draw in Americanism with his first breath of literature. "Politics for Young America," by Nordhoff, will help him accurately to define his rights and duties as a citizen before he is trusted with the ballot, and Hale's "A Man without a Country" will clench his patriotism. Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," Irving's "Sketch Book," Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," "Old Town Folks," by Mrs. Stowe, and the "Grandissimes," by Cable, as types of American literature should be given preference.

Lamb's "Shakespeare for Children," Whittier's "Ballads," Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Hiawatha," satisfy a child's dramatic instinct and natural love of rhyme. Hawthorne's "Wonder Tales," and

the "Childhood of the World," by Clodd, are books which sow seeds of wide culture and pure imagination.

A book may be said to fail in its mission if it does not tend to make the body stronger, the mind clearer and the soul purer. It must not be simply good, but good for something. "A Noble Life," "My Mother and I," "John Halifax," "Ben Hur," "In His Name," "Ten Times One," and the "Boyhood of Christ," are builders of spiritual muscle.

Granted that the mother has these books, how shall she add to her store? First, by bearing in mind the general laws which we have indicated, and from time to time buying the best authorities on the subjects stated. Second, by never trusting to the name either of an author or publisher to the extent of placing in her child's hand a book of whose contents she is ignorant. Third, by clinging to the standard works of tried authors, instead of being allured by "Christmas literary novelties." Fourth, by realizing that most of the books delighted in by children were written for older people. Fifth, by carefully choosing a good periodical which, bound at the close of each year, will in time multiply itself into a library.



HOW I MANAGED A BABY

THIS is how I managed. I must tell you that I had been considerably impressed by the results of my sister-in-law's training of her one baby, and determined to be as successful with my robust and obstreperous boy as she had been with her delicate little girl. The exact system she had followed I had not at the time the means of ascertaining; but this is what I did: When my baby was three months' old I began. Every morning I laid him down, and for five whole minutes left him free to kick or cry, or generally amuse himself. During that time I neither looked at nor spoke to him—hard as it sometimes was to be firm. Gradually the five minutes grew to ten, and so on, till when he was ten months' old he would sit on the rug or scramble around unnoticed for an hour, not only contented but happy, absorbed in play with his various simple toys. Meanwhile I was free to employ that hour or so in any way that seemed best to me. Then would follow a brief game of romps, and by that time the girl had finished with the chamberwork and was ready to carry baby out for his walk, after which he slept till dinner time. The advantages of this system are obvious, and even had I been able to hire a dozen girls I would never have deviated from it. CARROL CAREW.

TREATING AN AFFLICTED CHILD

MY first baby, an eight-pound boy, was born the eleventh day of December, and I can truthfully say "the first troubles began," and for the benefit of any poor mother who, like myself, has faithfully searched through all her old JOURNALS for help in a similar trouble, I want to give my experience. From the beginning I had not sufficient milk, and the little fellow could not digest cow's milk or condensed milk or anything with a suspicion of milk in it; then came a weary trial of prepared foods, almost all of which called for milk, but which we tried with and without, until we had tried eleven, and still nothing suited; our baby was not nourished and did not thrive. In the midst of it all we found he was ruptured. Day after day, and night after night, for hours at a time, we would sit and try to hold his rupture in place, with the poor little fellow screaming with pain, until he was five months old. Hoping we would find a food to agree with him, which would fatten him, thereby healing the rupture and saving him the agony (as we supposed) of wearing a truss, we were finally advised to give the baby cream (one part cream to three of water, making it stronger as the baby could stand it), and to "put a truss on immediately." We first tried the cream, which we found to agree with him perfectly, and then put on the truss which, much to our surprise, neither worried nor fretted him, and that week he began to gain. He is now eight months old, weighs eighteen pounds, has six teeth, is well and strong and has entirely recovered from his rupture. In closing, let me say to all mothers having babies likewise afflicted, put on the truss at once, and try the cream, without waiting to go through the whole catalogue of "Baby Foods." BELL.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

A MOTHER'S influence over her children begins at a very early age, earlier than one would think unless able to judge from experience. How quickly the little ones imitate the mother. A neat, tidy mother will make a neat child, and a pleasant, cheerful mother a pleasant child, while the mother who habitually wears a frown and allows herself to speak either in a sharp or fretful tone, will soon find her little ones following the example she has unconsciously given them, and probably wonder why they are so disagreeable or fretful, instead of being pleasant and cheerful. If my boy comes in from school in a fretful mood and I meet him in the same mood, what would be the result? I would not in that way help him to overcome his fretfulness, and wield an influence for good over him. But if I meet him with a pleasant mood, and finding there is no particular cause for his fretfulness, pass it over for the time being and interest him in something else, to take his thoughts from himself and his fancied wrongs, how quickly the mood changes and he is my own pleasant boy again. When he is himself, I can successfully tell him of the wrong he has done in allowing himself to become so fretful. But to always wield a good influence, a mother must be ever on the watch that she does not, by her own shortcomings, place any obstacle in the pathway of the little ones intrusted to her care. And above all things else, always keep a promise made to them. A MOTHER.

A CURE FOR BOW-LEGS

CAN any of the mothers in "Mothers' Corner" tell me the best way to treat my baby's limbs. He has always gone out in his carriage until this summer when while away in the country. Of course he was running about out of doors all the time, and I noticed his little feet do not turn over nor do they turn in, and it may be they will get all right again, but I do want his limbs to be straight and well-shaped. He is a healthy, chubby little fellow of nearly two years. I shall be glad to hear of any plan I can take, for I do not want his limbs to look "bandy" if I can help it. A DEVOURER OF "MOTHERS' CORNER."

A simple mode of treatment for bow-legs is to have a layer or two of thick leather nailed the entire length of the soles of the shoes, on the outer edge. For knock-knees the leather must be applied on the inner edge, thus turning the feet out. Any shoemaker can put it on. The shoes must be without heels. Ordinary apparatus for these deformities, particularly knock-knee, is too cumbersome for little children. They cannot wear it with comfort. PHYSICIAN.



January.

One of the most important resolutions that a mother can adopt at the beginning of the year is the determination not to feed her infant with any prepared food without knowing all the ingredients of which such food is composed, and its adaptation to the perfect physical development of the child. To such mothers, on application, we will send samples, prepaid, and give the composition of Nestlé's Food. TROS. LEEBING & CO. 73 Warren St., N. Y.

Nestlé's Food

SENSIBLE WOMEN

all want FERRIS'

GOOD SENSE

CORSET WAISTS. THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.

Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.

BUTTONS at front instead of CLASPS.

RING BUCKLE at hip for Hose Supporters.

Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off.

Cord-Edge Button-holes—won't run out.

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"MIZPAH" VALVE NIPPLES WILL NOT COLLAPSE.

Make nursing easy, and prevent much colic, because they admit air into the bottle as the milk is drawn out, and prevents a vacuum being formed. Sample free by mail upon request, with valuable information for cleansing and keeping nipples sweet and healthy. WALTER F. WARE, 70 N. Third St., Phila., Pa.



"The Best" Nurser

prevents sickness, wind colic, indigestion; is self-cleansing, easy drawing and cheap.

Endorsed and used by highest medical authorities. Once try "The Best" and you will tolerate no other. Insist on your Druggist getting it for you. Descriptive circular free. MANIFOLD CO., 291 Church Street, New York, Manufacturer.

INFANTS' HEALTH WARDROBE. New style baby's outfit 25 patterns 50c. Short clothes 25 pat. 50c. Directions, kind, amount material required. Mrs. F. B. Phillips, Keene, N. H.

BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS. Complete outfit, 25 improved patterns for infants' clothes. Also 25 of short clothes. Either set with full directions for making, amount and kind of material, by mail, sealed, 56 cents. Patterns absolutely reliable. HINTS TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS, a book by a trained nurse, free with each set of patterns. Mrs. J. BRIDE, P. O. Box 2033, New York.

WARDROBE Consisting of every garment required. New improved styles; perfect fit. Infants' outfit, 25 pat., 50c.; short clothes, 25 pat., 50c.; kind, amt., mat'l required, valuable hygienic information by professional nurse, and portfolio of babies, from life, free, with each. New England Pattern Co., 8 Postway, N. Y.

INFANTS' and CHILDREN'S WARDROBES. Outfit No. 1, 9 pieces, \$10; Outfit No. 15, 15 pieces, \$15. Two dresses, postpaid, \$2.75. Send two cents for free samples and catalogue. AGENTS WANTED. H. J. SPRAGUE & CO., Palmer House Block, Chicago, Ill.

THE BABY'S DELIGHT EXERCISING MACHINE. is an invaluable aid to every mother. It amuses the baby and at the same time gives him an exercise that is highly beneficial; strengthens his limbs; prevents bow-legs; teaches him to walk and gives him a general strength and vigor that will go far to ward off all infantile diseases. PRICE, \$3.00. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

THE WILDER MAN'G CO., - Salem, Mass.

ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM. Cures Chapped Hands, Face, Lips or any Roughness of the Skin, prevents tendency to wrinkles or aging of skin, keeps the face and hands soft, smooth and plump. It is also highly recommended for applying and holding face powder. Once tried always used. For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Fancy Goods.

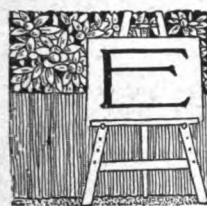
MOTHERS! Do you wish \$1000 with which to educate your child when it is twelve years of age? You can have it. For particulars, address F. P. FRENCH, Sec'y Children's Endowment Society, Minneapolis, Minn.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Crystals. Stop Pain and Decay. Lasts a lifetime. Circular free. T. F. TRUMAN, M. D., Wells Bridge, N. Y.

Natural Curly Bangs, \$1. Parted Bangs or Waves, for Elderly Ladies, \$3.50 to \$5.00. Switches, \$1.00 to \$10, according to length and quality of hair. Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, \$8.00 to \$25.00. Send sample hair. Try Oxym Balin and Powder for Complexion, 50 cents each. E. C. STREHL & CO., 191 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU HAVE TROUBLE. In trying to keep your Bangs and Curls in position? If so, send 50 cts. to A. B. AUSTIN, Manufacturer of Toilet Specialties, 627 N. 8th St., TERRA HAUTE, IND., for a bottle of COLUMBIAN CURLING CREAM, which will turn your trouble into joy.

A WIFE'S HOUSEHOLD ALLOWANCE



EVERY woman likes to have money to spend as she pleases. Indeed, this desire is not peculiar to women, men share in it, but as it is universally conceded to be their prerogative, there is no necessity for emphasizing the fact in their behalf. To "do what I will with mine

own" is an instinct implanted deep in human nature, and when natural impulses are thwarted or perverted mischief is sure to follow.

At the time a woman marries, her husband theoretically takes her into partnership. She has as much right in the joint assets of the firm as he has. It is true that he earns the money, but it would be of little use to him in making and maintaining a home without the aid of his wife. By wise administration and prudent management she makes it go as far as possible, and greatly increases its purchasing capacity. We do not need Benjamin Franklin to remind us that a penny saved is a penny earned. She may justly be considered a direct contributor to the resources of the firm.

When a man has the misfortune to lose his wife, if there is no member of his household who can take her place he discovers that a housekeeper is a costly luxury. Beside the first expense, he finds that it makes a great difference in the out-go whether there is a person at the head of affairs devoted to his interests, or one who is serving merely for an expected return. One is faithfully striving to manage his property in the most economical manner, while he is fortunate if the other is not wilfully wasting it. The contrast will force itself upon him when he makes up his balance sheet, if it has not impressed itself before in a thousand ways. If the services which a wife renders in the home have a pecuniary value, why should she not be entitled to a fair share of the funds of the firm, whose money she is saving, to be expended at her discretion?

At first sight an allowance seems almost an insult to the woman who has a joint right with her husband to all his possessions. When two persons are truly one they can have no separate interests or belongings. But when one holds the purse strings and the other has to ask for every penny she receives from it, she is placed in what is to most women an extremely humiliating position. It is bad enough when there is perfect love and confidence to soften it; if, unhappily, these are absent, it is a constant source of irritation that might be avoided.

The husband, knowing the extent of his resources, or the probabilities of his income during the year, can decide what amount he can afford to spend upon his family, apportioning this as he does his insurance premiums, or any other legitimate business demand. If he places this sum unreservedly in the hands of his wife he will find that it is spent much more judiciously than if it were doled out as the necessity for each expenditure arose. A monthly allowance is usually the most satisfactory. The principle is the same, whether it costs fifty dollars, or five hundred, or five thousand to maintain the house.

A woman unaccustomed to the use of money will no doubt make mistakes at first, but she will soon learn by experience that if she exceeds her limit one month she must retrench the next to make up for it, and expenses will fall naturally into their proper proportion. If a woman is such an utterly incapable and irresponsible being that she cannot be trusted with money lest she should squander it, she is not fit to be at the head of any man's home.

It is always more satisfactory to pay in ready money; where this is impossible the monthly bills can at least be kept within fixed limits, and there should always be a margin of spending money. A sensible, energetic woman takes delight in making her allowance go as far as possible. Children and servants, dress, food, fuel and light all have their proper share. If by skillful management she can contrive to save something it will not be expended selfishly. When she makes gifts she will feel that it is her own she is giving. Instead of separating her from her husband, the sense that she is working side by side with him for a common object will only make the bond firmer and unite them more closely. ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL



EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP

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

DOILEY DESIGNS IN APPLIQUÉ

By ANNA M. PORTER

A VERY pretty idea for the manufacture of dainty doilies is shown in the accompanying illustrations. The special characteristic of the work is the employment of Honiton braid as a foundation upon which various stitches used in hand-made lace are rendered in white embroidery silk. The result is at once both rich and delicate.

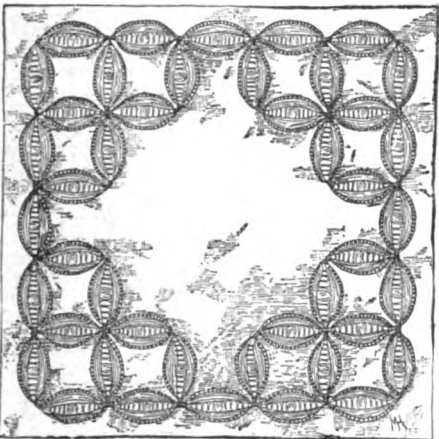


Illustration No. 1

The method of setting to work is as follows: Tack the Honiton braid carefully upon a groundwork of fine French cambric in

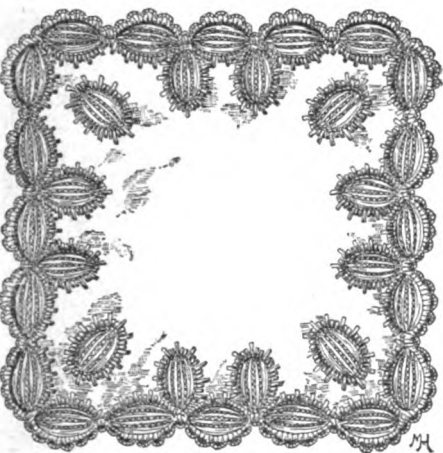


Illustration No. 2

the manner indicated in Illustration No. 1. Illustration No. 2 gives an example of the work in its simplest possible form, button-



Illustration No. 3

hole stitch only being employed in conjunction with the braid. When it is employed for the edge of the circles toward the inside,

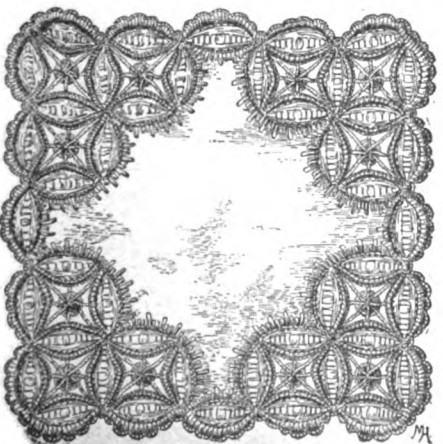


Illustration No. 4

every third stitch is made twice the length of the others, a variation which is adopted to give a softer finish to the design.

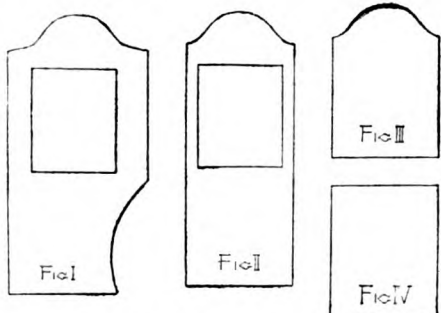
In Illustration No. 3 are given the details of the wheel pattern, which is the main feature of design No. 4—so beautiful in effect. The cross-bars or "spokes" of the wheel are first made and knotted securely in the middle by looping the thread over each bar, passing it from one to another, round and round as seen in Illustration No. 3, until the circle is of the requisite size. When the whole is worked, cut all the cambric away with a sharp pair of scissors, except that which forms the center of the doily.

In a really handsome set, every doily should be of a different pattern. Those accustomed to drawn work will be familiar with many stitches that may be readily adapted when once the method of the work is seen. For the benefit of the novice, however, a series of articles on this subject will follow with several new stitches introduced. Any of our readers wishing to purchase these doilies already commenced as in Illustration No. 1, can obtain them by sending to THE JOURNAL.

SEDAN CHAIR PHOTOGRAPH CASE

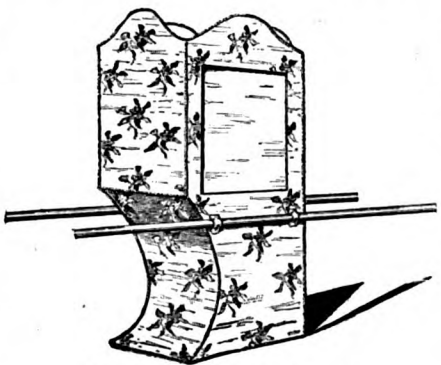
By LINA BEARD

FROM stiff pasteboard cut four pieces after Fig. 1; in two of these cut windows as in drawing; then cut two pieces from Fig. 2, and in one of these also cut a window. Be careful to have all the windows of a size and on a line at equal distances from the bottom; next cut one piece from Fig. 3 and one from Fig. 4. Cover each piece with silk, using delicate flowered silk for the outside cover, and white or some light shade for the inside lining; now



HOW TO CUT THE CASE

take one side piece with a window and one without a window; cut from Fig. 1 and over-hand them together around three of the edges, leaving the top open, so the photograph can be slid down between the two pieces. Sew together the remaining two pieces cut from Fig. 1 to form the opposite side of the case; then over-hand together on three sides the two fronts cut from Fig. 2. This done, sew the two sides of the chair on the front; next sew the top part of the back on the sides (Fig. 3) and last the lower portion of the back (Fig. 4). This must be slightly bent in center be-



THE CASE AS FINISHED (Fig. 5)

fore sewing in, so that it will fit. When all the sides are over-handed together, conceal the stitches with a delicate silken cord blind-stitched around all the outside seams and edges (Fig. 5). Use slender polished sticks for handles and make the supports for the handles of narrow ribbon, which must be sewed on in place when covering the sides. If white silk, with yellow or gilt flowers be used for the outside cover, let the handles be slender brass rods. The chair should measure seven inches in height, the sides three and a-half inches in width, and the front and back two and three-fourth inches in width.

AN ARTISTIC GIFT-APRON

By FLORENCE E. PERRY

APRONS were never more popular than at the present time, and never were so many pretty designs offered for their shape and decoration.

The unique apron herewith illustrated was designed especially for a holiday gift. It has the favorite pointed girdle, which is wide enough to form soft folds about the waist and long enough to tie in a full bow at the back. The straight apron is gathered to the girdle, and has a frill of handsome lace at the bottom. Heading the frill, bordering the girdle, and falling from it in two bands each side of the point, is a lovely needlework decoration resembling a braid, which while imitating pas-



sementerie in arrangement is yet light and delicate enough to correspond with the soft silk of which the apron is made. The braid is outlined in chain-stitch with twisted embroidery silk, the stitches should be short and even—to resemble embroidery braid—but not tightly drawn, or they will wrinkle the silk. Each side band seems to be unbraided at the bottom and the little bells which swing from the ends of the strands—seemingly—are chiming glad holiday greetings.

Silk in delicate shades of cream, pink or blue embroidered with rich bronze would be beautiful, or white—either silk, mulle or lawn—with a gold color. For an elderly friend or for one who is in mourning black silk with silver-gray or white embroidery, or white with black, would be pretty.

TO MAKE A FANCY APRON

By MARY J. SAFFORD

THE materials are one yard of linen lace—striped scrim, three-quarters of a yard wide—the kind used for window curtains, one yard of any pretty white lace two inches wide, crochet edging will do, a few skeins of embroidery silk, and two and one-half yards of ribbon one and one-quarter inches wide of the same color.

If possible, get the scrim in a pattern of broad and narrow stripes, the narrow one-half inch, the broad two and one-half inches wide. Then, commencing eleven inches from the end, feather-stitch on both sides of all the narrow stripes with the same color. Then feather-stitch on both sides of all the wide stripes with some shade that will harmonize or contrast well; for instance, dark blue for the narrow, Indian-red for the wide.

Beginning seven inches from the bottom on the other side of the scrim, feather-stitch down to the bottom in the same way. Finish with a narrow hem, and feather-stitch across it. Turn this piece up six inches on the right side of the apron, sew the lace to the hem and catch it (the lace) to the apron at spaces seven inches apart. Make a hem one and one-half inches wide at the top of the apron, and ornament it with two rows of feather-stitching running across it, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the hem.

The model I am describing has the narrow stripes worked with blue of a medium shade, and the broad ones with shaded blue, running from a pale to a very dark tint.

The ribbon may be drawn through the hem, crossed, and tied in front, or the hem can be drawn up on half a yard of ribbon, and the remainder used to make long-looped bows or rosettes at each end. The latter way is very pretty, but the apron must then be pinned on to the dress when worn.

A JAPANESE SOFA-CUSHION

By G. A. DALLY

WHAT could be daintier than a cushion for a couch made of two Japanese silk handkerchiefs? Either buy or make a muslin-covered feather pillow of the same size as the handkerchiefs you intend to use, and arrange around the edge a puffing of light blue satin. Then with a stiletto and white embroidery silk make eyelet holes around the four sides of each handkerchief, and lace the handkerchiefs across the blue satin with narrow white ribbon, fastening a rosette of the ribbon at each corner. When soiled, the handkerchiefs can be removed and washed.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK
The best made, one ounce in box, all good colors, sent postage paid on receipt of 38 cents in money order, postal note, or stamps. Liberal Commission paid Agents, who can make from five to fifteen dollars a week. Address,
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WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK
Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents, 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Send Postal note or Stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 625 Broadway, New York.
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Normandie Plushes
Direct from the Mills. For HAT and DRESS TRIMMINGS.
SPECIAL MERIT for Paint-brokers, and all kinds of Fancy Work. Send 10c. for 30 good sized samples (no two colors same shade) and price list of remnant packages.
Price of samples deducted from first order amounting to \$1.00. Agents Wanted. Pleasant and profitable work.
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A Roll of Perforated Stamping Patterns
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LADIES WANTED to work for me on my PARLOR HOME EMPLOYMENT. making light fancy goods; can be done in leisure hours. Constant work; good pay. Address MANAGERESS ART NEEDLEWORK BAZAAR, Chicago, Ill.

THE *Shawknit* CASTLE CALENDAR FOR 1892
is uniform with that for 1891, which was so favorably commented upon for its artistic and literary merit, and presents excellent pictures of twelve more famous castles of Great Britain and Ireland, accompanied by historical and descriptive text.
It will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. directed to
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Made of natural CURLY HAIR guaranteed becoming to ladies who wear their hair parted, \$6 up, according to size and color. Beautifying Mask, with preparation, \$2. Hair Goods, Cosmetics, etc., sent C. O. D. anywhere. Send to the manufacturer for illustrated price-lists. E. BURNHAM, 71 State St. Central Music Hall, Chicago.

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BY THE TAILOR METHOD
Cut from Your Own Measure. Send for blanks and instructions for self-measurement. Will fit without change of seam.
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Wanted in every County to establish a Corset Parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichols' Celebrated Spiral Spring Corsets and Clasps. Wages \$40 to \$75 per month, and expenses. We furnish complete stock on consignment; settlements monthly; \$3 Sample Corset free. Send 18 cents postage for sample and terms.
NICHOLS MFG. CO., 378 Canal St., New York.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
Buy a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE.
OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT. F, CHICAGO, ILL.

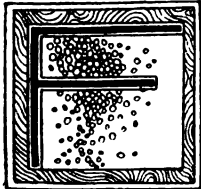


HINTS ON HOME DRESS MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

WHAT TO DARN WITH



FOR stockings there are cashmere and cotton yarns of several sizes in colors and fast black. Silk comes on cards, spools and in knotted strands under the comprehensive name of "mendings," and balls and cards of white cotton are familiar to everyone. Balbriggan "mendings" by the skein are of a deep cream shade and of a soft untwisted yarn that can be used in one or several thicknesses.

HOW TO USE THE "MENDINGS"

THE balbriggan cotton is excellent for unbleached towels as well as hose, while bleached stockings are darned with the white ball cotton. Bleached towels should be darned with this cotton or white flax threads that come in skeins and have the high lustre peculiar to linen flax. These may be had in several numbers, and are also valuable for darning table linen. Old material tears quicker than new, and for that reason when darning old fabrics, for I hope you will all be spared the trial of tearing a new garment, use a finer thread than you would in a new, strong material. A soft cotton or linen thread wears better, but in woolen and silk "mendings" a harder twist is recommended. Flannels should be darned with the cashmere yarns sold for stocking mending. I spoke of darning dress goods with ravellings of the same in the December JOURNAL. All darning should be done on the right side, our old ladies to the contrary, and the wrong side kept smooth. Darning hosiery over an egg-shaped darning, or a tiny gourd, I think a snare and a delusion. Many darners are made that look well in the neatly kept work-basket, but they usually stretch the hole under which they are put until the new darn is larger and fuller than the original gap. Run the hand in a stocking and darn over the palm, holding the stocking in the meantime taut and smooth.

If a garment is "giving out" all over, there is not a bit of use or economy in trying to mend it. In a case of this kind, economy is falsely employed. If a towel has worn so thin that pulling the darning thread through makes a larger hole, then fold it away for old linen, and use that time in resting or working where it will pay you, as such an article will not.

WHAT TO HAVE IN A SEWING ROOM



CORRESPONDENT sends the description of a "nearly perfect sewing room" that will be of interest to many, as the convenience of such a nook can hardly be over-rated. It saves many weary steps in hunting for thread, thimble, etc., and saves the family sitting-room from being a resting place for the sewing. This room is 8 x 12 feet, with two windows and a small closet. In front of one window stands the sewing machine, which has one end of its cover cushioned to use as a foot-stool. On the right is a row of foot-wide shelves running almost the width of the room. One shelf is for the family medicines, the others hold all the sewing paraphernalia in boxes having the projecting ends labeled. They can be read from the sewer's seat at the machine, and are within easy reach. Patterns, left over pieces, buttons, trimmings, etc., all have boxes and are kept in them. Below the shelves is a low cutting table always ready for use. A sewing chair without arms and having short rockers, is handy, and a straight chair for machine use. In one corner is a dress form, and in the opposite corner is a long narrow mirror, which shows the effect when fitting on the form. By the door three hooks are screwed from which hang a well-filled pin-cushion, pattern book and slate and pencil. On the slate goes every want of the family in the sewing line as it is thought of. The cost of fitting up such a room is small, as the window has a buff blind, and a rug for the feet is the only floor covering, but the convenience and comfort of such a place is unbounded.

ABOUT OLD WAIST LININGS

OFTEN the waist lining of a worn-out dress is perfectly good, in which case rip off the buttons, open the seams and cut the dress goods from the buttonholes as closely as possible. After removing the outside material stitch up the seams, hem the bottom, bind the neck and arm-holes with a bias strip, and sew on flat bone or pearl buttons. A good morning waist to wear while at work is now evolved and saves a nicer corset cover. Such an article may not be very pretty, but it is useful and economical, and answers for the above purpose under the working dress.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS



GIRLS from twelve to sixteen years of age are now called misses, and are dressed older than their little sisters while not yet fully initiated into the womanly gowns of girls considered grown up. It is better to dress a miss too young than too old, as they never can be young again.

GOWNS FOR GIRLS OF SIXTEEN

THEIR gowns are worn decidedly short and their skirts are gathered, have a fan or box-plaited back, or the plaits may extend to the front to meet a plain or gathered front, or a "bell" skirt of the same appearance as a woman's is worn. Many are trimmed with a border of velvet, the hem headed with gimp, or a bias ruffle trims the lower edge. Sleeves are the full topped coat design, or have close deep cuffs below a full drooping sleeve to the elbow. Bodices are invisibly fastened, back or front, or small pearl or crochet buttons are worn. Collars are straight, or turn-down frills of silk or the dress fabric are worn. A flat vest, full blouse or gathered plastron trims a waist when a full gimp or yoke is not selected. Frills from the center of the waist line to the shoulders trim the bodices of slender girls, then the suspender trimming, described before, is becoming, also velvet corselets, girdles, fitted belts, revers, etc. Waists draped over a fitted lining and apparently without any seams are as fashionable for a girl of sixteen as for one of eighteen years. Jacket fronts over a blouse vest and coat-tail backs are very popular, and the coat effect is often given by a ruffle of the goods or large pocket pieces. Misses wear cloth, crepon, serge, cashmere, cording, homespun, cheviot and camel's hair dress goods.

FOR THE LITTLE MEN OF THE HOME

WHILE boys from three to six years of age wear kilts they indulge in reefer jackets for outdoor wear or long Russian coats lapped on the side, trimmed with fur and worn with a leather belt. Then they don kid leggings and a Tam O' Shanter, Neapolitan, sailor, or fez cap and are ready for a stroll. White reefers having pearl buttons in two rows on the double-breasted front are also worn. Smaller boys wear coats of white lambs' wool, eider-down, French cloth and cording, or tan or blue cloth or cording, with a plaited skirt, round waist, full sleeves, deep cape or large rolling collar and a trimming of fur. Baby boys of one to two years have white "Tams" trimmed with a feather-ruche around the head-band. Cloth jackets and vests, blue, brown or black are worn with plaid, cashmere or cloth kilts. Blouses of silk under jackets still appear with kilt skirts. Tan vests are pretty with dark jackets and kilts. Jersey trousers are warm to wear under kilts in winter. Little ones of two years wear gingham and cashmere dresses made with a gathered skirt, round waist, corded on the edge, turn over collar, full coat sleeves, and the front of the waist cut in a V, which is filled with a plaited vest of silk or cambric. Black Hercules or cord braid trims small boys as well as ladies' cloth kilt suits.

SOME FROCKS FOR THE GIRLS

FINE qualities of butcher's linen make excellent wearing aprons that entirely cover the dress beneath, and have large sleeves. They have three box plaits to the waist line in the back and two in front, with a tiny yoke and cuffs of drawn work. Older girls wear cambric, lawn and dimity aprons having a low round neck, gathered skirt and no sleeves, with embroidery trimming the edges. Large bonnets of silk, velvet or the two materials are worn by girls of two to six years to match their coats. They have rosettes, ruches, tips, aigrettes and ribbon bows trimming them. Coats of cording, plaid and plain camel's hair, cloth and chinchilla in soft plaids, cream, tan, brown, old and navy blue and dark green. Angora, beaver, astrachan, velvet, feather edging and moulton fur are used as trimmings. Cashmere is thickly lined and trimmed with gray kimmer or black astrachan. Large felt and beaver hats are trimmed with a huge bow of ribbon and quills, or a plaited ruche and three rosettes holding black quills in front, each rosette being of a contrasting color. Black appears prominently as a trimming on dresses and hats, but not as a complete garment. Long gathered skirts of cashmere are worn to just escape the floor on girls of two to five years, and have very large sleeves and round waists in fine or medium tucks, with a corselet of velvet covering the waist so that only the upper part shows like a yoke. Dark red and green mixed goods are lit up with a plastron of cardinal cashmere. Red gowns are trimmed with black velvet accessories for the winter.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER

I must ask my correspondents to write me just how their pieces are cut up when they wish information regarding the remodeling of a gown; and also to state the occasions for which a certain costume is wished, when asking how to make it. Another point is in regard to an outfit of any kind, which can be more plainly written of if the writer will tell me how much she wishes to spend upon it. One more important item is—to be brief, yet give necessary detail in an explicit manner.

Mrs. D. Z.—Read answer to "Mrs. Chas. V." It only comes in white. Elderdown comes in many colors.

GIRL OF INQUIRY.—Read answer to "Alys." A soft crown felt walking hat costs \$1.75 untrimmed.

OBERLIN.—Although your directions were very vague an answer to your questions was sent early in October.

ALICE X.—Gend'arme blue is a greenish-blue cast, now quite passé. Bengaline and faille are the favorite silks.

GLOVES.—Read answer to "J. T." Cream and pearl gray for the evenings spoken of. Have strings to your toque.

SUBSCRIBER.—I do not approve of washed linings for a made-over gown, as they will stretch out of shape when ironed.

MARIE S.—The latest French method shows cloth gowns with the "bell" skirt unlined and worn over a silk petticoat.

H. S.—The corded effects are becoming to a stout figure. You can wear invisible checks and mixtures, but not plaids.

CORA.—Silk makes a prettier ruche for the bottom of a dress than cashmere. Cut on the bias, and triple box plait closely together.

BETTIE B.—You must give me some idea of your pieces or I certainly cannot tell you how much new material and what to buy.

POVERTY.—You can have your black Henrietta re-dyed and make it last two years more. Trim with silk passementerie and a surah vest.

O. B. T.—Make your Medici collar over the already shaped lining, for sale everywhere. Use velvet on the skirt in place of a skirt braid.

M. O.—Line the lace sleeves. Trim a black silk with narrow jet gimp and stud the vest with nailheads, sewing them on with linen thread, waxed.

DRESSMAKER.—I regret to say that the skirts all drag in the back. The sheath fit is closely followed; too closely, sometimes, for grace or beauty.

MISS NANNIE.—Wear the black woolen tights upon going out and remove them when in the house. They are from \$2.50; in silk from \$5.00 and not as warm.

Mrs. CAROL L.—Hang your elderdown comfortable occasionally in the sun, which will bring the down up soft and fluffy as it does feathers exposed to the air.

Mrs. M. F.—Send me a stamped envelope and I will give you the address wished, which I cannot do in this column. Attend the afternoon reception in a handsome visiting costume.

BLACKIE.—Read answer to "M. O." Bengaline, faille or peau de soie for a black silk. Line a lace net with satin surah. A brocade vest and sleeves will alter your last year's cloth gown.

MEY.—I can recommend an excellent make of glazed kid gloves at \$1.35 and \$1.50 for a four-button length, but address me privately for this information, which cannot thus be publicly given.

COUNTRY.—Read answer to "Marie S." Sleeves are very full above the elbows and close below. The gauntlet or Cromwellian cuffs are just the shape of the gauntlet affixed to a riding glove.

Mrs. T. F. G.—I have never received a letter from you. Every letter requesting a personal reply, and enclosing a stamp is carefully attended to. The others take their turn in this column.

JENNIE J.—Cloaks are high this season, but if you can wait until after January first you can secure one much cheaper. Tan and black are the chief colors. Select a long cape or deep jacket.

ONE WHO SEWS.—A percaline bodice is cool and pleasant to wear, but it will not endure the strain that a good silesia will; therefore, for a "stout" figure liking a snug basque, I would not advise it.

DANGER.—White with all of the gowns mentioned. Bone every seam of a short, pointed bodice and have tiny puffs for sleeves. Line chiffon with satin. Trim a copper-colored silk with black lace.

Mrs. CHAS. V.—Lambs' wool at ninety cents, twenty-four inches, would answer for your baby boy's coat, with a silk or plush Tam O' Shanter. Let the older boy wear one of the Neapolitan sailor hats.

MISSY.—To answer as you desired would send your letter to the printer a few days after the issue named was out. Please time your inquiries earlier, and you will not be so "dreadfully disappointed."

MARY F.—A silver key-ring, two silk handkerchiefs, kid gloves, silver clear cutter, pocket match safe, box of linen handkerchiefs, muffer, and many books and room decorations come within the sum named.

E. M. G.—I would describe your hair as a light reddish-brown; Nile-green is only becoming to a clear, fair skin. Pale blue would be better, also deep cream. Red-browns, clear gray, dark green and navy-blue for street wear.

GIVEN.—Ladies' cloth at \$1.50 is as light a weight as I would recommend. The pieces should all run the same way of the goods, and unless the cloth is sponged before making it up it is sure to spot with rain or snow.

MATTIE.—Each winter wardrobe differs according to the social position of the wearer, the size of her town and amount of money to be spent, hence the difficulty of laying down any set rules as to what must be had for each person.

NELLIE K.—Very pretty evening shades of bengaline are \$1.50, twenty-one inches in width, and should be trimmed with chiffon ruffles, thirty to sixty-five cents, three and a-half to five inches deep, and narrow bead passementerie.

ETHEL.—Black satine skirts are never trimmed with lace. They are worn in summer chiefly. Black silk skirts are worn throughout the year. Mohair at \$2.00 makes a nice skirt, silk from \$5.00, and many cloth skirts come from \$1.00.

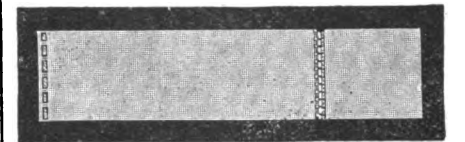
A SISTER.—Your jacket is probably altered by this time, but your letter was too late for earlier attention. You could only make the push into a short, pointed cape and add full sleeves of black Astrachan cloth. I fear that you will be obliged to give this garment up.

ALYS.—Bedford cords range from thirty-eight cents to \$4.00, and are very much worn. Trim with gimp, feathers or velvet of a shade darker. Slippers or fancy ties, usually the former. Light shades of brown and tan are very fashionable, though dark shades of blue and green are very stylish.

X. Y. Z.—I really can not assist correspondents in remaking their gowns unless they describe the condition and shape of the pieces they have, as upon this item depends the style selected for them. Such little details will enable me to give them practical advice, not merely suggestions.

J. T.—Wear the buttonless Biarritz gloves in dark gray, tan or brown, which are eighty-nine or ninety-eight cents and \$1.00 in price, or a four-button glazed-kid in one of the above colors. A young lady can certainly wear black lace as a trimming. Do not wear black for traveling unless in mourning.

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SOME ALL-BLACK COSTUMES

By Isabel A. Mallon



BLACK has never been given such a vogue as it now has since the day when Mrs. Manning, the poisoner, elected to wear a black satin gown on the scaffold. For awhile black of all materials, but especially black satin, was shown no favor; but as the years have gone on, as we have become better

educated in the art of dress, the beauty and style possible in black stuffs are thoroughly appreciated. The stuffs, that is, all the woolen goods, or the silk-and-wool mixtures, are liked,



THE NEW BLACK VELVET COAT (Illus. No. 1)

but for more elaborate gowns black satins, brocades and silks are chosen. The brocades show very large figures on dull black grounds, and a French fancy is to have sleeves, waist-coat, cuffs and collar of a brocade upon which the flower is either of some bright color or else of gold or silver.

A very pretty costume of black brocade made in princess style has full sleeves of the brocade with tiny red roses upon it; the collar, which is a broad turn over one, is like the sleeves, and the slight drapery that goes over the hips, and ends in a sash at one side, is also of the silk brocade with a color. With this is worn a small bonnet of black jet with scarlet Prince of Wales tips tied on, with black ribbons at the back and front.

BLACK IN WOOL

IN WOOLS the heavy serges, camel's hair, broadcloths, cashmeres and merinos are oftenest noticed. The last mentioned is of course very light in weight, and only suited for a house dress, but as it falls gracefully there are many who like it. What is known as a real India camel's-hair has long threads, apparently of hair showing thick upon its surface and looking absolutely white. But funnily enough, if you can raise one of these hairs you will find that it is as black as the black ground it rests upon. There are three qualities of camel's hair; one, light enough to look almost like cashmere, then a medium, then a heavy one. The heaviest will be chosen for out-door suits during the winter, and some most effective gowns are shown made up in this.

A HANDSOME BLACK DRESS

THE heavy black camel's hair is used for the costume shown in Illustration No. 3. The skirt is cut in the usual plain fashion, and has just a hint of a train, although it is intended for street wear. Around the edge is a two-inch border of black astrachan fur, and just above this is an elaborate braiding in gold and black soutache. The bodice is long, and has for an edge finish a deep fringe formed of strung beads, gilt and black alternating; above this is a braiding similar to that on the skirt. About the throat is a high turned over collar of astrachan fur, and the deep cuffs on the sleeves match. The muff is of astrachan, and the bonnet, made of a piece of the camel's hair, has on it a border of astrachan and stiff shaving-brush pompons in which some gold threads show through the black feathers. The gloves are black undressed kid. Such a costume would be pretty trimmed with jet after this fashion; or, if greater simplicity were desired, the fringe could be silk cord, the braiding done with the ordinary black braid, and not a glint of either gold or jet sparkling to relieve the sombreness.

SOME OTHER STUFFS

THERE are many women who do not care for the very heavy materials just described, and to them the fine black cashmere, or henrietta cloth, seems most desirable. Various qualities of each of these stuffs may be gotten, but there is one little advantage in buying a good quality of henrietta; in fact, I might almost say there are two. One is the great width, and the other, which is most important, is this:—and now my dear general woman I speak from experience—a good henrietta cloth may be worn and see the sun of two winters, then if it is good enough, that is, if it is perfectly whole, it may be ripped to pieces, sent to the scourer's, go through the cleansing process, and come out looking so exactly like new that you can buy new to go with it if your pattern is short, and the difference between the materials will never show. The cloth and the cashmere certainly make the prettiest house dress, and nowadays the women who study economy know that the house dress is the salvation of the street one.

AN EFFECTIVE HOUSE GOWN

THERE was a time when we were all very ready to scoff at the theories of the so-called æsthetic school; but now that the chaff has been taken from it, it is easy to see wherein much that was exaggerated can, when the nonsense is taken out of it, be really not only useful, but beautiful. The house gown is essentially economical, and there is probably no more becoming dress than one of soft, clinging black stuff with a smart girdle of jet, gold or silver, and decorations of either ribbon, lace or velvet as may be deemed most becoming. The house dress is not of necessity a tea gown, though it is often developed in that style. There are many women who do not care for tea-gowns, and who, while they wish for an easy-fitting dress, still desire one that has an air of close fit. A very dainty gown of this sort is after the style much affected by Mrs. Oscar Wilde, and in which she looks as pretty as the proverbial picture. It is made of black henrietta cloth, as pictured in Illustration No. 2.

The skirt is slightly full, of the soft flowing stuff, and has just sufficient train to add to its gracefulness. The bodice is shirred about the neck, a toby frill of chiffon outlining it. Just below the bust the shirring ceases, and the fulness is then confined at the waist line by a belt of black ribbon clasped just in the center by a curiously carved silver clasp. The shirring could, if one desired it, be regularly smocked, but I do not think this is as pretty as the very careful and close shirring. If it were wished, the back of this gown could have a double wateau from the neck down, which would, of course, make a fuller train, but after all the plainer method is the more desirable for a dress rather than a gown.

ABOUT BLACK VELVET

THE gentlemen of olden times used to think that the height of elegance was reached

when they wore black velvet coats, point lace ruffles, and sparkling steel buttons. That coat is almost duplicated to-day. The black gown has made the black velvet coat very popular, and certainly, when it is well cut, properly decorated and fitted, nothing can make a woman look better. The style of the cut tends to broaden the shoulders, the rich black pile of the material to make the skin and hair look brighter and glossier, and the length of the coat will give the slenderness of figure which is so much desired. A black velvet coat worn by Mrs. Kendal is typical of the style in vogue. It is shown in Illustration No. 1. The coat is quite long, being longer than the ordinary Louis Quinze, and yet it does not come to the knees as do some of the cloth coats. In front, the close-fitting jacket parts flare away to show a black silk waist-coat richly braided in gold. The sleeves are high on the shoulders, shaping to the arms, and have, as their finish, frills of fine thread lace. The collar is a high one, fastened just in front with a brooch in the shape of a gold hook and eye. Such a coat, or indeed any kind of a black velvet coat, may be worn with a silk, lace or wool skirt. It may be made as plainly as possible, may be trimmed or untrimmed, but must be as well-fitting as the hand of woman can devise. And every woman knows that the brain must also work for this result.



A HANDSOME BLACK DRESS (Illus. No. 3)

A BLACK SATIN DRESS

THE fancy for black satin of the heaviest kind is increasing more and more every day. Full skirts of satin are worn with marquisse coats of striped satin, a blue and black, red and black, pink and black, or yellow and black coat being proper adjunct to a black satin skirt. Of course, the costumes are only suited for visiting or evening wear, but they are extremely stylish. A very rich black



AN EFFECTIVE HOUSE GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

satin dress to be worn at the opera has a plain skirt with a slight train, the coat is of plain black satin with sleeves of black, embroidered in small gold dots, and a full jabot of gold lace extends down the entire front. The bonnet worn with this is made of gold lace and has black feathers, wired to stand up well, for its decoration. The gloves are a very light yellow undressed kid. The slippers are of black satin with tiny gold buckles upon them.

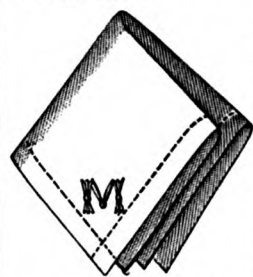
A quieter black satin toilette is combined with broadcloth, and is for street wear. The back shows full breadths of black broadcloth, but sensibly escape dragging the ground. In front is a deep tablier of black satin heavily bordered with cut jet and drawn up on one side under an elaborate jet ornament. The long deep coat is of the broadcloth, and the sleeves are full puffed ones with jet cuffs. The hat is a soft crowned one of black satin with a full brim of the black cloth; clusters of Prince of Wales feathers decorate it. This is an extremely stylish costume, handsome enough to be generally copied, and yet not very expensive.

WHY YOU SHOULD WEAR BLACK

WELL, of course, one of the numerous reasons is because it is almost universally becoming; then, too, it has a quiet, refined air that commends it to the masculine side of the world, and, after all, we women dress to please husband, brothers and sweet hearts. However, in choosing your black, get the dull and sombre-looking if you are a blonde, and that which has some gloss upon it if you are a brunette, for these are the shades of black that will bring out the complexion of each the best. You think there are no shades in black? Go to a store where they have a large variety and just see how many different ones they can show you.

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THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

MRS. MALLON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent to her by JOURNAL readers. She asks, however, that she be permitted to answer through this Department in the JOURNAL; though, if stamps are inclosed, she will reply by mail. Address all letters to MRS. MALLON, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



UST what to have for the heads of small people is always a question of importance to mothers. For baby girls this season, the most picturesque bonnets are made of soft bengaline or fine cashmere, shirred about the brim, having soft crowns and trimmed with a tiny bunch of ostrich feathers and high loops of ribbon, like aigrettes, fastened just on the top. These are regular picturesque bonnets and should be very large; they are at once pretty and keep the little head well warmed, something that is very necessary. Larger girls, those about five years, also wear large bonnets or felt hats tied down in bonnet shapes. A girl even larger than this may wear a very large felt hat trimmed either with ribbon or pompons, but it must not have too elaborate a look, and the younger the girl is the more certain must it be to have ribbon strings to tie it in place. Baby boys wear big Tam O' Shanter hats made of white cloth with a fancy band either of quilled ribbon or ostrich feathers next to the face; wide strings, having very often cloth ear tabs, are tied under the chin. All of these hats are pretty and becoming, and most of them can be made by the woman who is handy with her needle. The little girl's bonnets are made exactly like the gingham ones were last summer, and as the cloth is easier gathered into place it should be quite as effectively and as well made as was the one of cotton. Just remember that to keep the little head warm means a great deal; not only keeping it from all pains just now, but from a good many troubles in the future, so see that it is well protected from the winter winds.

THE gold chatelaine, which it is said, will supersede the silver one, has upon it first of all a small gold purse made of links joined together, and for a pendant a gold tassel; this is supposed to hold the money that is to be given to the poor; but it would seem wiser, when the number bought is considered, if the purse itself was sold and the money received for it donated to the worthy.

HAVING been educated to the advantages of silver belongings, we are now gradually learning the beauty of glass. The handsomest inkstands are those of very heavy cut glass, cut so they look almost like a block of ice with a very small silver cover on them. This may have on it a monogram or a crest, as is fancied.

THE woman who knows how to knit slippers has it in her power to give comfort to many of her friends. The knitted slipper with its comfortable lambs' wool sole, is not only desirable as a bed-room slipper, but may be worn in bed by an invalid or one who suffers from cold feet. They become specially valuable to those who travel much in sleeping cars where the draughts are many and chances for catching cold are more than merely many. In pink or blue wool, in bright scarlet or scarlet and brown these slippers are oftenest noted. A rosette or bow of satin ribbon that is in harmony, gives a dainty finish to them.

THE young lady who finds the stiff sailor hats becoming to her, should be satisfied with the one that is shown for winter wear. It is a very light snuff color, has a low crown and broad brim, and is worn well over the forehead; the felt is stiff and the brim is bound with brown galloon; a band of galloon is about the crown, with a stiff little bow concealing where it terminates.

THE fancy for ostrich feather fans seems to grow greater every season, and as they can be gotten to suit any costume, one is sure not to have an inharmonious toilette. The liking for absolute contrasts is shown in the latest feather fan; it is of black and gray feathers, and seems like a somber combination, but it is one upon which Dame Fashion has set her seal.

A PRETTY present for a busy woman is a white slate framed in gold with a pencil suspended to it. This hangs beside her dressing case, and upon it each morning she writes what she expects to do during the day, and she is a happy woman if she completes what she has set out to as her duty.

A NOVELTY in knives for dinner is that where the handle of each knife is of china, matching the dinner service. These knives are beautiful, if not durable, and would have to be used at a table where a woman is "mistress of hers though china falls," and would shudder at seeing a clumsy servant drop one of her much-prized knives and break the handle.

THE fancy which has arisen for wearing the watch on the outside of the bodice has created a demand for fancy watches. One of those shown is small, and has its case enamelled to represent a purple pansy; another one, an open face watch, has a gold face with the figures and monogram in black enamel upon it. Pockets not unlike those made in men's waistcoats are noted on jackets and are intended to hold either the watch or one's loose change; they are a delight to the girl who likes to affect masculine belongings.

SHADED velvet ribbon is fancied for the pert little bows that are liked on the front of bonnets and little hats. The loops come forward and the two short ends, cut out in Vandyke fashion, stand up as pert as possible. A bow of this sort is sufficient trimming for a small felt bonnet, one of the capote shapes. It does not need to have strings to match it, for they should be of velvet of the same color as the bonnet itself. A dark blue felt has a bow of scarlet, while the ties are of blue velvet. A bonnet made for evening, but fitting as closely as the felt one, is of green velvet and has a bow of pink, while the ties are of green velvet ribbon. By-the-by, a new arrangement for the velvet ribbon straps is to bring them forward, cross them under the chin, draw them back and fasten them with a fancy pin well up on the back of the hair. This looks best when the hair is arranged high, as it takes away somewhat from what would be otherwise a bare look. Pins showing imitation diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires are liked for fastening the straps.

AMONG the novelties in ribbons, one of pale yellow silk has a design of blackberries wrought on it, the berries themselves being formed of sparkling jet beads, while the leaves and brambles are of black silk.

THE stiff black ribbon velvet bow worn at the waist, in the hair or in the center of a low corsage, is made more attractive when it has a hollow circlet of Parisian diamonds just in the center. As nobody pretends that these are real, and they are only used to look pretty, there is not the same feeling that there would be in wearing what is often known as paste.

CLOTH petticoats of pretty shades are trimmed around the edge with pinked flounces rather scantily gathered; these are usually of two shades, as three flounces are used. On a brown cloth petticoat a pale blue will form the center flounce; on a black one a bright scarlet will be in good taste, and on a gray one a sapphire blue would look pretty. Silk petticoats are lined with flannel, not only to make them wear better but to give them greater warmth.

IT is seldom that a piece of jewelry becomes such a fad as the lovers' knot lace-pin, which this season is being produced with every conceivable assortment of vari-colored gems and enamels. Some are shown tied with Puritan precision, and others with reckless irregularity, the latter being the most popular, however. Diamonds, of course, are the prevailing stones for this oddity, but pearls and rubies, the latter representing the back or lining of the material that forms the knot, are considered more *recherché*, owing to their conservative and sober appearance.

THE great liking that has been shown for brooches shaped like hearts, like coronets, and like fleur de lis, has caused the appearance of a pin made of garnets where the heart is surmounted by the coronet, which has a fleur de lis background. Of course, this is merely all outline work. It is shown in many of the precious and semi-precious stones, and in brilliants makes a most beautiful pin for evening wear.

THE woman who is fortunate enough to possess a star or crescent of diamonds, or good stones imitating them, fastens it just now right in the front of her three-cornered hat when she wears it in the evening.

A VERY dainty handkerchief is one made of white crepe lisse and having for a border bright red strawberries and green leaves. The colors chosen are harmonious, and the work itself is so beautifully done that it is difficult to believe that the machine, rather than the needle, wrought it out.

FOR a large hat a large veil is required, and it is wisest in buying one to get a full yard to drape about your chapeau. Pin it just to the edge of the brim in front, and let the depth that comes over be drawn under your chin in soft, loose folds fastened at the back high up on the hat. These folds tend to give the soft effect desired by strings.

THE strings on large hats must be at least two inches wide and sufficiently long to be tied in broad loops and ends a little longer. On almost any hat such strings may be attached, and they can be either of black satin, gros-grain, or soft black velvet. Velvet is the most becoming, but the loops refuse to stay in position unless pinned, and the ribbon itself is apt to grow shabby. In times gone by ties decided whether what one wore on one's head was a hat or a bonnet, but nowadays even Solomon himself could not solve this question.

THE heavy walking gloves which are the oftentimes assumed for street wear by women who dress well, should be gotten a quarter or half size larger than the ordinary glove, for one is supposed to put them on with great ease, and to permit one's hands to move about with perfect freedom.

FOR general use fine white linen handkerchiefs, having a very narrow edge, hem-stitched, and with a tiny finish of valenciennes lace, are counted in best taste.



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PRETTY DRESSES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

By Isabel A. Mallon



SENSIBLY, indeed, are the children of our day dressed. They can enjoy life. They are not starched and befrilled so that pleasure is impossible, and, thank goodness, they are clad warmly enough to make it possible for them to play in the clear cold open air without any danger of them catching cold.

THE FABRICS FANCIED

THE fabrics fancied are invariably wool, cashmere, camel's hair, the rough fleecy stuffs or the soft wools peculiar to plaids being selected. For school dresses, dark blues, browns, deep crimsons, and bright scarlets in cashmere are pretty, and are colors that usually wear well.

For little wrappers, intended to be worn when some nursery disorder has made of a merry maiden a little invalid, gaily striped flannels, buttoning all the way down the front, quite loose, and with a belt of the same material to hold them in, shows how all the different times of life, the good and the bad, are alike catered to.

EVERYDAY DRESS

A GOWN that is to be worn every day and is suitable for either school or home, for sister who is eleven years old, and who can write real letters, is shown in Illustration No. 1. The skirt is perfectly plain, gathered in around the waist and sewed on to the bodice which is also a plain one, the hooks that close it being invisible; the collar is a deep turned over one of blue silk that matches the cashmere used for the little dress.



EVERYDAY DRESS (Illus. No. 1)

If one did not care to have a silk belt, collar and cuffs, then they could be made of the same material as the gown, or if one wished them to be a little more elaborate the coarse Russian lace could overlay the collar and cuffs and a buckle fasten the belt.

FOR A WEE MAIDEN

THE same dark cashmeres or stuffs are used for the gowns of the wee maidens as well as for the girls who are counted as large in nursery parlance. Golden-brown cashmere is particularly pretty for the small blonde people.

One small girl wearing such a gown is pictured in Illustration No. 2. The real golden-brown cashmere is used for this, and the full skirt is gathered and fastened in at the neck to a yoke that is invisible. Far up under the arms comes a narrow-pointed girdle of dark-brown velvet drawn down in front and caught just in the center under a velvet rosette.

OVER-DRESSING OUR CHILDREN

I DON'T think any of us like to think of our babies being sacrificed to their clothes, and while a little lady will see that she does not muss or soil her gown, still it is a little hard for her to be hampered by the consciousness that her frock is her first consideration.

THE WISE APRON

THE apron has always had for little people a prestige of its own. To put on a clean apron usually means that one is in good standing in the nursery, and that the freshening up of an afternoon is deemed desirable.

Aprons are very sensibly made quite plain; the dressiest have a yoke of coarse embroidery or Russian lace, but the putting of innumerable frills or the decorating them with gay ribbons is not considered good taste.

OF COURSE they shed them as the roses do their leaves, and for that reason the little handkerchiefs want to be as simple as possible. Those shown in the shops are of plain white linen with a narrow hemstitched edge.

To teach a child that her clothes are her own, that her handkerchiefs and her collars are hers individually, is to make a child careful. When she knows it is her very own she is apt to put the handkerchief back in her pocket and not risk throwing it on the floor, or laying it on a chair without a thought as to its future.



PICTURESQUE FROCK (illus. No. 2)

WHEN SHE GOES OUT

WHEN she takes her walks abroad, the young woman who is at present the woman of the future and who is just now the child of your heart, wears a pretty warm cloak which the dressmakers call the Florentine cloak.



WHEN SHE GOES OUT (Illus. No. 3)

it and allowed to flare; in length it should be an inch below the skirt of the dress worn underneath. The sleeves are full, and come just below the elbow to deep cuffs bordered with natural beaver fur.

A WORD FOR YOU

AND when I say you, I mean you happy women who are fortunate enough to have little people of your very own. Don't make the playtime of life a burden by making a child think too much of its clothes and feel that the little body can't have its natural freedom of movement because a frock will get out of place, or something come unhooked.

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CHRISTMAS light streams out far and wide, and we who live in its brightness weeks before it comes are cheered and comforted by it for weeks afterward. I have thought that we would let it stream into our room this afternoon, and would admit nothing that would mar it.

We will have only happy words and cheerful thoughts. Some of us carry heavy burdens of sorrow, perhaps even of want; but for one little hour we will forget them and be strengthened to bear them better.

I WAS left a motherless girl at the age of thirteen, with two younger sisters to love, work for and sew for. I am now mistress of "Grandpa's," and the little ones come home and love to come. I have always had to work hard, doing our own housework, with the exception of the washing, and sometimes my education gotten from my father, with the exception of a little attendance at select schools after my sisters were old enough to be as helpful in our home as myself.

You might as well object to painting, and say you felt it degrading because you must wash your brushes after it, as to feel home-making so because there are stoves to be broken and dishes to be washed. Any one who has ever painted, and has done a good day's work with big bristle brushes, knows that the washing up the tea things is a dainty job compared with the washing of all those dirty brushes.

And why have pots? I did away with them long ago, when I found there were pressed tin and agate vessels which would hold as much, and were light to handle. I have my full sized, and my object is to have my wrists, as well as wearing out my strength, of which I have none too much.

I have made five rag-carpets in my life; now, I think that a waste of time, but some of the sunniest memories of my early girlhood are woven into the first two; for the rags were sewed in the same way, and the three sisters read aloud, the other two sewed, while father sat by correcting the reading and cutting rags.

We see the secret of this happy home; all were of one mind, and shared the labors and so the joys of the household. There must be one central point, of course. Mother, or sister, it may be, will, by her own sweet magnetism, draw all the members of the family to her, and she will be the unconscious director of them all.

AFTER having been obliged by illness to remain at home the greater part of the past ten years, I have now sufficiently recovered to make a visit to my physician's home. A happier home I have never seen, one that is ruled by love and kindness.

But affliction has its advantages as well as its privations. I have been comforted knowing that thus I am kept from the temptations of worldly pleasures.

We pray "lead us not into temptation," but we are not usually ready to thank God for being led away from temptation by sickness. A bright welcome to a weary or an invalid guest is like a tonic. I have treasured in my memory the refreshment which came to me more than once when I was worn and ill from one dear home, whose very walls seemed to give me welcome.

IT is always darkest just before dawn. But when I wrote my letter of remonstrance many months ago I did not know how soon the day would dawn gloriously for me.

Since that time, by a kind dispensation of that Providence that has never failed me in sunshine or shadow, I have been permitted to join my husband, and now have every prospect of remaining with him to the end of our natural lives.

I hope the other discouraged wives may enjoy my experience; for I am very sure if we are patient and trustful to accept the duty that lies nearest, we cannot fail to be blessed; and oh! how richly our Father blesses! He gives of His largess, and joys in the giving. In this connection I am reminded of a thought regarding the "four-leaved shamrock," symbolical of happiness, or, as it is more commonly termed, "Good-luck!" Let me quote these words that have been so replete with meaning to myself: "Pluck the common flowers and leaves about your path, and maybe you will find the little lucky leaves among them; for the seeds that are blown by the strong wind over Paradise garden rest soonest on the open fields and paths. And if you don't chance upon it here—why, be sure you'll find it there, and we all know that the shortest way there is by the potato patch!"

With one other comforting quotation and I am done. I cannot refrain from offering these crumbs of comfort that have been so much to me in times of despondency to other despairing sisters: "What matters it where the feet stand or where the hands are busy? So that it is the spot where God has put you, and the work He has given you to do."

BERT'S WIFE.

It is not always that our hearts are comforted so soon by a turn for the better in the tide of affairs. We thank God with you, and pray that your brave heart may be strengthened daily, not only for bearing your own burdens, but for teaching others how to bear theirs.

I HAVE received a nice supply of reading and some very nice letters also. How much it has braced me up! Those kind, loving letters! I think there are some splendid souls in the world yet. I have tried to thank each kind donor of reading in a letter personally, but I have a large family of children, and money is scarce for postage. Though I live so far away, I seem to be visiting with the Sisters. I am not a "King's Daughter," but wish I were good enough to be one. I will do my best for the JOURNAL when money gets more plentiful; it is the only woman's paper taken in the neighborhood. The people never look at the dates on the magazines and papers. If you, who are in the midst of good literature, know how much I am in need of it, I am ashamed of being so popular at others' expense. My neighbors come and get the reading, and change it about so as to make it go as far as possible, and they thank me, too; and I will send the thanks of a good many hard-worked women and invalids. Thank you and bless you for your kindness. Long may THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL live, with its splendid and loving sympathy, and long may its staff of splendid women live who help to fill its pages with such ennobling influences and soul-lifting words! Yours with love, HOMETEACHER'S WIFE.

And this is one of the ways in which the good seed of printed words is scattered. Do not be ashamed, rather be grateful, that you can be a blessing to your neighborhood. I hope that in the numerous other cases where newspapers and magazines have been sent, the good has been, if not as great as here, enough to reward those who have taken pains to send the packages. And, as far as possible, I hope thanks have been sent to those whose gifts have been received.

WE all have trouble, I myself, have had what seems to me the "lion's share," what with sickness and wrestling with pots and kettles, and no one hates dish-washing more than I. But when the wrinkles begin to make my forehead look like a newly plowed garden, I just roll up my sleeves. I might as well do my own work, take care of two babies under three years, and cook for three men and say: "Oh bother! looking mad won't wash the dishes, and only makes one look like a witch." I always can muster up a smile or two thinking of something that happened in my school-days. I know what crying babies and disorder are, but I always think very much of the grand old days. Thank heaven I have (I'll not be silly enough to say the best) one of the very best husbands in the whole world, so it is not so bad even if we do work hard, and sometimes work, and lots of it, is the very best thing for us. Now don't think I'm one of the ever-cheerful kind, I'm nothing of the sort, for sometimes I do get very despondent. Only half an hour ago I said (I pardon my wickedness, Aunt Patience): "I wish the world would come to an end, for I don't want to live and I don't want to die"; but I must explain that I have been sick, or about half sick, for two days, and my work must go on, sick or well, I laughed it off, anyway. Now, as the ugly little girl in the September number did, just take a pencil and paper and put down your blessings opposite your woes and see which is the longest column. Topsy.

MY husband is "sweet tempered and happy looking" in house-cleaning time, even though the proverbial honeymoon was over some years ago. I don't think I ever washed the kitchen floor but he stepped carefully over it and said: "How nice you make it look!" or "Take it as easy as you can, my dear." Clean windows are sure to call forth some pleasant words of appreciation, and even after the weekly sweeping of the chambers I expect the usual remark as he passes through them: "How sweet and fresh it smells." In the early spring I go through every piece, bag and closet and trunk and bureau and arrange and classify so that when scrubbing time comes all things are in order, and it is not a serious disturbance at all. Then the good man engages men to take out the stoves; then one carpet comes up at a time and goes down the same day. Then he thinks of pictures collected during the year which he immediately has framed and hung in different rooms. For one room he suggests new curtains, which he forthwith buys and hangs in place. A new table he thinks will be convenient here, a chair there, and a rug somewhere else, and so he adds in these ways his sympathy and impetus to the general work of cleaning. As he has done his share I keep mine out of his way by giving him his usual three meals a day, in the dining room, or "take as less as the grand total. Thank him with him in the evening, also as usual, and leave my scrubbing out of sight, out of mind. Why, of course, it can be done; in union should be the strength and joy of work. HELEN VIRGINIA.

A LESSON has been taught me which bears repeating, I think. A little blind boy has lately come under my notice. He is about ten years old, and has been blind from infancy. I was at first attracted by his pleasant countenance, and afterward his bright and cheerful disposition and conversation. His poor mother, who is among the many bread-winners, told me, "Being worried and discouraged, one day, I said: 'What a dreary, old world, anyway!' B— who is always with me, looked up with a smile, and said: 'Oh, mamma, I don't think so! I think it is awfully nice, and especially when the sun shines.'" Needless to say, the good woman complained no more. What a lesson for us who are blessed with all our senses! How little we appreciate God's great gifts! When we are in trouble and everything seems against us, let us think of this sweet child and his sunshine, and I feel that our darkest days will be brighter. I, for one, have found it so. HELEN G.

Surely, if a blind boy may find joy in the sunshine, we, with open eyes, are worse than blind if we fail to be glad in its brightness.

I WOULD like to say a word about the honeymoon. The June brides are settled now, in their own cozy nests, each trying to realize all the happiness depicted in those lovely summer days; but now and again there is a thorn among the roses, is there not, dear girls? Well, of course, being true wives all, you will not admit it even "Among Ourselves." "All the world loves a lover," but I love the brides. They are so full of promise and sweet faith. Having been a bride myself—only the other day it seems—I feel in sympathy with all the brides I hear of, and especially so with the JOURNAL'S brides.

When I was married I came to the far west, hundreds of miles from home and friends, to make my home among strangers. The nest was awaiting me, very cozy and comfortable it was, too, and I felt, as I settled myself and my many little belongings into place, that I could not be lonely in my new home; but alas! there was one thing which I had never taken into consideration in dreaming of my new home. In looking forward to making home pleasant and beautiful for my husband, I did not remember the long hours I must spend alone while my husband was at his place in the store. Sunday too, I was alone, for he was a prescription clerk. This was hard among the things.

When my dear grandmother was told that I was soon to marry, she exclaimed: "Married! why the child can't knit!" and each day brought to light some new thing which I could not do, until I began to think the way was very rough indeed. Other brides may think so, too, and to them I wish to say only be patient, for the roughest places wear away. My John works in his own store now, and stays at home on Sunday; and other worries disappear, so that we are really and truly having our honeymoon, although we have been married five years. To those who have found a tiny cross to bear, I wish to say, take heart!

ONE OF THE BRIDES.

Ah! happy the couple whose honeymoon still rises clear and bright after five years, or ten years, or twenty years; and for fifty years it is possible; yes, even longer!

THE writer has been married six and one-half years to a man of moderate means, and eighteen years her senior. There are few couples who have more dissimilar tastes, but we find enough that we both enjoy, and count it a pleasure—for the sake of the other—to give up that which displeases the other. And I can truly say that I am perfectly contented in my little home, and more than happy in my husband's love, and would not for the world go back to the tiresome old school-room as teacher—which was my former occupation. MICHIGAN.

I congratulate you on your present happiness, but your somewhat contemptuous words for the school-room! Ah, I thought they would stir some loving teacher to a reply!

SO often am I strengthened and helped by some word I see in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL that I cannot help saying so. I am a busy school-teacher, with the care of forty pupils in school hours, and the responsibility of a very nervous, delicate sister out-of-school. Is it any wonder, think you dear Aunt Patience, that sometimes I long for some dear motherly ears to listen to my troubles? I must confess, though, that my joys far exceed my woes, and I find in my daily work much pleasure. For my pupils are very fond of me, and my little sister devoted to me. I enjoy the JOURNAL very much indeed, and it can always be found on my reading table. ELIZABETH.

I, TOO, was a school-ma'am; I, too, live in the country; I, too, am "general utility woman." I have two babies, one two-and-a-half years old, one only four months. I have no help with any of my work, and get very tired sometimes. But when I feel most like complaining, the thought comes up—"How many thousands of working-women in our country would feel blessed indeed with the comforts of life I enjoy! How many toiling widows in our great cities would thank God for the food and clothing my little ones never lack! How many mothers whose babies are not sleeping out-of-grass, would never complain of my trouble and work! When I think of these I wonder I can ever complain because my life is a busy one. Thank God for my home, my babies and my husband. In all the five years of our married life he has never met or left me with a frown upon his face, and home is the dearest place to both of us. I do not enjoy washing pots or kettles, but our heavenly Father knew where to place us on earth, and He sees and knows if we do our duty in little things. I know a woman who married a farmer. His health was not good, and she brought up the children, and cared for him, working indoors and out, in the hayfield, planting corn and digging potatoes. This spring he died, blessing her with his last breath. Do you think she regrets all her years of work? I am hand-in-hand with you, my Sisters, for labor and for love. Let us kneel and pray to see our blessings count, and think of the bright things in our life, and forget the disagreeable ones as fast as we can. Look for mercies and you will find them. We must take some bitter with the sweet, or the sweet will lose its flavor. Above all, remember our troubles are but reflexes of the soul. "Some lives are set in sorrow, As gems are set in gold." Yours for the joy of home. MINNIE S.

When we are rasped and irritated by the little cares—I call them little, though at the moment they do seem great—which must come into the household, and especially where there are little children, if we could but stop and think what it would be if we had the home no longer; or if the little ones, whose demands are so exhausting, were gone further out of our sight! And let us remember that our own unhappiness and irritation is a fruitful source of confusion and misconduct in the household. A sweet-tempered and placid mother will rarely have ill-tempered and vexatious children, even though their circumstances may be far from comfortable.

"These trifles! Can it be they make or mar A human life? Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are, By love, or strife?" "Yea, yea! A look the fainting heart may break Or make it whole; And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake May save a soul!"

Aunt Patience

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MISS PARLOA will at all times be glad, so far as she can, to answer in this Department all general domestic questions sent by her readers. Address all letters to MISS MARIA PARLOA, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



SOFAST do inquiries pour in upon me in regard to matters which have perplexed housekeepers that it would be impossible to answer all of them at once, unless the space allotted this department were doubled or tripled. It is pleasing to see by these letters from all parts of the country that domestic science has a warm place in the correspondents' hearts, and that so many of the writers are typical American women—intelligent, progressive, possessed of many original and excellent ideas, and lovers of their homes. If they will be patient, an attempt will be made to respond to all their questions in good time.

WHAT TO GET FOR A SUNDAY DINNER
A SUBSCRIBER says she does the household work for her father and herself, and is troubled as to what to get for dinner Sunday. She goes to church, and would like to ask friends home to dinner, but thinks the meal is not good enough. She therefore wants some suggestion as to what to get. Since her dilemma is one that many hundreds experience, I will try to make it my own, and suggest what seems to me to be both suitable and healthful.

In New England such cases are provided for with the great Sunday dish, baked beans and brown bread. The pot of beans is left in the oven and the loaf of brown bread in the steamer. When the family returns from church the beans and bread can be served smoking hot; a cold dessert and a cup of tea completing the dinner. In winter, cold dinners give the table a dismal appearance, and are, moreover, unhealthful. There should be at least one warm dish. In cities and cold climates the kitchen fire is kept burning all day, so that many dishes which are not injured by long, slow cooking can be prepared before going to church, the cooking to go on until serving time. If the housekeeper lives in a warm climate and uses wood fires, she cannot, of course, depend upon these conveniently prepared dishes. It is well, however, to have at least a warm drink, such as tea, coffee or cocoa.

MEALS WHICH CAN BE QUICKLY PREPARED
HERE are some of the Sunday dinners which one can prepare easily and quickly: Any kind of cold meat, sliced thin. Lyonnaise or creamed potatoes, fried cabbage, preserved fruit, cake, tea.

Cold corned beef, vegetable hash, bread and butter, fancy crackers, cold custard, tea.

Eggs, either boiled, poached, scrambled or as an omelet, toast, cocoa, fruit.

Salad, rolls, Washington pie, peach preserve, coffee.

Cold meat, Welsh rare-bit, brown bread toast, rice pudding, tea.

Canned salmon (or any kind of cold fish will do), vinaigrette sauce, rolls and butter, baked Indian pudding, coffee.

Creamed dried beef, brown bread, toast, blanc-mange with cream, tea.

Braised beef, boiled hominy, bread and butter, cake and preserved fruit, chocolate.

Beef, veal or mutton stew, rolls, crackers, cream pudding, cocoa.

These are only a few of the many combinations one can have without much trouble. The beans, brown bread, hominy, braised beef or a braised chicken, stews, baked Indian pudding all can be cooking while the housekeeper is at church. All the preparations of the other dishes can be made in the morning, and but a few minutes will be needed to finish them when one returns from church.

If one have no fire and object to making one, the eggs, creamed beef, potatoes, vegetable hash, drinks, etc., may be prepared on an oil stove.

If one have a patent oven that does all the work with the aid of a lamp, a hot dinner would, of course, be possible with but little trouble. Some kind of sauce or preserves, olives, fancy crackers, canned meats and fish, canned peas, corn and tomatoes are all valuable for these dinners. Cold meat, with one or two of these vegetables made hot, is a very good dinner.

Any kind of cold meat can be freed from skin, bone and fat, cut into dainty pieces, seasoned with salt and pepper and put away until the return from church. A simple white or brown sauce can be made in less than five minutes and the meat be warmed in this.

To the average mortal one hot savory dish is more satisfactory than several cold ones, and it seems to me that the housekeeper who follows these suggestions will not find it hard to get at least one hot substantial dish and a hot drink for her Sunday dinner.

BUYING MEAT AND FISH FOR TWO

ALMOST all young housekeepers find it hard to make economical and satisfactory purchases of meat and fish. They should understand at the outset that it is impossible to save in the same proportion as one who buys for a large family. Another point: it is wiser to get only the parts and the amount actually wanted than to buy large pieces simply because they are cheaper by the pound.

Broiling meats is the most expensive of all methods of cooking, but, to my mind, the most healthful. When a housekeeper really can afford to follow it, she should do so.

When planning to roast or broil a piece of meat its adaptability to being made over into various little dishes should be considered. Pork is the least desirable of the fresh meats for these purposes. For warning over in various ways the following named meats are the most valuable: poultry, veal, lamb, mutton and beef. The white meats are better than the red for this purpose. This is also true of fish, the white, dry varieties being much better for made-over dishes than the dark, oily kinds.

Here is something that one can buy in a small quantity and use to advantage: A short porter-house steak will answer for two dinners. Cut out the tenderloin, broil it and serve with a good sauce. If the weather be cold the remainder of the steak can be used two days later. In hot weather it must be cooked for dinner the following day.

ECONOMICAL USE OF LEFT-OVERS

BROIL two pounds of halibut for one dinner and there will be enough left over to make a nice little dish of escalloped fish. The same amount of fish, cut in a square piece and boiled, can be served with an egg sauce, and what is left over be used for an escalloped dish; or, it can be put in a deep dish, with cream sauce, and covered with mashed potatoes and browned. Still another way is to combine it with mashed potato and make it into croquettes. Any kind of cold fish can be used in this manner. A small white fish, lake trout, bass, or, indeed, any of the smaller fish, can be baked or broiled, and such part as may be left can be used as suggested for halibut.

A small turkey or a chicken of good size can be roasted, served hot, then cold, and what is still left can be prepared in any of the following named ways (the bones being boiled down for stock): as croquettes, blanquette, with rice border, fricassée, chicken pie, hashed chicken on toast, creamed chicken, salad, chicken omelet, timbal of chicken, etc. The tough pieces and bones can be used for soups.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT ROASTS

IF you are to have a friend or two to dinner indulge in a roast. Cold beef, mutton, lamb and veal are all nice if sliced thin and served with vegetables. The cold meat can be made into timbals, croquettes, escalloped dishes, hashed on toast, or be warmed in a brown or white sauce.

The smallest prime roast of beef is one of the short ribs, weighing from three to four pounds. There are two of these short ribs. In Boston they are called the tip of the sirloin; outside of New England, the short ribs, or first cut of the ribs. The two ribs are included in the cut, but it is possible to get the cut divided. A small loin of mutton, lamb or veal, weighing about three or four pounds, makes a roast that will not last forever. One must exercise great care in treating such a roast; the heat must be moderate after the meat is browned, and there must be a generous and frequent basting, else the beef will be dry.

POSSIBILITIES WITHIN EASY REACH

ONE can buy half a pound of sausages, a thin slice of ham that will not weigh more than half a pound, a quarter of a pound of dried beef, a quarter of a pound of smoked bacon, half of which can be used with chicken livers, while the other half may be cooked another time with one pound of calf's liver. A quarter of a pound of smoked salmon or halibut to be broiled for breakfast or tea, will be a very generous allowance. One pound of salt codfish will answer for three or four dishes—fish balls, fish in cream, fish hash, etc. One thin slice of round steak weighing about a pound can be made into beef olives. A slice of veal from the leg can be used in the same way. A piece of beef cut from the shoulder, and weighing about two or three pounds, can be braised. About a pound and a quarter of fresh beef, cut from any of the tough parts of the animal, can be prepared in a stew. Mutton and veal can be used in the same way; indeed, any of the cold meats can be used in a stew.

One grouse or partridge, a pair of pigeons, a pair of quail, a rabbit, a duck, etc., all come within the range of the family of two.

SOMETHING ABOUT MAKING SOAP

A FEW years ago, when on one of my lecturing tours, I boarded with a family where the ladies did their own work. The housekeeping was perfect; the table was exceptionally good, the food being well cooked and in generous quantities; and there was no waste. Now, these folks made their own hard soap. One might have known it would be good, but it was more than that: it was of such superior quality that I asked about the process they followed. I had always made soft soap for cleaning purposes, and had been accustomed to save my grease, as I shall explain. For nearly three years now I have made the hard soap, and should be sorry to have to use any other.

I have a stone jar for frying fat and a few five-pound lard cans for soap grease. All the beef fat is clarified and strained into the stone jar; all mutton and other kinds of fat for which I have no other use are strained into the tin cans. When a can is full I put it aside and begin with another. When I have three cansful I make the soap in this way: Three cansful of clarified soap grease (fifteen pounds) is put on the back part of the range, that it may melt slowly. The potash from three one-pound cans is put into a large earthen or stone bowl or jar. Upon this is poured three quarts of cold water, and three tablespoonfuls of powdered borax is added. This mixture is stirred with a wooden stick until the potash is dissolved, then it stands until cold.

When the fat is melted, pour it into a butter tub. It must not be hot when the potash is added; should it be, it must stand until so cool that it will hardly run when poured. When the potash mixture is perfectly cold pour it in a thin stream into the fat, stirring all the while. When all has been added, continue stirring for about ten minutes, when the soap should begin to look thick and ropy. At this stage pour it into a box, having it about three or four inches deep. Let it stand a few hours; then cut it into bars, and the bars into pieces of a convenient length for handling. It will still be very soft, and should not be removed from the box for at least two days. It will be hard and white.

If you attempt to combine the fat and potash mixture while the latter is at all warm it will take a long time to make the soap, and the result will not be so satisfactory. It is well to put paper under the soap tub and the bowl in which the potash is prepared. Remember that potash is very strong, and do not spatter it on yourself or on the floor.

THE BEST WAY TO REMOVE IRON RUST

BUY four ounces of muriatic acid at a druggist's. It is useful for various purposes. Have it marked plainly. It should, moreover, be labeled as poisonous.

Fill a large bowl with boiling water. Have another bowl or pan full of hot water. A bottle of household ammonia also is necessary.

Place the spotted part of the garment over the bowl of hot water. Wet a cork in the muriatic acid and touch the iron rust with it. Immediately the spot will turn a bright yellow. Dip at once in the hot water and the stain will disappear. When all the spots have been removed, rinse the article thoroughly in several waters and then in ammonia water (a tablespoonful of household ammonia to a quart of water), and finally in clear water. The acid is very powerful and will destroy the fabric if allowed to remain upon it. Ammonia neutralizes it.

If the directions be followed carefully, the most delicate fabric can be successfully treated in this way.

PRESERVING THE COLOR OF SPINACH

IF in cooking spinach you use only the water that clings to it after the washing, and add one tablespoonful of salt for each peck of spinach, the green color will be preserved. The spinach is more bitter when cooked in this manner than when it is cooked in more water. As for myself, I prefer the more delicate flavor one gets by cooking it in a large quantity of water.

TO REMOVE BLACK INK STAINS

SEVERAL subscribers ask how ink stains can be removed. If the stained article be washed immediately in several waters and then in milk, letting it soak in the milk for several hours, the stain will disappear.

Washing the article immediately in vinegar and water and then in soap and water will remove all ordinary ink stains.

Washing at once in water and then in liquid citric acid or oxalic acid is another mode. Oxalic acid is very corrosive, and should be removed from the article by a thorough washing in water. If, after the washing, the article be wet with household ammonia, any acid remaining will be neutralized.

No matter what substance be used to remove ink, the stain must be rubbed well. If the article stained be a carpet on the floor, use a brush. As the acids often affect the colors in a fabric, it is wise to try the water-and-milk, or the water-and-vinegar, methods before resorting to the acids. Chemicals should always be the last resort, unless one be rather familiar with their action.

My own experience is that it is a most difficult matter to remove the stains of some kinds of black ink if they have stood for a few hours; whereas, other kinds, notably stylographic ink spots, can be removed easily with soap and water.

TO PREVENT A MERINGUE FROM FALLING

FROM a far-away reader there comes an inquiry about the means of preventing a meringue from falling when it is taken from the oven. Usually the trouble arises from baking the meringue in too high a temperature. If you beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth, then gradually beat in the powdered sugar (a generous tablespoonful for each white of an egg), put the meringue on the pie or pudding when partially cooled, and bake in a moderate oven, with the door open, for eighteen to twenty minutes, the annoyance may be avoided.

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This Department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is inclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

SOME SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS



At this season few plants are making active growth. All such as are not growing well should not be watered very liberally. They require but little moisture at the roots until growth begins. Therefore watch them, and only give enough water to keep the soil from becoming dry. But to those which have begun to grow, give more freely, as the young roots which are pushing in the soil can make use of a more liberal quantity, and will do so in proportion as the top-growth demands. Twice a week is quite often enough to water plants in mid-winter, when the sun is low and the weather often dull.

NOW is a good time to re-pot many varieties from which flowers are expected through the spring season. Wait until you notice a tendency to make new growth. Then shift. If old plants, they may not require larger pots—simply fresh soil, or a top-dressing of fresh earth. If you do not care to re-pot wholly, dig out as much of the old soil as you can conveniently without disturbing the roots, and put rich compost in its place. This is easier than to wholly re-pot the plant, and generally answers as well, if care is taken to have the soil rich. Do not disturb a plant while it is dormant. If the plants are young, or comparatively so, and a larger development of top is desired, it is well to give a size or two larger pot.

IF you notice insects about your plants, do not wait a day before beginning war on them. Act promptly, on the stitch-in-time principle. It is much easier to keep plants clean than it is to get them clean after they have been neglected.

GIVE your plants the best light possible. If you have so many in the window that all of them cannot get the sunshine at the same time, give each its turn, unless it happens to be one that doesn't care for sunshine. Most plants require all the sunshine they can get in winter to encourage early and healthy growth.

CLEANLINESS is very important in floriculture, if you would grow satisfactory plants. Never let the top of the soil in a pot become covered with moss or mold, or old leaves. Stir the soil. Pick off decaying leaves and fading flowers before they fall. Wash the pots frequently. Attention of this kind helps to make and keep the plants healthy and vigorous, and it adds very materially to their appearance. Nothing is more unpleasant to the lover of flowers than the sight of a window full of neglected plants. Healthy plants, if clean, even if without flowers or buds, are always attractive.

WHEN it is once understood that plants breathe through pores in their leaves, the same as we do through our lungs, the necessity of giving them plenty of fresh air will be apparent. On every pleasant day open the door and let the out-door air in. Do not let it blow directly on the plants as it comes in, but let it mix with the warm air of the room before it reaches the plants.

IF a plant becomes sick, and droops, examine the soil. If, instead of being open and light as good soil ought to be, it has a heavy, sticky, soggy look, you will be warranted in thinking that the plant is suffering from over-watering. Remedy: Withhold all water until the soil becomes dry. Then give only enough to keep it slightly moist, and wait to see if the plant does not show sign of taking a fresh start. When such sign is seen, it will be well to re-pot. The old, soggy soil will generally be found to have lost its health-giving qualities.

IF growers of plants fully understood the benefit derived from a moister atmosphere than that which usually prevails in the ordinary living-room, they would try to secure it. Showering helps greatly, but after a little the air becomes as dry as before. If water can be kept evaporating steadily, much better results are secured. Keep a pan standing on the stove, or near the register, and see that it never gets empty. As fast as the water in it evaporates, put in more. Another plan, and a good one, is to have strips nailed about the edges of your plant-table or shelves, about two inches in width. Fill to the top of them with sand. Keep this wet, and steady evaporation will take place. It also answers another purpose—it takes up all the surplus water which runs through the pots at watering time.

ABOUT TUBEROUS BEGONIAS



ANOTHER year's trial of this new section of the Begonia family has greatly strengthened the good opinion that I had of it from my experience of last season. All through last summer my plants were covered with flowers; and such flowers! Some of them were two and three inches across, some single, others as double as Camellias, which they somewhat resemble. And the colors! Brilliant scarlet, purest pink, rich, dull reds, bright yellows, white, salmon—the variety seems endless. The flowers are borne well above the foliage, on stout, erect stalks, of branching habit, and remain in perfection for many days, generally dropping before they begin to fade or wither. For variety, beauty and brilliancy of color they are quite the equal of the Geranium, to which they must prove a most formidable rival. It will be seen that they have all desirable qualities asked for in a plant for the decoration of greenhouse or window.

I find them, I am glad to say, of the very easiest cultivation. This merit commends them to the amateur, who often finds desirable new plants so difficult to grow well that he gives up their cultivation in despair. The tubers should be procured in March. Start them in small pots, in a light, fibrous soil. As soon as they have made an inch or two of growth, put them into four-inch pots, in a compost made up of turfy matter and leaf-mold, with the addition of a little sand. They will not do well in a heavy soil. See that the pots are drained well. Tie the stalks to small sticks as they reach up, as they are brittle and easily broken. Water daily, aiming to keep the soil moist all through, but not wet. Keep the plants in a half-shady place.

When they are still quite small—often before they have made more than three inches of upward growth—they begin to bloom, and from that time on to the end of the season they will not be without flowers, if properly cared for. It may be advisable to shift to a six-inch pot along in August, as I think this has a tendency to continue them in growth and flowering longer.

In late fall, when the plants show signs of wanting to take a rest by the yellowing of the leaves, withhold water by degrees until the branches have fallen. By this time the soil should be quite dry, if your supply of water has been in proportion to the decreasing requirements of the plant as regards moisture, and then the pots can be set away in some warm, dry place without disturbing the roots, and left there till the following March, when they can be shaken out of the old soil and replanted for another season's flowering.

Those who have greenhouses which they do not like to keep bare of beauty through the summer months when most winter-blooming plants are in a state of preparation for the coming season, consequently not in condition to do much toward the decoration of the house if they are allowed to occupy it, which they generally are not, will hail with delight this grand acquisition to our very limited list of really fine summer blooming plants adapted to culture under glass. We have had many fine varieties of flowering Begonias in cultivation for many years, and they have been justly admired, and very popular, but they are so inferior as regards bloom that they can hardly be compared with this new class.

THE ALLAMANDA PLANT

AT this season of the year well-grown specimens of the beautiful but not very well-known Allamanda plants will be showing buds, and getting ready for a brave display at little later on. The two varieties in general cultivation are *Hendersonii* and *nerifolia*. The latter has the largest flowers, but is no better bloomer than *Hendersonii*. The flowers of both varieties are tubular; they are shaped much like a *Petunia*, though not ruffled on the edges, and not more than half as large as the average of that flower. In color they are a very rich, delicate yellow. The foliage is a bright, shining green, and the contrast between leaves and flowers is very pleasing. The plant is of semi-climbing habit, as ordinarily grown. If planted out in the conservatory, it often clambers to the roof and can be trained along the rafters with magnificent effect.

The plant likes a soil composed of loam and turfy matter, with some sand. Drain the pot well. In planting, be careful to make the earth very firm about the roots. Loose planting is very harmful. Unless the soil is firmed well, the leaves often drop, and in a short time the plant dies, and amateurs often wonder what the trouble is. In nine cases out of ten it is simply because the plant is potted loosely. Shower daily, especially on the underside of the leaves, to keep the red spider down. Also keep a look-out for scale. If found, apply kerosene emulsion with a soft brush.

THE IDEAL GERANIUM



THE ideal Geranium should be first, compact; second, well-branched; and, third, broad rather than tall. The ordinary Geranium is tall, scraggly, or "leggy," to use a professional term, loose in habit, and has but few branches. Such a plant may bear fine flowers, but it will never give satisfaction to the lover of symmetrical plants. It will seldom have more than half a dozen clusters of flowers at a time—oftener but two or three—and would not be tolerated if grown alone in the window, but, because it stands among others in a collection, it "passes." A well-grown specimen ought to be more attractive when standing by itself than when seen among others, because, away from other plants, all its fine points are displayed effectively.

It is quite easy to grow a Geranium well if you begin right. You must take the plant at its start. When it has reached a height of three inches, nip the top off. In most cases, several branches will start along the stalk. Let at least half a dozen grow. If but one or two start, nip the ends of them off, and keep up this nipping or "pinching in" process until you have at least a half-dozen branches growing from the base of the main stalk.

When these branches have grown to be six or eight inches long, pinch the ends off, and force branches to start out along them. In this way you will secure a great number of branches, which will spread out rather than grow up, and your plant will be compact, bushy and broad. This can be brought about only by giving proper attention in the early stages of the plant's growth, and by persevering until it takes on the form you desire it to have. Some plants seem determined to grow up in one tall stalk, rather than take the shape you want them to. They will do this every time unless you give them to understand when you begin training them that you "mean business," and they must come to your terms. If they see that you have no idea of letting them have their own way, they will yield gracefully, though reluctantly, to your wishes and gradually assume such a shape as a well-grown specimen ought to have. Bear in mind that this training must go on steadily from its beginning. There must be no "let up" in it, or the plant will soon get the start of you, and if it once does that you will find it a difficult matter to get it under subjection.

While a plant is in this formative period it should not be allowed to bloom. Pinch off every bud as soon as you see it. Do not give too rich food. Too strong a soil will encourage such rank growth that the joints of the stalk will be long.

Shift to larger pots as the old ones become filled with roots. A plant that grows well ought to be shifted about once in two months, if pots of but a size or two larger than the old ones are used. Drain well. The Geranium does not flourish in a soil that retains water about its roots. If the side branches show a tendency to grow up rather than out, tie them down to the rim of the pot until a spreading habit is fixed.

A well-grown specimen ought to have forty or fifty growing and blooming "points" by the time it is in an eight-inch pot, and should extend eight or ten inches beyond the pot on all sides, and if it is kept properly pruned or cut back, it will seldom get to be over two feet high. Such a plant ought to have twenty or more clusters open at a time during its blooming season, with buds in all stages of development. Those who have never seen a plant trained in this way have but little idea of the beauty a Geranium is able to display under proper management.

A RARE BUT BEAUTIFUL PLANT

IMANTOPHYLLUM *miniatum* is a plant that seems to be very little known. I have never seen it in any private collection except my own. It resembles the *Agapanthus* very much in foliage, though its leaves are broader, and hardly as long, and are perhaps darker in color. It sends up its leaves and flowers from a large bulb, and increases rapidly. In order to secure strong blooming plants it is well to remove most of the young bulbs, as, if allowed to remain about the old plant, the pot soon becomes full of bulbs, and as a result you will get but few flowers. The *Agapanthus* bears its flowers, which are small, on the extremity of a tall stalk, while the *Imantophyllum* has a stalk more like that of the *Vallotta*, and its flowers resemble those of that plant almost exactly in shape, but they are unlike in color, those of the *Vallotta* being a rich crimson, while those of the *Imantophyllum* are an orange-red. From three to five flowers are borne in each cluster, and each flower lasts for several days. The plant is evergreen in character, and is one of those which can be kept growing the year round, like the *Calla*, without injury. My plant has never hinted at resting, and from my experience with it I should hardly know how to go to work to make it rest if I wanted it to. As it blooms regularly each year, and has fine, large flowers, and seems in most perfect health, I do not insist on its taking a rest, but keep it growing steadily all the time. I cannot understand why it is not more extensively grown. It is quite as attractive as many varieties of the *Amaryllis*, and much more easily grown. Indeed, my plant gets no more care than a Geranium, and does as well as I could wish it to. It likes a good deal of water at its roots, and a rather large pot. Mine grows in a soil composed of loam, leaf-mold and sand, and has good drainage provided. It generally blooms in March or April, and is to the spring decoration of the sitting-room or greenhouse what the *Vallotta* is to sitting-room or greenhouse in fall—one of our best plants. When I say that I know of but one firm of plant-dealers from whom it can be obtained, its rarity will be understood.



Filifera Palm.

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This King of Ornamental Plants, the Weeping or Filifera Palm, is stately and beautiful beyond description. It can be grown in any window as easily as a Geranium, and is a superb addition to any collection of plants. It is of a compact growth, with elegant large fan-shaped leaves from which hang long, thread-like filaments giving the plant a most odd and beautiful appearance. In fact, there is nothing like it in cultivation, and good specimens sell for enormous prices. Plants are easily raised, as the seeds are large, germinate quickly and grow rapidly. It is a plant whose grandeur and beauty will surprise you. For ONLY 30c. WE WILL SEND BY MAIL, POST-PAID, ALL OF THE FOLLOWING:

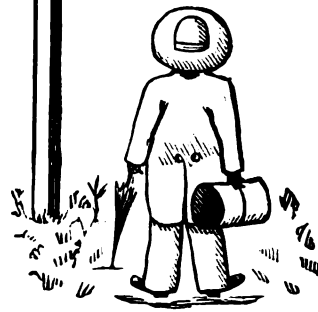
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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS: Only such questions as are of positively general interest will be answered under this title from this time on. Therefore, in asking a question, before you request a reply through the paper, satisfy yourself that an answer will be of interest to some one beside yourself. If it isn't, don't ask it, for it will not receive attention. **THE EDITOR**

N. A. G.—Use Sulpho Tobacco Soap for ridding plants of aphids.

Mrs. H. A. H.—Your ground was too rich for Sweet Peas. Leaves sent are Begonia.

Mrs. S.—You can get the kinds of Oleanders you want from Mr. John Saul, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. F. SYNDALL.—The Harrisli Lily is not hardy enough to stand Minnesota winters in open ground.

E. C. S.—The Bridesmaid and Mrs. Moore Geraniums can be procured of James Vick, Rochester, New York.

Mrs. S. A. T.—Leaf sent is Cyclamen. For treatment, see back numbers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

"ONEIDA."—(1) Propagate Roses by layering. (2) The Lilies would not be likely to prove hardy in New York. (3) No.

M. E. H.—Keep the old Geranium plants left over, cutting back well in spring. Don't put them in the ground.

Mrs. J. H.—The plant is Camellia. It is almost impossible to grow it successfully outside a greenhouse, as too much or too little water, and frequent changes of temperature, cause it to drop its buds.

K. E. M.—As you give me absolutely no information except that you have given of the Valley in your yard, I can give you no information regarding a remedy for the trouble with which they are afflicted.

CONSTANT READER.—Have you tried spraying with London Purple, Paris Green, or other insecticides for the worms on your trees. I presume you would be able to rid your trees of the pests by this method of warfare.

Mrs. S. S. C.—A quart can is too small for a large Heliotrope. Give more room. Turn pots containing Callas on their side and let them go without water all summer. Re-pot in September. Leaf sent: Anthericum.

Mrs. D. M.—(1) I can't answer your first question because you give me nothing to form an opinion from. (2) Water will not injure the buds of the Olive, judging from my experience. (3) Plant sent is Aucuba aurea variegata. It is fine for its foliage.

Mrs. A. K. W.—I would give the plural of Coleus as most writers on flowers now give the plural of Gladiolus—that is, Coleuses. Strictly speaking, this may not be proper, but Coleus has become a word in our own language, and I would treat it accordingly.

Mrs. A. M. W.—I presume you will find worms in the pot; if you do, apply lime water. It is possible that you give too much pot-room and the plant may have more food than it can make use of, thus bringing on vegetable dyspepsia. It would probably have done better in a smaller pot.

Mrs. L. J. S.—(1) Use brackets, large and small, on casings between windows, and wire or iron stands for greenhouses. (2) English Ivy and Hoza carnosus are good plants to train over windows. Also Cobea scandens and Passion-flowers. (3) For brick walls there is nothing better than Ampelopsis.

E. M. B.—Asks if Exochorda grandiflora and Sprea Van Houttei would be suitable for cemetery planting; also what vine to use to creep about the base of a monument. Both the shrubs named are excellent for that purpose. Vinca is a good creeping plant, evergreen in character, with blue flowers, and would give satisfaction.

Mrs. G. W. G.—Asks how to make Oxalis bloom; also how to increase or propagate Mad. Planter Rose. If the bulbs of Oxalis are allowed to dry during summer—that is, necessary to do to bring this about is to withhold water after June—and are re-potted in September or October, flowering is quite sure to take place by November, and be continued all through the winter. Propagate the Rose by layering. Too late to do it this season.

H.—(1) The Achania likes a moderate amount of sunshine. The white geraniums are the best of this plant are excretions from it—not insects. (2) The Geranium having red, white and pink or salmon flowers—striped or blotched—on same plant is New Life. (3) Isabella Sprunt is not a good winter-blooming Rose outside greenhouses. (4) The small, fragrant, semi-double dark red Rose you refer to is doubtless Agrippina—one of the best varieties for pot culture.

L. L. H.—I think the following list of Geraniums includes the best of its class: Mrs. Moore, Bridesmaid, Advance, W. C. Bryant, Mary Hallow Foote and Rienz. A good specimen of Calla ought to give five or six flowers through the winter, perhaps more. Begonias for winter use ought to be re-potted in summer, cut back, and not allowed to bloom till fall. They can be kept nearly dormant for a time by withholding water to a great extent. Don't let them get dry, but don't keep the soil very moist.

Mrs. A. E.—Asks if Easter Lilies should be potted and placed in the dark for awhile for roots to form? Also, if they require rich soil and a good deal of water. To the first question, yes, I do not think any bulb does as well in the house, in a very rich soil, as it is likely to in soil of moderate richness. Heat and too strong a soil tend to bring about a rapid, weak growth not favorable to flowering well. Speciosum can be potted and treated the same as L. Harrisli. Treat Narcissus and Jonquil bulbs same as Hyacinth.

ANNA M.—This correspondent asks if the Trumpet Vine is poisonous. No, if by Trumpet Vine she means Bignonia Radicans, a strong-growing vine bearing large clusters of bright red flowers, which I presume she does, as it is often called Trumpet Flower. Roses of the Bourbon, Noisette and Tea classes are profuse bloomers at the south through a large part of the year. Hybrid Perpetuals would doubtless follow out their habit of blooming at intervals. The profusion of their bloom would depend on treatment given.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—A number of readers ask questions similar to this: "My Geraniums bud and blast. Why?" Surely I have said often enough that you must tell me how your plants have been treated if you expect me to tell you what I think the trouble is with them. You don't expect a doctor to diagnose your case when you are sick by writing to him that you are ill, and asking him what ails you without telling him something that he can base an opinion on, do you? Trouble with plants may come from many causes, and I can give no intelligent opinion without knowing something about what you have done to them.

Mrs. G. H. L.—Wants to know how to preserve cut flowers for exhibition at county fairs; also about designs for same, and says that her Geraniums turn black after being put in the cellar, and would like to know why. Most exhibitors of cut flowers at fairs insert the stems in moist sand, which is covered with moss. Sand and moss retain moisture well, and thus the flowers are kept fresh for days. In cutting for exhibition, use only the freshest flowers. As to designs, that will have to be decided by the exhibitor. If this inquirer wants wire frames in which to arrange her flowers she can get illustrated catalogues of same, with prices, from almost any dealer in seeds and plants. I think your cellar is too damp if the wood of Geraniums turns black in it. Young Geraniums ought to winter as well as old ones. I cannot tell you why your Hyacinths fail to do well. They ought to grow where Tulips do. I cannot name varieties of plants in this department, because no one but the inquirer is interested.

START SEEDS EARLY!

Ah! but whose seeds shall I start? Some Seeds never do start. Carefully plant them, water them, pet them, coax them as you will, and they won't grow. Why? Because they are dead; the poor things died of old age before you got them, and the innocent dealer didn't know it. **BUY OUR SEEDS.** You don't try them; we have tried them—and they **GROW.** Our **MONEY-GROWERS' MANUAL** is free, provided you mention **THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.** Send 4 cents in stamps to pay postage.

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OFFER No. 1.—The enormous size of these rare Carnations and their rich fragrance, together with the wonderful growth of the plants and profusion of bloom is something astonishing. This class surpasses the **Marguerite Carnations**, which we introduced last season. Many of the flowers measure over 2 1/2 inches in diameter, and are of the most dazzling shades and colors, ranging from the deepest crimson to the lightest shades of cream and pink, and nearly all are **PERFECTLY DOUBLE.** Sow this seed in the house, January, February or March, and you will have these magnificent plants covered with their beautiful blossoms through the entire spring and summer. They may be taken into the house in the fall and they will continue in bloom all winter. This superb class originated in Italy, and we offer them for the first time this season. At an enormous price we succeeded in obtaining a supply of the seed direct from headquarters. Price, 25c. per pkt., 3 pkts. for 60c.
An Amaryllis FREE to readers of the Ladies Home Journal
The Amaryllis is one of the loveliest flowers in cultivation, and as easy to grow as a geranium, but on account of its high price it has not been within the reach of every one; many of them cost as high as \$5 or \$10 each. The Mexicana is one of the most beautiful of these plants, growing rapidly, and throwing out grand blossoms of a rich, velvety scarlet color, fine for either pot or out-door culture.
TO INTRODUCE OUR SEEDS we will send 1 bulb of this rare Amaryllis free to every person who names this paper, gives number of offer and sends us 25c. in silver or postal note (not stamps), for a packet of these superb Carnations.
Grand Upright Piano VALUED AT \$650 and thousands of other desirable premiums will be distributed among our patrons this season.
OUR CATALOGUE the finest illustrated work of this kind ever published, containing colored plates, and over 50 pages of **NOVELTIES** will tell you all about the premiums. This book will be mailed free to all ordering a packet of this seed, or on receipt of 25c., which amount may be deducted from the first order sent us.
THIS OFFER WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN
L. L. MAY & CO., St. Paul, Minn.



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A large sample of Stillboma will be sent to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and inclose six cents in stamps to THE CHANDLER & RUDD Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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"Best & Goes Farthest."
"I said to Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Harris says I, Try VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

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Perfectly Pure.

Rich, yet Digestible. Stimulating yet, Sustaining. Saving what Other Processes Waste—and Developing the Delicious Flavor and Aroma.

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A Substitute for Tea & Coffee.
Better for the Nerves and Stomach.

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MINCE MEAT THE ORIGINAL

and only Complete and Satisfactory Condensed Mince Meat in the Market. Cheap Substitutes and Crude Imitations are offered with the aim to profit by the popularity of the New England. Do not be deceived but always insist on the New England Brand. The best made. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

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GIVES THE STEADY, WHITEST, LARGEST LIGHT IT COSTS MUCH LESS than other lamps, yet is equal to the most expensive for practical purposes. Do NOT BE PUT OFF WITH ANY OTHER. If you cannot get them from your dealer, WRITE US.

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Moneyselling Beveridge's Automatic Cooker. Latest and best cooking utensil ever invented. Sells at sight. One Agent sold over 1700 in one town. One simple Cooker free to good agents. Advertising matter furnished. For full particulars address W. E. BEVERIDGE, Box 826, BALTIMORE, Md.

PERFECTION CARE TINS, loose bottoms. Cakes removed without breaking. Steady paying business for good agents. Sample Set 30c. RICHARDSON Mfg. Co., Bath, N.Y.

HELPS IN THE LAUNDRY

By ANNA SAWYER



VERY woman who has answered the time-honored query, "How shall we wash our flannels?" thinks her own to be the best and only method; but I would beg those whose lot it has been to ask, rather than reply, to try once again. Let her,

for the time, forget that one sister insists upon boiling water, another lukewarm, a third possibly a judicious mixture of the two, and boldly depend upon cold, and receive her reward in the soft and snowy flannels which she craves.

ABOUT THE WASHING OF FLANNELS

IMMERSE in cold water in which is a little borax. Leave the article soaking awhile; repeat the process, rinsing each time in the cold water. If very much soiled, a slight lather of soap may be made in the first water; or soap may be rubbed upon spots. Do not wring more than is absolutely needful, but "souse" instead. All mothers who know how difficult it is to keep the flannel skirts of infants, which are so often wet, soft, will never try any other way if they try this. The same process, using a small portion of soap-tree bark, will restore almost any woolen gown, white or colored. There is reason in this. Manufacturers of woollens have the raw materials washed in cold, not hot or warm water, and know full well that only in this way can they get the full softness of the fleece.

Much, however, of the success of the method in home use, depends upon the ease with which they thus keep the same temperature. Doubtless, if the same degree could be maintained through washing and rinsing, there would be the same result. This is practically impossible, however, while the changes are fatal to the wool fabric.

TO MAKE WASHING BLANKETS EASY

IF one has a suitable place for the purpose, the washing of blankets may become an easy matter. In an open space, have a line tightly stretched out of doors. To this fasten the upper edge of the blanket. Have strips of cotton sewed to the bottom at intervals; tie these to pegs, which drive well into the ground. Now turn on the hose. Cold water, of course, and plenty of it. Drench the blankets well, on both sides. If much soiled, rub spots with soap and drench again. The force of the stream will do more than wringing. After the article is quite clean, leave it to dry; never mind if it does rain; if the work has been thorough it will not streak, but be all the better for it. When the sun has completed the task, you will possess blankets as white, soft and unshrunk as new, and the nap will not be destroyed.

WOOLENS WASHED IN COLD WATER

WOOLEN waists may be washed in cold water without ripping, and chudabs may become rivals to those done by the French dry cleanser. Old woollens which have suffered much from different baths of varied temperature, may be always partially, often wholly, restored in this way, though such need a little more patience, and sometimes more than one washing.

THE CLEANSING OF LACES

FROM woollens to laces is a wide step; but while on the laundry subject, a word upon the cleansing of the latter. Never rub laces. If badly mused, roll upon a bottle or round stick; dampen slightly; when quite dry, unroll, and tack the lace with large stitches in folds of about six inches. Be sure that the edges be even. You will now have a sort of compress of lace. Drop this into cold water, in which put a little borax or ammonia, or both. Soak until the dirt is out, changing water if needful. Never rub the lace, but it may be gently squeezed, now and then, lengthwise. When it is quite clean, place it just as it is in the sun to dry, after which lay it upon the palm of the left hand and slap it vigorously with the right several times. Now remove the stitches by cutting, do not pull them; refold the lace, but in different creases, and repeat the process, but pat, rather than slap, the folds this time.

The result will be excellent; the lace soft and betraying no sign of its bath. It should never be ironed, unless upon clothing where it cannot be removed. It is well, therefore, to use other than lace trimmings for cotton garments, unless one chooses torchon, a notable exception.

If other lace is chosen, however, it should not be much starched, if at all, and the iron should be used not along the length, but up and down. In this way the full effect of the width is kept, while by the other a wide edge appears narrower, and the pattern distorted. After ironing, the laundress should soften the lace by the gentle use of her thumb and forefinger; then gather it into little plaits, pinching them slightly, and, after shaking it out lightly, the lace edge will wear its best aspect.

WHEN TO TRY ON NEW SHOES

THERE is a time for everything in this world, and so it is that the best time to get fitted to shoes is in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum of size. Activity naturally enlarges them. Much standing tends, also, to enlarge the feet. New shoes should always be tried on over moderately thick stockings. Then you have a margin of room by putting on thinner stockings if the shoes feel ill at ease.



"A man works from Sun to Sun."

But a woman's work was never done"

Until Gold Dust

came to her ken, And now She's through before the men.

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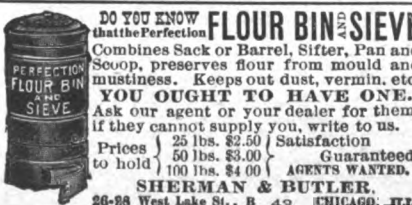
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HELPS BY THE WAY

FLAVORING ESSENCES: One ounce of the oil to a pint of alcohol. STARCH: One teaspoonful of powdered borax to one quart of boiling starch will aid in giving polish and stiffness. DRESSING: One spoonful sweet oil, two of black ink; mix and apply with sponge to boots, black kid gloves, bags, and rusty book covers. Borax and sugar will disperse ants and other insects. Sprinkle dry salt among your furs, under and on your carpets, as a prevention of moths. Remove iron rust by applications of salt and lemon juice. Dip spots of mildew in buttermilk and place in the sunshine. Fruit stains on white cloth will scald out or freeze out. Cut your new bread with a hot knife. Dip the knife in cold water to smooth the icing on a cake. The long-clinging odor of onions can be removed from knife or dish by heating them when dry. Do not fill the room with smoke from the griddle, but "grease" it by rubbing with half of a turnip. Use half a raw potato instead of cork to apply bristol brick to steel knives. A. LEWIS WOOD.

THE GROWING OF DAHLIAS

IN ordering plants for next summer's garden, be sure to include at least half a dozen of the new Dahlias. Get the choice named single sorts, and the cactus class in preference to the large double kinds, which are not as desirable in any way as those named. These Dahlias are among the very best of all flowers for use in vases during the late fall. It is hardly possible to find anything better. They have rich and delicate colors, display themselves most effectively with very little trouble as to "arrangement," and last for days. They are not fragrant like Roses, and lack some of the dainty beauty of form and color which that royal flower monopolizes, but in some ways they are quite as desirable for use in vases. For large, tall vases they are preferable. The cactus class is well adapted for use in rose-bowls, if not cut with very long stems. In order to grow them well, dig the soil up to a depth of a foot and a half, and have it very rich and mellow. You cannot feed a Dahlia too much. Nor can you water it too much. Tie the central stock to a stout stake to prevent breaking by strong winds. Start early in the season, in pots, and plant out as soon as warm weather is assured, but not before. Best single sorts: Bridal Wreath, white; Paragon, dark maroon; Canary, yellow; Christine, pink. Best cactus varieties: Henry Patrick, white; King of Cactus, crimson; Zulu, purple maroon; Charming Bride, white, tipped with rose.

A PRETTY SILK AFGHAN

A NEW afghan is composed entirely of ribbons of different shades and widths. On a foundation of light cotton material, three stripes of dark olive sash ribbon are sewed about their own breadth apart. Then with narrower picot-edged ribbons in the following order, the space between is filled, each ribbon overlapping its neighbor a trifle and run down with invisible stitches. Next the olive comes shell pink, white, light blue, scarlet, blue, white, orange. If several shades of each color are used, the effect is also good. The lining is of quilted satin, and the whole is bound by an olive ribbon, the edge of which may be button-holed with knitting silk of the same color. Into this a handsome shell is crocheted, forming a border for the afghan. The strips of ribbon are each one yard and five-eighths in length. ALICE C. TILDEN

HANDKERCHIEF TOILET-SET

MATERIALS: A square cushion covered with yellow satin, a small embroidered silk handkerchief, sheer lace three inches wide. The handkerchief is placed cornerwise across the cushion. The lace may be gathered and sewed beneath the scallops. A bow of yellow satin ribbon may be placed at one side of the cushion, or four butterfly bows placed at the corners will make an equally pretty finish. Three similar silk handkerchiefs sewed together at the points make an effective bureau scarf, and may be edged with lace like the cushion, or not, as desired.

NEW LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

OIL of winter-green and olive oil mixed in equal parts and applied externally will give almost instant relief from pain. On account of its pleasant odor this liniment is very agreeable to use.

TO WASH OIL CLOTH AND LINOLEUM

OIL cloth should never be scrubbed, but washed with a soft woolen cloth and lukewarm water in which a little milk has been dissolved. Soap and hot water destroy the pattern and color.

KITTIE'S LONG-TAILED APPLES

KITTIE was walking down street with her auntie one day, and her big, blue eyes were wide open to all the curious things in the world—a new world to her. Suddenly she espied some tempting-looking pears before a grocery store. "O—oo, auntie!" she cried, "see all those little, cunning, long-tailed apples!"

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY

BY ALICE MARSH

A GOLD pencil-case, representing a quill, with diamonds and rubies studded in the center in the form of a clover, is among the holiday novelties.

An odd conception for a ring is a bright garnet set in the head of an oxydized silver lizard, which is coiled so that its tail is held between the teeth.

A rich-appearing pendant and lace-pin consists of a heart of pearls circled with small conch pearls, and having in the center a beautiful diamond.

Novelties in queen chain pendants are constantly appearing, and among the most recent is a sprig of holly, formed by variegated gold leaves with coral blossoms.

An infant's brush of silver, having a floral scene etched on the back, with a fluted handle joined by a Mary Washington rose is above the conventional designs, and will, no doubt, prove popular.

A baby's rattle, of polished silver, engraved to represent a sparrow's nest, on the bough of a poplar tree, would bring joy to any loving mother's heart, and afford unbounded delight to the little one.

A small diamond heart, having a pigeon-blood ruby in the center, and surmounted by a coronet of diamonds and sapphires, forms the mounting of a ring that cannot fail to please those artistically inclined.

No lover of the weed will fail to appreciate a cigar-holder formed by a richly carved dragon's head holding in its ferocious-appearing mouth a meerscham horn of plenty, with the tip concealed in the monster's jaw.

A fine specimen of the silversmith's art is seen in a six-inch fir tree of silver, which is made to form a receptacle for cologne. The base of the ornament represents a patch of sward, on which two gnomes are gamboling.

An elongated odd-shaped pearl, that was recently imported, has, by taking advantage of its unique form, been transformed into a very pretty fish lace-pin, by having a gold head and diamond tail attached to each end, respectively.

Among bracelets six different colored pearls, each divided by a small ruby and a diamond, and the whole circled with minute emeralds in skeleton setting, form an exceedingly rich combination, and have aroused considerable admiration among lovers of the artistic.

Nothing could be more appropriate for a Christmas gift than a brooch consisting of a small bunch of mistletoe, the berries of which are of white agate. Delicate enamel leaves, interwoven with small brilliants, surround the berries and throw them out with effect.

Watches are now worn suspended from chatelaine brooches attached to the breast, and some exquisite designs are seen for this purpose. One of the most attractive is formed by a number of artistically curved feathers, in which small diamonds and sapphires are intermingled.

Two moonstone Cupids, with diamond-tipped gold bows and quivers swinging from their shoulders, and holding on high between them a heart of diamonds, from which is apparently dropping three small rubies, constitutes a lace-pin that shows much thought and skill in workmanship.

In jewelry it often happens that when two old and time-worn designs are shown combined, they form a very pretty combination. Thus it is that a crescent brooch, having a daisy in the center, the whole being of pure-white, small diamonds, make a very exquisite and attractive ornament.

The souvenir spoon craze no doubt inspired the production of a richly-carved, dull-finished gold spoon, which it is now considered proper to present as a holiday gift. The spoon represents a bouquet of flowers, with the blossom forming the bowl, and the metal open between the many leaves to show them in relief.

Some young ladies may consider it impertinent to present their beau with a scarf-holder simulating an interrogation-point, of Roman gold set with diamonds and turquois; but, notwithstanding, such an ornament has been placed on the market, and is creating much favorable comment on its suggestiveness and unique appearance.

The beautiful enamel flower decoration on watch cases, which has recently been revived, and which, until this season, could only be applied to solid gold, is now shown on filled cases, and this enables many with slender purses to possess time-pieces that have always been beyond the reach of any but those of means. A pretty design, that has just been introduced, is a pansy of soft velvet colors on a plain polished surface.

The prejudice against opals which, by the way, were until the beginning of the present century always considered the most unlucky of precious gems, is rapidly disappearing, and now that they are being found in our own country, people are commencing to appreciate the beauty of this wonderful jewel, and favor jewelry in which it is seen. One of the prettiest and attractive breast-pins this season shows the variegated and changeful tints of an opal clover, enhanced by a circle of alternate rubies, emeralds and diamonds.

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GUITAR SELF-TAUGHT without notes with Howe's Charts. 50c. per set (24). A.O. Howe, 70 State St., Chicago. Cir. free

THE MOTHER GOOSE CARNIVAL

By Mrs. JOHN D. THAYER



UCH an excitement was not often seen in the busy town of Brayton. Jennie and Cordie and Tom and Harry, and a host of the young people were arranging costumes to attend the "Centennial of Mother Goose."

It came at last. Only the costumed ones were admitted to the

floor of the hall, while the balconies were reserved for the audience.

At an early hour "Boy Blue" appeared on the stage blowing his horn heralding the approach of Mother Goose and her many followers. The march was formed under the balconies, and spanned the hall. Mother Goose followed Boy Blue and welcomed her many friends in these words:

One hundred years, and many more,
The little ones have talked my lore;
And now, as living pictures bright,
My myths before you are to-night.
Little Boy Blue is here with his horn
Regardless of sheep or "the cows in the corn;"
Dame Jill with her Jack, and Spratt's wife so fat,
And the crooked man with the crooked cat;
Mother Hubbard is here in search of a bone;
With the old, old woman who lives all alone.
King Cole is here with his fiddlers three;
And Nancy Etticoat, too, we see.
The woman whose eggs brought many a dollar,
Is here with Muffit, and the Ten o'Clock Scholar.
The old woman has come who lives in a shoe
With all her children, she's quite at a loss what to do.
The man with his wheelbarrow, wife, and all,
Came very late, as his wife had a fall.
Many subjects are here from every land,
To meet to-night with the Mother Goose band.
Memory fails me their names to call;
But you, dear mothers, will know them all.

The march across the stage then commenced. Mother Goose, with her six attendants; King Cole, and his jolly fiddlers; Boy Blue and Mistress Mary Quite Contrary, formed the first division. Mother Goose leaned upon her staff, and Mistress Mary, in garden costume, carried a large watering-pot. Then followed Bobby Shafto and his girl, Little Nancy Etticoat, bearing a lighted candle; Bo-Peep with her crook, Mother Hubbard with her hungry dog, and the Three Wise Men of Gotham, holding a large wooden bowl.

Brayton was a large shoe town, so it was easy to get a mammoth shoe that went on wheels, to accommodate the famous old woman.

She had so many children the shoe could not hold them all, so they followed on close behind with the old woman, who was equipped with a switch and the bread, minus butter. The next division belonged to the "Beggars." Such a set of ragged ones was never seen together. The "beggars coming to town" were recognized without being announced.

Then came the Old Woman Sweeping the Sky. Her pointed hat and airy cloak of pea-green made her look as if she could pierce the clouds and clean the sky of all the cobwebs with her wonderful broom. Next followed the Man Going to St. Ives with his Seven Wives. Jack be Nimble was on hand quickly; Tommy Grace had an awfully swelled face in bandages; while Dicky Long stood by, ready to sing his song. A mite of a girl trotted along representing Pat-a-cake. Tommy Tucker was eating his bread and butter. The antic "Hobby-horse" was followed by a little girl with a plate of "Hot-Cross Buns."

Little Miss Muffit had an enormous black (paper) spider attached to her side. The Old Woman with Eggs to Sell kept the Farmer's Wife company. Nimble Dick made good speed, and Dr. Foster, with his big umbrella, started for Gloster. The Old Man was truly dressed all in leather from head to foot.

In the next division were Jack and Gill, bearing a bucket; the Woman with Bells on Her Toes; the Little Man Who Had a Little Gun; Polly with a Kettle, ready to put it on; the King, Queen and Maid of Black-bird renown; the Ten o'Clock Scholar; Wee Willie Winkie, in his trailing night-gown, throwing good-night kisses to the audience; Sleepy-head, Slow and Greedy; the Old Woman with her Black Hen, and Simple Simon and the Pieman. King Arthur, dressed in regal robes, bore a bag pudding; Cross-Patch kept the Crooked Man company, and Tom, the Piper's son, ran with his pig.

"Father's a Nobleman, Mother's a Queen, Betty's a Lady" went marching on, followed by the Six Fairies with spangled wings who had transformed the discontented family. Jack Horner went next, eating his "Christmas pie," and Spratt's wife leaned heavily on her hungry man. Three boys acted "Ding-dong Bell, and Taffy, with his leg of beef, was fleeing from his pursuers.

Characters from various authors then appeared, desiring to be presented to the venerable Mother Goose. Uncle Tom and Topsy were followed by the Sleeping Beauty and the Prince; Sinbad the Sailor; a boy leading the famous Old Dog Tray; Golden-Locks; Jack and the Bean Stalk; Robinson Crusoe and Friday; Withington (Lord Mayor) and his cat; Red-Riding-Hood; Little Lord Fauntleroy; Maud Muller, with her rake; Beauty and the Beast; The Babes in the Wood; Mary leading her lamb; the priest followed by the Maid and her Man "all tattered and torn." The Goddess of Liberty was traveling in company with George and Martha Washington, attended by the Thirteen Original States, and she, in memory of the blessed past, deigned to tarry with her companions a brief time, to extend greetings to Mother Goose.

The march was followed by dancing, and such a mixing up of characters was almost dangerous. Jack Horner waltzed with Martha Washington, and Uncle Tom was very attentive to Mother Goose. George Washington danced with Mother Hubbard, and Topsy was often seen in company with the Kings.



Danger

As one wash is sufficient to ruin flannels, great care should be exercised as to the use of the many imitations which are being offered by unscrupulous grocers or peddlers.

All Shrunk Up

—the flannels that are washed without Pearline; besides, they're worn out by hard rubbing. Wash flannels with Pearline, and they will be softer, brighter and better. They will last twice as long; they will look like new while they last. Every package tells how it's done; do as it says, and it will be done well.

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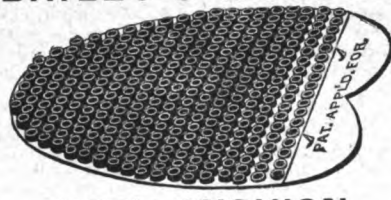
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Indorsed by physicians for nervous troubles.

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will like you better if you don't forget your own but remember how hard it is for her to sweep up after a big brother who never uses a door mat—unless it will use itself. You can't walk over a "Hartman" Wire Mat without cleaning your feet. Moral.—Catalogue and Testimonials, mailed free.

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Our Mats have brass tag attached stamped "Hartman."

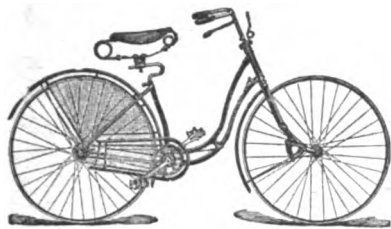
FOUND
in Galveston, T., an old coin worth
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A Boston Baker sold 149 old coins
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We can prove that others have done nearly as well. Coin Collecting Pays Big.
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OFFER OF STAMPED GOODS. One Felt Tidy 12 x 17 in. Pinked edge Stamped, 20c. One Pillow Scarf 31 x 62 in. Stamped, 35c.

THE NEW FORM OF EDUCATION

BY MARY ELTING



We live in an age when the treasures of knowledge are no longer accessible only to the favored few, but its choicest stores are open alike to all, without regard to age, sex or condition.

What is University Extension? PROFESSOR MOULTON, of Cambridge, England, one of the pioneers in the movement, defines it thus: "University education for the whole nation, organized on a basis of itinerant teachers."

There has been a change gradually and almost imperceptibly coming over the public mind, by which it has come to be recognized that higher education is no longer adapted to any particular class, condition, or period of life, but should be placed within the reach of all, as one of the permanent interests of life.

Organization of the Movement IT requires a central organization, in connection with some university or universities, which shall supply traveling lecturers for different courses of study to local organizations, over the whole country, under the management of a committee or some local institution.

The Methods Employed FIRST—Courses of weekly lectures are given on various subjects, and rendered attractive as well as instructive, thus drawing audiences as miscellaneous as will be found in any church or hall.

Second—The syllabus, which is a printed pamphlet, prepared in advance by the lecturer, for each course, and sold for a trifling sum. It contains the salient points of every lecture, which will enable the student to grasp the subject comprehensively.

Third—Weekly exercises. These questions the student may answer in writing at home, and, with any comments or queries of his own, mail to the lecturer, to be returned with his corrections, at the subsequent "class."

Fourth—The "class" is an informal meeting for students and others, generally held for an hour at the close of the lecture, where the points suggested by the weekly exercises of the students on the preceding lecture are discussed by the lecturer, and an opportunity given the student to have any difficulties explained and to be brought into closer personal contact with the lecturer.

Fifth—Examinations. At the close of the course an examination is held for the students who wish it, and certificates are awarded to those whose work is satisfactory.

The Cost of Membership ONE of the beneficent features of this movement is the small sum necessary for securing its opportunities. The payment of five dollars a year constitutes a membership in the American Society of University Teaching, and three dollars per year a membership in a local center, and entitles the person to tickets to all the lectures and the use of any books of reference found in the library provided by the center.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN AMERICA

THERE had been several attempts, from time to time, in various American educational centers, to distribute university education among the people; but it was not until the early part of the year 1890 that Dr. Pepper, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, met a number of prominent professors of different institutions, to discuss the inauguration of the work in Philadelphia, proposing, as far as possible, to follow the English models.

So great was the demand from all parts of the country for information and assistance in organization that it became necessary for the Philadelphia Society for the Extension of University Teaching to enlarge its field of operation, and on February 23d, 1890, it was made the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK

THE society has many eminent presidents of different universities as an advisory committee, as well as a number of prominent educators of our country, and also a council for the active direction of affairs, composed of cultured ladies and gentlemen. It has established Local Centers in many states, and an active interest is already manifested by the leading universities throughout the country.

HOME DEPARTMENT FOR HOME STUDY

SO much was accomplished during one short season that the movement attracted universal attention, and as local centers can only be established in populous towns, letters came pouring in from everywhere, asking what could be done for isolated students. The eager cry for knowledge came from the home and the workshop; from the lonely dweller in the country and the busy denizen of the city.

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For 1892 will receive: Over 1,000 Fine Pictures by the best illustrators of the day. Twelve Beautiful Full-Page Colored Plates. Two Serial Stories of surpassing interest, by favorite novelists.

THE HOLIDAY NUMBER, For January, 1892, (Published December 15th),

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PETERSON'S 1892 MAGAZINE Steadily in Merit, GROWS Interest, Usefulness, Popularity. IT IS a first-class literary monthly. IT IS admirably illustrated. IT IS an infallible Fashion Guide.

If Women Knew the luxury of getting a charming household paper every week, at a cost of only \$1.00 a year, none would ever be without the Housekeeper's Weekly.

OLD MAIDS made new by "Prof. Baxter's Invention." Pr. 15c. List of new plays FREE. BAKER'S, 23 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

LIDA CLARKSON'S PANSY FRIEZE.



THIS ILLUSTRATION shows only a part of the Frieze. We have had this PANSY FRIEZE reproduced full size 9 1/2 by 40 inches, in all its BEAUTIFUL COLORS. It is not a cheap Chromo, but an EXACT, ARTISTIC REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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30 days on trial. Rood's Magic Scale, the popular Ladies' Tailoring System. Illustrated circular free. ROOD MAGIC SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

40c. Silver, Floated Sea Moss. G. E. HILLS, San Diego, Cal.

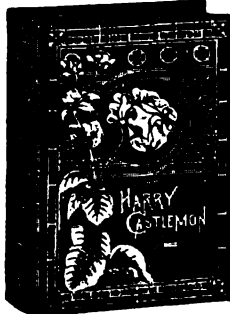
TO THE READERS OF BOOKS

Are you desirous of obtaining information regarding the price of any particular book or books? Do you wish to pursue a certain line of reading, and are you uncertain as to just which books are the best for your purpose? Are there any points concerning books and their prices which you would like to investigate? Those in charge of the Premium Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL make a specialty of furnishing information of this character, and will be very glad to hear from you.

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Any one book given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Postage and packing, 12 cents extra. Price, 92 cents each, postpaid.

There are few boys who could fail to be interested in manly out-door sports, as described by Harry Castlemon. He writes within their comprehension; his adventures are stirring without any attempt at artificial coloring, and he is so thoroughly acquainted with his subject and has such a happy method of treating it, that the seeker after information is never disappointed or misled. Fields, woods and streams take on a new beauty and charm when pictured by this genial lover of nature. The charm of his stories lies in the consummate skill with which he weaves together the warp of practical information and the



woof of adventures.

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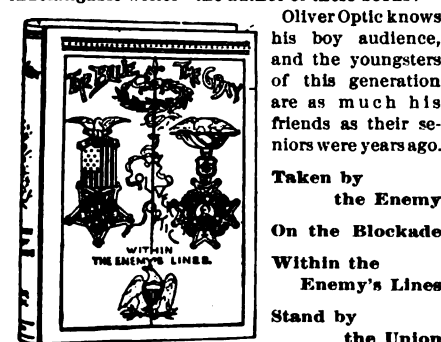
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Snagged and Sunk
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Price, 80 cents per volume. Postage and packing, 12 cents extra, whether purchased or obtained as a premium.

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BY OLIVER OPTIC

Either book sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.10 each, postpaid.

What boy need be told anything about that indefatigable writer—the author of these books?



Oliver Optic knows his boy audience, and the youngsters of this generation are as much his friends as their seniors were years ago. Taken by the Enemy On the Blockade Within the Enemy's Lines Stand by the Union

In all of these the scenes are connected with the War of the Rebellion. There are hair-breadth escapes enough, and sly villainies and conspiracies, and dashing actions and chivalric deeds, to set any number of boyish pulses throbbing. They are all very prettily bound in the two colors which supply the title for the series.

Price, \$1.40 each, including cost of postage and packing.

Oliver Optic has written for us an article entitled "How I Write My Stories." It contains his portrait, and we shall mail a copy free to every boy sending us an order for one of his books.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question from our readers of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this Department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words: editors are busy persons.

The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor. Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible. All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

UNKNOWN.—The largest city in the world is London; Paris comes next.

REBECCA.—Newnham College for women, at Cambridge, England, was opened in 1875.

SYBIL.—No woman has a right to incur debts in her husband's name without his permission.

BEVERLY.—The present Emperor of Germany is William II; his father was Frederick III.

JOURNAL READER.—"Elsinore," mentioned in "Hamlet," is one of Denmark's seaports.

K. L. C.—R. S. V. P., on an invitation in an abbreviation of Respondez s'il vous plait, which is French for "Answer, if you please."

WESTERN.—If your powers of condensation are so great, can you not induce the editor of one of your local papers to give you a trial?

Mrs. S. G.—Send congratulations to the newly-married couple at once. A man should wear mourning for either parent for at least a year.

D. C. M.—A little salt used in the water in which mourning handkerchiefs and black stockings are washed will cause them to retain their color.

A. F.—The names of the months of the year and the names of the days of the week should always commence with capital letters; there are no exceptions to this rule.

Mrs. T.—We cannot give addresses. Such designs may be procured at almost any good dealer in artists' materials. Write to some well-known firm, and state your requirements.

SANTA.—If your face is long and narrow you should arrange your hair flat on the top, loose and soft at the sides, and cover the forehead to some extent with a light curly bang.

CELIA.—Ask an apothecary for a weak solution of permanganate of potash. We think you will find that bathing the eruptions with this will relieve the profuse perspiration of which you complain.

CHUDDY.—"Bab" is the nom de plume of a New York newspaper woman of repute. A little powder will not do your hands any harm. A married lady should always be addressed by her husband's name.

M. G. B.—The illustrations of dresses given in the JOURNAL are only intended to serve as models of the styles worn during the month in which the pictures are given. We do not publish or sell patterns of any sort.

GRACE.—The best cosmetic is rain water. Use nothing else for a month or two, avoiding perfumed soaps, ammonia or anything which serves to make the skin dry, and we think you will soon find an improvement in your complexion.

G. R. H.—Try sizing the porcelain or ground glass. We do not think, however, the oil paints ought to spread if used with a very little fresh spirits of turpentine and no oil medium. If the turpentine is old, it becomes oily and spreads directly.

ANXIOUS LADY.—A married lady should use her husband's name upon her visiting card; the eldest daughter should prefix "Miss" before the family name. The younger daughters should follow the "Miss" with both Christian and surname.

MARY.—A good lotion for freckles may be made from one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon juice and a pint of rose water. Apply to the face just before retiring, being careful not to allow any to enter the eyes, and wash off with warm water and soft cloth the next morning.

C. H.—Time will make your face thin. Until then be very proud of your round, rosy face, and be content with yourself as you are. We cannot alter our features, but we can cultivate sweetness of character, which will make our faces beautiful, no matter how homely their features may be.

INQUIRER.—The English Committee for the Revision of the Bible was appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury in May, 1870, and commenced its work the following month. The American Committee was organized in 1871, and the British Committee were virtually one organization.

CLARA BELLE.—We do not think that eyebrows that grow together denote a bad temper. The only remedy for such trouble is to use a very small comb and keep the brows combed away from the center; do not attempt to remove the hair; any such attempt will serve to increase the growth.

CHRIS.—Make up your underwear, wrapper, blouse waists and tea-gown writing January. Later commence with the gown which should include a visiting costume, street gown, home dress, evening toilette and the white bengaline wedding dress trimmed with chiffon ruffles and pearl passementerie.

Mrs. MAGGIE T.—One of your hair and complexion may wear cardinal of a deep shade, old rose, yellow, clear dark green, navy blue, tan, red and golden-browns. Wear the "bell" skirt, high sleeves and pointed coat tails or coat basques as well as round waists, yokes, and full and plain fronts to your bodices.

FUR SISTERS.—Your joint letter was well written, although it was an easy matter to discover where L. left off and M. began. Golden-brown and gray, navy blue and green, plum and chadron are some of the contrasts that you may adopt for gowns, also yellow and Nile, pink and blue, cream and mauve.

ESTHER.—A letter of your date could not be answered in the "next issue." Combine the silk with velvet and Henrietta of a darker shade, using the velvet for revers, collar and deep gauntlet cuffs. Have a "bell" skirt of the silk and high sleeves with a coat basque of Henrietta. A silk ruffle or band of velvet as a skirt border.

SAN JOSE.—You should wear bright colors, avoiding all neutral tints. Black is too old for a girl of eighteen. You should most certainly acknowledge a basket of flowers sent you by a gentleman. Make your note formal, but polite, and be careful to word it so that he may have no excuse for continuing the correspondence by a return.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Use furniture, portieres and curtains that harmonize but not match. Old rose, gold, old blue, copper, Nile and pale blue are important effects in upholstery. Cover marble-topped tables. Dress a house maid in seal brown or navy blue gowns, with white apron, collar and cap. Art squares and rugs rather than all over carpets.

ALFRED L.—When with any young girl ask yourself this question: "Am I treating her as I would wish any young man to treat my sister?" If you can answer that question in the affirmative, you may know that you are behaving like a gentleman. Would you like any man to kiss your sister after seeing her home? We do not think you would.

NELLIE.—Simple remedies for a poor complexion are plenty of soap and water, plenty of fresh air and plenty of plain, wholesome food. Rise early, and if you have no housework to attend to, take a brisk walk before breakfast, and for breakfast eat fruit, and either fish or broiled meat, and bread at least a day old. Do not drink tea, coffee or chocolate, and avoid hot cakes of all sorts.

H. B.—A good way for girls who work in offices and shops all day to retain as far as possible their good looks is for them to walk to and from business, to avoid theatre going and anything which may keep them up late at night, and to try and arrange some way in which they can have a substantial lunch at noon. And above all, let them try to be happy at their work. Contentment is the best medicine.

CONSTANT READER.—The title "Esquire" does not properly belong to any person in this country any more than any other title; still, it is much used, and there is nothing so bad as to call a young man "Frank Smith, Esq." In writing the postal it is always well to make it as general as possible and to avoid all terms of endearment. It is not at all necessary to give refreshments to either morning or afternoon callers.

MARIAH.—The gentleman should always be introduced to the lady, and the younger lady to the older one in some such form as this: "Mrs. — allows me to present to you my friend Mr. — or Miss —" Sleeping with the mouth open is a very common habit and one which it is not so easy to break; it is sometimes aggravated by a poorly-ventilated bedroom, and great care should be taken that the sleeping apartment is kept well filled with fresh air by having the windows open at the top.

MARGUERITE.—A good way to develop any part of the body is to take regular exercise. Girls who follow a course of physical culture find their shoulders much broadened and their busts much developed by systematic exercise. Going up and down stairs slowly, and holding the body erect while doing so, is said to be beneficial. We would advise you to discontinue the cocoa butter, and to try calisthenic exercises of some sort. Do not tire yourself the first day, go slowly and we think that you will surely succeed in improving your figure. Try and be unconscious of any defects you may have; that is often the surest way to correct them.

BERTHA C.—We do not think your writing in the slightest degree masculine. Trim the serge house dress with black velvet corsalet, collar, cuffs and skirt border. "Bell" skirt, bodice pointed in the back, corsalet in front, and high sleeves. Green velvet looks well on gray Henrietta, but if you need a quantity of the material get a gray or gray and green plaid, and then use green velvet accessories. Have a "bell" skirt of the red and wear with a black serge blouse or cloth coat or a plaid blouse of serge of the same color. Have a black hat for all gowns, or golden-brown is equally as fashionable, and may be worn with any color.

ALLEN.—A wedding invitation should not be allowed to go unnoticed. A card enclosed in an envelope sent by mail is a sufficient answer. If you wish to send regrets do so in some such form as the following: "Mrs. — regrets extremely that a prior engagement will prevent her from accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. — to be present at the marriage of their daughter on —" Write out the dates in full, and place your address and the date in the lower left-hand corner of the sheet of paper upon which your note is written. It is not necessary to acknowledge an "at home" card; simply go on the day named, and if unable to go send your card by mail.

F. E. D.—In this country it is considered quite proper for ladies to ask gentlemen to act as their escorts to places of amusement, provided the gentlemen are not engaged to any other lady. It is not necessary for a gentleman to take her to evening service at a neighboring church; it is always well to allow the young men to do the asking. Any young man who objects to a girl dancing with other young men, when she is not his betrothed, is unreasonable, and does not deserve consideration. Engaged men as a rule (if they are dancing men) consider it quite proper to have their fiancée dance with other men. A girl with blue eyes and light-brown hair can hardly be called a brunette.

GREENIE.—The sample you enclose is rather dark for a bridesmaid's gown; still, it might be brightened up with a crimson velvet collar, cuffs and skirt border. A large hat is more appropriate at a wedding than a small one. It is perfectly proper for the bride's sister and brother to act as bridesmaid and best man. It is customary for the groom to choose his most intimate friend for his best man, and if the bride's brother stands to him in that light it is quite proper for him to be chosen. At any shop they will show you ready-made wedding articles suitable for wedding presents. Silver is always a nice present, and any small piece is always appreciated. Presents should be sent to the bride before the wedding and marked with her initials.

Mrs. C. H. M.—(1) You can use lavender oil only in mixing the china paints, but the odor of this is very strong, and artists must employ more disagreeable than turpentine. Alcohol may be used for rinsing the brushes in this case, as to employ the oil for such a purpose would be wastefully extravagant. (2) After once grinding the color up with turpentine (where the latter is used), it is sufficient to moisten it with lavender oil, as it dries upon the palette. It is wisest for those who dislike the smell of turpentine to procure the mineral water-colors which are prepared in such a way that water is substituted for the turpentine in thinning them. They require more careful drying before being sent to the kiln than the ordinary paints, but otherwise are easy to manage. They may be used together with the Lacroix colors, the brushes and palettes being kept separate, however, and therefore, if expense is an object, may gradually be acquired, as the old tubes are used up.

MABEL.—We think a dress buttoned at the back more stylish for a little girl than one buttoned in front. A nice present for a boy of eight would be a fancy toy or a box of bird seed, or a set of model boxes of toy soldiers. Birds sometimes stop singing because they are over-fed, and because they are not hung in the sunshine. Do not give your bird any sugar; occasionally put a piece of iron in the drinking water. Keep the cage in a warm place and out of all draughts. A black serge gown looks prettily made up with a bright plaid or bright crimson trimming. A nice jacket would do nicely with your blue Astrachan. Your mother would doubtless like best for her Christmas gift from you a piece of your own work. Table mats, carving cloths, doilies are always acceptable gifts. Give your brother a book or a pretty picture for his room. A dark green coat would go nicely with your green gown. You might have it faced with red. Try salt water for your hair, washing it in a weak solution once or twice a week.

R. C. W.—Your difficulty is not in the least surprising, as it is extremely hard to paint a thickly wooded landscape in water-colors. The reason, probably, that you have seen so few pictures representing dense masses of foliage is that such subjects are not by any means always the most artistic and picturesque, and also that artists of more experience are less apt to set themselves such difficult tasks as amateurs are ready to undertake. This kind of scenery is more easily managed in oils. If you do attempt it in water-colors, study carefully the broad light and shade, without aiming for more detail than you can see. Remember that the foliage is clothed upon a skeleton of trunk, branches and twigs, and suggest their form. Make single studies of trees of different growth. "Harding's Studies of Trees," although only in black and white, would be probably helpful to you in learning how to represent their various characteristics. What you aim at is not by any means an impossibility, but it must be the result of long practice and experience, with many a failure by the way.

IDA.—We do not answer questions as to the value of coins. Prices for them vary, and are regulated by the demand. We do not know how you can get a light complexion if you have a dark one. A good way to become white and unhealthy is to keep out of the light and air, and eat nothing that would be nutritious. There is nothing more beautiful than a girl with a good, rosy, healthy complexion, and we would advise you to cultivate one by being in the sunlight as much as possible, sleeping in a well-ventilated room and avoiding all rich and indigestible food. Your hands may be kept in good condition by the use of unscented soap, and by rubbing into them at night a little glycerine and rose water. If your hands are stained use a little lemon juice, and if you have any rough work to do invest in a pair of rubber gloves and wear them as much as possible. But always remember that nothing is more beautiful than a hand that looks useful, and that any hand that is kept clean and is useful, will always be beautiful. It is very improper for a young girl to accept presents from a gentleman to whom she is not engaged.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. Any one book given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Postage and packing, 12 cents extra. Price, 92 cents each, postpaid.

We give the titles below, and the books have been arranged in series. They are all 7x4 1/2 inches; bound in cloth, ornamental covers and gilt back stamp. All illustrated.

Mr. Alger is probably as popular a writer of boys' stories as there is in all the land. He bounded into the favor of the lads when he wrote "Ragged Dick—the Newsboy," and he has held his place there ever since. His books are of the rousing, rattling, open-air order, and they are filled with healthful, racy narrative, and with sparkle, vim and adventure from beginning to end.



He teaches them wholesome lessons, and teaches them so pleasantly, one is never aware of the teaching until it is all over, and the story stands out plainly and impressively from the narrative. His heroes are invariably worthy of emulation: they are all

ways bright, manly, courageous and conscientious. How many boys would be interested to know whether Mr. Alger's heroes were taken from real, live boys?

At our request he has written for us an article on this subject. We have printed it in a little book which we send to every boy ordering one of the following list:

- RAGGED DICK SERIES: Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York. Fame and Fortune; or, The Progress of Richard Hunter. Mark, the Match Boy. Rough and Ready; or, Life Among the New York Newsboys. Ben, the Luggage Boy; or, Among the Wharves. Rufus and Rose; or, The Fortunes of Rough and Ready.

- TATTERED TOM SERIES—A continuation of "Ragged Dick" Series: Tattered Tom; or, The Story of a Street Arab. Paul the Peddler; or, The Adventures of a Young Street Merchant. Phil the Fiddler; or, The Young Street Musician. Slow and Sure; or, from the Sidewalk to the Shop. Julius; or, The Street Boy Out West. The Young Outlaw; or, Adrift in the World. Sam's Chance, and How He Improved It.

- BRAVE AND BOLD SERIES: Brave and Bold; or, The Story of a Factory Boy. Jack's Ward; or, The Boy Guardian. Shifting for Himself; or, Gilbert Greyson's Fortunes. Wait and Hope; or, Ben Bradford's Motto.

- LUCK AND PLUCK SERIES: Luck and Pluck; or, John Oakley's Inheritance. Sink or Swim; or, Harry Raymond's Resolve. Strong and Steady; or, Paddle Your Own Canoe. Strive and Succeed; or, The Progress of Walter Conrad.

- CAMPAIGN SERIES: Frank's Campaign. Paul Prescott's Charge. Charlie Codman's Cruise.

- ATLANTIC SERIES: The Young Circus Rider. Do and Dare. Hector's Inheritance. Helping Himself.

- PACIFIC SERIES: The Young Adventurer; or, Tom's Trip Across the Plains. The Young Miner; or, Tom Nelson in California. The Young Explorer; or, Among the Sierras. Ben's Nugget; or, A Boy's Search for Fortune. Luke Walton, The Chicago Newsboy. Bob Burton, The Young Ranchman of Missouri.

Price, 80 cents each. Postage and packing, 12 cents extra. The publishers' price for these books, as published in their catalogue, is \$1.25.

CARBUNCLE SCARF-PIN No. 2904

Given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.

This pin is of such a shape and character as to be available for use either by a lady as a bonnet-pin, or as a scarf-pin for a gentleman. The design is attractive, being a cluster of oxidized silver-plate rings; the setting is a Carbuncle.

The quality of the plate is the same as on all the silver-plated jewelry we offer—the very best to be secured.

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A YEAR or Six Months' tuition, without cost, at the best and most beautifully located Musical Conservatory in America. Instruction in either Vocal or Instrumental Music—or, in both.

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Is there a girl with musical aspirations, who desires to acquire perfection in her chosen art, who will not eagerly jump at an opportunity of securing, for a very little work (say 115 subscribers), a course of careful Conservatory Training in an Institution offering the unrivalled advantages of a cultured home-training amid a musical atmosphere and under the best instructors?

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We have not sufficient space here to explain the most popular and successful Premium ever offered to the

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Many girls have been successful and are now ready to enter the Conservatory; others have already partially completed their year of study. Over five hundred more are busily at work, and, if we judge by their letters, feel certain of success.

If YOU are interested, a full explanation of the plan in all its details with advice and offers of assistance will be mailed to any girl addressing

The Premium Department, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR NEW 75-PIECE ROYAL DINNER AND TEA-SET

Given as a Premium for a Club of 55 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 30 Subscribers and \$1.25; or, 25 Subscribers and \$2.50; or, 20 Subscribers and \$3.75 additional. Price, \$10. Sent, carefully packed, by Freight, charges to be paid by the receiver.

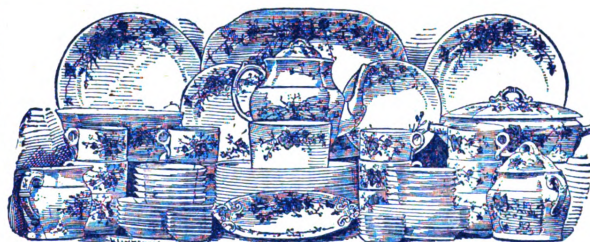
Consists of the following pieces (in dishes, each piece counts one—for instance, Teapot and Cover count two pieces): 1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 pieces), 1 Scalloped Vegetable Dish, 12 Breakfast Plates, 1 Bowl, 12 Individual Butters, 1 Teapot and Cover (2 pieces); 2 Butter Plates (5 in.), 1 Pickle Plate, 12 Tea-cups, 2 Bread Plates (8 in.), 1 Sugar-bowl and Cover (2 pieces), 1 Meat Plate (12 in.), 12 Fruit Plates, 12 Saucers, 1 Cream Pitcher.

This set is a fresh importation. It is an English underglaze decoration on white granite body. The design is first printed on the body of the ware and then covered with the glaze and burned in.

The design thus becomes a part of the goods, and it is impossible to remove it. The decorations are beautiful sprays of Ivy in a soft delicate brown scattered gracefully over the various pieces.

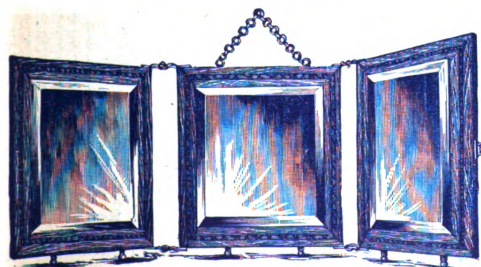
The retail price of this set is \$15.00. To any of our patrons who do not wish to raise a club of subscribers and receive it as a premium, we can offer a very decided bargain. On receipt of \$10.00 we will send one of these sets, carefully packed, by freight, charges to be paid by the receiver.

Each set will be carefully packed by an experienced packer. If, through careless handling on the part of the railroad company into whose hands it may be intrusted, one of the pieces should be broken, we shall not consider ourselves responsible.—We do not guarantee deliveries.



TRIPPLICATE TOILET-MIRROR No. 245

Given as a Premium for a Club of 9 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.75. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



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This Triplicate-Mirror is handsome and very desirable. The size of No. 245, extended, is 29 x 10 inches. There are Three Beveled Mirrors (8 inches square), hinged in such a manner that a lady can arrange her hair, either back or front, with the greatest ease. It is an absolute necessity for the toilet. The frames are of Antique Oak, and the backs of Embossed Leatherette; Nickeled Chain and Hinges. Folded and closed, as it hangs on the wall, it is very handsome and ornamental.

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We have another larger and finer Mirror, No. 423. The glasses are 10 inches square and the Mirror, extended measures 31 x 10 1/2 inches. The frames are of Carved Antique Oak, and the backs are Embossed Leather and Silk-Plush. Otherwise it is much the same as No. 245. Given as a Premium for a Club of 13 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional.

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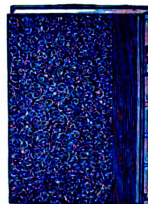
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These Sprinklers are unusually pretty.

The body is of white porcelain, attractively decorated in gold and colors. The tops are gilt and silver-plate. In ordering single Sprinklers do not omit to state whether a Pepper or a Salt-Sprinkler is desired, as the tops differ.

Price, 80 cents per pair, postpaid.



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Many Students in the great Art Schools of Munich and other European cities, partially provide for their academic expenses by painting small panels in oil.

These are eagerly seized by exporters, sent to this country, framed and sold very low. The new tariff laws, however, have greatly increased the prices. The Premium Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has a quantity imported under the old tariff regulations. Write for particulars.

