

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1892

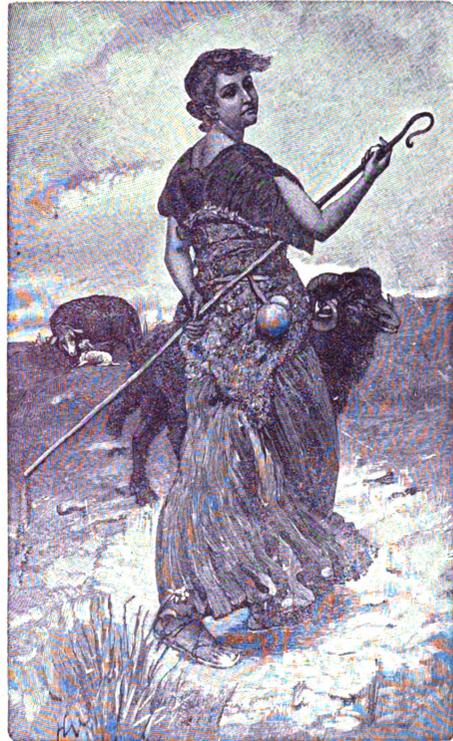
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MARCH

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Like some reformer, who with mien austere,
Neglected dress and loud insistent tones,
More rasping than the wrongs which she bemoans,
Walks through the land and wears all who hear,
While yet we know the need of such reform;
So comes unlovely March, with wind and storm,
To break the spell of winter, and set free
The prisoned brooks and crocus beds oppressed.
Severe of face, gaunt-armed, and wildly dressed,
She is not fair nor beautiful to see.
But merry April and sweet smiling May
Come not till March has first prepared the way.

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It seems indeed the eleventh hour with Eugenie. The ex-Empress of France is passing her last days with only sorrow and disappointment for companions. The darkness of midnight is closing about her. Once the best loved in France, she is now, alas! almost

despised. Once a woman of matchless beauty, whose face and form were the talk of Europe, she is now only a shadow of her former self; her face wrinkled, the lustre of her eyes washed away with many tears. Her form, bent with age and racked with rheumatism, is supported by two stout canes which she always carries to lean upon. She is so helpless from rheumatism as almost to give the impression that she has paralytic tendencies.

Once the best dressed woman in the world, whose rich costumes, rare laces and superb jewels made her the envy of queens and princesses, she is, today, sombreness itself in black robes. Her empire passed away like the sighing of a summer wind. Husband and son have entered into the land of shadows. Friends have become enemies. The French people call her "the fatal woman," instead of Empress. She is an exile, a woman without home or country. The star of hope has been blotted from her horizon.

I have seen Eugenie many times of late, in London, in Paris, in Venice, and she has always reminded me of some Lady of Vicissitudes. She travels about Europe seeking rest and peace, two joys unknown to her. Instead of wearing the crown of France she wears that other crown that poets have told of—"Sorrow's crown of sorrows," the memory of happier things.

My last glimpse of her was thus, and it is the story of that I tell here. I had gone from London to Farnborough Hants last summer, to visit her mansion, and see the place where the exiled Emperor and the ill-fated Prince Imperial are sleeping. Farnborough is one of the loveliest spots in rural England. It is about an hour's journey from London, and within a mile or two of Aldershot and Sandhurst. The train from London speeds by thriving towns, and into a rich country where the grass is like an emerald carpet.

Farnborough station is a small place. It nestles in a valley. A few carriages are at the depot to take visitors about the place; but one does not need a carriage, for yon spire that rises boldly above the trees on the hilltop points the way to St. Michael's Church, where the exiles rest in a magnificent mausoleum. Up the hill one goes, and over a dusty road, until an old-fashioned inn is reached. A farmer's boy sits on a fence whittling a stick. A smart phaeton, driven by a young girl, dashes by. A hostler is leading a neighing pony by the head. Chickens, ducks and geese, and a small dog, are a happy family in the road in front of the tavern. All this and more I see as I pass along to the gateway in the hedge fence, the entrance to the church. There is a lodge at the gate, and a smiling Scotch lassie, in a clean frock, gives me a gentle curtsy as she leads the way up the gravel walk, through rows of majestic yew trees, to the top of the hill, and I come into full view of the church, and also the house where live the white-robed and white-capped monks who guard the place. It is a pretty spot. No one could wish for a lovelier place to be buried in. Green grass, beds of rich and fragrant flowers, neatly kept walks, all tell of loving hands that never tire in devotion to the memory of the dead. The church stands on the crest of a hill from which a superb view of the surrounding country may be had. It is of white stone, and so clean does it look that one is tempted to believe that it is scrubbed daily. Across the road, hidden almost from view, is

the home of the ex-Empress. Like the church, it is built on the elevation of a hill, and Eugenie can see from her windows the spot where her dear ones rest.

While I am looking and wondering, my rosy-cheeked Scotch maid has disappeared, and in a moment returns with a stout monk, who respectfully bows, and bids me follow. He does not ask my business, for he has many visitors. I follow him down a small flight of stone steps to the rear of the church. Ivy and rich wisteria have twined themselves lovingly together, and are gently creeping up the sides of the sacred edifice. All around the church have been planted flowers; but always and everywhere I see shy violets rearing their heads. They are Eugenie's favorite flower, and the monks have planted them there for her sake. The door leading to the mausoleum swings back at a touch from the monk, and we are soon standing on a tiled floor that is scrupulously clean. There are a few chairs, and a handsome altar, where the monks say mass, and where the only other person ever present on such occasions is the ex-Empress. It is, in fact, a private chapel. To the right of the altar is the granite sarcophagus containing the remains of the Emperor. It is a massive affair, weighing a good many tons, presented, as the brass inscription plate on it tells, "as a mark of affectionate sympathy by Victoria R." There is one other plate containing the words, "Napoleon III R. I. P." There

are floral tokens near. The most noticeable is an artificial wreath of immortelles, tied with tri-colored ribbons, laid there by Eugenie. There is also an artificial wreath of ivy sent by Queen Victoria. It is tied with a long white satin bow, and bears the Queen's name in her own bold hand. The remains of the Prince rest on the left of the altar, also in a huge granite sarcophagus, and on it have been heaped many floral tributes. There is a bunch of palms from Princess Beatrice, an ivy wreath from Lady Florence Dixie, a souvenir wreath that came from Zululand, and also a wreath from the Queen, bearing the words again in her own handwriting, "Homage and affection. Victoria."

But more interesting than any of these are the handfuls of loose violets and forget-me-nots that are scattered on both tombs.

"They were placed there by the Empress yesterday," the monk says; and as I eye them wistfully he takes a few, makes a tiny bouquet and hands it to me for a souvenir.

"They were picked by her own hands," he adds, "but they will not be missed, for she will be here very soon with more. She comes every day to weep and pray."

At the foot of each tomb is placed a cushioned chair, and in these the Empress sits alternately, for a time, alone with her sorrow. In a niche just back of the prince's tomb is the place where the ex-Empress will rest when her troubles are over.

"You must be gone now," says the monk, after I have walked about for some time. "The Empress will soon be here. No one is allowed in this place when she comes."

So we go out where the birds are singing and there is no thought of death. Three monks are at work in the flower beds, and two others are carrying away some old sticks and fallen leaves to the woods near by, so tidy are they in Farnborough.

As I looked from the church to the house I saw the dark-robed figure of Eugenie, picking her way

along, leaning heavily upon her canes. A private path leads from the house to the church, and to make it more convenient, a small footbridge has been constructed over the railway track. Slowly, and oh! so painfully, she mounted the steps and crossed into the churchyard. She was alone. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground. One of the monks hurried to meet her, and received from her hands a bunch of fresh violets. The ex-Empress greeted him cordially. Following at a respectful distance, he left her at the door of the tomb. I heard the key turned by the hand of the ex-Empress, the door swung open, and in a moment Eugenie was with her dead to weep and pray. I wondered what memories passed before her as she sat alone in the darkness of that chamber of death. What ghosts of the past were passing in shadowy array! What events, train by train, was she reviewing? What brilliant triumph or humiliating defeat was she recalling? If she was merely looking through the mist of years into her past life, what a panorama was there! The life of no woman, and perhaps no man, not even excepting Bismarck, presents anything like it. I thought of at least one scene that might stand out in her mental vision in startling contrast with her present sorrowful condition.

It is in Paris. France is a republic, after a sort. The people have swept the Orleanists from power. At the Tuilleries there is a grand ball in progress, and the gayest of all gay Paris is there. In the throng is a young woman, scarcely more than a girl, who is easily the belle of the occasion. Graceful and lithesome, vivacious and witty, she outshines the *blanc* beauties of the ball-room, as the electric light does the farthing dip. They sneer at her, and say ugly things, but the men throng about her, each vying for her favor. Among them is one dark of brow, and saturnine of countenance. They call him Louis Napoleon. He has been an exile from France, an adventurer in the United States, and strange stories are told of his career in that country. He is now in politics, is an advocate of popular rights, and all that, and the rising hope of French radicals—save the mark. He, too, is fascinated by this young girl, so much so that he seeks the honor of an introduction, and a waltz with the fair lady.

"I do not much care to dance with a Bonaparte who is not an Emperor," the capricious beauty replies.

Does Eugenie recall this scene, and that remark, and what came of it? Who shall say?

Or the scene may change and other things pass before her strained vision. The *coup d'etat* has been accomplished. The dreaming adventurer, Louis Napoleon, has shown his colors, and they have won. He is the Emperor now, and no longer the friend of the French radicals. And the girl who snubbed him at the ball not so long before is his Em-

press. The union has been sealed with the seal of Peter, the fisherman, and Eugenie is the mistress of the gayest court of all Europe. She is not popular with her sex, and she knows it; but she has power, and she knows that too, and uses it. Napoleon III is her slave. In the Tuilleries, at Fontainebleau, at Versailles, the vain capricious beauty reigns without a rival. She has petty kings and princes of well-nigh bankrupt kingdoms at her beck and nod. France is rich and powerful. Germany has yet to become an empire. Austria is in a troublous condition. Pius IX is Pope, but all Italy seems bent on stripping him of his power. Is Eugenia satisfied with her position and power? Not she! she is an Empress of France too. Her dresses and jewels are the wonder of Europe. She is young and beautiful and a mother. As she drives through Paris, the people grow wild in their exhibitions of affection for her. But her ambition is not satisfied; she has studied the career of the great Napoleon, and she is ever filling the dull mind of her husband with dreams of conquests even greater than those of his mighty predecessor.

It may be that Eugenie thinks of her ambitions and what came of them; she may remember one day that was dark, indeed, for her. Sedan had been fought and won. Paris had passed into German hands; more than this, a German emperor had been crowned in Versailles. The second empire was a thing of the past, and she and her husband were in exile, pensioners on the charity of the Queen of England. And then the weary days while the Emperor, all his dreams shattered, gloomy and morose, fretted his life out and she was left alone with her son, for whom she had, however, high hopes. And then that other bitter day when the news came that her hope and her pride lay dead in Africa.

With such sorrows passing before her is it any wonder that she is deaf to the songs of the birds and the laughter?

The interior of the church, above the tomb, is very attractive. It is a bright and cheerful place. The sunlight comes in from the big windows, and lights up every nook and corner. The altar is very beautiful. A handsome organ stands on the left, and on Sundays a village choir of six young girls furnishes the music. The service is entirely in French, and is conducted by the monks, who are arranged in gorgeous robes, trimmed with rare laces, furnished by Eugenie. There is seating capacity for about two hundred persons. The ex-Empress is always present at the service on Sunday morning when she is in Farnborough. A chair has been provided for her to the left of the altar; and there she sits, with her face in her handkerchief, all through the service. Visitors to the church come from all parts of the surrounding country. Frequently Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice are of the



EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE



EUGENIE, THE EXILED WIDOW
(From the last portrait taken of her)



EUGENIE'S PRESENT HOME AT FARNBOROUGH

number, for they can easily drive over from Windsor. After the service, the people all wait to see Eugenie as she leaves. Often she walks about the grounds, chatting with some of the people she knows, particularly the children of the village, of whom she is very fond. It is no unusual thing for her to bend down and stroke the heads of the little ones, or kiss them on their foreheads.

I loitered around the grounds for quite an hour, and then Eugenie reappeared. I had an excellent opportunity to get a good look at her as she slowly moved about. When she straightened her form she seemed to be tall. Her figure is quite full; her waist has lost its graceful curved lines; her hair is silvery gray; her cheeks are wrinkled, and there is no longer beauty in the face that all the world at one time was willing to concede was the freshest, the fairest and the loveliest of all faces. Her black cashmere cloak, trimmed with crape, her widow's bonnet with its long veil falling over her shoulders, and her black gloves, made her a striking figure as she walked in the sunshine. Her face was ashy pale, and never a smile passed over it. As she passed me, she looked up into my face, and bowed with just an approach of a smile on the sad face. It was a strange contrast to those other faces that Winterhalter has placed on canvas—a young woman, with a mass of golden hair, shoulders that gleamed like polished marble, and eyes of marvelous beauty and bewitching expression—Eugenie in her prime. It was all so strange and real to me Burke's lines, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

Leaving her, I walked over to her mansion, Farnborough hall, across the railroad track. It is no flimsy, inconsistent structure, but a substantial and admirable specimen of early English, the lower part of red brick, with dressings and mullioned windows of stone, and the upper also of brick, but rendered over

fine, and besides the ordinary trees, there are some specimens of very rare conifers. There should be plenty of game, and as for fishing, there are ornamental lakes with wooded islands, boat-house and a fishing cottage or summer-house with a fire-place, so that in winter it will come in well for skating parties. A kitchen garden covers three acres, and there are green-houses, vineries, peach, camellia, cucumber and melon houses, and finally come a couple of three-stall stables with six loose boxes, all most complete and spacious, as well as the usual harness-room, coach-houses, a cottage for the coachman and bed-rooms for the grooms. There are, in all, nine cottages on the estate, including one for the bailiff adjoining a very extensive range of farm buildings, with the neighboring gasometer and gas and boiler-houses. Finally, there is a farm, which is let.

It is in such a home as this that Eugenie lives and mourns. Her days are long and tedious. She is an early riser—a victim to insomnia, and sometimes she never closes her eyes in sleep for three nights. She has two tried women friends who are with her, take care of the house, and do what they can to make cheerful her days. A force of ten servants completes her household. Breakfast is served early, and after this meal there are letters to be read and answered, newspapers from London and France, and, perhaps, a visit to be made to some one in the village who is ill. Then, before luncheon, comes the daily visit to the museum, and after this luncheon and a walk through the beautiful grounds. Eugenie is at present engaged upon the story of her life, and each day she adds a few pages to her memoirs. But no one has ever seen this manuscript, so jealously it is guarded, and it will not be seen until the hand that pens it has been stilled forever. Dinner is served at seven o'clock, and after this more writing, reading, and perhaps some simple

Upon her first visit to Paris Eugenie's beauty was ravishing. She was likened to a snowflake on a July day; like the fairy-like mist that hangs over Niagara; like all that is purest, freshest, loveliest in nature was the impression that she made upon people. Once at a great ball she was clad entirely in white, of the delectable, gauziest, mistiest description, and with a very simple parure of emeralds and diamonds glistening in her blonde hair, looping up her transparent sleeves, and shining on her lovely neck, she was as completely a vision of delight as eye ever rested on.

The remainder of the story is known, and her marriage, her reckless extravagance, the war, her downfall and escape, are tales of history told again and again. She encouraged frivolity and spent money more recklessly, perhaps, than any other woman ever did. She was conceded to be the best-dressed woman in the world. Her wardrobe cost \$1,000,000, and her jewels were of fabulous value. She spent \$10,000 a day for household expenses. It was the age of gold. She undoubtedly was the cause of her own downfall, but she did many kindly deeds. She was one of the first to recognize the merits of Rosa Bonheur, and it was by her wish that that talented artist was decorated.

Her legacy of woe is unmatched by any woman in history. She is all alone. Her jewels have been scattered to the corners of the earth; her crown is torn asunder, and the precious stones are now used to decorate women she never saw. Her steps are dogged by spies when she steals like a house-breaker into beloved Paris. Her beauty and strength have faded. She has long waited for the end. Who was it said "Death is merciful?"

ARE WOMEN INCONSTANT?

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE

WOMAN owes her reputation for inconstancy to men who, when such reputation was made, were exclusively the moulders and controllers of public opinion. They were the sycers as well as the doers, and from their continual saying, both by pen and tongue, they forged a falsehood into the semblance of truth. Knowing themselves to be the embodiment of inconstancy, they thought—and their thought was correct—that they might elude their desert by ascribing their temperamental and notorious weakness to the other sex. This device, as old as time, is a variation of the fugitive robber crying, "Stop, thief!" and pretending to join in the chase after the culprit. But old as it is, it often proves effective, as in the present case, and has been widely adopted in consequence.

And thus it happens that the character of woman, before she had become as prominent as she is to-day, depended for portrayal on the tender mercies of man. She can and does describe and analyze herself voluminously nowadays; but much of the early interpretation of her—so hard is it to dislodge old ideas—is still accepted, and men use every effort to have it so.

Every spoken language, not to speak of the dead language, contains phrases reflecting on her steadfastness. For instance:

Women and weather are not to be trusted. Women change like the sea. Woman's moods differ like day and night. Beware of a sleeping dog and a smiling woman.

Who confides in a woman builds on the sand.

One constant woman died yesterday.

No season is so brief as a woman's love.

A woman may be loyal to love, but never to lovers.

It is the old story; he trusted a woman and was betrayed.

Woman's vows are false as gamblers' oaths. Woman is true as the wind.

Women shed tears the better to deceive.

More than half of men's woes come from the instability of women.

The inconstancy of woman causes the great tragedies of life.

The most fascinating women are the most deceptive.

A woman has only one tongue; but she can tell a million lies.

Woman is a trap in which every man is caught soon or late.

Woman's promises are as uncertain as next year's blossoms.

When you can make a woman constant, you can tame a hyena.

Woman is constant only to inconstancy.

There is no end to such expressions. They abound in Persian, Syriac, Arabian, Armenian, as well as in German, Italian, French and Spanish, showing age, if not pertinency.

Most cynicisms, they would seem to be specially devised, since they have generally an epigrammatic turn, as if sting had been preferred to truth. Cultured men have, in all ages, exercised their wit on women, pretending to emphasize her defects.

In charging inconstancy upon her, they have the additional inducement of screening themselves.

That woman is uniformly constant, or a model of constancy, is a notion acquainted with human nature would pretend. She is human, and therefore liable to err. But that she is fickle, changeable, capricious in her affections, as compared with man, and that he has any good reason to so accuse her is an overstrain on credulity. His arraignment of her in this respect suggests the fable of the lion and the painter.

The painter took the lion to his studio, and showed him a picture of a man killing a lion.

"What think you of it?" he asked. "I think," answered the beast, "that if lions were painters, they could depict more lions killing men than they could depict men killing lions."

Until the beginning of this century the painters were men. Many lions have now become painters; but the impression of the old picture is not yet erased. When will it be?

Ancient and modern literature, because its authors were men, have contributed greatly to prejudice the general mind concerning woman's fidelity. Homer told the story of the Trojan war, caused, as the tradition is, by the elopement of Helen from her husband, Menelaus, with her lover, Paris. She had been carried off, so beautiful was she, by Theseus, when but ten years old, and she was rescued by her brothers, Castor and Pollux. All the poets represent her as entirely perfidious; but all their representations are largely mythical. Homer, in his other epic, narrates the unwavering loyalty of Penelope, during Ulysses' wanderings of ten years—it is evident that he had small desire to get home—but not many persons seem to remember that Penelope was the antipodes of Helen, or that her husband had the marked versatility of attachment usually attributed to women. Hundreds of writers have drawn Cleopatra as a pattern of disloyalty; have made her name a synonym of faithlessness. We know something of her, and that her memory has been shamefully abused. She never had a husband, save a nominal one, Ptolemy, her boy-brother, and but two lovers, Cæsar and Antony; and the latter years after the death of the former. Does this fact furnish any basis for the admirable reputation she has acquired? Even Shakespeare has fully lionized her. She was not at all what she should have been; but the records of her life do not prove her to have been faithless. Inconstancy, though the fashion of the age, she surely did not share. And how was it with her two world-renowned lovers? Why ask, when it is notorious that they were the incarnation of infidelity? It is plain that loyalty to men was not looked for in ancient days; nor is it looked for, apparently, by our contemporaries. Nevertheless, when woman's constancy is questioned it must necessarily be in relation to, and in comparison with, man's.

The famous legend of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table has various versions; but all of them exhibit Guinevere, wife of Arthur, the most beautiful of women—beauty and fickleness are as cause and effect in the early literature—as untrue to her lord, as an example of feminine lightness. The authors of the past seem to have thought that they could not make a tale in verse or prose romantic or interesting unless they should introduce inconstant heroines to their readers; and for this purpose they were ready to defame the whole sex, and to make a cat in the hat.

Women may be untrustworthy as to love in poems and romances; their untrustworthiness may be an effective factor in art; but in reality, in nature, they are, in the main, staunch and faithful to the core. No doubt the human race has been steadily meliorating with time, having made rapid strides, especially in the last hundred years. Men have grown better as well as women; but they are far behind women in good, in all for sweet humanities, in whatever belongs to delicacy, conscience, tenderness. They have improved in constancy, though they never can hope, and they never, as a body, will try to reach the feminine standard. Woman is constant on instinct, on principle, by enlightened policy, by mere self-interest. Her inward prompting and outward advantage conspire to the same end. She is naturally doubly man. Man is differently constituted. Principle alone must, as a rule, hold him steady; and comparatively few of his sex, it must be admitted, act on principle in this regard. Woman is monogamous; man, and, in fact, male animals generally, are polygamous. Monogamy is but another name for constancy, as polygamy is for inconstancy.

Whatever man may assume, he does not believe that women, generally, are unstable. His attitude and entire conduct toward them demonstrate this. If such was his conviction, he would not marry; he would not jeopardize his honor, his peace of mind, his precious self-love. Marriage would, in time, cease to be a custom; for marriage, society, civilization, depend absolutely on woman's fidelity to the marital bond, not as a theory alone, but as a sacred truth. Man thinks, with reason, that some, perhaps many, women are disloyal; indeed, it is easy to ascertain the fact. But it always seems to surprise him; it is different from his expectation, otherwise he would not raise such a clamor about it. The inconstancy of women generally is a conscious and shallow pretext, more so to-day than ever. Nature, society, science, law, men, all demand the exact contrary, and their demand is fully met.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost, and just now the system craves the aid of a reliable medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and overcome that tired feeling. It is especially valuable as a tonic.

After the Grip

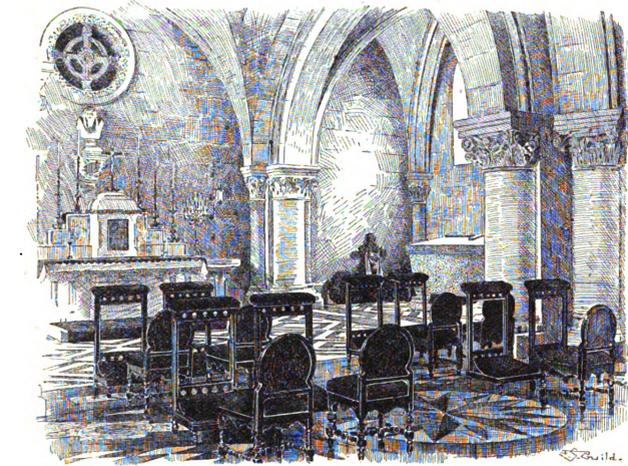
As it possesses just the building-up effect so much needed; it vitalizes and enriches the thin and impoverished blood, and it invigorates the kidneys and stimulates the liver so that they resume regular and healthy action.

"Six Weeks with the Grip

Was my sad experience early in 1891, and I was even then very weak and unable to work over a few hours. Being urged to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I did so, and in 10 days I could work, sleep well, had a good appetite, and gained in health and strength." CHAS. FOSWELL, Toledo, Ohio. HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable and are the best liver invigorator and family cathartic.



INTERIOR OF PRIVATE CHAPEL AT FARNBOROUGH

in cement and picturesquely relieved by columns in teak. The whole building has a comfortable, home-like look, and the eye rests with content on the beautifully-wooded and park-like grounds surrounding it. In short, it is a type of an English country-seat. A couple of carriage drives, with corresponding lodge entrances, lead to a handsome portico paved with tiles, through which you pass to the entrance hall, 17 feet high and about 24 feet in length by 22 feet wide; beyond, up a flight of steps, is a stately inner hall or corridor, 66 feet by 15 feet. Here is the principal staircase, leading to a magnificent suite of reception rooms, ample testimony to the lavish and artistic taste of the designs and architect. The drawing-room, 32 feet by 22 feet, is a superb chamber, and the outlook, through its bay and triangular windows, of the lawn and grounds, with the groups of stately trees dotted here and there, is indeed charming. Opening out of this stately saloon is a smaller and more cosy one. The library is nearly 25 feet square, a noble oriel-window chamber harmonizing with the ideas of modern refinement. There are two dining-rooms, one called the "oak room." Then there is "the gentlemen's room," also entered from the inner hall, and now the description of the main floor is complete.

On the first floor you enter a lengthy corridor, over the inner hall, leading to the principal bed-rooms, of which there are eight, and two dressing rooms, while in the wing of the house approached by a second corridor are six secondary bed-rooms and a staircase by which you get to the clock-tower. On the second floor are eight additional secondary and servants' bed-rooms. Each floor has its bath-rooms. The domestic offices are completely shut off from the inner; there are a large kitchen, scullery, housekeeper's room, servants' hall, pantries, dairy, storerooms, extensive ranges of cellars, with furnace and stove-room for the heating apparatus and bath-rooms. All the gas used in the house is made on the estate, the water is supplied by steam-power, and there are hydrants both inside and out in case of fire. There are pleasure grounds all around the house—some six acres of velvet lawn and emerald turf, lawns, flower-beds, terrace walks, shrubberies, lawn-tennis and croquet grounds, all in extreme good taste and skillfully planned. The park—which alone covers sixty-eight acres of ground—and the woodlands have serpentine walks and drives; the timber is remarkably

game until bed-time. Thus it will be seen that life at Farnborough is quiet and monotonous. There are many visitors, but the Empress will not see them. She receives, however, scores of letters daily on all sorts of subjects, from all sorts of people, and these she reads with interest, and to some she replies with her own hand. She has many old friends who write to her often; noble correspondents, too, but none more loyal or sympathetic than Queen Victoria.

The wealth to keep up this style and enjoy this miniature nation in a secluded spot must be considerable, but the Empress is credited with having plenty and something to spare. The savings from the wreck of the Empire are said to have been large, and her possessions are set down as yielding her a considerable income. There seems no danger that the style of this establishment will be marred in the slightest for the remaining years of Eugenie's life. It is perhaps fitting that this should be so, for besides the good she does to the laboring people with the expensive establishment she keeps up, she gives liberally to charity, and every person in Farnborough blesses her every day.

Sometimes the Empress goes to London for a brief visit. When she does, four servants accompany her. She seldom makes any visits, except upon her most intimate friends, and rarely invites anyone to see her. She goes to Paris, too, quite often, the scene of her triumphs and defeats. But to no one does she go for her in the gay city, only the police who watch her constantly. The Parisians used to hoot her, but they do not even notice her now. She is still fond of France, and she likes Venice. She has recently bought, for \$35,000, five acres of ground on the most beautiful spot on the French part of the Riviera—Cape St. Martin, the tongue of land which juts out into the Mediterranean between Monaco and Mentone—and here she is to build a villa.

When the last census was taken in England, the Empress filled the form in her own handwriting as follows: "Comtesse de Pierrefond (Marie Eugenie), age sixty-four; born at Grenada, Spain; naturalized French, a widow; had one child, a son; a sojourner in France, lives usually in England; is traveling with two friends and four servants."

Thus she epitomizes in a few lines what future historians will amplify into volumes. History shows no life with so many ups and downs, so much joy and sorrow, so much sunshine and shadows.

HER INFINITE VARIETY

BY HARRY ROMAINE

LOVE her as "Faith," when the sunlight steals Through the church's heavy air; A radiant saint, by my side she kneels, And her soul goes up in prayer.

I love her as "Charity," when her purse Has always another mite To lift the weight of poverty's curse And make some weary heart light.

But when she stands in an earthy guise, With her perfect love confessed, In the trusting glance of her brilliant eyes, It's as "Hope" that I love her best.



*XV.—MRS. CHARLES H. SPURGEON

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN

If you were to question any member of the great congregation attached to the London Tabernacle of the Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon concerning the pastor's wife, he probably would quote these words of Scripture by way of reply: "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy. She looketh well to the ways of her husband and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." None better describe the



MRS. SPURGEON

woman who for thirty-five years has shared the toils and triumphs of her famous husband. Mr. Spurgeon was but twenty-two when he made choice of a wife in Susanna, the daughter of Mr. Robert Thompson, a merchant of Falcon Square, in the city of London. But if young in years, the preacher was, of course, even then old in wisdom, and the excellence of his judgment fully atoned for the earliness of his marriage. Mr. Spurgeon was then pastor of a smaller chapel in South London, and resided in the poverty-stricken neighborhood of the borough. During the first fortnight of the year 1856—the marriage took place on January 8th—the young man was preaching in several of the provincial cities. Not very long after marriage Mrs. Spurgeon fell a victim to a disease from the effects of which she has never wholly been free. In 1868, in accordance with the wishes of the most eminent surgeons, she consented to a painful operation. It was performed by Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, and eventually had the happy result of greatly mitigating, though not entirely removing, her sufferings. Until that time illness had prevented her giving very much active help to her husband's work; probably she had been most helpful to him in the loving sympathy she gave while her husband was the target for so many attacks, from the free-thinkers on the other, attacks which had become more frequent with his appointment to the position of pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. With health partially restored, however, Mrs. Spurgeon, in her pleasant sitting-room

Table listing names and dates for the 'Unknown Wives' series, including Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, Mrs. P. T. Barnum, etc.

in Nightingale Lane, Clapham, where the pastor had been enabled to take unto himself a house a year or so previously, began to ponder upon schemes for the benefit of the poor people in the more social parts of South London. She became president of various societies, having, in some form or other, the people's good as their object. She visited the sick among her husband's rapidly-increasing congregation. She founded the Working Missionary Society among the women who from far and near attend the Tabernacle. She formed the Pastors' Aid Society, by means of which poor parsons, their wives and children, are furnished with warm winter clothing. But Mrs. Spurgeon's most important life-work, by means of which her name is known almost all the world over, is the "Book Fund"—a good work also arising out of her sympathy with ill-paid ministers of religion. Let me give Mrs. Spurgeon's account of its origin:

"It was in the summer of 1875 that my dear husband completed and published the first volume of his 'Lectures to my Students.' 'I wish I could place it in the hands of every minister in England,' I exclaimed, after I had read the proofs.

"Well, what will you give toward it?" my practical spouse asked in reply. "Then Mrs. Spurgeon tells that she bethought herself of a hoard of half-crowns which at different times she had heedlessly placed in a drawer under her bedroom door, and brought them, and it was found that the total amount would just suffice to print a hundred copies of the 'Lectures.' It was with regret, Mrs. Spurgeon confesses, that she parted with her treasures, but they were forgotten when the pleasure came of sending the books to those most in need of them. This was the beginning of the 'Book Fund' which in nine years enabled Mrs. Spurgeon to send 71,000 volumes of sermons, scriptural history and theological teaching to necessitous preachers of every denomination in nearly all parts of the world. In the last seven years the number has been almost as large, and the annual income of the 'Fund' has nearly reached ten thousand dollars. The amount of work that its personal superintendence imposes upon a woman who is often a mother, can be easily understood. All applications for books are sent direct to Mrs. Spurgeon, and her foreign mail is therefore larger than that which comes to any other woman in London.

When her husband is addressing his immense congregation of 5,000 people, or when he stands before his 2,000 Sunday-school scholars—to whom Mrs. Spurgeon occasionally addresses a few words herself—her pride in her husband's character is no less pronounced. If you go to the Tabernacle at Newington Butts any Sunday morning when Mr. Spurgeon is in the pulpit, you will see her, the sole occupant of a pew, while every other is filled, listening with rapt attention to the words falling from his lips. The well-rounded face, on which physical suffering has scarcely left a mark, and to which a mass of dark hair oftentimes oddly arranged gives a rather quaint and old-fashioned appearance, is aglow with animation, and the bright, eager eyes eloquently respond to every thought of the speaker. And the preacher reciprocates this devotion with equal intensity. In 1865, Mr. Spurgeon when on a visit to Yorkshire, inscribed to his absent wife a poem on "Wedded Love," of which the following verse may be given—for the sentiment, if not for the poetry:

"Beyond and above wedlock's tie Our union to Christ be held, Untill bonds which were made on high Shall hold us when earth shall reel."

Mrs. Spurgeon has had three children—two sons and a daughter. The twins were born early in her married life and it was her hardest affliction that owing to her ill health she could not fully give them a mother's care. Charles and Thomas spent their boyhood at Camden House School, Brighton, which they left when eighteen years old, the one to enter an office in London, the other to pursue the occupation of an engraver. Neither Charles nor Thomas felt prepared to study for the ministry, and Mrs. Spurgeon was at one with her husband in thinking it unwise to press them to the matter. After a voyage to Australia for the benefit of his health, however, Thomas resolved, to his mother's delight, to give up business, and adopt the church. The English climate was dangerous in its severity to his life, and he accepted a pastorate at Auckland, New Zealand. Charles soon followed his twin brother's example by studying for several years in the Pastors' College, which their father had established, and accepted a call at Greenwich, quite "near home," as Mrs. Spurgeon no doubt joyfully reflected.

Apart from her intense piety and great energy, Mrs. Spurgeon is a woman of some accomplishments. She has something of the poet's faculty, and although very rarely reading any work of fiction, has told her friends innumerable little anecdotes indicating the brightness of her imagination. She will relate, for instance, how walking one day with her husband in their grounds at Norwood, they came across a skylark's nest in the thick grass, much to their delight. Next day she went to the field to again look at the bird and its tiny eggs. What was her distress to find that the cows had been let loose into the field. "Surely," she thought, "the little nests will be trampled upon and destroy the young." Approaching the spot with trepidation, Mrs. Spurgeon was overjoyed to find that the nest was unharmed; the cows had eaten the grass all around, but as if with some divine instinct had left this spot untouched. Upon such an incident Mrs. Spurgeon would base a sermon as powerful in its way as those of her husband. Then in her reports of the "Book Fund," in miscellaneous contributions to the "Sword and Trowel," Mrs. Spurgeon has shown some literary gift, scarcely less marked than the homely taste, the modest art with which she has made the inside of Westwood as beautiful as its outside, and its surroundings as beautiful as to all her husband's adherents appears the character of its mistress.

THE LOST STAR

BY SAMUEL ABBOTT

A LITTLE star, a single spark, Had lost his way among the clouds, And, weeping, shed his tiny light. Adown the mist of rainy shrouds. He saw no pathway in the dark; He turned to left, he turned to right, Along the highway of the night.

A gentle wind, from off the sea Came whispering up the distant vales, And told a story to the rain. The vapors spread their humid sails, And proudly traveled to the sea. Glad little star, with might and main He joins his glittering host again.



*IV.—HORACE GREELEY'S DAUGHTER

BY FRANCES M. SMITH

ABRIELLE Greeley Clendenin, wife of the Rev. Frank M. Clendenin, and daughter of Horace Greeley, was born in New York City, but her childhood days were spent at Chappaqua, on the farm which was so dear to her father, "Mother's land," as he called it, because Mrs. Greeley particularly loved the place. When a mere slip of a girl, Gabrielle was sent away to boarding-school, and it was only during the past eight or nine years that she made her home at Chappaqua.



MRS. CLENDENIN

Until her marriage last April, when she removed to her husband's parish, she was the "Lady Bountiful" of Chappaqua, her many and continuous kindly deeds proving her just right to such a title. The motto of her life seems to be, "I shall not pass this way again; any good, therefore, that I can do, let me do it at once."

For this life of devotion to others she gave up a social one of much brilliancy. Perhaps no girl in America ever had a better claim to social recognition, both at home and abroad, than Gabrielle Greeley. She was the belle for two seasons in London.

To go back to her school days. With her sister Ida she was first sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville. After a time her father was quite desirous that she should return home and attend the Quaker Institute at Chappaqua. "It is my wish, my dear," he wrote to her, "that you come home and graduate from our good Quaker school; if you will, you shall have a little pony to ride to and from the Institute." Gabrielle, however, had been forming plans of her own regarding a new school. She had heard of one—St. Gabriel's. The name appealed to her fancy, and she begged her father to send her there. "So, hand in hand, dear Papa and I called at St. Gabriel's to make inquiries." Finding St. Mary's School in New York City was under the management of the same sisterhood, she entered there as a pupil and remained until she graduated.

As a schoolgirl she asked awkward questions, and was not to be put off with commonplace solutions of difficulties. She wanted things to hang together, and liked to know how if this were true, that could be true also. Of her early struggles with orthography she tells some amusing stories. For instance, in writing to a friend whom she wished to liken to a celestial being with wings, she wound up her letter with the rather startling announcement, "You are a perfect angle." Then before she had successfully grappled

Table listing names and dates for the 'Clever Daughters' series, including Rachel Sherman, Winnie Davis, etc.

with the total depravity inherent in that apparently innocent word—cottillion—she was called upon at a little distance to write the name on a card. She afterward confessed to a friend that she paid an "o" instead of an "o" in the last syllable, but being somewhat in doubt about it, "I scrummaged it."

After finishing school she traveled abroad with her sister, and upon her return to America she settled at Chappaqua. Her life here seemed rather a lonely one, although she always said she was too busy to be lonely. Her days were spent for others, with no thought of self. Of her income she used personally only what was absolutely required for her needs. She dressed with such Quaker simplicity that an old neighbor, whose attire was also usually of the plainest, once said to her, with his broad, good-natured drawl: "Wa'll, Miss Greeley, anyone to see you and me wouldn't think we were worth a cent."

With her faithful colt for companion she took long walks about the country, thinking nothing of walking five or six miles a day. In sun, rain, or snow she walked from her home to the church at Pleasantville—a distance of about two miles—twice every Sunday, collecting, as she passed from house to house, the children of the neighborhood to take with her.

In the summer the "grove meetings," as they were called, were given at Chappaqua, beginning with very few and ending with a goodly number regularly. These meetings were held every Sunday afternoon in the pine grove—a beautiful place on her farm, with rows of pine trees which Mr. Greeley himself set out. These meetings were not held especially for religious instruction, but for entertainment and possibly to keep some of the young people out of mischief. They were resorted to, however, by old as well as young. A temperance club composed of the women from the village and neighborhood was one of the enterprises of which she was the leading spirit.

About two years ago the cottage she was occupying at Chappaqua was destroyed by fire. This was the second house on her property which had met a similar fate. A few years previously her "house in the woods," as it was called, was also burned. With this latter house, however, Mrs. Clendenin had few associations beyond a three-months' sojourn in it, when she and her mother were there entirely alone. "Oh, solitude, how sweet are thy charms," was a remark she often overheard from her mother, and one which she echoed plaintively.

Last year, after the fire, she moved into her father's house, which happened to be vacant at the time. She went courageously to work to make an abiding place of this rather uncompromising structure, and soon her taste and refinement wrought wonders.

Here she lived with her cousin, their family consisting of a maid, one cat—Lord Edward—and a goodly retinue of dogs. Of the latter, one, Prince, was more usually styled the "Prince of Darkness," a title called forth by his unprepossessing appearance and somewhat hasty temper. The Prince of Darkness was a very useful, if not ornamental, member of the family, however, as the house stood quite by itself, and he was needed for protection. War, Pestilence and Famine were to "peg" names for her other dogs. It was while living in this room, in an atmosphere of gentle thoughts and well-doing, that the Rev. Frank M. Clendenin found Miss Greeley, and here it was that he won her.

Her many friends at Chappaqua found it hard to part with her, but they are consoled somewhat by the promise that Mr. and Mrs. Clendenin are to spend their vacations at the "stone barn," the stone barn, completed by Horace Greeley just before his death, is now being changed into a model country house.

In her new home at Westchester, New York, Mrs. Clendenin finds her sphere of usefulness somewhat enlarged, as her husband is rector of the ancient parish of "the Episcopal church of Saint Peter," a parish which has any number of guilds and organizations for charitable work, the problem to meet of holding in one beautiful church all classes and conditions of wealth and poverty, and the great city near it fast coming to its boundaries.

While Mrs. Clendenin enjoys luncheons and dinner parties and all social functions, she is also perfectly happy and satisfied in the quieter duties of her home life. She is fond of reading, although she seldom reads a newspaper, and says that she never takes up a book for more than an hour at a time. Kingsley, James and Thackeray are her favorite novelists. There is a tradition that she learned to read in the works of Thackeray, spelling out the words of "Henry Esmond." Scott, Keble, Tennyson and Robert Browning are her especial favorites among the poets, and Dr. Neale and Baring-Gould among religious writers. "John Inglesant" is her pet character in romance.

Her tastes are artistic and cultured. She has some charming sketches—her own work—notably an etching on wood of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, who, by the way, is her favorite character in history. Of the great artists she prefers the works of Fra Angelico, Correggio and Andrea del Sarto.

Mrs. Clendenin is a woman of medium height; she has dark brown hair, eyes which it is hard to tell just what color they are, for at times they seem hazel, and at other moments black as jet, then in a tender mood they look a melting brown. The mouth is firm and sweet, and the poise of the head and neck that in which an artist would delight. She usually has a brilliant color. Not only is Mrs. Clendenin a remarkably handsome woman, but she is possessed, in addition, of a charm of manner which attracts all who may meet her, so full is it of cordial warmth and graceful vivacity. She is delightful in conversation, and what is often more charming, a sympathetic listener, for having the tender heart of her father, she feels with the great Roman that "nothing human can be alien to me."



Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN NINE PAPERS

FIFTH PAPER



R. BEECHER'S coming to Brooklyn was, as I said at the close of my last article, fraught with perplexities. A perfect flood of warnings and criticisms came to him before his first sermon. It

was right, he was told, for a clergyman to fight evil, but he should fight more prudently—confine himself to generalities, and not venture on particulars. There were evils that he ought not to meddle with. The pulpit was no place for politics. He would find New York would not tolerate liberties in the pulpit.

Doubtless all these warnings determined Mr. Beecher more than ought else that the people of his new church should fully understand before he was installed what course he was likely to pursue. He told me that if Plymouth Church decided to install him, it would do so with its eyes wide open.

HIS FIRST BROOKLYN SERMON

IT was upon the evening of Sunday, October 10th, 1847. He sat quietly on the pulpit while the choir was singing. His eyes scanned the concourse of people before him, but it was the look of confidence that I saw. Knowing as I did something of what he intended to say, I could not but think, "Will these people accept the bold course he has marked out for his work from one so young looking?" For his ten years of labor at the West had not rubbed the youth from his face. I noticed the almost contemptuous looks of the strangers present as they watched his face. As he rose to read the Scriptures a death-like silence pervaded the great church. But not a tremor was visible in the voice that spoke. With that mellow voice which the Brooklyn public learned so well to know, he read the lesson of the evening as if he were before his Lawrenceburg audience. Then as he uttered the first low sentence of his prayer, as his heart rose heavenward, the effect of the preacher became visible on his congregation, and he brought his hearers close to the mercy-seat. All was changed. An almost breathless solemnity pervaded the church, and tears were on many faces. I never heard him pray with such earnestness.

The youthful look vanished and did not return, as, in his sermon, he plainly, and with great solemnity, showed his hearers the course duty called him to pursue. As he said of these remarks years after: "I lifted up the banner and blew the trumpet in the application of Christianity to intemperance, to slavery, and all other great national sins. I said to those present, 'If I remain here and you come to this church, it must, at the commencement, be distinctly understood that I wear no fetters, that I will be bound by no precedent, and that I will preach the Gospel as I apprehend it, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, and I will apply it sharply and strongly to the overthrow of every evil, and to the upbuilding of all that is good.'"

After the close of the sermon many came to counsel Mr. Beecher. They were actuated by kindness to him and anxiety for the church. Such bold, plain speaking they did not understand. They had never been used to it. It would overthrow this young church.

"Don't ally yourself to unpopular men or unpopular causes," they told him. "There is no call for it. You will only injure yourself and break up this church."

After preaching a month in Plymouth church, he was installed as pastor on November 11th, 1847.

But I have never forgotten that first Sabbath evening of Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn.

OUR FIRST YEAR IN THE EAST

WE were destined to have our first year in Brooklyn result in being far from a cheerful one. During the installation services of Mr. Beecher I had remained at home to care for a Boston friend who had come on for the occasion and had been taken ill. Our little Katie had not been well, and I asked the doctor to look at her while he was in the house. He partly dispelled my fears, but when Mr. Beecher returned from his installation I told him I was not easy about little Katie. I had hardly finished speaking when the child went into convulsions, and after six days of illness God took her to join little Georgie who left us two years before. It was but a little time after this affliction that our son fell from the front stoop into the area below, and before all danger was passed with him Mr. Beecher was laid up with his first attack of quincy and did not preach for two or three weeks. Mr. Beecher had hardly gotten well before our little boy broke his arm, and as a result of this accident he became ill with pleurisy. Then both of our children contracted whooping-cough, and so weeks and months passed with constant sickness in the family. The doctor's carriage seemed always before the door. And so passed our first two years—trying in themselves, yet what opportunities they presented to bear witness to Mr. Beecher's character!

HIS HOME LIFE AMID AFFLICTIONS

MR. BEECHER'S removal from the West to Brooklyn had made no change in his home life and character. But never was his uniform gentleness and patience with the sick, and singular efficiency, more noticeable. He had left the West and come to this large city to take charge of a church, small at first, but with such foundation elements as usually insure rapid growth and success. He had made this change solely on account of his family's health, fully recognizing how heavy and responsible must be the work he had accepted, but with the prospect, as he supposed, of less anxiety to his family, he entered upon it full of zeal and courage. Instead of release from the former anxiety, however, he found himself more heavily taxed than ever before. In a comparatively strange land, with these increasing discomforts and anxieties, many men—if I mistake not—and particularly professional men, would have felt so homeless and discouraged as to be occasionally impatient and irritable. But he never was. Attending to all church duties faithfully, every spare moment was given to his family, relieving me in every possible way, ready even to take his turn in the night-watchings—which in those months were very frequent—if I would have permitted it. But knowing his sleep must not be given up if he would keep a clear head for his own special work, unless when absolute danger threatened, it was never interrupted by watching.

Ever attentive, Mr. Beecher's presence in a sick-room filled it with sunshine and hopefulness. He never entered with a sad look, and even the children felt their father's influence the moment he appeared. Of course, in later years, through the rapid growth of his church and the increasing demands of the public on his time, his family were naturally obliged to yield up much of the care and attention they had always been accustomed to, and which, with many other choice blessings, a public man's family are, after a time, obliged to forego. But in Mr. Beecher's case his interest in his children was never so far intermitted that they did not always know that in his heart they were held as closely as ever.

Even if there had been no sickness, the change from our Western home life to that which grew up about us in Brooklyn, from greatly multiplied duties, could not fail to bring some homesick hours to those who, for ten years, had lived much more closely together than is usual. Was it strange that the easy, daily communication between that little kitchen table and the study table should, at times, be sadly missed by both? The food for thought and progress thus carried into the rougher work of the kitchen often banished all source of fatigue and controlled pain by the pleasure of knowing that we had the same subject between us in common.

THE FIRST HOME SEPARATION

AS in Indianapolis, we found it difficult for the first year to rent a house in Brooklyn, and Mr. Beecher was obliged to use a room in the church for a study. It may be difficult for some to fully understand what a trial this was to us. But when you recall the ten years' life that had passed, years when our work had always been done together, then put yourself in the same place and I think you will not say that the pain felt by us was altogether childish.

Often in the early Brooklyn life, when after breakfast and morning prayers Mr. Beecher left for the study in the church, it would be difficult to describe or explain the feeling of bereavement and loneliness I felt. It was impossible to reason away the sense of trouble or alienation between us. I had no lack of work up to the very limit of my strength, but it did not dispel this strange impression. It seemed to me a daily separation.

In an hour or two, perhaps, my husband would return and instantly detect a look of trouble.

"What's the matter?" he would ask.
"Nothing, dear; just a little nonsense."
"But what is it? I must know," he would persist.

"Well, I hardly know myself. It all seems strange—our life here. I know you will call me foolish, but when you have your study at the church we seem so separated. I half feel that we have quarreled."

With one of his real old-time, hearty laughs he would reply: "I imagine we are both foolish, then, for that's just the way I was feeling, and ran round to find out if we really had quarreled! I don't appear to know how to work without calling to you from that little kitchen, now and then. It will take us some time to get accustomed to this new way of thinking and working separately, and it is not pleasant to think of. But we must conquer this childishness—and we will, I know. Yet, I am not quite sure if it is childishness. Our lives and work have been so close together—and they always shall be. But though our new duties here must compel some change, they will never change our trust and confidence in each other."

How faithfully he fulfilled that promise during the remainder of his life—God knows! The few last years of his life drew us more closely together than ever—for "Age upon the heart can never creep."

ENTERING UPON HIS PUBLIC CAREER

AS the church grew in strength under Mr. Beecher's ministrations, his labors naturally increased, and as he became more and more a public man his family saw less and less of him. Pressing calls came from every side. The anti-slavery cause was rapidly coming to the front, and Mr. Beecher entered into the work, giving all his strength, undisturbed by opposition, abuse, or reviling. But his labors in that cause, his work during the war, are well known, and as a part of his public life have all been discussed, told and re-told, and need no repetition. However, in all he did connected with slavery, or the war, he was brought into closer companionship with his family than at any time before in Brooklyn. He had always been in the habit of talking freely at home on all topics of interest that were gathered from the papers, or in his work outside. But on these two topics he led us to think and work with him, as far as possible, more truly than ever before. But privacy of home life had ceased to be. Mr. Beecher was becoming one of the famous men of his day, and his family knew it best. We were never alone with him. Callers were innumerable, and reporters seemed to be a part of our household. Every one of his spare moments was occupied. We rarely sat down to table by ourselves. Some one would come in and Mr. Beecher would say, "Come and lunch with us," or "Dine with me and tell me your errand over the table; I have no other time I can give you." And so we saw but little of him by ourselves.

HIS FAVORITE TWIN BOYS

MR. BEECHER'S fondness for children was remarkable and well known, and when, in 1852, our home was filled with joy by the birth of twin boys, how happy was their father none can imagine. His "riches," as he called them, were exhibited to every one who called when he was in, and for nearly two years home was made doubly precious by their presence. Was our love tending toward idolatry? On the 4th of July, 1853, our little ones—always so perfectly well—were taken from us. This, the most severe sorrow of our lives, left a shade of sadness with their father never seen before, and never quite obliterated. He would not talk of or mention them at home or elsewhere, and seeing the effect on him their names were never spoken in his presence, or, if anyone calling referred to them, he quickly left the room. Except on some occasions, in the pulpit, when the fervor of his utterances in earnest appeal took him quite out of his own individual troubles, he did not allude to them for years. About three years after this great sorrow Mr. Beecher was absent for some days, and I had the photographs of Alfred and Arthur put into one frame. Hoping when he came back it might induce him to speak of our babies, I put the frame on the bureau in our room. On his return he ran up stairs like a boy to meet me. As he entered the room these pictures were the first things he saw. Shall I ever forget the agony in his face—but a moment before so bright and glad for his home-coming? He turned and left the room instantly, and I put the photographs away.

Six or eight years before he went up to join our children above, Mr. Beecher came in one evening, when it strangely happened that there was no one about but myself, and drawing me to him said, "E—how long is it since our babies left us?"

"Twenty-eight years," I replied.
"And how long since our first little boy?" I told him.

"And Georgie and Katie?"
A moment's silence after being told, then he said: "What a flock we should have had about us if God had spared them. But, 'He doeth all things well,' though when the loss is so heavy it may be long before we become reconciled to it." Another pause, then:

"You may hang their pictures here if you wish it, dear."

Then a few tender words, never forgotten, and he went out "for a quiet walk," he said—a walk which I well knew would bring him very near to his Master. I hung the photographs by the side of his father's bust, where they remained while their father was with us.

After that Mr. Beecher would speak of "the twins" and "our babies" as he always called them. This change was a great comfort to me, but only once he alluded to what he had been suffering, saying: "It was not wise for me to shrink as I have done at God's dealings. He knew that through it I should be better prepared to aid those in distress, and speak words of sympathy and comfort to the broken-hearted."

FARMING AND LOVE OF CROQUET

THE next year Mr. Beecher rented a place in the country for the summer, and sent us all off early, that his sons might learn to work as well as play. He came to us as often as he could before his vacation, and with him as a co-worker and companion the plan proved pleasant as well as beneficial. Under his supervision his young sons did well with the planting, hoeing, weeding, and care of the horses and cows, and when his vacation came they could show a good garden, well cared for, and in those six happy weeks, they found with their work they could also secure plenty of time for any amusement, in which he was always ready to join them, playing croquet, nutting, fishing, etc. Of all out-door games there was none which Mr. Beecher more thoroughly enjoyed than a good game of croquet, for in it we were all expected to join. He was an expert player, having the faculty of gauging the line which the ball should take with singular accuracy. The out-door exercise and excitement of the game, and the amusement he invariably found in this united competition of skill, with his inexhaustible store of wit and drollery, made the croquet-ground a favorite resort.

LOOKING FOR A COUNTRY PLACE

IN 1854 Mr. Beecher bought a beautiful farm in Lenox, Massachusetts. It was in perfect accord with his tastes, and he looked upon it as a permanent summer home for us all. But fond as he was of it, he soon found that it was too far from Brooklyn, and he could only be with us during his vacation. He keenly felt the deprivation of his children while in the city during the early summer. Then we received, while both Mr. Beecher and I were in Brooklyn one day, a dispatch, saying that our little Herbert was dying. It was Saturday, and Mr. Beecher was to preach the following day, and he must remain. I repaired to Lenox immediately and being unable to communicate with the anxious father in the city on Sunday, he knew nothing of his child's condition until he arrived in Lenox Monday night. Mr. Beecher decided to sell the place after this, feeling he could never again have his family so far away, and the following spring a place in Mattawan, near Fishkill, overlooking the Hudson, was rented. Here we were more often together, and Mr. Beecher enjoyed the place greatly. But he could not be induced to buy it, his Lenox experience having evidently made him more cautious about purchasing an out-of-town place too hastily. Flowers grew in abundance, we had all the luxuries of a fine vegetable garden, and had, as a frequent host, the head of a family whose greatest happiness consisted in making happy those around him.

MR. BEECHER NOT A LARGE EATER

IT may be apropos to say just here, in response to many inquiries which have reached me, that it is not true, as has often been stated, that Mr. Beecher was a very hearty eater. If the food was agreeable, he showed his full appreciation of it, and sometimes expressed his ideas of its excellence; but the quantity taken was by no means large as compared with the usual appetite of an ordinarily healthy man.

When not so deeply interested in conversation as to neglect his food, he ate—as he did everything else—with vigor and evident enjoyment. That was, no doubt, one cause of the impression that he was a large eater. But, however much he might relish any article of food, if he found it made his head heavy, or in any degree impeded his work, he scrupulously avoided using it; except, perhaps, during vacations, or when traveling, and not even then would he indulge frequently, and never to any injurious excess.

Another reason, and probably the chief, was the earnestness with which he sometimes talked about food and its preparation. He well understood the difference between good and bad cooking, the reasons for that difference, the materials best suited to insure success, and, occasionally at the table and at home, amused himself by expressing his opinion about it. Of course, his actual experience in this branch of domestic economy was not very great; but he sometimes boasted that he could broil a steak as well, and make as good coffee as any one; and the boast was not without good foundation. That was, however, about the extent of his cooking operations.

HIS FONDNESS FOR HORSES

MR. BEECHER was extremely fond of horses, and as soon as he felt he could afford it he bought only the best. As his family all had very decided tastes in the same direction, nothing gave him greater pleasure than to indulge them in the full enjoyment of it, either by long rides with us all, or sending the children off with young friends who were very happy to share in these country pleasures, and who never had cause to doubt a hearty welcome from the head of the family. Mr. Beecher was skillful and fearless in managing his spirited horses, but never reckless. Both at the West, and after we came North, we have experienced many startling adventures, and some which might be termed hair-breadth escapes, but I never knew him to lose his own self-control or the control of his horses, and only once knew him to acknowledge he was frightened.

It was while we were in Lenox. We had a large, grey horse, and started for a fine ride, which at the close was to take us through Lee and back to Lenox. There was a railroad track—just as we entered the town—which ran through a ravine between two steep, rocky cliffs, so high as to shut out the sight of the cars, and with the noise of teams in that busy little village, almost to prevent hearing them. For that reason it was most decidedly important that the whistle should be blown. We rode into the village, did our errands at the store, and then started to cross the track, but listened a moment to learn if the train was near. We heard no sound, no whistle was blown, and we went on; but just as the horse's feet almost touched the rail the train rushed round that hidden curve and was directly upon us. The horse reared up so close to the cars that had he put down his fore feet they would have dashed through the windows. So he stood till the last car had passed, then fell to the ground as if in a dead faint. The perspiration rained off the poor beast until the earth around him was wet as if a shower had passed over. Many men sprang forward to help, but turning toward me, Mr. Beecher saw I was near fainting. I had been ill and was very weak. He came to me immediately with a glass of water. I told him I was ashamed of such weakness—but that I was greatly frightened. "Frightened!" he replied. "Why, I was never so frightened in my life."

"Humph," muttered one of the men helping us. "If you were frightened you have a mighty cool way of showing it."

And I thought so, too.

[Mrs. Beecher's sixth paper on "Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him" will be published in the April JOURNAL.]

ARTISTIC IDEAS IN RIBBON EMBROIDERY

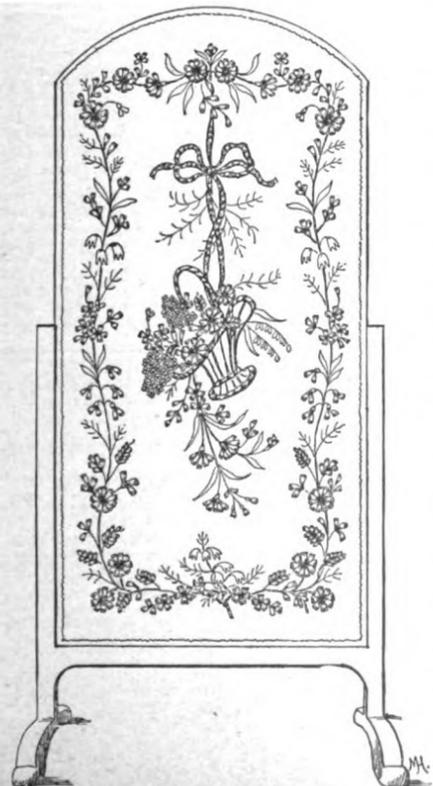
[AS TAUGHT AT THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART]

By Maude Haywood



THE New York Society of Decorative Art enjoys the honor of being the originator in this country of a movement which has since proved to be of such great service to women by forming a market for the work distinctively theirs, and, in this way, providing hundreds with a means of livelihood, and solving for many the difficult question of how to earn money without leaving their homes and going into the world. On the one hand women have been trained and their natural ability educated to enable them to produce work of a high order of excellence; and, on the other, a demand created for this work, whereas formerly artistic embroideries sold here had been almost all imported from Europe. The idea was conceived and the impulse given to the enterprise through the display of foreign needlework at the exhibition of 1876. The scheme was started by several prominent New York ladies early in 1877, with the sole object of helping their own sex, being themselves convinced of the capability of American women—to whom the necessary aid and instruction should be given—of producing as artistic and well-executed embroideries as any that could be shown by modern Europe. Of course, capital was necessary to start such a society, and this their generosity supplied. The result proved all they could wish. From the outset they were prosperous and successful, and, following in their footsteps, similar societies sprang up all over the country, formed after the model of that in New York, although independently organized, and proving, indeed, a boon to all those deriving support from their existence.

THE plan pursued with contributors is to take their work, provided it comes up to the required standard of excellence, and to sell it for them on a ten per cent. commission; to criticise their productions, to make suggestions with a view to improvement, to give them lessons if necessary, and, above all, to encourage them to be original, and to make their own designs. Some of those who are now in receipt of the largest incomes brought at first work utterly unsalable. In the beginning very high prices were obtained for all the goods, but of late years these have been necessarily somewhat reduced by competition, especially with the wholesale business houses, who were not slow to set up a rival trade. Connected with the Society, and forming part of its plan, art classes were originally held. These, after the novelty of them had passed, fell away considerably, and are now no longer held, although lessons are still given to any desiring them. In addition to outside contributors, there are work-rooms on the premises, where a few-pupils are taken to be taught free of charge; in some cases they are paid a small salary while learning.



AN ARTISTIC PANEL (No. 2)



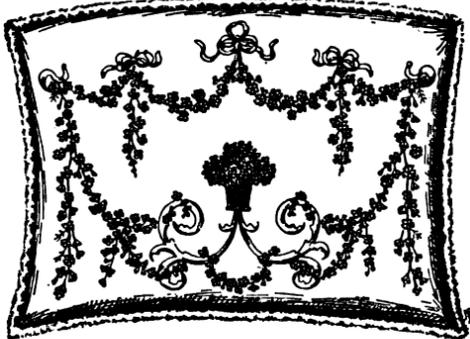
STITCHES IN RIBBON EMBROIDERY (No. 1)

RIBBON EMBROIDERY

THE work which may be regarded as the specialty of this Society, and which is principally executed by their own salaried employes, is the ribbon embroidery. This is French in origin, all the materials and the models being imported from Paris. The heaviest kind of satin is used, and the design worked with narrow ribbon of delicate hues, some of it being shaded and parti-colored. The stems and a few of the tiniest leaves or flowers are embroidered with silk. The ribbon is all the same width, but is doubled over where it is necessary to make it narrower. Illustration No. 1 gives a good idea of some of the principal stitches employed in representing the flowers, foliage and ribbon, with also two of the leaf-borders used. The size of the drawing is about one-half of the original. The small panel shown in illustration No. 2, is executed upon a cream-colored ground, the tint which is employed for the majority of the work. It is mounted in a plain wooden frame, enameled white. Pale pink, yellow and blue with the green of the leaves, are the colors principally used. The flowers are all single and the design comparatively easy of execution. The portions worked in embroidery silks, besides the leaves and stems, are the basket, in shades of golden-brown, and the small white flowers, which are merely outlined in the drawing.

FOR A DAINTY OBLONG CUSHION

THE design for the oblong cushion (Illustration No. 3) is carried out in two separate ways. One is in colors on the cream satin, and the other, which is wonderfully artistic and effective, entirely in white ribbon on a gray-blue



A DESIGN FOR AN OBLONG CUSHION (No. 3)

ground. Both are finished off with a thick silk fringe. Several other cushions are shown, in all of which the designs are of small flowers and leaves variously arranged. In fact, this is the only style suitable for execution with the ribbon. Most of the pieces exhibited by the Society are copied from French originals, but once the style is thoroughly grasped it should be a very simple matter for an artist to adapt or create similar designs in an unlimited quantity. A large number of objects are decorated with this kind of embroidery, not only those of a more important kind, but also such things as photograph frames and needle or scissor-cases, so that the daintiest possible examples of this work may be acquired, even where one's means are small.

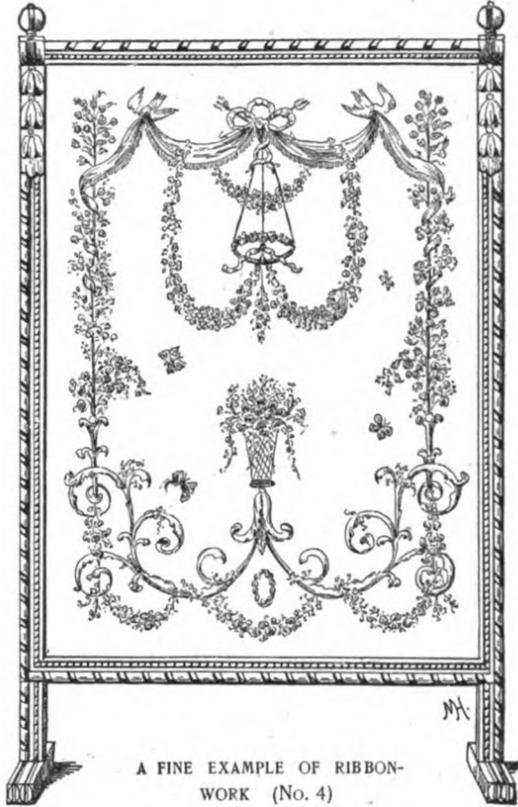
OTHER IDEAS IN RIBBON EMBROIDERY

ONE of the handsomest pieces of ribbon embroidery is a tablecloth, the design being sprays and baskets of flowers powdered all over it, with a double border running round the edge, the outer one being of leaves only; the inner, of leaves, flowers and buds twisted and intertwined. The coloring is a little more positive than in some other cases, and it is finished off with rather a dark silk fringe. The lining is of white silk.

An order recently executed was for a series of panels for the parlor of a New York house, furnished in the Louis XVI style. One can hardly imagine anything more exquisitely delicate and artistic for the purpose; and, where money is no object, it is almost to be wondered at that more of this work is not employed for interior decoration, particularly in the apartments treated entirely in the French style of the last century, so much in vogue now for parlors and boudoirs. Another use to which the ribbon embroidery might be put with advantage is for the adornment of handsome gowns.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF RIBBON-WORK

THE screen shown in illustration No. 4, is perhaps justly considered the finest example of the ribbon-work. The design is very good in almost every particular, and extremely suitable in style. No labor has been spared in the execution. Quantities of double roses are introduced with very happy effect, and the general color scheme is most harmonious. In some cases the double flowers are represented by working the petals one over the other, but often the best and quickest method is to put a fine gathering backward and forward diagonally in the ribbon, which may be drawn up to the necessary extent, and with one stitch a number of closely-folded petals may thus be suggested. For a good result, it is absolutely necessary that the work should be done with the utmost care and neatness, the stitches being regular and even, and the least puckering or looseness equally avoided. The reason why such a close, heavy satin must be employed is that, otherwise, the material will pull away and show where the holes are punctured for the insertion of the ribbon. Any attempt to carry out this kind of work with inferior goods would inevitably result in failure and disappointment. When properly executed, it is work that shows plainly its value in the richness of its effect, which it is impossible to imitate cheaply. A great deal more of this embroidery would doubtless be done if the materials were more widely procurable. Of course, it is open to anyone who wishes to import them from Paris, but at present the work has been almost exclusively confined to the Society we are speaking of.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF RIBBON-WORK (No. 4)

A SET OF FLOWER DOILIES

CURIOSLY enough, considering how much it is used, decorated table linen is chiefly conspicuous by its absence. There is very little of it to be seen, and none of any importance. A set of doilies (Illustration No. 5) with a border of flowers of which the petals form an irregularly scalloped edge, are embroidered on damask with white silk; a little light yellow is used for the centers of the blossoms only, the stems being also worked in white. They are intended for use upon a polished mahogany table, where a table-cloth is not employed. There is nothing so suitable for table linen as white embroidery upon the white background, or, in some instances, with yellow delicately and judiciously introduced. Many use pieces embroidered in various colors, it is true; but they are not, it must be confessed, in such good taste, although delicate greens are employed upon the white linen with very artistic effect. If colors are employed, it is necessary that they should be made to harmonize with the china and flowers used with them, simplicity being studied and one general scheme running through the whole. Therefore, for those who cannot afford to have several sets of linen for various occasions, the white upon white is preferable from every point of view, and there is nothing which surpasses its purity and fair daintiness.



A FLOWER DOILY (No. 5)

EMBROIDERY ON LINEN

SOME of the most beautiful and best executed embroidery amongst the work contributed to the Society is certainly that done upon linen, floro-floss being the silk principally used. The most popular articles are apparently bureau-covers and five-o'clock tea cloths, and the designs are nearly all floral of a semi-conventional nature. One of the prettiest is that pictured in illustration No. 6. The flowers are of pale yellow, and the leaves, stems and twisted lines in various soft shades of green. A line of green, embroidered in the ordinary stem or cording-stitch, separates the border from the central pattern. Amongst the other pieces a very artistically arranged realistic rose design was noticed, the needlewoman herself having made the drawing for it, which she has also carried out in the most delicate and harmonious coloring. Another rose pattern, less happily rendered, showed forcibly how much depends on the treatment of a subject. Most of this work is embroidered solidly, being shaded in natural colors. In many instances, a great number of silks of gradating hues are used, and are blended almost imperceptibly with excellent skill and taste, the various tones being rendered with delicacy.

DAINTY THINGS FOR BABIES

THE babies, as might be expected, give proof of their dominion over the feminine heart by the proportion of space and attention allotted to their requirements. The word dainty gives the best general description of the articles manufactured for the use of their small majesties. An ante-room, with show-cases, is entirely devoted to infantine apparel and appurtenances, and it appears that they command a ready and a constant sale. The prices do not seem much higher than asked in the stores, while the work is much finer and more carefully executed, and the materials are of the best. There are quantities of cambric robes with hand-work yokes and trimmings, cloaks of various descriptions, caps, hoods and sacques for older babies. These latter are made chiefly of fine white cashmere, some of them with a scalloped edge worked with buttonhole-stitch, some bordered or powdered with a tiny pattern such as those in illustrations Nos. 7 and 8, either in very pale blue or pink silk, the leaves in the little flower spray being made a light green.

The pillows for the little heads are the prettiest imaginable, with drawn-work or embroidered borders, and it appears that very many of them are purchased by women for their own use. Presumably this is one of the latest fads.

Carriage robes and white embroidered straps, together with a number of odds and ends such as sachets, pincushions, safety-pin cases, flannel head-squares, and numerous other things too many to be all mentioned here, show evidences not only of skill but of the power of the infant wai over every true woman's imagination. Verily, it would seem that any mother who is unable herself to manufacture all the baby's outfit, would be glad to have the opportunity, nevertheless, of providing the little one with home-made garments.

ALTHOUGH on this occasion only embroidery and needlework have been spoken of, it must not be imagined that this work is the sole production of the Society of Decorative Art, though, as a matter of fact, they do form the bulk of the contributions. There is a considerable amount of painted work exhibited as well, both of a decorative and pictorial character, and also some examples of wood carving, all showing more or less artistic merit.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—The above is one of a special series of papers, to be continued in future numbers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, intended to illustrate the Needlework of America as exemplified by six of the leading schools in this country. This series will present the most characteristic work of the various societies treated of, each one being personally visited for the purpose of obtaining the useful information and sketches.]



A SPECIMEN OF EMBROIDERY ON LINEN (No. 6)



(No. 7)



(No. 8)

THE AMERICAN GIRL WHO STUDIES ABROAD

By Varina Anne Davis

DAUGHTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

SECOND PAPER—Continued from the February LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



NY one who is familiar with foreign education will recognize that form of girl friendship which is called exalté in France, and schwärmerei in Germany—a condition of things which forms an integral part of the school-life of nearly all continental girls.

This diseased affectionateness takes the form of a species of adulation, almost a deification, of its object, who is made the recipient of constant offerings of flowers, drawings, home-made poetry and kisses ad nauseam. Sometimes it is one of the teachers who is thus canonized; and in such cases the well-learned lessons brought her as a tribute carry with them a certain benefit to the devotee which it is needless to say is disregarded by the beneficiary.

A CASE once came under the writer's notice of a class of girls in whose refractory heads the geography of Asia was indelibly fixed by such a sentiment, for once put to a useful purpose. In spite of the occasional beneficial results in this direction, such undue forcing of the emotional side of a girl's character must prove deleterious to her mental development, and even in some cases to her physical condition. These overgrown children come up to the greater and more important schoolroom of the world with unduly sensitive susceptibilities, nerves unstrung and minds totally incapable of the "give and take" principles of society which brothers would have taught them early in life. It has been claimed by many that this conventual method of rearing girls is fruitful in refinement of thought and feeling. But experience renders such conclusions as doubtful as are most other generalizations.

THE difference between the individuality of women is no greater after their graduation than it was before, as in the great world there are some in nearly every foreign boarding-school who have the instinctive love for forbidden fruit which tempts them to smuggle in objectionable books for surreptitious perusal, and be guilty of clandestine correspondences; some in whom childish prankishness has survived short dresses, and whose spirit breaks out into innumerable practical jokes of a greater or less degree of absurdity; and again others who walk the straight but dull road of good scholarship, to the joy of their teachers and the goal of their diploma. As has been before stated, the mannish element, when present in a girl's character, is apt to be rather strengthened, than otherwise, by the absence of contact with genuine masculinity. It is, indeed, fostered by what is considered abroad a necessary system of "hardening" the constitution of the scholars—a system in which a certain coarseness of living is advocated as possessing some sovereign virtues; where it is supposed that hard beds and plain fare, early rising, and fireless rooms in winter, are the best preparation for the unequal strain likely to be put on a girl as soon as she shall have sacrificed her first bouquet on the altar of society. Such conclusions may be, in many cases, the product of a frugal mind, fascinated by the economical side of the question, without any regard to the educational problem involved; but there are many noble and conscientious women at the head of foreign schools and convents who are so sincerely convinced of the excellence of such a mode of upbringing that they subject their scholars, in all kindness and honesty, to conditions which in America would be considered hard usage for servants of the meanest class. What mistress on this side of the water would expect a maid to sleep in an unheated room where the ice formed on the inner window panes, and the water became solid ice in bowls and pitchers? Where is the Bridget, even were such mistress to be found, who would put up with eleven hours unremitting labor and only seven hours sleep? Reverse the figures, and the American mistress has difficulty to retain her domestic help in these days of spoiled servants.

THE first lesson of foreign schools is not, to think but to obey; and to this Moloch of obedience, the foreign parent, a modern Abraham, whose hand is stayed by no pitying angel, lovingly offers up his child. Such an education may serve well enough for the mothers of a race of conscript soldiers, who are forced to give their blood and life for some imperial war lord; but such a system is badly adjusted to produce the women who are to be mothers of a free people, to whose hands is entrusted the education of our future legislators. Great as may be the danger of a foreign education to the individual, it is small as compared with the graver consequences which may accrue from such a source, consequences whose ramifications stretch through so many different avenues that the alien education of the richer class of American girls may almost be looked upon as a political menace. It is still, to be sure, a cloud no bigger than "a man's hand," but holding in its bosom possibilities of infinite disorder. Most women naturally lean toward a patriotism finding its expression in the personal devotion to some king or kaiser, rather than to the more philosophic, but certainly less picturesque, inspiration engendered by republican freedom. A foreign education serves to cultivate and develop such tendencies.

THACKERAY says that even the children among us seem to imbibe freedom with the air of our new country; and most assuredly, self-reliance, resolution and rapidity of decision, are inherent capacities of American women. It is upon a preconceived idea that she is mistress of such qualities that the social mechanism of America is hinged; and no education which substitutes blind obedience and a fatuous acquiescence in the decisions of fate, and the male members of her family, will prove an effectual training for the battle to which she is called. An American man expects to find in his womankind a reserve of force in any emergency, a pliability which will enable her either to rise from the "shanties" of a mining home to a Fifth Avenue palace, with the grace of a queen returning to a once deserted kingdom; or, fortune proving fickle, she will step down out of the luxurious nest to which she has been accustomed, and taking up her burden, will march bravely by his side to the last struggle with poverty and all its attendant ills. Be it said in praise of the American woman that she rarely disappoints his expectations. She has not the savoir faire of the French, or the perfect temper of the German, but she more than compensates for such deficiencies by her superior courage, and greater adaptability, her knowledge of the practicalities of life, and her power and originality of thought. Just here we touch the great keynote of absolutism and tradition, which even republican France has not quite unlearned as regards her women, but which, like some fabled dragon, is poisoning all the sources of German life.

TO a woman instructed exclusively in European schools, the monarchical system is usually very dear; nurtured on the divine right of kings as an unanswerable hypothesis, and dazzled by glimpses of court splendor, she often learns to look upon a republican form of government as a crude expedient of a people in the transition state between barbarism and monarchy. Her brain is filled with the gorgeous pageants of great kings and superb conquerors, that defile in glittering procession through the history of older nations, but alas! she stumbles over the battle of New Orleans, and is not quite sure whether it was Washington or General Grant who commanded. Here the resources of her own country are simply represented to her mind by a great pink or yellow spot on the map of North America, the whole continent being drawn in her atlas on no larger a scale than that devoted to some French arrondissement or Swiss canton. She may, if exceptionally well informed, be instructed that the Indians do not deprecate the suburbs of New York, or the buffalo roam over the thoroughfares of Chicago; but she will, nevertheless, learn to look upon her countrymen and women through some such spectacles as Dickens wore when he wrote his "American Notes." She will expect bombast instead of elegance, and bragadocio for merit. Of course, an intelligent girl will repair these deficiencies by subsequent study of men and books; but study as she may, the glamor of her childish imagination can never rest on the past of her own country's history. She will not be able to believe the Washington story as she accepted the myth of William Tell. The critical faculty once awake feeds on the bones of dead ideals; the clear spirituality of a conflict of ideas will be as tasteless to her, full as she is of the personal interest which animates the war of older worlds, as cold spring water would be after wine; and the legendless geography, as uninteresting as census returns. Surely the time has arrived when it is incumbent upon the women of the country to do all in their power to foster any germs of nationality which may have sprung up out of this fecund soil enriched by the blood of many races.

IT is to woman that the childhood of a nation is entrusted. At his mother's knee the future man learns the rudiments of the civic virtues; it is she who teaches him to "speak plain the word country," and opens his baby heart to the rays of his people's glory. Falling in the unfathomable abysses of a child's heart early lessons tinge the whole complexion of his future character. The health of a nation, like the health of the individual, is alone safe when the atmosphere of home-life is untainted. Nay, one might even carry the simile further, and say that starvation of a child's patriotic instincts is dangerous to the one as bodily starvation would be to the other. How can a woman supply the impetus to such a divine patriotism as Alfred's, Dante's or Wallace's, if in her heart of hearts the word "country" awakens only a home-sick longing for other lands, when all the bitter-sweet remembrances of childhood grow in foreign fields, under distant skies, and the very winds of memory, murmuring in the dark, whisper to her in an alien tongue.

LET the girl of to-day be given a fair chance to preserve that homogeneity with her surroundings which is the surest passport to the happiness of the future woman. Let her learn that joy which comes of feeling the heart throb in unison with the life of her own great country, without the ghost of any years of exile to step icily between; and though her French and German may not be quite so fluent, in the dignity of her American womanhood she will proudly boast, with the Shunamite, "I dwell among my own people."

ARE OUR GIRLS TOO INDEPENDENT?

By Mrs. Frank Leslie



THE Howards boast that all their men are brave and all their women pure, and if correct it is certainly a thing to be proud of, but we on this side the water are disposed to think that whatever may be the boast of whatever people or whatever family under the sun, we can at least equal if not excel the vaunted quality. Our men are surely brave, our women are surely pure, but both the one sex and the other are often misunderstood either by those of another race and habit, or by our first cousins of England, who, many of them, seem to imagine that American liberty means license, and the freedom enjoyed by our girls argues that we care less for the innocence which is so savagely protected abroad. It is those who know her best who most appreciate what may be called the intelligent innocence of the American girl. She has not, like her English cousin, or her French, Spanish or Italian kinswoman, been cloistered within rigid although intangible walls of convenience and prejudice; she is not ignorant, nor does she pretend to be, that vice exists in the world; that the realm of nature includes volcanoes, boiling lava, and walls of pitch and slime as surely as it does daisies and lambs; that bread and milk is not the diet of all the world, and that men are neither to be treated like gentle maids, nor are they mysterious wild beasts, to be avoided as one would a spider or a mouse.

American girls, like American men and women, go about the world, be it the round world, or just a little round of their own, with their eyes wide open and their minds expanded sufficiently to receive such new ideas and new phases of life as may present themselves, and to judge them upon their merits, without too much reliance upon tradition and precedent.

When American girls set the fashion of traveling, either in companies or alone, without a chaperone, they were looked upon abroad as either so eccentric as to be almost mad, or so bold as to be almost improper; correct English matrons regarded them at foreign tables d'hôte with that "stony British stare" which includes accusation, condemnation, and sentence of social ostracism all in one, but the American girl gazed calmly past the British matron at Mont Blanc, or the Dome of St. Peter's, or whatever she had "come out for to see," and never knew that she was ostracized.

The Frenchman, full fed with the milk of etiquette, tradition, and those social restrictions sometimes very necessary in his own land, twirled his mustache, smiled agreeably, and followed her from picture to picture as she conscientiously "did" the Louvre or Notre Dame, but the American girl either did not notice him at all, or walked around and past him as if he were some inanimate obstruction; or, if he were very much in the way, bestowed upon him one of those calm, cold, and judicial regards so effective from the pure eyes of a young girl, and so quenching to the pretensions of a coxcomb.

Of course she was often misunderstood, and that was a pity, for I am a good deal of Caesar's mind and don't want the woman I love to be lightly spoken of, however falsely, but this in a naughty world is inevitable, and I think if one has patience and strength to wait that Time generally wipes the slate clean of slanderous accusations, and sets things right. He is fast doing so with regard to the American girl, and the best proof that the British matron confesses her mistake is, that her own daughter, or cousin, or niece, is now often found following the example of the American girl, and traveling perhaps to her German school, perhaps on some artistic tour, or even for pleasure pure and simple, whithersoever she chooses.

This distinction between the two remains, however, and perhaps always will remain: the English girl under the fire of criticism expresses all over her person: "I know I'm unconventional, and I know you don't approve, but I am really a very dragon of propriety, and if you meddle with me you'll find it out!" While the American's natty little figure and piquante, pretty face simply says: "Alone! Why of course I am! What of it?" A less independent rule obtains in the matter of chaperonage, which has become a sort of spasmodic necessity of our society. The girls of to-day have no more real need of a married woman to sit in a corner and see them dance than their grandmothers had, but it is perceived that in foreign society no girl must be seen unchaperoned, and Mrs. Grundy says: "My girls are just as valuable as anybody's else girls, and if the others have chaperones so shall mine."

I used to know a dear old lady who lived on Second Avenue, New York City, just as some old French ladies continue to live in the Faubourg Saint Germain. She is dead now, and her children live away up town, and her great, comfortable, dusky old house has become a block of warehouses, but I still remember how she used to talk to my mother as I sat by, inhaling the odor of the rose jars and timidly examining the great Chinese dragons and Hindoo idols lurking in the dark corners of her drawing-room.

"Girls should be brought up to respect themselves and their family traditions, my dear," said she. "New York is growing too large and too busy to be good; when I was a girl everybody knew everybody, and we all belonged to some one of the old Knickerbocker families who have a character to keep up, and if there was a dance at the Van Courtland's, and one of the Roosevelt girls was going, what mattered it whether young Van Ruyter, or Van

Corlean, or Stuyvesant, or any other of the young fellows escorted her? Whoever it was, they went and came decently and in all honor, and if he asked her on the door-step to marry him, why, well and good, she said yes or she said no, and that was the end of it. Why can't the girls go on so still, and what is all this talk about not going out without mama or some other married woman to play propriety? Aren't our girls as proper themselves as they used to be, or have our boys grown to be such villains that their sister's friends are not safe in their company? I am afraid, madam, that the good old days of New York have passed away forever."

Well, I suppose she was right, and as I did not know the old days I cannot regret them as she did, but I do believe that the honest, self-respecting, pure-minded training of the girls of that period is felt in the characters of their descendants, and that heredity is one of the forces operating to-day to make the American girl the most trustworthily as well as the most charming young person in the world.

Of course there is something very attractive in the absolute innocence and ignorance of the ingénue as found often in England and constantly on the Continent. The dear little thing with her wide open blue eyes, her smooth expressionless face, rose-bud infantile mouth, smoothly braided hair, and complexion of milk and roses, has a charm of her own, and yet is not so charming as the little child she mentally reproduces, for one expects something of reciprocity when one talks to a woman grown, and it is very fatiguing to always keep one's conversational craft afloat upon a lily-pond when one is accustomed to navigating the ocean. And also, if one is accustomed to looking a little below the surface, and forecasting the future of one's friends, it is rather distressing to imagine what would become of this lamb if by any accident she were deprived of the shelter of the fold, or even how she would be able to hold herself upright under the obligations and trials of marriage and maternity.

No maxim was ever truer than that "To the pure all things are pure," and I believe that many a woman of the world who has discreetly eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, is as pure, as innocent, and very far safer than the convent-bred girl who knows not tinsel from gold, nor apples of Sodom from wholesome fruit.

I have said in another place that our natural foe, man, is "not so black as he is painted," and that women often imagine themselves pursued and tempted and made the object of deep-laid nefarious schemes when the foe they so valiantly determine to resist has no intention beyond paying a few compliments, making himself agreeable for the moment, and rendering the homage that he fancies every woman claims and expects as her due from every man. This crying out before one is hurt is of course eminently ridiculous, and the women who do it get themselves well laughed at, both by the man whose pursuit they thus challenge, and by the feminine lookers-on, who see the game more clearly than the players; but, on the other hand, there are real wolves, and real Don Juans, and real dangers to be met with in the world, and a pretty woman must be very remarkably fortunate if she never finds herself approached by such a foe. And if she is so approached, what is her best defence—the innocence of ignorance, or the innocence of knowledge? To my mind the latter, if combined with perfect self-poise and self-command, so that the offender shall not be able to decide whether he has been understood or not. There is probably no reception so disconcerting to a bad man as cheerful unconsciousness, and the air of politely trying to interest one's self in the conversation, although one finds it a little tiresome.

In fact, it occurred to me once at a foreign court to converse for some time with a very distinguished personage who afterward said to one of my friends that he never met with a better fencer than myself, for I would not see the point of any of his remarks. The fact was I did not know that they had any point, and was only wishing he would go away and allow a man to approach whom I did want to see, and whose conversation I enjoyed more than I did the compliments of—the personage.

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A BRIEF PRELUDE

A Story. By Margaret Butler Snow

IN TWO PARTS—PART FIRST

It is probable that if brought to consider the point squarely, Jack Callam would have said he liked girls. Indeed, on reflection, he would have gone so far as to say that to be entirely deprived of their society might be positively inconvenient. He rather enjoyed watching a pretty girl. He did not find it tiresome to exchange opinions on the affairs of the hour, while the tea was in the cup, with a bright, jolly girl—that is, if she were not too bright and not too jolly. He found a competent partner indispensable in the cotillion, though he considered a girl an entirely superfluous adjunct to a tennis court. Of course, as a companion for long, brisk tramps, for quiet, soul-satisfying talks, pipe to pipe, as it were, for absorbing games of whist or chess, for a tussle at tennis or billiards—in short for solid comfort, no one competent to judge would think for one moment of comparing a girl to a man. Jack would have said he preferred the society of men twice his age, men who knew things worth talking about, and how to talk about them, men who had burst the bonds of youth asunder, and escaped the *gaucherie* of inexperience. He remembered saying something not unlike that the other day to a friend. He remembered with what incredulity he had received the assertion of his friend, who had confessed with unblushing candor—it struck Jack at the time as unbecoming—that he would rather spend an evening with a certain woman of his acquaintance than a year in company with the most celebrated wits and raconteurs of the age. The sense of mingled superiority and compassion with which he had regarded the misguided man recurred to him now. It heightened his enjoyment of his present state of mind. He was fond of contrasts. He looked at his watch. In the last sixteen minutes he had received a number of new ideas—that is, he would have said, with characteristic exactness, ideas new to him. And incidentally, his preconceived ideas, in certain directions, had been somewhat modified. He was disposed to ridicule himself. That it did not occur to him to attempt to regain his former attitude, would have served to show him the completeness of his reconstruction, if he had needed a proof.

He had landed at Oban an hour ago, after a glorious sail up from Glasgow. Coming into the cosy little parlor of the hotel, he found the bright fire so inviting he concluded he would read his letters and papers there, with his feet upon the fender. He had just read a telegram from a friend who promised to meet him next day, and was lounging luxuriously in his great arm-chair, acknowledging to himself with drowsy astonishment that he would actually rather eat a good dinner than open the latest New York papers, when suddenly the group of English yachtsmen in the hall stepped aside, and two ladies entered the parlor. They were followed by a girl, who stood a moment in the door, motioning forward a servant, who presently brought in some wraps and umbrellas, and immediately disappeared. In the instant that she stood there, her tall, young figure framed in the doorway, the likeness of the girl was stamped indelibly on Jack Callam's brain and heart. But though not a line of her features nor the smallest detail of her costume escaped him—so perfect is that electric process that wise men refuse to call love at first sight, but can find no better name for—he could not have said, as she crossed the room, if she were beautiful or plain, so struck was he with the exceeding grace of her figure and carriage. Hastily collecting his letters and papers, he rose, offering his chair, which was declined with a word of thanks and a gracious smile from one of the elder ladies, as they sat down near the table in the middle of the room. Dexterously shifting the chair to a position from which he could occasionally glance in their direction without appearing unduly interested, he sat down again, to wait for dinner with a resignation so complete that it struck him as being distinctly amusing. He enjoyed catching a glimpse of himself in an absurd light. He was never reluctant to be clever at his own expense, an impartiality which, of course, enabled him to be more clever than most men. He found himself hugely diverted by this view of himself, so new and unexpected. He was manœvering to get a glance at a pretty girl, determining already to know her, wondering if—He was presuming on his intimacy with himself. He must not go too far, he told himself curtly. Frankness could be carried to an extreme.

He sat watching the blazing coals, apparently deep in thought, carefully studying the charming photograph Fate had so kindly given him, comparing it, by well-timed, stealthy glances, with the original. Beyond doubt she was beautiful. Her soft fair hair was coiled

in a shining knot low on her neck, under a small, dark turban with a velvet rim. He could not quite determine whether her eyes were gray or blue, but they were bewitching, not too large, and not too bright, with dark level brows, and long, dark eyelashes. Her features were not regular. Perhaps her nose was a trifle large. Her mouth certainly was, but Jack thought it the most beautiful he had ever seen. The full red lips met in curves that gave her face an irresistible archness even in repose. He longed to see her smile. It was evident that exposure to the summer's sun had somewhat browned her cheeks and chin, for her turban pushed back a little showed her forehead snowy white, under the fluffy fringe of curly hair that partially concealed it. The scarlet in her cheeks looked as if it had been brought there by long walks and drives in the keen winds of the hills. Her gown of dark cloth fitted her slim, rounded figure with the precision of a habit, its exquisite simplicity revealing each perfect line and curve. The rather short coat sleeve dis-

fitness of things, consent to any other mode of travel up here! Consider yourself in your due relation to the landscape. You would not wish to withhold yourself, decoratively speaking. Sustain yourself with the thought of your appropriate picturesqueness. Realize that the effect of you is gay."

"These coaches do look gay," conceded Mrs. Grey. "There is a most deceptive air of festivity about them. Do you suppose we produce that effect, as we bump along? There is consolation in the thought that would tend to alleviate my sufferings. But we will be prosaic enough to-morrow," she added. "I think Samuel intends to go down to Glasgow by rail. I suppose you will be irreconciled to anything so barbarous."

"Shades of the Chiefs!" exclaimed the girl, in mock horror. "Fancy rushing in a train through glen and glade! What sacrilege! If we had a tinge of proper feeling and enthusiasm, we should prick along right merrily on red-roan steeds!"

Jack smiled into the fire. He liked her voice. He had been quite sure he should. Still, he was not entirely disarmed by her beauty. He was able yet to criticize with some degree of impartiality, and anything less than the absolute refinement of her voice would not have satisfied his fastidious ear. It was low and not too sweet to be frank. Her pronunciation, charmingly exact, was American. That it would be, he had been reasonably sure. He would have relinquished with reluctance the satisfactory sense of patriotic

pride as to doubt that it would be concluded to his satisfaction. He admitted that he had no right to expect anything more from Fate. A glimpse of enchanting possibilities had been given him; he must do the rest. He was a firm believer in that somewhat depressing maxim, "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Indeed, he went so far as to say that if a man helped himself he could generally dispense with other assistance, which if rather unorthodox, not to say vainglorious, showed really nothing worse than the intolerant energy and independence of youth.

He found four new names on the page with his own, the last on that day's list: "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bell and servant. Mrs. Katherine L. Grey, Miss Strong." They were written in a regular, characterless hand, by the servant, probably, Jack thought, and were bracketed together by the letters "U. S." opposite. This was amusing, but not satisfactory. However, it was something to know their names.

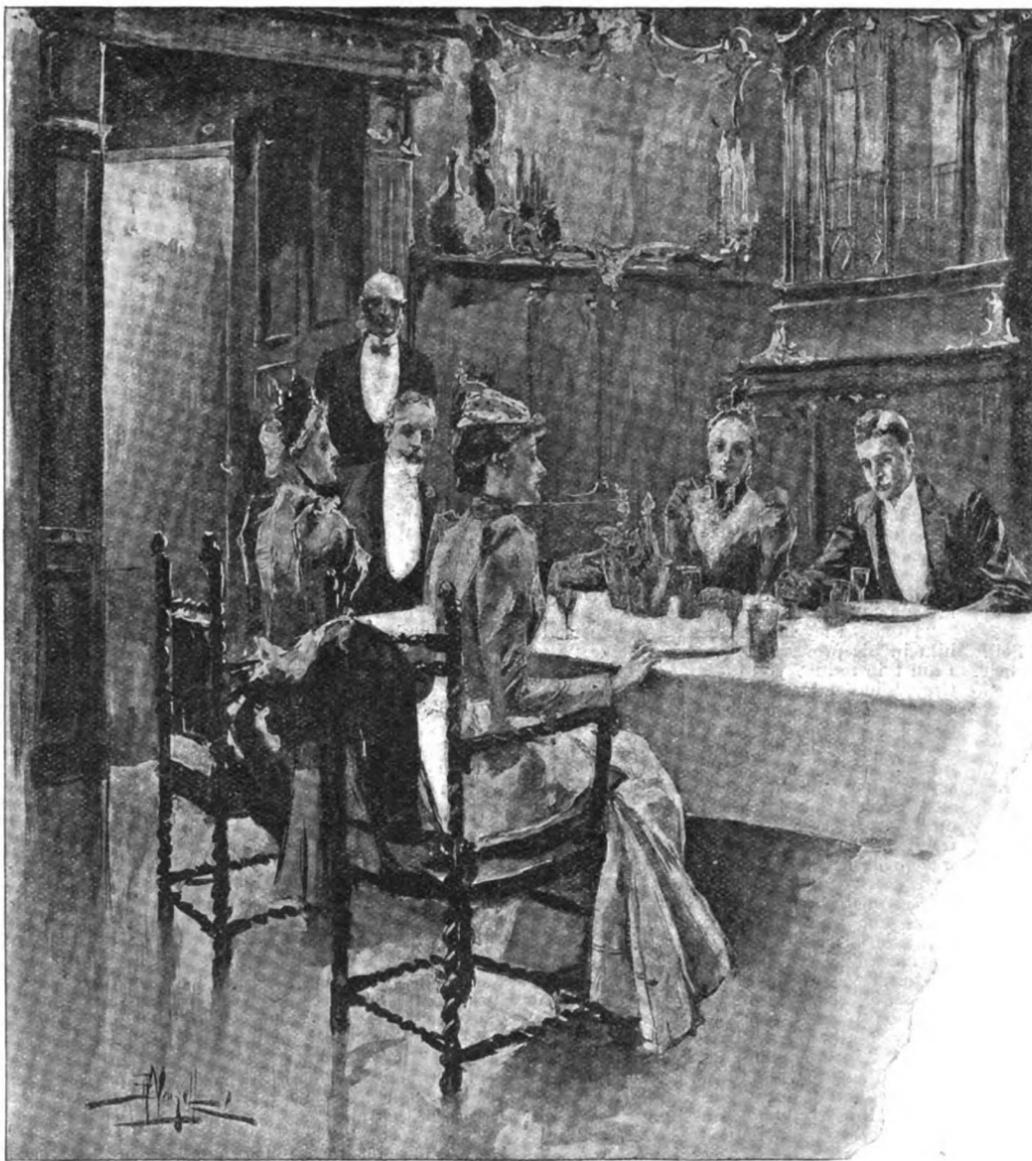
Having decided upon a plan of action, determined to meet chance more than half way, he crossed the hall to the dining-room, the doors of which were just being thrown open, selecting as he went the largest gold piece in his coin purse. He was not too preoccupied to notice near the entrance a tall man, with an air of distinction, French, probably, he thought, with white hair, close-cut, rather pointed white beard, and brilliant dark eyes with dark eyebrows contrasting sharply with his white hair. His dress was carefully elegant. As Jack began a diplomatic conversation with the waiter he had summoned from the dining-room, this man crossed the hall, entered the parlor and joined the three ladies by the table. Logically he could be none other than the missing member of the party, Mr. Samuel Bell. "Delighted to meet you, sir," said Jack to himself with a smile which was reflected on the face of the waiter, as he felt the gold piece in his ready palm.

"Yes, sir; understand, sir," he said, smiling comprehensively as Jack whispered something to him, glancing toward the parlor. "Sit here, sir," placing Jack at the table. It filled up rapidly. There was evidently no disposition on the part of the guests to affect an indifference toward dinner they did not feel. It soon became apparent that the four choice seats at the head of the table were being reserved for four favored individuals who were not disposed to hasten. Presently they were taken by a tall, white-haired man, accompanied by three ladies, to whom the waiter was deference itself. This seemed to be irritating to the severe English couple near the middle of the long table. They demanded of each other in strident tones why it was that they were not placed in the best seats, instead of people who kept the whole table waiting, and receiving no response to their query glared angrily up and down the room. Mr. Bell sat at the head, with his wife at his left hand, Jack sat next to her, with Mrs. Grey and Miss Strong directly opposite, an arrangement he considered satisfactorily effective. It placed the exhibits in their order, legally speaking, and he felt that he had his case well in hand. The audacity of his mental attitude toward them entertained him. He was looking the other way when they came in, but he heard Mr. Bell say to his wife:

"I told Helen when they saw her they would put me at the head of the table as usual. It's an enormous advantage to have a belle in the party. Saves heavy fees."

Jack turned in time to see Miss Strong frowning at Mr. Bell, and trying not to smile. The result was the appearance of a dimple, which made his mental portrait of her now complete.

As the various dishes of the excellently planned and executed dinner appeared and disappeared, and not a straw of an opportunity to speak to his neighbors presented itself for Jack to clutch at, he found the outlook obscure. He was almost ready to admit that the manœuver he had fancied so clever would result in nothing but an amount of attention from the gratefully obsequious waiter that was rather more annoying than amusing. The impression was general at the table that he was an Englishman of rank, probably the elder son of an elderly Duke with the gout. Perhaps he owned an estate near Oban, whispered the irate English couple. He was regarded by all with interest, and his handsome person, and modest, unassuming manner, were much admired. Meanwhile he despaired. He was not without resource, as has been shown, but he could not cope with the difficulties of this apparently simple, yet obstinately disheartening situation. There did not seem to be anything to do but eat his dinner in silence, which he did, with an appetite not entirely impaired by his disappointment. If Mrs. Bell would drop her knife or fork or spoon, or upset her wine-glass in his direction, he meditated, a diversion might thus be created which would prove entirely adequate. But Mrs. Bell's early training seemed to have been such as to render the probability of such an occurrence extremely remote. If she had guessed the longing in the young man's heart, she might have relaxed for a moment her gentle precision, though she would have felt it a great sacrifice even to pretend to be awkward. But it was impossible for her to imagine that, just as it was impossible to imagine that he was wishing that she might faint away, with



"Ladies, allow me to present an American who is not—intelligent."

closed a round, little wrist, and her hands, in which she held her gloves, were small and white. As she leaned languidly back in her chair, her attitude was one of grace so noticeable that her beauty became secondary, perforce. As Jack was glancing at her for the ninth time, she drew out a tiny jeweled watch, her only ornament, and said to the lady nearest her, who had taken a small note-book from the silver-bound bag hanging from her belt, and was using the table as a desk:

"Mrs. Grey, if I asked for bread, do you think they would give me a stone?"

"Would you not prefer a stone?" demanded that lady, without looking up. "At least, you would not try to eat it."

"You are severe," said the girl laughing. "A day on the coach is somewhat too trying to your"

"Temper" said Mrs. Grey, candidly. "Yes, I think we are perhaps overdoing this coaching." She closed her note-book, pushing her small, gold pencil through the leather loops on its edges. "Fifteen years ago," she went on, answering the protest in the girl's face by a slight smile, "I could drive through the Highlands on the top of a coach, day in and day out, rain or shine, and never know a moment of fatigue. It was enchanted ground to me, then. I do not wish to jeopardize your esteem for me, but I will admit that when I weigh romance in the balance now, I find it wanting."

"Not that you love romance less, but comfort more," suggested the other lady, with a placid smile. "So do I."

"Oh, but environment!" urges the girl. "You could not, in justice to your sense of the

pride with which he regarded the admirable perfection of the toilettes and manners of the three ladies. He was sure he had never seen a foreigner with the beauty and grace possessed by this girl. But then, he asked himself, had he ever seen so delightfully pretty an American? He waived judgment on that point, and gave tardy attention to the two ladies with her. He admitted himself to be already prejudiced in their favor, but he decided that in any case he would have considered them unusually attractive. They had strikingly white hair, which was eminently becoming, worn as they wore it, in soft curled locks on their foreheads, under thin, almost invisible veils which were drawn snugly back over their small, dark bonnets. This piquant badge of age made a certain resemblance between them, which was heightened by the similarity of their simple, elegant dress. At first Jack had supposed them to be sisters, but as he noted their features more carefully he saw that the likeness was but superficial.

It occurred to him presently, that he was not unlike the recipient of a letter who stands wondering from whom it may be, instead of breaking the seal to find out. He was wasting time in idle speculation as to these charming strangers. By judicious management he could at least learn from the register their names, if not where they lived. He had a clue. He had heard the names "Grey" and "Samuel." That he would know this girl was a foregone conclusion. As he left the parlor, he dismissed all reflection on that point as superfluous. He did not see exactly how so delicate a matter was to be handled, but he did not allow himself to so insult his enter-

her head on his shoulder. Of course, he could hardly hope to be so fortunate, he thought disconsolately. Such generous opportunity was only to be met with on the stage, and even a dramatic author would consider it lavish. He realized that he must depend upon himself. Perhaps he might manage to upset something. Perhaps he might drop something on her gown. Undoubtedly that would lead to conversation, but it would hardly be of a nature propitious to further acquaintance, he reflected, particularly if the gown was of a material that would readily "spot." He had heard his mother use such a phrase. He wondered if the gown was of such inconsiderate stuff. He rather fancied it was. At this point in his meditations he brushed away a smile with his napkin. He did not want Miss Strong to see him smiling, when it was so evident there was no occasion for mirth. On the contrary, the atmosphere of dejection peculiar to *table d'hôte* was more than ordinarily oppressive.

But she did not see him, he told himself drearily. He wished he could be sure she knew he was there. She avoided seeing him with a dexterity he could but admire, though it affected him painfully. He wondered with some uneasiness if he had become invisible to the naked eye, but a glance about the table reassured him. The others seemed to see him when they looked at him. He was sorry there was a vacant place between himself and that German. He was a most attractive man. He would enjoy a conversation with him. He would enjoy a conversation with almost anybody.

His spirits were at zero, and he was consoling himself with the thought that he would soon be at liberty to seek the consolation of a good cigar, when he heard Mrs. Bell say the beef was particularly tasteless, and saw her glance toward an old-fashioned salt-cellar which stood just beyond his plate. Here was the ghost of a chance, and Jack was not the man to scorn it. Before the waiter could reach them he had placed the salt before her with an "Allow me," adding, with the courage of desperation as her kind eyes met his, "We hear a great deal about the roast beef of old England, but after all it can not be compared to a good New York cut."

A discussion on meats and markets, internationally considered, is not without interest, and a man in the hands of chance cannot be critical. Jack thought the conversation following his overture not only instructive, but positively brilliant.

The ladies did not take an active part. They acquiesced when Mr. Bell and Jack finally decided that no markets in the world equaled those of America.

"But do you know," said Mr. Bell to Jack, "I took you to be an Englishman; I thought you were remarkably inoffensive!"

Jack laughed. "And I took you to be a Frenchman. I suppose as good Americans we ought to be quite pleased. I believe it is the effort now of most of us to seem to be what we are not."

"I was born near Paris," said Mr. Bell. "My mother doesn't speak a word of English to this day, though she went to America when I was a small boy. I am proud to call myself an American. America has been good to me."

"America is good to everybody," said Jack. "We don't realize how good until we come over here, and begin to make comparisons. I always find myself belligerently patriotic when I am on foreign soil."

"Well, I am glad to find you are an American," said Mr. Bell. "It is a pleasure to see a decent American once in a while."

"Samuel!" protested his wife. "Why, it is," he insisted, with the air of having been contradicted, "and why shouldn't I say so? I see so many I'm ashamed of, I'm sure I'm glad to announce it when I find one I'm proud of."

"You flatter me," said Jack, laughing. "Not at all," said Mr. Bell; "not at all; I do you mere justice."

He spoke with the utmost seriousness, but his eyes were twinkling. The ladies were smiling. They evidently enjoyed his oddity. So did Jack. He spoke deliberately, with an accent of peculiar distinctness, noticeably French, especially in inflection, and in the equality of emphasis he laid on every syllable of his words. The gestures of his white, well-shaped hands were also excessively French, as was the incessant lifting of the shoulders, and heavy eyebrows. He had the air of being able to be serious, but seemed to prefer a gentle raillery as a conversational recreation. It was evident that the ladies surrounded him with an atmosphere of admiring appreciation, which no man could have failed to find agreeable, and Mr. Bell was more than ordinarily responsive.

"Doesn't it strike you," he went on now, "that Americans are more affectionately disposed than other races, and inconveniently so? You never see Englishmen embrace each other when they meet on foreign soil. They don't yearn for the companionship of fellow-countrymen, eh?"

"Not exactly," said Jack. "I don't see where the Americans we see over here come from," said Mr. Bell, "we never see that kind at home. We avoid them. We used to add our address when we put our names on the hotel books, but we don't do that now. Some Ohio man was sure to turn up. O, I have suffered!" he exclaimed, "I have suffered!"

"I think the Americans we meet compare very favorably with the foreigners," said Miss Strong with some decision.

She had not spoken before, but she had looked at him once or twice, and Jack felt that he had succeeded in impressing upon her the fact of his existence, at least.

"You are indiscriminately patriotic," said Mr. Bell.

"I agree with Helen," said Mrs. Grey. "At home I might not care to know all of them, but over here I am not willing to admit that they are not so good as anybody."

"Or better," said Mr. Bell. "You drape their eccentricities with the Stars and Stripes, and call the effect picturesque."

"At least you must admit that they are all very intelligent," said Mrs. Bell.

"Oh, they are intelligent," groaned her husband, "that's what makes them so objectionable! You could endure them if they were not so painfully, so supernaturally intelligent! You can't escape them. Flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the intelligent American will be there. I want to meet one who has not seen everything, and won't undertake to explain to you the entire universe while you smoke your cigar."

"Behold in me the man you seek," said Jack, recommending himself with mock complacency. "I am willing, nay, anxious, to prove to you that I am satisfactorily ignorant. You could hardly hope to find anyone more so!"

The grimly silent diners at the other end of the table enviously disapproved the hilarity of this gay party. The English lady said there was an air of recklessness about them that stamped them as shockingly mediocre. Americans always were. Her husband sent glances of gloomy superiority in their direction. It struck him as being nothing short of impudent to enjoy one's self at *table d'hôte*.

"Let me present my card," said Mr. Bell, taking out his card-case. "I am delighted to have met you."

Jack with difficulty concealed his exultation. Mr. Bell handed him a card on which was engraved in plain clear lettering, "Samuel Clellan Bell, Cleveland, Ohio."

"John Callam, Junior, New York," Mr. Bell read aloud slowly, from the card Jack handed him in return. "Why, is it possible," he asked, lowering the glass he had held to his eyes as he read the card, and looking at him squarely, "is it possible you are a son of John Callam, the lawyer?"

Jack felt that he had never before realized his good fortune in being his father's son.

"I am," he said. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bell, "I know him! I know him well, and I value the privilege. You are fortunate in your father, Mr. Callam. Your inheritance is splendid."

Jack colored with pleasure. Years of devotion could never repay his father for the joy of that moment.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Callam," went on Mr. Bell, "glad to know you for your father's sake and glad to know you for your own. If you make half the lawyer your father has you ought to be satisfied. What a man he is!" Mr. Bell chuckled. "He's pulled me through many a tight place, many a tight place," he repeated, evidently enjoying the remembrance of certain legal tussles.

"He has things just about as he wants them. If he undertakes to prove that black is white it's a stubborn judge who won't see it his way,—and by jove, he sees it that way himself!"

"I perceive you are familiar with his little idiosyncrasies," said Jack laughing.

"I guess they haven't been a drawback to him in his profession," said Mr. Bell. "But I must introduce you to Mrs. Bell, and Mrs. Grey," indicating each in turn, "and Miss Strong. Ladies, I present an American who is not—intelligent!"

They made him one of them with a delightfully informal conventional, if so may be somewhat paradoxically described the impression their entirely impersonal cordiality made on him. Miss Strong was tantalizingly attractive. The quick, shy response of her eyes was so flattering he found himself watching for it every time he spoke. He was conscious of desiring her approval of everything he said. When her direct gaze met his he wanted to thank her, it was so beautiful. Her readiness was charmingly free from coquetry. The deft originality with which she expressed herself gave a quaint background of sense to the most frivolous thing she said. Her nonsense had a quality of its own. Jack found them all adroit. At times their dexterity made him feel a trifle clumsy, but he was able to think that he did not appear so. He saw at once that Mr. Bell would not concede any commonplaces as stepping-stones to better acquaintance.

It was one of his whims to remain misunderstood rather than make the slightest effort to explain himself. He enjoyed being misunderstood. It gave him a somewhat mistaken sense of superiority. But he was never more pleased than when he met someone, who, like Jack, understood him intuitively, and accepted his oddity with a nonchalance equal to his own. For so clever a person, he was at some pains to show his esteem. Jack found they played ten-pins with their opinions, which were set up only to be bowled over, without the slightest compunction, by anyone who chose to take a hand at the game. Mrs. Grey explained to him that the ten-pins were somewhat battered, having been used indefinitely. They spoke of having a new set, but Mr. Bell said the old ones would do for him. It was mainly to see the flash of Miss Strong's earnest eyes, and the curl of her exquisitely mobile lips, that he combated one of her cherished beliefs, insisting upon it that the government of the United States was a failure, and would eventually be so admitted.

"Mr. Callam believes that the mayor of the city of New York will be the king of the United States one of these days, don't you, Mr. Callam?"

"No; Mr. Callam believes that the mayor of New York will be the king of the world," said Helen, with petty malice. "All New York people do."

"Don't be disagreeable, Helen," said Mr. Bell. "Don't try to make Mr. Callam uncomfortable, just because you are not so fortunate as to live in New York."

"Oh, I could not make him uncomfortable if I tried," said Helen, her dimples somewhat belying that statement. "It is not possible to make a New Yorker uncomfortable. They are supremely satisfied. They pity the rest of us. They will not admit that there is anything worth seeing west of the Hudson. They shudder at the thought of the

dreary desert bounded on the east by New Jersey. They refuse to think that we Westerners compass the ordinary comforts of civilization. They like to ignore us, and their immeasurable obligations to us."

The proud poise of her pretty head, the light in her eyes, the flush on her cheeks, were enchanting.

"You are too sweeping, Miss Strong," protested Jack. "You do us injustice. We realize that New York is in some measure indebted to the United States. We would not wish to seem ungrateful to America!"

"They laughed. "That has the true New York ring," said Mr. Bell.

Helen shrugged her pretty shoulders, but did not speak again, and her thick eyelashes swept her cheeks.

"Well," Mr. Bell went on, "you have reason to be proud of your city. I think we are all proud of New York, though we like to say that the West is more interesting. I don't know that it is, though," he admitted, with a sly glance at Helen. "New York is so essentially cosmopolitan. It's the place to live. You could not keep the ladies away," he added, with a quizzical smile at his wife. She laughed.

"Mr. Bell says he's afraid to let me go there alone," she explained to Jack gayly, "I spend so much money! The shops are alluring. I always say I would rather shop a week in New York than a year in Europe. The things are really cheaper, because Mr. Bell is so inconveniently honest he will declare everything so stupid!" She made a pretence of frowning at her husband. "And one has really an excellent selection in New York. Of course, if you want an assortment of associations as well as bric-a-brac—*cest une autre chose*. I am not sentimental. I have never been impressed with the idea of the souvenir."

"Perhaps Mr. Callam might be interested in knowing that we have no souvenir spoons," suggested Mrs. Grey.

"Oh, are they not objectionable?" exclaimed Mrs. Bell. "If I wanted the monstrosities I would get them at Tiffany's, anyway. From my experience, and I have had quite a little, I should say that New York is the place to buy almost everything."

"All things to all men," said Mr. Bell. "German to the German, French to the French, Italian to the Italian,"

"Irish to the Irish," put in Helen expressively.

"It is more Irish than Ireland," said Mrs. Grey.

"By certain infallible signs I discover that we are drifting into one of our political discussions," said Mrs. Bell, rising. "Mr. Callam deserves better at our hands. I move we adjourn peaceably!"

They lingered a few moments in the parlor. Jack and Helen stood by the fire. She put a slim, pretty foot on the fender, drawing aside the folds of her gown with one hand, the other under her chin as she supported her head, her elbow on the low mantel. Jack admired the tiny, patent-leather tips of her shoes, and the trim exactness of her costume. He noticed the pretty pink of her palm, and the upward curve of her eyelashes. Her chin was so round, and her throat so full. Her linen collar was turned away from it, in small points. A lock of her fine hair had escaped from a knot, and lay on her shoulders like a skein of pale floss. He wondered what she would think if she knew that he wanted to lean forward and pin it back with one of those heavy tortoise shell pins she wore. She felt his steady gaze, and turned away suddenly with downcast eyes.

"I think I shall go upstairs," she said, joining the others. "I must write a little to-night. I fear that several of my impressions are eluding me. Mrs. Grey is so systematic, Mr. Callam," she went on, her eyes meeting his an instant. "The superiority of her note book is a constant mortification to me."

"Will you put me in your note-book, Miss Strong?" asked Jack. "Do."

Helen pretended to hesitate. "Perhaps I may be able to make room for you," she murmured. "Would you mind being next to an old ruin?"

"Not in the least," replied Jack, cheerfully. "I am devoted to old ruins. Put me in one!"

Mrs. Bell dropped into Helen's room on her way to her own, an hour later. Mrs. Grey was sitting by the abject little fire, watching the girl as she brushed her long, wavy hair. Mrs. Bell sat down somewhat insecurely on the precipitate edge of the high feather bed, peeling off her veil and patting it absently into smooth, precise folds.

"That Mr. Callam is going down to Glasgow with us to-morrow," she announced. "Samuel is charmed with him. He says he doesn't know that he ever met a young man he liked so much. I tell him I think that is partly because he knows and likes his father, but he says he would admire him exactly as much if he didn't know his father. Perhaps he would." Mrs. Bell's loyalty was modified by an inflection of distinct dubiousness. "But I must say it makes a great difference with me, to know all about his family. His father is one of the most celebrated lawyers in New York—which means the United States, of course."

"Say the world," murmured Mrs. Grey, impolitely.

Mrs. Bell felt the interruption vaguely, but her fluency had gathered an impetus which carried her safely over it. She threw Mrs. Grey the scrap of a smile and went on evenly. "Mr. Callam expects to be a lawyer, too, but he intends to travel a year or two first. He considers this tour as a part of his education. He has been abroad a number of times, but this time he means to study Europe. He means to be very conscientious about his sight-seeing, but I suppose he'll soon get over that, and begin to enjoy himself," she added, hopefully. "He was graduated only this summer. He knows a lot of Cleveland men."

"Is that all? Don't stop," said Mrs. Grey with light irony, as Mrs. Bell paused. "He seems to be somewhat reserved. Did he not

tell you his age, and show you the photographs of his family in a case of Russian leather?"

"Oh, you know Samuel!" laughed Mrs. Bell. "He never hesitates to put his remarks into interrogatory form. He has taken one of his violent fancies to Mr. Callam, and Mr. Callam evidently reciprocates. I like him, too. His manner is perfect, I think—so frank and easy, and so affectionately deferential. He must have an admirable mother. I think he is immensely handsome, don't you? His figure is superb."

"And his eyes are so expressive," said Mrs. Grey with an air of innocence.

The thick masses of Helen's hair fell quite over her face as she leaned closer to the fire.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bell, "his eyes are beautiful."

Presently Helen said: "How do we go down to-morrow? By rail?"

"Boat," replied Mrs. Bell. "Mr. Callam persuaded Samuel to go that way. He came up by boat, and said the trip was thoroughly delightful. But he probably had a fine day—and then of course he is a good sailor."

"Odd, his going back the way he came," suggested Mrs. Grey demurely.

It was odd. So odd that Jack was laughing over it at that precise moment, as he rearranged the various articles he had unpicked, and sat down to frame a coherent excuse for the friend he had expected to meet the next day. He finally decided to say he had been called back to Glasgow. That was the bare truth, the skeleton of a fact, he told himself brazenly. For once he hardly understood himself. He made no attempt to defend to his reason this sudden and entire change of plan. He was content to submit passively to the dictates of a force stronger than anything he had hitherto dreamed of in his philosophy. He had seen her for the first time, five brief hours before, but what of that? He knew that where she was was happiness. Every other fact in the universe was vague and indistinct. He fell to picturing the long, bright to-morrow.

(Continued in next JOURNAL)

A UNIQUE WHISK HOLDER

VERY useful as well as an ornamental whisk holder is made from a butcher's cuff and four yards of hemp. Loop the hemp around the top of the cuff so as to form a trimming. Make three large loops of the hemp, placing them in the center of the cuff with ends about one-quarter of a yard long. Fringe these ends out, take one and a half yards of No. 16 ribbon and make an Alsatian



bow, and twine it in with the loops of the hemp, and use one-half yard of No. 9 ribbon to twine in and out through the loops of the hemp which has formed the trimming at the top. For the handle, take one-half yard of hemp, and sew it to the sides of the cuff. Make a bow of the hemp and sew it to the handle, and fringe out the ends one-eighth of a yard. Finish off by sewing a small bow of No. 9 ribbon over the hemp bow, which should be a little larger than the ribbon one.

For Boils, Pimples

carbuncles,
scrofulous sores,
eczema, and all other
blood diseases,
take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It will
relieve and cure
dyspepsia, nervous
debility, and that
tired feeling.

Has Cured Others

will cure you.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

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

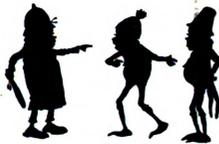
By Palmer Cox

NUMBER SIX THE BROWNIES IN MARCH



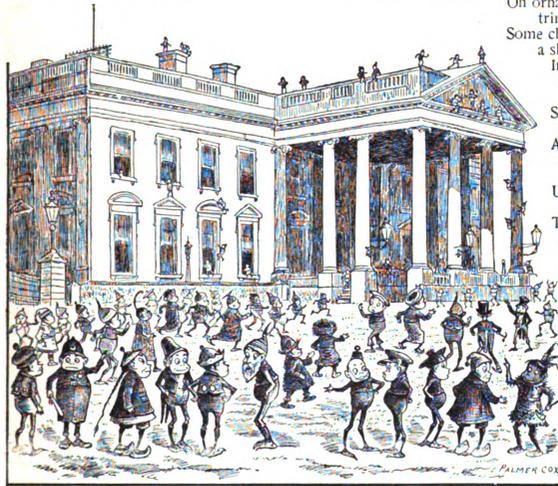
Brownie band, while roaming round
In blustering March, one evening found

Themselves upon a windy height
That brought the Capitol in sight.
Said one: "That dome that looms so high
It seems to pierce the starry sky,
Proves we behold, from where we stand,
The central city of the land.
Now, while we chance to be so near,
And all the avenues are clear,
Across the town we'll take a race
To gain some knowledge of the place,
And ere the night has passed away,
A visit to the White House pay."



Another cried: "The race begin,
And don't be slow to count me in,
For I'll be with you to ascend
The White House steps, you may depend."
Soon skipping on, the Brownies tried
Their speed through streets both long
and wide.

They moved as spry as locusts light—
When fields of grain break on their sight,
And lengthy fasts have whetted keen
Their appetite for something green;—
But nothing great attention drew
Until the White House came in view.
Then every foot came to a stand,
And every visage did expand
In giving freedom to the smile
That lighted up each face the while.
Said one: "A snow-white mansion, sure,
Designed some centuries to endure;
Broad at the base, compact and low,
Built more for service than for show;



No peaks for thunderbolts to strike,
To court tornadoes and the like.
Those who of planning it had charge
Displayed good sense and caution large."
Another spoke, who ventured nigh
And scanned the place with searching eye,
"With bolts and bars, some two or three,
The doors are fast as they should be
Where so much plate is lying round
As in this mansion may be found."
One soon replied: "We little care
How many bolts and bars are there;
Or heavy locks that would defy
The prowling burglar's pick or pry.
We pass inside a place at will,
In spite of all the care and skill
That may be spent to bring about
A plan to keep intruders out
The massive doors,
that may outface
The seeker after
bread or place,
Can on their heavy
hinges rest.
Because the Brownie
band is blest
With powers that make
the bolt of awe



As worthless as a barley-straw.
For one, I'm not content to go
'Till more about
the place I know
Than may be gained
by just a sight
Of outer walls and
columns white.
I neither seek
a place of power,
Nor food to serve
the passing hour;
But all the same,
I'm bound to win
An entrance to
the rooms within
We'll not disturb
their silver-ware,
Nor furniture,
so rich and rare;
We'll simply all
the paintings view,
And have, perhaps,
a dance or two
In those historic
rooms, to show
How we as well
can trip the toe
As those who proudly
gather here
To grand receptions
every year."
Ere long they rambled
round with ease,
As if they had
a bunch of keys.
The President
was not around,
And those in charge
were sleepers sound,
So they were free
to dance or run
From room to room
in search of fun;
And in the largest
room they found
They danced in sets
both square
and round;
Tried jig and reel,
fandango, too,
And ghost dance of
the painted Sioux.

All changing partners every set
They bowed and scraped, and crossed and met
And carried through in lively way
The figures of the present day.

On ornaments and trimmings stout
Some climbed, to keep
a sharp lookout
In case while
sport went on
they'd find
Surprises of
a sudden kind,
And they
some signal
would require
Upon the instant
to retire.
They sat in
chairs both
new and old
To prove
how many
they would
hold;
And on
them
bounced for
half an hour
To try
their
strength
or
springing
power.

Although no time they had to sleep
Ere morning light would on them creep,
Some Brownies crawled, with laughter great,
Into the very bed of state,
Until some seven faces bright
Were peeping from the linen white.

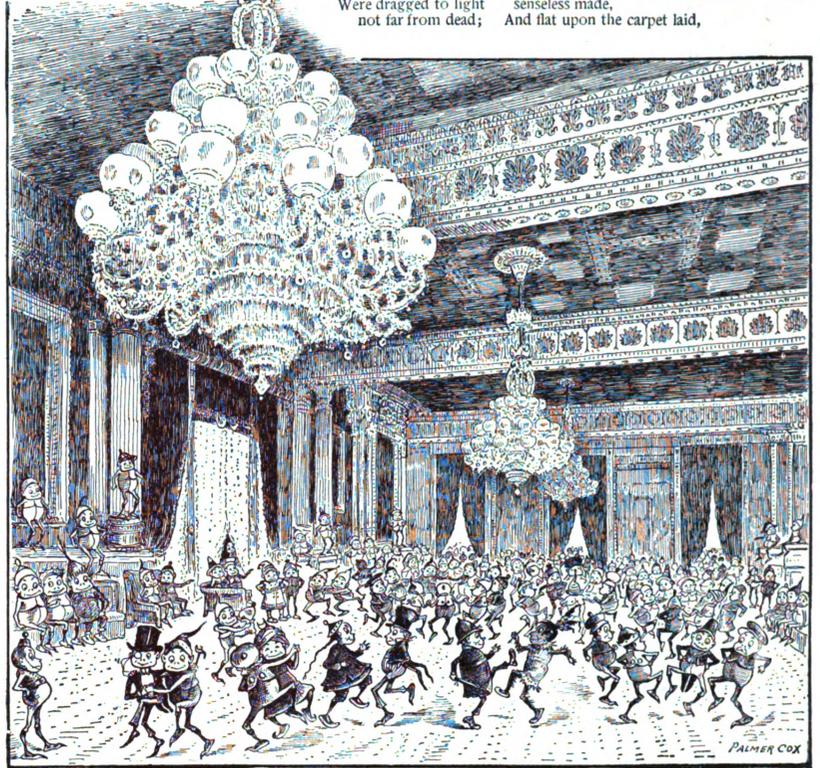


Alas! so many Brownies spry
Were anxious on that bed to lie,
Wherein great men had taken rest
When with their country's cares oppressed,
They broke it down, and tumbled through
Upon the floor with much ado;
The splintered slats and parted wire
Gave notice of a ruin dire.
Those who by chance escaped the crash,
Were nothing slow to make a dash

To aid the rogues who sank from sight
Enveloped in the bedding white;
And work enough they found to do,
As from the creaking wreck they drew
By hands and heels, for mercy's sake,
The hapless victims of the break.

Some Brownies, rolled into a ball,
Had scarcely strength for aid to call;
While more, half smothered in the bed,
Were dragged to light not far from dead;

And had the band surprises known
While in that wild confusion thrown,
While some were struggling in the hold
Of twisted wire, or blanket fold,
Or by the shock were senseless made,
And flat upon the carpet laid,



Some gasped for water, some for wine,
Brought from the vineyards of the Rhine,



And even stronger drinks had found
A welcome there, had they been round,
To help the action of the heart
And strength to nerves and brain impart.
The floor was littered all about
With those who had some cause
to shout,
If bad contusion, break and sprain,

They might have found it hard indeed
To leave with all their wonted speed,
But lucky for the Brownie force
No trouble came from such a source.
When all at length were brought to view,
At work the active Brownies flew
To reconstruct the bed of state
That nearly proved a bed of fate.
Said one: "Ambition leads astray
Its ill-starred victims day by day;
The race for wealth, or social fame,
Oft ends in courts, or stripes of shame,
And even we can trouble find
Through an ambitious turn of mind."



Gave them good reason to complain;
But other injuries they knew
Than outward bruises, black and blue.
Some swallowed feathers, hair and dust,
And some had cotton down them thrust
So far, they doubted which was best,
To take it out, or let it rest.

But little time could they remain
To moralize on longings vain.



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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



PHYSICIAN, it is said, sees more sides and phases of human nature in a life-time than any professional man. But I am inclined to think that an editor is a lively competitor to the doctor in that respect. Especially is this true of an editor's

mail. Through it there passes daily all the little weaknesses with which mankind—and womankind—is afflicted. One letter is funny; the next is tragic; one writer praises him, the other condemns; worries follow pleasures; fullest joys tread on the heels of life's keenest agonies and disappointments, and each day is a kaleidoscope of new pictures, merry and sad.

PERSONALLY, I can say that my mail has been to me a perfect inspiration for better work. Often have I wondered whether other editors have so many lenient critics, such sympathetic readers. In gloomiest moments, when worries seemed to troop in perfect battalions, there has come to me some cheerful word, said as only a woman can say it, which has raised my head and made the rest of the day seem brighter and happier than any day before it. It is easy for us to write kind things of each other, but I wonder sometimes whether we fully realize the pleasure they are apt to give to those who receive them. Certainly, the hundreds and thousands of my readers who, during these past three years, have so generously written to me, can never know all that their words have meant for me, and how largely they have entered into the work which has seemed so satisfactory to them.

BUT, occasionally, there slips into the mail such a message as that which came to me a few days ago. It was just that kind of a letter which I do not like to receive, since it is apt to make one ashamed that his sex includes such men. After a few personal allusions, which are hardly worth repeating, this writer gets to the subject of his letter, and he says in dictatorial fashion: "Stop this inane flattery of woman and paudering to her vanity. Since the dawn of creation she has been told that she is an angel, until the whole earth groans with her tyranny and deceit practiced upon mankind. Be honest, and tell her the plain, unvarnished truth! She needs it, I assure you!" When I had read the letter, I caused a few inquiries to be made concerning the writer, and I found, as I surmised, that my correspondent is what is commonly known nowadays as a "woman-hater." Nor is he a common every-day sort of a woman-hater, but, as my information assures me, "an incorrigible one, who sees absolutely nothing good in woman."

NOW, there are reasons why a man may choose to remain a bachelor; in fact, there are excellent reasons why it is best that some men should. I have known men to have inner conflicts with themselves for years and then resolutely decide to choose celibacy. Such decisions make heroes of some men. There are circumstances which sometimes enter into a man's life that make celibacy judicious and wise—circumstances not of his own choosing. There are men whose lofty estimate of women will not permit of their asking a woman to share what God in His wisdom has chosen to have them bear. That type of man exists, and more largely than many women believe or know. A woman sometimes wonders why a certain man whom she knows remains single when every outward circumstance seems to point that his life might be otherwise. I have heard women speak jestingly of such men. I have seen them made targets for a fusillade of jokes in a drawing-room, bearing an outward semblance of pleasantry and graciousness that always stamp a perfect gentleman. But beneath those pleasing exteriors I know there was renewed old battles so bravely fought and won a long time since. And I have often wondered why it is that woman's natural keen intuition, so unerring in many things, did not more often divine that there are only a very few men in this world who remain single of their own choice or selection. You say there is a hidden meaning in these words? There is, and it lies in the fact that there as often exists in a man's life a life-story as there does in that of a woman, with this difference: that the man outwardly shows it less, and more rarely tells of it even to his best men-friends. But such men retain their respect for woman as much as if a member of her sex shared their lives.

BUT upon the "woman-hater" sympathy is wasted. Men are always suspicious of such a man, and no type is more unpopular among his own sex. And let me say just here: that it is always a safe rule for women to have as little to do as possible with a man who is unpopular among men. There is, as a general thing, tenable ground for it. A man often sees in another man what a woman utterly fails to detect. A wife is generally safe to avoid those men whom her husband prefers not to have in his home. A man is rarely actuated in his position toward another man by a petty spite. There is always some broader reason. The outer world is a wonderful developer of character, where men are judged by their inner worth. It is frequently difficult for a wife to understand her husband's dislike for a certain man whose whole bearing seems so gracious and so gentlemanly in a drawing-room. But good manners do not always make a good man—and men know it. When one man dissects another, he rarely scratches the surface; he generally digs right down to the bone. And a "woman-hater" is never popular among men. They know that there is always something wrong with such a man, and there is.

A WOMAN-HATER never has a logical reason for his position. As a rule, he represents one of two apologies. Either he has never associated with women, and therefore does not know the sex; or, he judges the many by the few, and that "few" generally means one. There is an inflexible rule in this respect: A man never becomes a woman-hater from coming into contact with the sex as a sex, unless he is singularly unfortunate in his selections. It is true that a man may now and then have his illusions roughly shaken, he may have set such a high standard impossible for any earthly being, man or woman, to attain. He may occasionally meet one of a certain unfortunate type of women which undoubtedly exists, but no sane man would condemn everything that clings and climbs in nature simply because one or two specimens of vine are poisonous to the touch. It has been my good fortune to know but few woman-haters, but from those I have known I have never been able to elicit a sensible reason for their position, and my correspondent in this case is not even the exception which proves the rule.

THE pith of this particular correspondent's tirade against woman apparently is: that she has been told she is an angel. But he does not say who told her so. Certainly, I never did. Why, woman, bless her, is just brimful of little faults and weaknesses, and that is precisely why she is so interesting to man. If on some fine morning woman should wake up to find herself perfect, the majority of men in this world would wake up to find themselves out of employment—the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL included. If women were angels they would have precious little to do with us men, and I am inclined to think that we would be the heaviest losers in the transformation. Of course, women are not angels, and God didn't intend that this earth should be inhabited by angels. But I'll tell you one thing, my friend. God did make woman enough like angels to make one fact potent: that if the majority of men get to Heaven it will be because women take them there. They are angels in so far as they have saved thousands of men from going to ruin, and they will prevent many thousands more before they get through. It is always well to bear in mind that more men are saved by women than injured. Cynics shrug their shoulders at such a statement as this, but that is because the world generally hears of the injured, and rarely of the saved. One reason why there are so many successful men in America is because there are so many good women. We men have a very "smart" way of talking about women sometimes. We like to air all their little faults and foibles, while women only smile. And it is a very good thing for most of us that they don't do more. Poke fun at a woman for some little weakness, and she laughs. But just try it on a man, and see the result. Many of us like to tease, but few enjoy being teased.

TO accuse woman of "tyranny," as does my correspondent, is funny, and sounds rather new. Up to this time I had always heard that men practiced tyranny upon women. However, like the ostrich in the comic opera, my friend seems "to know it all." I think, however, he might have been a little more specific. Now, to discover that women really tyrannize over men would be simply delicious, as it would enable us to meet the enemy on her own grounds. And then it would give the funny (?) paragraphs about women something new, too, and Heaven knows how sadly they need fresh material. Then he speaks of woman's "deceit." That is not quite so new. There are undoubtedly women who are deceitful, but then, too, there are men who can only be reached by artifice and deceit. A wife who practices deceit upon a good, straightforward husband is a woman with a superfluous quality and wastes her time. But I have known men upon whom straightforwardness in a woman is simply wasted, and I should judge my correspondent does, too. Yet he has overlooked what I have noticed: that women have a way of accepting their lot in life with perfect resignation, and then adapting themselves to it. Again, despite all that has been said of woman as a deceiver, she makes, as a rule, only a poor success in that rôle. Only a very few women can lie successfully. [I know that is a hard word, but there are times when you have to call a spade a spade, and when one writes of woman-haters I think it is one of the "times."] You can generally tell from a woman's face just to what extent she is applying the principles of domestic economy to the truth. A woman's feelings are her worst enemy. Let her falsify, and her feelings will always rush to her face and tell you exactly how far she is diverging from the truth. The redder the face, the blacker the truth.

TELL her the unvarnished truth," shouts my correspondent at the close. What "unvarnished truth," my friend? That she has faults? Why, bless you, she knows it, much better than you do, too. And God gave her those very faults on purpose that she might better understand those of men. Now, what sympathy would a faulty man evoke from a perfect woman? She would not be able to understand him. But, as it is, in her own little faults a woman sees reflected the larger ones in a man, and she says to him when he has committed some mistake: "I know, I know, dear, but"—and then she goes on to give him that safe and gentle advice which only a woman can give, and which means more to the right kind of a man than all the sermons preached since the dawn of creation. Of course she "knows," and it is just because she does "know" that she is man's best helpmate, his safest adviser, and his most trusted friend. Henry Ward Beecher never so tenderly consoled with others until sorrows had nearly overwhelmed him. The most successful love scenes on the stage are depicted by actresses into whose lives have come the perfectness of true love. What do any of us know until we are taught?

AND now, my esteemed woman-hater, let me say a few words directly to you. Let me try and tell you that the happiest men in the world to-day are the men who believe that there are more good women than there are bad women. That a man's life is never complete in its fullest happiness until that life is made beautifully whole by the love of a true woman. To snap your fingers at true womanhood is to stamp yourself a narrow-minded bore, and make yourself odious to all respectable and common-sense people. To say, as you do in your letter, that "every woman has her price," is to ape the expression of the first fool that God ever made, and after whose pattern all the other fools in this world were created. Besides that, you cast a fling on her who bore you and suffered that you might live, and ingratitude is always the unpardonable sin in a son. Look, too, around you, and see whether, as you express it, "a man shows his weakness by linking his life to that of a woman." Begin at the creation and come down to the present day, and see who were the men that showed this "weakness." Then look at those who thought as you do,—what were their lives, and what impress they left upon the world. I do not ask you to accept an individual statement, as this necessarily is; simply turn to history, to every-day life, to every modern instance of noble success, and then make up your mind what man has done without woman, and what he has accomplished with her counsel.

LEAVE aside all power of a woman's influence over a man's life if you will, and consider his helplessness. A man doesn't know how to take care of himself. He is not quite as helpless as a ship at sea without a compass, but the simile can almost be truthfully applied. The absence of a wife from home has demonstrated to many a man how large and important a part she is of it, and of him. The right kind of a wife knows better what is essential to her husband's comfort than he does himself—far better. He waits for illness to come, and then combats it, frequently when too late. But the wife sees the symptoms and uses preventives. Her keen insight tells her that her husband is unwell when sometimes he is not conscious of it himself. Leave a man alone, and he will sit for hours in a pair of wet shoes, or wetter clothes. Not so when a woman is near. Women, we are told, know little of business, yet when business troubles come to a man what a comfort a good wife can be. When he desponds, she is hopeful. By her efforts, more, perhaps, than by what she actually accomplishes, she brings new hope, new courage, and points the way to a new beginning. How often women have been the means of averting business disasters or multiplying failures with further implications the world will never know, but there are men who know it, and they are the men of whom to ask, "Is woman a failure?"

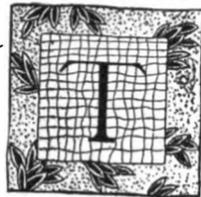
IT seemingly sounds very "smart" to utter cheap cynicisms about women; but I tell you, my friend, the man who utters them is always either a knave or a fool, sometimes both. Some men get to a point where they understand women; others never do. Women, my friend, you who scoff at them, are much better than men, how much better God alone may know who knows them as we cannot. To know woman, to properly understand her, to correctly interpret her best motives, is the deepest lesson that life can teach a man, and I throw no depreciating cloak over my sex in these words. Every man, with a fair mind, who clasps a good woman to his breast and calls her mother, wife, or sister, will understand their import. How a man can be a hater of woman I cannot conceive when so much can be added to his life. Nothing is such an incentive to a man to make the best of himself as the knowledge that there is some one in this world who believes he is just the cleverest fellow alive; that there are eyes, far lovelier than all the stars in Heaven to him, which sparkle at his coming; that there is a loving, womanly heart which beats quicker at the sound of his footsteps; that there is a nature ever ready to sympathize with him in his troubles and gladden at his victories—a dear, sweet, loving woman, who laughs with him when he laughs, and puts her soft and loving arms around him when he is in trouble, rouses him to his better self, making him feel that, after all, this world is not such a bad place to live in. This, as many a man knows, is not a picture drawn from fancy; it finds its living reflection in thousands of homes all through this land, and across the sea, in homes where men are happiest and where women are most content.

THE bachelor is oftentimes happy in his single state, that is, for a bachelor. He may console himself with the reflection that he accounts only to himself, that he is his own master, can go where he will and do as he chooses so long as he obeys the laws of society and the land; but in his heart he knows that he is but half of a perfect being. He knows that there is something lacking in his life which, if supplied, would make the perfect whole. Business success may come to him, wealth may be his; but some way or other he feels the absence of some one to enjoy his successes with him. He wonders why it is that he does not always put forth his best efforts. He marvels whether, after all, a man does not need something outside of his self to draw him on and incite him to his utmost exertions. He may be courted for his money, he may have friendships innumerable, every comfort may be in his rooms; yet moments come to him when persistent thought points to something lacking in his life to round it out. Travel as he will, live on the best the world can provide, he feels as I have heard it said of the millionaire owner of one of the greatest newspapers in the land, roaming from one land to another, that few men are oftentimes more miserable in their daily lives as he. He has everything the heart can wish for; more wealth than he can spend; costly residences on this side of the ocean and on the other; swift yachts are his, and swifter horses. Yet, while driving one day and seeing in a neighboring carriage a man of his acquaintance sitting beside a devoted wife and two children, he said to a friend: "That man's whole fortune is not one-half of my yearly income, and yet his life is a far happier one." And when his friend asked him in what the other's happiness exceeded his, James Gordon Bennett replied: "In having a good wife, and a lovely child for each knee."

THE woman-hater has but few followers; he is always with the minority, and this is ever a pleasant reflection, although disagreeable to him, I should think. The American man respects woman and all that is good in womanhood. Through her he has found it possible to accomplish what he has. He may wonder now and then a little whether she is not awfully expensive. Her ways may not always be his ways. Occasionally he may frown a little, and perhaps scold for a few moments. He may leave home morning and go to his office without the customary farewell kiss. He may sometimes get provoked because she is "so slow in getting ready" when he goes out with her. He may want to stay home when she wants to go out; he may be led to say once in a great while: "Women are queer, and you are one of the queerest!" He may fly into a passion only to feel sorry for it afterward; he may feel piqued at times because she isn't home when he comes from the office; that dinner is not ready just at the precise moment when he wants it; that she wants to retire about three hours earlier than he does. But "after all," he says to himself, "I tell you what, my wife is an angel. She always seems to know what is best for me, and what is not. She looks at nothing in the light of a sacrifice. When I have been tired for three hours she keeps going. Well, she is my daily joy; sick, my comfort, and the best of nurses; in trouble, my star of hope; when I want to be rash, she is cautious. I could stake my life on the honesty of a man; she, at a glance, has read his innermost thoughts and knows his character. And take her, year in, year out, she is the most patient, most loving and dearest of women. Faults? Of course she has, but so have I—lots of them, too. I notice all she has, but somehow or other she never seems to see mine, and talks only of my best side. And, after all, is she not right?" And then, as a pair of arms are twined round him from behind, as he sits in a comfortable chair, a soft, fluffy sleeve just rubs gently against his face, a pair of eyes look into his eyes as he raises them, a pair of lips lovingly press his, a gentle, loving voice says: "Do you know, dear, you look very comfortable and happy," everything that is good swells up in him and finds its expression in the typical Americanism: "You bet I am!" But the woman-hater sits alone!



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



Everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the sun. This statement is not original with me; it is a spark of wisdom from the brain of King Solomon, whose forte lay in telling just how the thing should be done, and then doing it some other way. This is circumstantial evidence that Solomon was a man. He was the monarch who gave such excellent advice about the training of boys, and then raised up a family of young roughs, reckless, pig-headed, so utterly unendurable that four-fifths of all Israel couldn't live with one of them, and the other fifth didn't want to, but sort of had to, because they couldn't get away without taking Rehoboam with them. But, however unpalatable Solomon's medicine may have been to himself, it was good medicine, and if he had only taken it a little more regularly he would not have "hated all his labor which he had taken under the sun." It wasn't really his labor that made him "go about to cause his heart to despair," it was the fun he had.

WISDOM FROM A SAVAGE BREAST

BUT to get back to my text, which I haven't the least intention of doing. How comfortable it would make some lives that are "cumbered with much serving," how light it would make some burdens now grievous to be borne, how much more leisure it would give to so many who "are careful and troubled about many things," if we would remember that "there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven." Once a wild and unlettered savage, who made his toilet in rude imitation of his refined and most Christian sister, putting on a complexion that he could change when he grew tired of it, dressing himself in skins of wild beasts until he resembled a native-born "furriner," affecting a feather boa of his own design, and wearing many other peoples' hair, said to a white man who gave, as an excuse for a violated contract, the statement—less or not quite so true—that he didn't have enough time, "You have all the time there is." And the red Injun was correct.

"I HAVE SO LITTLE TIME," SHE SAID

EVERY woman in America has just that much time. And nobody has any more. Twenty-four hours a day; that's all there is. Six working days a week; that's all you can get unless you steal from Sunday, and if your business requires you to steal either time or money, you'd better give it up and get into something with more honesty and less profit in it. What you can't finish this week postpone until next, or forever; and what sticks out over the end of the year saw off and put in the stove. Four seasons have passed and that's all there is. You must make a fresh start every year. It isn't an easy matter to learn how to do this, but you've got to learn it sometime, either before you die or when you die; why not learn early and get the good and the comfort of it? Every day of my life the evening is apt to find something on my programme that I haven't got to. I say, "Maybe I won't do that to-morrow," and as a rule I don't. I go to sleep and forget about it. Every year closes with uncompleted work on my hands, and that year ends that work. I'm not going to drag it along with me into a new year. I used to do that, so that about half the time I was working six weeks ago instead of to-day, and dragging, wearisome business it was. When you die there will be unfinished work and raveled-out plans on your hands. Then what are you going to do? Take it to heaven with you and bother and drag along with it there? Not much you won't. Well, then, why not learn to drop some of it here? It is a lesson not so easily learned, but, once learned, it is more refreshing than a glass of cool milk to the lips of the man with the grip.

IN THE "CATCHING-UP" BUSINESS

I TELL you, daughters of Eve, I just quit the "catching-up" business. Things that don't get themselves done in their own time I will not have lumbering along on some other thing's time. Am I going to build a conservatory about an apple tree in December because it didn't bloom in May? Hardly. I'm going to have a toboggan shute on the orchard hillside in December, and I don't want any blooming trees in the way. A friend in Los Angeles said to me one warm January day, "Oh, if you had only been here Christmas; we had ripe strawberries." I was surprised, but I was glad I wasn't there. I don't want strawberries on Christmas. I want snow a foot deep, jingling sleigh-bells and a tingle of frost in the air; a winter sun, clear as the North star, or a moon white as the snow and cold as a "spare room." Then I can sit at my window in a room made cozy by an open wood fire and warm by a register, and enjoy Christmas-tide. I am told there is another way of enjoying it, by which twice as much joy can be got out of it, but as it takes two to enjoy it that way it seems to me the average result is about the same.

EATING STRAWBERRIES AT CHRISTMAS

AH, beloved, that's what makes life heavy and dragged out for so many of us. We waste many precious months trying to ripen strawberries at Christmas, whereas if we would just let them alone, and let the snow fall on them and the winter winds rave over them, they would ripen of themselves in July. And then; ah, then they would be strawberries. Once I ate a strawberry at Christmas. A man worth seven million dollars gave it to me—he had ripened some in his conservatory. I had to eat it because he stood and watched me, and I couldn't do anything else. It seems he had given some to other friends and afterward found them under the sofa—the strawberries, not the friends. The latter were picked up farther down the road. Did you ever taste a nice, ripe olive fresh from the tree? Never? Well, my friend you just treat yourself to one sometime. A raw olive would be a good thing to take the taste of a conservatory strawberry out of your mouth. And what would take away the taste of the raw olive? Nothing in this world. Once you bite a green olive, and the day you die the taste thereof will still be lingering around your insulted palate.

GETTING INTO EVERYBODY'S WAY

WHY, nothing in this world gets in everybody's way like belated work. Get belated on a road and lose your way; after the right time for traveling is past there is nothing you can question; the people are in bed, the finger-boards are in the dark, only the dogs are awake, they swarm out upon you when you hail a house; the smaller the house the bigger and meaner the dogs; they drown your "Hallo, the house!" in their hideous yelping and barking; they try to jump into the wagon. Had you stopped at sunset and started in afresh next morning, you would have saved time, worry, temper and nerves. Let one train on a railway lose time. There are a hundred trains running smoothly on that line until that one gets off its own time. Then, somehow, it gets in everybody's way. Lumbering freights, slow-moving gravel-trains, reckless "wild trains" jumping into the spaces of time left by the regulars and skipping along without a jar, ragged-looking construction-trains, ominous-looking "wreckers" and swift-winded expresses—everything getting along with everything else until this one train loses its own time and gets onto somebody's else. Then there is trouble and vexation all round, until at last the slow train is condemned as a general nuisance, is abandoned, losing all its own rights, and is run as a second section of No. 72, 72 being a stock express, with cattle and hogs for the delicious Communipaw stock-yards.

HOW I TRIED LIVING BY RULE

I DON'T know that it is possible to divide the day into sections and assign certain duties to certain hours, without variation. Even the mariner's compass has to have a little allowance. Living by iron-bound schedule is possible only at school, in the penitentiary, and some painfully well-regulated homes. One time I resolved to live by rule. I made the rules myself, so as not to get them too hard. I wrote a programme for a month ahead. I went to bed that night with such a conceited feeling of condescending goodness that I either forgot to say my prayers, or thought that in the case of such a superior man they were neither expected nor required, I have forgotten which. Six A. M. was the hour set down on my programme at which all the clocks in the world were to strike the hour of the new era, and the solar system was to begin running on my schedule. I think perhaps the new time-cards didn't reach some of the outlying planets. At any rate some mortal person came to my bedroom door at 7.45 A. M., and suggested that cold coffee and muffins would be served after 8 o'clock. I arose without remark and dressed on "72's" time. The bright smile that was scheduled to precede my benevolent-looking countenance into the breakfast-room had been side-tracked somewhere, and in its place I wore for a headlight an expression of countenance. It is not necessary to specify which one. I also took my place with a tone of voice which I grieve to say elicited comment. I will not follow the day's journey in detail. It is too harrowing. But the next morning I started all right; early rising, leisure toilet, moment of tranquil meditation, bright smile, cheerful voice and all; got through breakfast like a seraph and went to my lair to write from that "new inkstand," thinking how pleased Mr. Bok would be to see my "copy" on schedule time, unless he should fall dead from amazement. Somebody thundered the forbidden knock at my door. "Have you forgotten that you lecture in Faraway Furlong to-night? Twenty minutes to train time!" I packed my valise as men bale hay, caught the train, didn't get home again that month, and if Mr. Bok fell dead I got a posthumous letter from him that made my hair curl for a week. I don't want any more letters from dead editors. Live ones are bad enough, but the dead ones fairly howl—at least Mr. Bok has the most uncomfortable manner of "turning round" in his coffin of any dead man I ever met.

THE WOMAN WITHOUT A VOICE

ONE of the saddest spectacles I ever laughed at—and I was sorry I did it, too—was exhibited in the house of a man I do not like very well. One of the best and sweetest women in the world lost what very few women can spare without missing it; she lost her voice. A severe cold had shredded it down to a phantom of a whisper, such as people in the high-priced pews use during the collection. It made the day very irksome to her, because when she wanted anybody, or bodies, from an adjoining room, she couldn't call softly to them; she had to hunt them up, and chase him around until she caught her, and then hold him by the sleeve until she could whisper to her what she wanted him to do, and she had to wait, no matter how much his other duties might be pressing her. There is a good deal of gender and number in that sentence, but there has to be to cover all the emergencies, for it was a household of men, women and children. It was great fun for the family. But after a while she grew tired of her monologue, and added a little hand-bell to her lines. When she tinkled this everybody had to drop everything and see what and whom she wanted, because the bell could not speak anybody's name. This was great fun for the invalid, and teaches us how easily we may find the silver lining in the pocket of a cloud, after we have learned the secret of the cloud-maker. But the play reached the climax of its action—it had very little dialogue—in the afternoon. Having lost her voice the speechless prima-donna naturally became a little careless about her tones, and in descending the stairs made a half step in the wrong place and fell down the rest of the way. Three people, a man, a woman, and a boy saw her fall. Now, just think of it, a woman falling down stairs without being able to scream. It was terrible. And just fancy a man and a woman and a boy standing at the foot of the stairway screaming for her; the man screaming in a roaring bass, the woman in a shrill soprano, very well sustained, and the boy—whose voice was changing—doing his best in a broken range from counter-tenor to a gruff contralto. There is a division of labor for you! Nature abhors a vacuum, so when that woman fell down stairs, Nature, knowing how marred and imperfect would be the performance without screaming, had the chorus in their places. I tell you, my sister, you've got to get up before dawn now to get ahead of Nature. She's spry, she is, even if she is centuries old.

THE VOCALIZATION OF A DEAF MUTE

ONCE saw a deaf mute, running to catch a train, fall over a baggage-truck that stood with extended arms right in his way. And if ever you fell over a baggage-truck, or an empty wheelbarrow, which is much the same thing, you know how long it takes you to fall down, and how much longer it takes you to get up, and how much stage room you must have for both performances, and what a great scope there is for action and elocution. "Telescope, you might say. Well, this poor deaf and dumb man got to his feet with our assistance after the train was out of sight; he opened his mute lips for one silent, but expressive moment, and then picked up a piece of board and beat like mad on the side of an empty box car until the police made him stop. "Because he was so angry?" Well, not that exactly; just because the only way in which he could properly express his feelings was by making a noise. He couldn't speak, and yet he was really full of utterance.

A SORT OF DIGITAL DEPRESSION

DID you ever notice, when a man smites his thumb with a hammer, while putting down a carpet under wifely supervision and criticism, how quickly he thrusts the bruised and throbbing member into his ready mouth? People think it is because the application is soothing. But no; it is an involuntary movement, same as winking. The man cannot help it. Nature knows what the man would be apt to say under the circumstances, and so she has provided him with a stopper, and has ordained that whenever he hits his thumb hard enough to hurt—and it doesn't take very much to nearly kill a man when he is doing something he doesn't want to—by a sort of interlocking system the thumb flies into his mouth and stops him up, so that he can't say anything. Some men whom you and I know should be provided with an extra thumb which they might carry about in their hand all the time it wasn't in active use. It would be a great thing, wouldn't it?

THE MAN OF '92

THE bird pines in its gilded cage,
Its soul is in the wild wood,
And in life's maturer age
Sigh for my lost, free childhood.

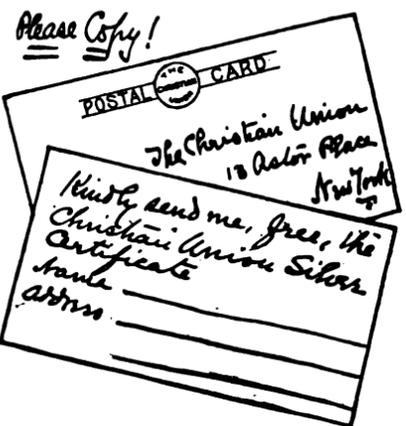
For oh, my sister came to-day—
I could not tell her "No, sis;"
She wore my Derby hat away
And went to the Sorosis.

And then before I was half dressed,
This incident relating,
My niece put on my winter vest,
Fur-trimmed it, and went skating.

But "Man is man, and who is more?"
Woman! For while yet talking
My daughter my new reefer wore
Out with a young man, walking.

And last of all, and worst, alack!
My wife—ah, was it kind to—
Bring back, oh bring my trousers back,
And vote if you've a mind to!

Robert J. Burdette



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HEART TO HEART TALKS



HIS blowing, cold month of March is the pathway that leads to the rose. A few more weeks and it will be April, and that means so near the month when we shall have the lily of the valley. And it is so with our interior life; March seems to be the most fitting emblem of it: such disagreeable winds blow. Everything seems so against you. You feel so miserable. Now, I want to tell you that though it may be March outside, you can have May or June within. Christianity is no failure. The trouble is you have not tested it. You haven't really the kingdom within you. You reply, "I belong to the church, I read my Bible," etc. Now all that you may do, and know but little of Christianity. Can you find no one who has less than you have? Is there no one you can cheer in the least? Do you ever think that it will not be always March? Do you hope? Are you thankful? You say, "What have I to be thankful for?" as I have heard some people say. Ah, where there is the spirit of thankfulness, the occasions are never wanting. Now, may I tell you what is the real matter with you? The inside machinery is all out of order. Take it to your Maker to have it put in order. Sometimes it seems to me as if the only needed prayer was, "Lord, open my eyes." Oh, the magnificent opportunities that are ours every day of our lives of serving the suffering and unfortunate all around us!

THE VALUE OF UNREST

GOD will help you, and you will not sink in the waters of earthly prosperity. Then there is a more subtle form of temptation and the most dangerous of all to my mind, and that is to be satisfied with the blessings that are yours, and a feeling of indifference creeps over the heart, and though no one would want to say it, a kind of independence of God and spiritual things. Satisfied with earth. Oh, what would become of such if God did not tear up their nests and make them learn to fly, and send them March with its rough winds. I have come to value unrest. It leads to the only rest, to the only One who can give rest. My dear, dear Daughters, I have lived so long, I know so much about heart life, at least, that I have so many secrets to tell you, that sometimes as I read your letters I find myself wishing I might live ten more years to help your dear, troubled, struggling souls, and to tell you that I know there is something wonderful waiting for you. You will get into May and June by the way of March.

THE HELP THAT COMETH FROM ABOVE

THIS moment I lifted my eyes from the page while writing, and saw the picture I am so fond of, the little lamb in the arms of the Good Shepherd. Poor little lamb, hurt, I think, and the lambs and sheep all around the tender shepherd. And is that a picture of God? Yes, it is. Christ came to reveal God. The deepest trouble with all of us is that we do not understand God. I read in a paper yesterday that "the woman that understands a man is the woman that he loves." I said, "Yes, I think that is so." And then I could not see why it should not be turned round "The man that a woman loves is the man that understands her." And then a very wonderful word came to my mind from the most wonderful of books. "Thus saith the Lord. Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me: that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth, for in these things do I delight, saith the Lord." Now, I would like my circle for the next month to ponder these two verses. You must know God. You must understand that he is Love; and the root of most, if not all, of your troubles will be at an end.

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD

IHAVE just read the loveliest letter from one of my circle telling me of a friend of hers, a stranger in the city of New York, and wanting to introduce me to her. All I could think as I read that letter was: What a queenly woman. And she is a servant in a boarding-house. Oh, the princely natures that are earning their daily bread. One young girl says to me, "Do speak an encouraging word to us servants." My dear sisters, all I can say is "act well your part;" be good servants; do your very best; do it in His Name. Be a perfect servant. Be dignified.

A WORD TO THE WORLDLY

BUT other classes are represented in my circle. Around some of you the chilling winds of worldliness blow—low aims, unworthy desires, no thought or care of God in those you truly love, and you know you must be true. You have no help for the higher path from those who should help you; everything is provided for the physical, while the best in you is so hungry, and at times you feel as if you would starve to death. But you must not die. You must use your will and say "I will not lose myself. I will not be a worldly woman. No power can make me that. Whatever have been my mistakes, whatever my disappointments may have been, I will hold on to myself. I will be a Christian. I will be Christ-like. I will be forgiving."

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I WANT

THE words were uttered by a daughter to a mother. I did not see their faces, but I could not help hearing all the conversation that took place in the seat behind me before the car started. "Yes!" I said to myself as I heard the words *I know exactly what I want*, "there is a great advantage in knowing exactly what one wants." She assured her mother that all she could say to the contrary would not change her in the least. She had evidently made a study of the subject; she had seen, she said, a French dress, and she had made up her mind to have one exactly like it. As the car started off I fell to thinking, "what a pity that on vital lines, the lines of the imperishable, there should not be this decision." The pattern having been seen and the mind made up to have one exactly like it. There is apt to be such a purposelessness and indecision—a kind of taking what comes along. It seems to me we have need to do, in regard to character, just what that young girl had done in reference to her dress. She had looked at the different styles, she had seen what she wanted and she was determined to have it. I am sure that the need of to-day is for us to look at the pattern, make a study of what Christ did when He dwelt among us. As some one says, "His whole biography was in the few words, 'He went about doing good.'" He loved little children, loved them enough to take them up in His arms. And there are so many little children to be cared for and loved. I was so shocked the other day when told by a clergyman that the matron of an institution, very well known, said that it was no uncommon thing for little children not two years of age to die of broken hearts. This clergyman was called to attend the funeral of one of these little children, and when he asked the matron the cause of the death she simply said, "a broken heart." He was greatly moved, but the matron said, "Do you see that little girl?" pointing to a child of three, "she will go that way." The clergyman went over to the child and kneeling on one knee commenced to talk with the sweet-looking child with such sad, sad eyes. He told her of his own little girl and how she fed the chickens every day, but no sooner did he say chickens than the child sprang toward him and throwing her arms around his neck sobbed as if her heart would break. That child wanted to be taken up in human arms and loved. "He took them up in His arms." I am so glad we are going to have homes for little children instead of institutions.

SELECT A PATTERN

DAUGHTERS, the one thing needful for us is first to look at our pattern and say, "I know exactly what I want; I want to be like Him." The time has passed, as I have said again and again, for sitting in comfortable churches and singing, "Rescue the perishing," "Care for the dying." We must go out and do it. I know the perishing can be rescued. I know that touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness, hearts that were broken will vibrate again. I saw as fine a young man a few nights ago as I could wish to look at, and not two years since he entered our Rescue Mission a miserable tramp—only came in, as he said, to get a cup of coffee and sandwich, free, for he had no money—and the sound of a woman's voice brought back memories of other days. Do not get discouraged; follow your pattern; do not be drawn away for an instant from following in His footsteps. He loves the race, He died for all, and it is true the helping of man is the best serving of God.

"He's true to God who's true to man, whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun;
That wrong is also done to us, and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all the race."

Keep close to the pattern. Let us say, "I know exactly what I want—to be like Him, like my Pattern!"

THE HELP THAT COMETH FROM ABOVE

HAVE you ever thought how many things, how many people have said to you in your life come to me? I do not mean in so many words, but they have attracted you and you have gone to them, in thought, in desire, if in no other way, perhaps; you have really come to possess them for a time. Now, what I want you to ask yourself is whether in anything, wealth, honor or in human love even, have you found unending rest for your soul? I often think of the poor heathen who took the missionary into a private room and showed her a long row of idols, and told the missionary she had worshiped every one of them, and in her vexation at her disappointment in them she struck them. Deep lesson there, isn't there? Then she said: "Tell me of the man you worship, your God," and the missionary told her of the One who said "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I used to sing a little verse in the long ago that had a wonderful meaning to me:

"When the poor heart with anguish learns,
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
How sweet the accents, Come to Me."

You know that God complained of His ancient people that they had forsaken Him, the fountain of living waters, and had hewn out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that could hold no water. Once in a while, I find it profitable to take a little excursion in thought and take a look at the cisterns that in my life I have hewn out; there is no water in them, they are broken cisterns. And then I say softly in the language of Miss Waring:

"The waters of the earth have failed
And I am thirsty still,
I thirst for springs of heavenly life
And here all day they rise.
I seek the treasure of Thy love
And close at hand it lies.
And a sweet song is in my heart
To long-loved music set,
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet."

HOW YOU CAN ENJOY THE BIBLE

SUPPOSE you had a need, a deep need. Many of you write me you are orphans; you have neither father nor mother. Ah me, how well I remember when my father died; it seemed as if nothing would ever look the same again. Even the grass did not look as green. And I used to wonder whenever I saw a bit of crape whether the wearer had lost her father. Well, I found in the Bible this word: "a father of the fatherless is God," and I believed it and if anybody had asked me at that time if I enjoyed the Bible I should have answered, "Why, it was in the Bible I read that God was the father of fatherless children, and can you wonder I enjoy that!" Now, do you all see what I mean? You enjoy so much of the Bible as expresses your own experience. The Bible told you this fact; the fact existed before the Bible was written. A little girl said she could not see why Columbus allowed himself to have such a dreadful time discovering this continent; if he had only looked on the map he would have known all about it. But the map was written after he discovered America, and it is there because of the fact. There would not be so much trouble about the Bible if it was regarded as a map, a guide book; it tells you where to go and what to do, a book to be used. We study our guide books to find out the way to go, and we go. I have read in my guide book about the Alps, and I have seen them! And the guide book was for the purpose of telling me how to get to the Alps. Do you see my meaning? You might as well ask me how do I enjoy my check-book. I answer, by taking it to the bank and getting the money, and in the use of my money comes my joy.

JUST WHAT WE NEED

I AM not like a friend of mine who says he enjoys reading the book of Revelation every Sunday morning before breakfast; it sounds so grand though he has no idea what it means! And yet, when he comes to the word "There shall be no more pain," he must stop, I think, just there and be so glad that the time will come when that will be fulfilled. I am not educated in classical music, so when I heard Christine Nilsson sing "Way down upon the Swanee River" or Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home," ah, I understood those songs and they were more to me than all the rest. And so I do not understand as yet much of the Bible, but as I read and hear read "Let not your heart be troubled" or "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," I know this is just what I need, and I love the book that holds the music of my heart. And so do you if you stop long enough to think of it. I have found in the Bible an "all-sufficient rule for faith and practice," and the more you practice what it teaches the more you will enjoy it.

TO THOSE WHO DOUBT

NOW, a word to my skeptical friends who write me. I have great sympathy for honest doubt, for the people who want to believe and cannot, for those who have broken with their traditional faith, and are in a painful state of mind. I advise you to get a little book recently published, called "The Programme of Christianity" by Henry Drummond. You can order it from your book store, or from the Book Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The Society of the King's Daughters and the aims it would accomplish will mean more to you after reading it than ever before.

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UNDER MY STUDY LAMP BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE D.D.



SI go through my daily life, I am constantly amazed at the spirit of harsh criticism of others which is heard on so many sides. You and I both hear people tear to pieces reputations that have been a quarter of a century forming. Men, and women, too, seize with avidity evil reports, and talk about them as if they were a perfect relish. Society becomes in this wise a great slaughter-house, in which honorable names are strangled and butchered. When a woman begins to totter a little in her integrity, or Christian principle, instead of gathering around to steady her, and keep her from complete prostration, some of us come out from our homes and our associations to push her flat down.

Tale-bearers almost always deal in superlatives. If a woman shows a little impatience, they say she was livid with rage. If a man is seen taking a single glass, they call him a besotted inebriate. They put the blow-pipe of their exaggeration into the slightest inconsistency, and blow till the cheeks are distended, and the bubble swells, and the story is rounded into a great orb in which swim all the rainbows of conceit, and you can see almost anything you want to see. They are bounds, good for nothing but a chase.



HOW TO MEET EVIL REPORTS

NOW, my friends, when we hear evil of any one, let us suspend judgment. Do not let us decide until we have heard the man's defence. Do not run out to meet every heated whelp of malice that runs with its head down and its tongue out. The probability is that it is mad, and will only bite those who attempt to entertain it. Let us be lenient with the fallen. You see a sister fall, and say, "Poor woman! I never could have done that!" Perhaps you never could, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction; but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen women would never have done, simply because their temptation was not in that direction. Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul force. If grace direct it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables.



WHEN WE SEEK TO CRITICISE OTHERS

IN our criticism of others, let us remember that we have faults which our friends have to excuse. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should chip away from our character and reputation? It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections. The larger the beam in your own eye, the more anxious are you about the mote in somebody's else eye. Instead of going about town slashing this woman's bad temper and the other woman's falsity, this woman's hypocrisy and that one's indiscretion, go home with the Ten Commandments as a monitor, and make out a list of your own derelictions. The best way to keep a whole city clean is for every housekeeper to scrub her own door steps. Don't look for the faults in others; see if you cannot find out their good traits.



MEASURED BY YOUR OWN YARDSTICK

OUR mode of deciding upon others will be the mode which others will employ in deciding upon us. A harsh man, with cast-iron-criticisms, will some day meet cast iron. You flay others, and others will flay you. Let one of these merciless critics of character, overcome by temptation, some day step a little out of the right path, and he will find himself in hail storms of denunciation. You have not the entire monopoly of spikes, and goads, and pinners. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." More than all, we ought to be induced away from all harshness by the fact that we ourselves are to be brought into high tribunal at the last, and that he shall have judgment without mercy that hath shown no mercy. You who are accustomed, with rough grip, violently to shake others for their misdeeds, waiting for no palliations, and listening to no appeals, what will become of you when, at last, in that day which will surely come to you, with all your imperfections, you appear at the bar of your Maker?

IN THE MIDST OF OUR PRAYERS

CAN you ever keep your mind ten minutes on one supplication? Few of us can. While you are praying your store comes in, your kitchen comes in, your losses and gains come in. The minister spreads his hands for prayer, and you put your head on the back of the pew in front, and travel round the world in five minutes. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who has come in. You say to yourself, "What a finely expressed prayer," or "What a blundering specimen! But how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion: I wonder how much he gives toward it? There! I don't believe I turned the gas down in the parlor! Wonder if Bridget has got home yet? Wonder if they have thought to take that cake out of the oven? Oh, what a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those goods for cash, and not credit!" and so you go on tumbling over one thing after another, until the gentleman closes his prayer with Amen! and you lift up your head, saying, "There! I haven't prayed one bit. I am not a Christian." Yes, you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly we are disordered of sin, and He will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish, and answer it. To the very depth of His nature He sympathizes with the infirmity of our prayers.



DOING THE BEST WE CAN

HE is touched with the infirmity of our temper. There are some who, notwithstanding all that is said or done to them, can smile back. But many of you are so constructed, that if a man insults you you either knock him down, or wish you could. While with all resolution and prayer you resist this, remember that Christ knows how much you have been lied about, and misrepresented, and trod on. He knows that though you said something that was hot you kept back something that was ten times hotter. He takes into account your explosive temperament. He knows that it requires more skill to drive a fiery span than a tame roadster. He knows how hard you have put down the "brakes," and is touched with the feeling of your infirmity.

Christ also sympathizes with our poor efforts at doing good. Our work does not seem to amount to much. We teach a class, or distribute a bundle of tracts, or preach a sermon, and we say, "Oh, if I had done it some other way." Christ will make no record of our bungling way if we do the best we can. He will make record of our intention, and the earnestness of our attempt. We cannot get the attention of our class, or we break down in our exhortation, or our sermon falls dead, and we go home disgusted, and sorry we tried to speak, and feel Christ is afar off. Why, He is nearer than if we had succeeded, for He knows that we need sympathy, and is touched with our infirmity. It is comforting to know that it is not the learned, and the great, and the eloquent that Christ seems to stand closest by. The "Swamp-angel" was a big gun, and made a stunning noise, but it burst before it accomplished anything, while many an humble rifle helped decide the contest. Christ made salve out of spittle to cure a blind man, and the humblest instrumentality may, under God, cure the blindness of the soul. This is the comfort of His gospel.



REQUISITE FAITH IN PRAYER

SOME one writes and asks: "Do you believe, in all respects, in the efficacy of prayer?" I do. I believe the time will arrive when physicians will come to a patient, kneel down and pray to God for direction, and then rise and give the medicine that will make infallible cure. The time will come, when drought appearing, multitudes will gather in prayer, and independent of all weather probabilities and without any reference to which way the wind blows, the rain will descend in torrents. When Elijah prayed for rain he did not look to see which way the wind blew. Open an account with God on this subject. I took a blank book and put on the front pages the things for which I would especially pray, leaving the opposite pages open for record of Divine answer. And they have all been answered. Some of them not in the way I expected, but all answered. There is no need of a man talking to me about prayer being an absurdity. I know of what I speak. Any man may know this if he will only test the Lord. The trouble is, many of us are afraid of being laughed at for our credulity. Laying aside all our cowardice and all our infidelity, let us lay hold of God in an enthusiasm of supplication.

THE OLDER SISTER IN THE HOME

LAST week I received a letter from the older sister of a delightful home in the west. It was one of those letters that you read over and over again. And as I read the words of this young woman I thought: How much the world owes to the older sister in the home. Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy it is a little girl carrying round a great heavy child, and getting her ears boxed because she cannot keep him quiet. By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out, and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy, and society calls her by an ungallant name, but in Heaven they call her Miriam. In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last, the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of Heaven will be those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of Apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass.



MOULDING A BROTHER'S CHARACTER

AND this leads me to the thought: Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy you know so well as you do your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are piloted by brothers! There are properties now well invested and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brothers, because the older brother rose to the leadership from the day the father laid down to die. Whatever you do for your brother will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured, censorious, unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you from his own irritated and despoiled nature. If you, by patience with all his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him in the few years of your companionship, you will have your own counsels reflected back upon you some day by his splendor of behavior in some crisis where he would have failed but for you.



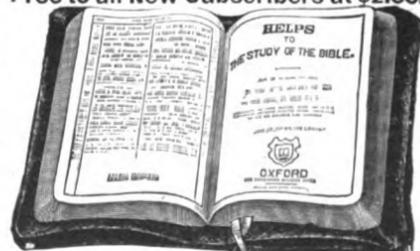
THE SPIRIT OF TEASING

ONE word in particular: Never snub your brother. Don't let Miriam get down off the bank of the Nile, and wade out and upset the ark of bulrushes. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most satanic. There is a teasing that is pleasurable, and is only another form of innocent railery, but that which provokes, and irritates, and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek, or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body, but teasing is the thorn and the knife, scratching and lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters, and the sisters tease the brothers. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features, or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret, or by a suggestive look, or a guffaw, or an "Ahem!" But it is tease, tease, tease! Don't do it, I beg of you. It is a leprous abomination. Let your interests be identical. Let the joys of the sister be those of the brother; the success of the brother be that of the sister. But don't be a tease! Help your sister in her work, and encourage your brother in his. Each has perplexities—don't aggravate them by teasing.

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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.

FROM the far West and from way down South, the girl who is all day at the desk or at the counter has been writing to me. Sometimes she is dissatisfied with her work; sometimes her work pleases her, but she is not sure she does it right. And again she is perfectly indifferent to her work, and has but one desire, that is, to get it done any way as quickly as possible. I wish I knew how to say to her just what should be said. I wish I knew how to tell her of the truth of that very old proverb, about any work that is worth doing, being worth doing well, and I wish I could make her understand, not just how hard work is, but just how good work may be, just how happy one may be in work, and just how the work may be made a stepping stone always to a higher and better work, that at last becomes the work that is a perfect rest.

THE GIRL WHO IS BUSY ALL DAY

THE busy girl tells me she has to be at her desk at eight o'clock in the morning, that she has to work, and work hard, until twelve at noon, when she has an hour for rest and luncheon, and that five or six sees her going home with the day's work ended, and she thought that before her there is only just another day's work. My dear girl, there was a time in my life when I felt just as you do, so I know what that is; when it did seem so very hard to be at a desk at eight o'clock; and yet, when you come to think of it, it is just as easy to be there at five minutes of eight as five minutes past eight, and the habit of punctuality is the best one that the busy girl can learn. It did seem hard to think of the places I wanted to go in the sunshine, but you know there are countries where the sun shines at night. And so I learned to have my pleasures then, when the working hours were over, and I felt myself a woman of leisure. I learned to meet the most charming people, a great many of them every evening after my dinner. It is true, they only lived in books, but they were marvelously good friends. They never changed, they were honest and honorable, and when I came across mean-spirited, contemptible persons I so soon discovered them that I knew just how to avoid them, and just what opinion to have of them.

THE OFFICE GIRL AFTER OFFICE HOURS

AND there was another thing I learned: I learned that if you do your work well, it is not hard to do. It is only when you do it poorly, when you dawdle and moan over it and when you find it a great care that your work is hard; but when you give all your very best, when you put your heart into it and determine that your work will bear the closest inspection, do you know you will grow as fond of that work as if it were your child, and you will take just as much pride in it? Will you take this little bit of advice from me? Will you, when you put on your coat and hat and leave the office, forget the working hours? Will you, as much as possible, make your evenings play times? If you love music and can afford to go to good concerts, find a girl whose tastes are like yours, and you two go. If you love pictures, see them in the same way, for to-day two American girls can, with propriety, go alone to any respectable place of amusement, and they will be treated exactly as they invite it. If they laugh and giggle they may expect some foolish man to return this, but if they conduct themselves like gentlewomen, the looking-glass of the world will reflect to them just the gentle manners they show to it.

THE GIRL WITH A MEAN PRIDE

IT is a mean pride which a great many girls have to-day—the pride that says to itself, I should like some pocket money and perhaps I can earn it without anybody knowing. Without anybody knowing you are doing the work. What is there to be ashamed of in doing work? Only bad work is to be made a secret of, only bad work is to be hidden as if it were a sin, but unfortunately the bad work is told of far and wide and s's poken of as the way women work. It is a mean kind of pride that makes a girl write to me and say, "can't you tell me some work that I can do at home that nobody need see, and through which I can gain some extra money?" I don't believe that girl knows how mean it is. If she has a home and a father who is happy in caring for her, she has no right to that work. It belongs to some woman who has to earn her bread and butter by the labor of her hands, and not to the one to whom it is an amusement for a little while. By it she wants to gain a little money; nine times out of ten she is not very particular in her way of doing it, and so she makes the work of other women of less value. That is where meanness comes in. I don't believe there is a single girl in all the world who would like to be called mean. I would rather be called a thief. But unconsciously they do so many mean things. This being ashamed of the work and doing it poorly, taking away from other women who need it sadly, are mean things to do. And don't, don't, my dear girl, permit yourself to be guilty of mean things.

THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER

THERE stood behind a counter the other day a girl who most indifferently sold me a spool of silk. Now, it happened that I wanted an odd color. Did she help me choose it? Oh, dear no! She literally banged the drawer in which the silks were at me and let me, unused to the selection of colors and a little bit confused, pick it out. While she—well, she polished her nails, and she talked about some of her personal affairs with the girl next to her, and I hunted, in a dazed sort of way, for that particular shade of blue, which it ought to have been her pleasure to have found for me. Now, this is what she would answer me if I told her this: "It is not my pleasure to be behind this counter. I am just paid for being here; you ask for a spool of silk, I give you the boxful for you to take your choice, that is all that is necessary for me to do." Then she wonders that her salary is not raised and says with a little faintness in her voice, how much easier it is for men to get along in the world. Did she ever see a man sell a spool of silk or a yard of cloth? He does not slam things down in front of you and leave you to take your choice and let you buy things or not as you feel like. Oh, dear no! His object is to succeed in life; he knows that every single sale he makes adds to his reputation in a business way, and so he takes care to please every customer. His salary is raised, and after a time he is put at the head of his department, and the day comes very often when he has a store of his own. Now, you could have it just as well as he. His only capital was politeness and industry, while yours is indifference and laziness. Do you think I am cruel? Do you know how a doctor cuts out a sore that is eating into the flesh? With a sharp lancet that goes way in and hurts, but removes every particle of the bad flesh. And that is the way it is going to be with you. Your indifference must be cut out, and in its place there must be energy and honesty. Honesty means doing your duty to your customers and employers, and take my word for it that the girl who does this is certainly going to receive recognition. I don't know how it will come; it may come to you in money well earned, or it may come to you in the form of a good man, who asks you to govern for him and for you a little home as well as you have governed that part of the store which you call "your end."

A FEW LITTLE GRAINS OF ADVICE

IHAVE made my little talk this month entirely to the busy girl, and so I am just going to say to her in closing: Take care of yourself.

When you buy an umbrella, will you be sensible enough to get a good sized one that won't permit drippings to get on your shoulders and skirts?

When you buy a pair of rubbers, will you get those that come well up on your feet and protect them, rather than the strap sandal, which is only of use to the women who can pick their steps as they go along?

When you are fixing your skirts over, won't you make one of suitable length for a rainy day, so that your ankles don't get wet and a bad cold result?

Won't you try and eat suitable food for your lunch, if it is possible, choosing bread and meat rather than sweets?

Won't you when you come home at night put on another gown and seem to become another girl for a little while?

Won't you if you have nothing but a hall room in a boarding-house make that as pleasant and bright as possible, and invite your girl friends to see it and to enjoy with you?

Won't you, if you are forced to live in a boarding-house, keep as much as possible out of gossip and ill-natured talk that too often reaches these homes, so-called?

Won't you try and not only say, but think what is kindest and pleasantest about people? If you will make yourself "think" it, then not only will the considerate words come but a gentle grace will pervade your entire face, a grace that will be like sunshine to other people, making them feel the better for it.

Won't you rid your brain of a silly idea, very prevalent among workers, and that is, that some special favors are shown to some girls and that there is a clique against you? Watch the other girls, and you will be very apt to discover that the special favors shown result from their being good workers and from employers recognizing that the one who merits, deserves consideration and praise.

Won't you try to do what, when you are away from home, you think would please your mother? You can't make many mistakes if you do this, and I do so very much want you, more than any other of my girls, to do that which is right. I want you to be always honest to your employer and your friends. I want you to be the most loving and most courageous of women, and you can only be this if you get rid of all the follies that keep you small in thought and heart. I want you to be a working girl, not a lazy girl, but an honorable woman, not one who by your conduct lessens the good words said for all other women. Won't you be 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.

T. W.—Lives of Haydn, Handel, and Bach may be gotten in any public library.

BUD—An only daughter should have "Miss Smith" engraved on her visiting cards.

ROEBUD—You certainly should not take a gentleman's arm unless he offers it to you.

INNOCENT—In writing a letter to even a very young man commence it, "Dear Mr. Brown."

S. C. G.—"R. S. V. P." is not put on wedding invitations, as an answer to them is not required.

PHILLIS H.—The ushers at a wedding are supposed to be the friends of either the bride or groom, and are not paid.

C. N.—Rub vaseline well into the roots of your hair with your fingers; it will tend to prevent your hair from falling out.

IVY AND OTHERS—A visitor is supposed to look after his own hat and coat. A hostess need not trouble herself about them.

L. B. P. AND OTHERS—Books of parlor plays can be gotten at any of the large publishing houses. I cannot give addresses in this column.

A SUBSCRIBER—I have never tried the cream to which you refer, but I am sure you are perfectly safe in using cold cream on your face.

EULA—A regular life, good food and plenty of exercise ought to give you some color in your face, if as you say your complexion is already clear.

E. S.—It is in best taste to let a young man ask permission to call upon you rather than extend the invitation to him for which he has not asked.

M. G.—I cannot advise anything for the brown spots on your skin which seem to be so stubborn, but I would suggest that you consult your family physician.

CLARA—Even at a quiet wedding the bride and groom wear gloves. Those of the groom should be tan color a very dark shade if the bride is in traveling dress, and white if she is in full dress.

A THOUGHTFUL GIRL—There is probably no musical instrument that has so much soul in it as the violin. It is perfectly proper for a girl to play upon it, provided always she can play well.

J. W. W.—The only remedy for bashfulness is an entire forgetfulness of yourself, a thought for the comfort and happiness of other people. Forgetting yourself, you will get over that extremely unpleasant feeling which we call bashfulness.

CARRIE—Using charcoal on the teeth about twice a week will not prove injurious, that is, if the powder is thoroughly taken from them by the brush and with soap and water. Always use tepid water for your teeth; cold water shocks them and is apt to break the enamel.

MAY BELLE—The best cosmetic for a colorless and yellow skin is careful dieting, proper bathing, and regular exercise. Go to your doctor and get something that will put your digestion in good order, for its being bad is probably one of the causes of your ugly complexion.

HOPE E.—I do not think it is ladylike to chew gum. The friends who are rude to you when they are among people and pretend to love you very dearly when you are alone are scarcely worth counting as friends. Thank you very much for your kind and loving word to me.

F. L. B.—A pretty present to give a friend who has just furnished her room would be a decorated china cardstick of some unique shape standing on a tray on which may be put the matches; this can be placed on the small table near the head of her bed, and it will be found very useful.

M. H. L.—I scarcely think you are old enough to decide for yourself whether it is proper to have gentlemen act as your escort or pay formal visits to you. Take the advice of your mother. There will be plenty of time for you to go into society and receive these attentions a little later on.

MISSTK—If one of your teachers gives a little reception to a girl because it is her birthday, certainly every one of the guests should thank her for her kindness when saying good-bye. At an ordinary reception it is only necessary to express to the hostess the pleasure you have had; thanks for the invitation are not necessary.

BESSIE—I do not think that because a man tells a woman he loves her and she tells him his love is returned that he is entitled to a kiss. This could be given to him when he has spoken to her parents and asked that she might be his wife. The man who talks about love and not about marriage is the one I would advise my girls to beware of.

IGNORANCE—I should advise your reading good books if you wish to learn to speak good English. All the grammars in the world will not teach you unless you find your faults out by comparison, and remedy them. Do not allow yourself to grow thoughtless and forget just what you want to do, but speak good English at all times and in all places.

UNDECIDED—There is every reason why a girl of eighteen should not persist in marrying a man to whom she is no more than an object. It is fair to suppose that her father knows rather more about men than she does, and she will be wisest if she obeys him. If the man really loves her and is an honorable gentleman he will be willing to wait until he has proved to her people that he is worthy of their daughter.

G. L. R.—It is quite proper for a bride to wear at her wedding a piece of jewelry given her by the bridegroom. I think, if I were in your place, that I would simply tell the man who talked against women that I didn't wish to hear his opinions on that subject. You may be pretty certain if he says disagreeable things about other girls to you that he does not spare you in talking to them.

F. P.—Steam your face over a basin of hot water, wipe it gently with a soft towel and then press out a few of the blackheads at a time; do not try to do too many, and do not be rough with your skin. Anoint the places where they have been removed with a little sweet oil. Continue this treatment until they are all gone, but if you do not wish them to return you must eat proper food, bathe regularly and exercise with equal regularity.

MARIE M.—Make your light blue china silk with a bell-shaped shirt and a long basque having its edge cut in deep turrets. Wear with this a two-inch ribbon belt fastened in front with a cut jet clasp. Have full, puffed sleeves with deep cuffs closely studded with jet nail heads, and decorate your high collar in the same way. Blue and black form a very fashionable combination, and in the summer time this gown could be worn at any hour excepting in the early morning.

PANRY—A pretty dress for a fancy party would be one representing the flower that you call yourself. The skirts could be of purple tulle looped here, there and everywhere with bunches of pansies; the bodice should be of purple velvet trimmed with different shades of lavender chiffon, and a velvet bonnet made in the shape of a pansy should be coquettishly tied on the head. Wear lavender stockings and purple velvet slippers, using a pansy instead of a buckle on each of them.

W. B. C.—A chaperone is supposed to look after not only the comfort of the young ladies who are in her charge, but their good conduct. If one should do something not quite proper the chaperone can kindly but firmly reprimand her. She must see that they meet no objectionable people, are taken to no entertainments not proper for young ladies, and yet she must make them enjoy themselves, giving them the girl's encouragement and seeing that the one who is perfectly self-assured does not become conspicuous. With a pleasant, well-bred set of girls the duties of a chaperone are light and pleasant, but with girls who have not been properly trained they are frequently very troublesome.

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PLACING A BOOK ON THE MARKET

A FEW HINTS TO AUTHORS WHO CHOOSE TO BE THEIR OWN PUBLISHERS

By A. S. FERGUS

SHOULD you decide to be the publisher and owner of a book written by yourself, which for some reason or other you desire to issue yourself, and you wish that it shall not be handled for you by any publishing house, there are certain methods you must pursue in order to place your book on the market. You can do it in two ways: Either by securing some wholesale jobbing house to take the entire edition for you, and to distribute the book to the trade; or, distribute them through-out the trade yourself.

IN the first place, if you are distant from the large publishing centers, like New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago, it will be necessary for you to write to the principal jobbing houses—not the publishing houses—there. Of course, it would be better to make a personal visit, if possible. If not, write briefly, yet fully, enough concerning your book to enable them to judge of the nature of the work. Send them a copy; also, any newspaper reviews, if you can, with your letter, but not local notices if you can possibly avoid it. Those from a distance would be better, as they are apt to be more impartial. Select a jobbing house in New York, since it is the largest literary output of the United States. The principal jobbing houses are the Baker Taylor Company and The American News Company. In Boston there is Estes & Lauriat; in Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company and in Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Company. There are also minor houses with whom an arrangement might be made. But the larger the house the better. All goods must be delivered free of expense.

SUPPOSING a house accepts your work, it will generally be on a basis like the following: They will accept from you five hundred or a thousand copies, as the case may be. Their imprint, that is, their full name and address, as your agent, or as publishers, must appear on the cover, if a paper book; or, if cloth, stamped on the bottom of the cover on the back and on the title page. This is of advantage to you, as it informs the trade where the book can be had. These copies will not be bought outright by them, but you will send them to the house "on sale," which means they will not pay you until the books are actually sold, and they can return to you all copies unsold. If your book, say, is published at fifty cents retail, you will probably have to sell them at twenty or twenty-five cents to the house acting as your agent. This is the price they will pay you for each copy sold. You must give them from fifty to one hundred copies free of cost for editorial purposes. These they will address and send to the best papers in the United States. It is better for them to do this for you than to do it yourself. Their name being well known to the editors, your book will be apt to receive better attention than coming from an unknown party, and they will select better papers.

THEY, in turn, will try to sell to the trade outright all the copies they can. But it may happen that the trade do not buy the book for various reasons. In that case they may send out copies to the trade on sale, until the book gets known, and a demand is created. They will also send copies to the out-of-town trade on sale, for which no charge will be made to you, as they are generally inclosed in other goods. But in case the books are not sold, and are returned, the chances are, and it is generally the case, such expressage and postage is charged to you. You must supply them, or order them to print for you, show bills and circulars descriptive of the work, which they will send out to the trade. These are at your expense, of course. They will generally send you an accounting every three or six months, as may be agreed upon, when they will count up the stock, see how many copies have been sold, and pay you twenty or twenty-five cents per copy, as per your understanding with them. They will rarely pay you up to the full number apparently sold, always leaving a margin for copies to be returned, unless it is a final settlement. In that case, all unsold goods will be returned to you, sold, copies paid for and the account closed. They will not do any newspaper advertising unless you pay for it, nor will they send out the circulars except in the packages of goods made up to be shipped to various houses. It is a good idea for you to instruct them to print small circulars, with dealers' imprints upon them. This will not cost you much, and will add very much to your chances of making the book known, for these dealers in turn distribute the circulars to their customers.

The jobber cannot be relied upon to do much more than is here given. It is foolish for you to expect it; for he has thousands of other books to sell and to push the sale of. Much must depend upon you to advertise and make the book known.

I WOULD not advise your attempting to distribute the books yourself to the trade. It has been done in some cases, but it costs a good deal of money, labor and time. Of course, you can work up the trade in your own locality, and get your out-of-town friends to do the same for you in their localities. If you are bent upon doing this, or you cannot find any wholesale house willing to do so, and must rely on your own resources, then the following is the best course: Get your local bookseller to assist you, if you can, by giving you a list of the principal wholesale and retail houses in the country. If he does not do so, then procure a copy of "Cooper's Directory," which gives a list of all booksellers. Take the largest cities, and select one or two in each locality. Write to them as in the previous case, asking how many you can send them on sale, if they do not offer to buy outright, which is not at all likely. If you receive permission to send them, have the number done up carefully. If only a few copies, you can send them by book post, or still better, if under four pounds, you can send them by the American Express Company, by special book rate, which is the same as by mail. You have the advantage of a receipt from the company. In all cases you must deliver the goods free of expense. Be very careful to send a bill by mail at the time you ship the goods. You should have a billhead printed with your full name and address thereon. Mark your bill on sale; don't fail to do this. Enclose in your package such circulars and show-bills as you have. Send a few copies of your book gratis, for editorial purposes; let them send to such papers as they desire; they may have a preference.

MOST authors, when publishing for themselves, are very careless in getting up the proper circulars, etc. The book being published they feel that it is all that is needed. It is a mistake. A good show-bill is important. It should be in plain black letters, in black or dark blue, simply the title of the book, the author's name and price and "For Sale by All Booksellers," or "For Sale Here." The latter is the best. It should not be larger than one foot square, and should be printed upon white paper. The circulars should be large enough to go into a large commercial envelope, known as size No. 6. The dealer can then, if he chooses, enclose them in his letters, or insert them in the book he sells. This is a very good advertisement for you. It should be plainly printed, on thin paper, and on one side only. Give full title and author's name and price, and such book notices as you may have. This is well worth the expense.

You can request the houses to whom you send to place them conspicuously on their counters, and to interest themselves in its sale. You should do a certain amount of newspaper advertising in each locality, but you must be very careful in this; for you can spend a great deal of money with very little return for it. Do not weary the dealer by constant inquiries and asking for settlement. You are entitled to it at least once a month, though some refuse to make any accounting under three months. When final settlement is made they will pay you for all sold, and will return, at your expense, all unsold copies.

WHEN YOU WRITE TO OUR EDITORS

IT is the wish of the management of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL that its readers shall feel perfectly free to write to any of its editors when they desire information upon any subject in connection with their special department. The JOURNAL makes a specialty of cementing friendly relations between readers and editors, and all such letters are, in every case, answered in some way, either by mail or through the magazine. The editors are always glad to do this.

But the JOURNAL must ask that its readers bear the following facts in mind:

FIRST: The editors of departments have nothing whatever to do with either the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts. All manuscripts, of whatever nature, should be addressed, impersonally, to "The Editor, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia." Please do not ask our editors to send your manuscript to Mr. Bok for you, or influence his judgment. They will not do so. Send it to him direct.

SECOND: Subscriptions should under no circumstances be sent to any one of the editors. They know nothing of the subscription department, and your letter is only delayed against your own interests. The one and only place to which to send subscriptions is to the home office of the JOURNAL at Philadelphia, and not to our branch offices.

THIRD: Please do not write Mr. Bok or any of the board of associate editors about matters relating to subscriptions or advertising. Write to the JOURNAL itself, and your matter will have speedy attention, but it will not have if you insist upon writing to the editorial department upon matters entirely foreign to it.

Our readers must kindly remember these things. We repeat again: Write to any one of our editors whenever you want to know something in their special department of work, but please refrain from writing to them of business matters of which they absolutely know nothing, and avoid, in your own interests, a delay of your letter.

LITERARY QUERIES

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

C. S.—I do not know who wrote "The White Cow." S. B. H.—Tennyson is, of course, still living—at the Isle of Wight, England. M. R.—There is no sequel to "Vivian Grey," and I know of none to "Driven to Sea."

J. C.—Denier's "Shadow Pantomimes," twenty-five cents, and Dick's "Parlor Exhibitions," are excellent books on the subject.

INQUISITIVE—If you will carefully read the column of "Literary Queries" in former issues, you will find all your questions answered.

M. F.—D. Lothrop & Company, and Roberts Brothers, of Boston, publish miscellaneous books, but make a specialty of books for children.

MAGAZINE CLUB GIRLS—"Current Literature" is a very desirable publication to add to your club list of magazines; one of the very best, in fact.

CONSTANT READER.—If you are sending illustrations to magazines for consideration and acceptance, it is immaterial whether they are sent in ink or wash.

A. M. P.—Manuscript sent by mail is subject to letter postage. (2) You can send a written story by express. (3) See previous answers in "Literary Queries."

A. C. H.—Cardinal Newman's poem, "Lead, Kindly Light," is published in book form, with twelve full-page illustrations. Price, \$1.50. We will send it to you on receipt of price.

FRANÇAIS—You can obtain French books of any importing house. Write to Brentano's, Union Square, New York; they will send you a catalogue of recent French publications.

E. D.—Of the three titles you send, which you propose for the story you are writing, I think number one is the best. It is impossible to say how such a book would sell. You can only try.

J.—Do not be impatient. The editor of the magazine, though pleased with your story, may have material enough to last for months. You will probably hear from him in due course.

INQUIRER—You could exchange your books most likely at any second-hand book store. Try Leggett Brothers, Chambers street, New York city, or "Leary's Old Book Store," Philadelphia.

ANXIOUS MOTHER—I think the magazine called "Short Stories" would be very beneficial for a boy of fifteen to read, if he can rightly appreciate such literature as is offered in its pages.

J. E. M.—Illustrations for magazine articles depend entirely on the nature of the article in question; consequently, photographs of persons or places would be of no use unless adapted to the article.

E. A. C.—The right name of "The Duchess" is Mrs. Margaret Hungerford; a portrait and sketch of her will shortly appear in the JOURNAL. The author of "Helena's Household" is James De Mille.

W.—Any book on English literature will give you information regarding English authors and their works. You will find plenty of criticism upon Thackeray notably in Taine, Shaw, Morley, or in any life of Thackeray.

H. H. W.—Any bookstore will procure for you books that are out of print. Write to any of the New York houses, and request them to advertise for it in the trade papers, if necessary. The chances are they will get it for you.

H. H.—I do not know of any book giving an account of "The Magazine in Literature." There has been much written on the subject, however, in magazines. Consult "Poole's Index," which you will find in any public library.

S. T. H.—Sarah Jeannette Duncan is the author of "A Social Departure," or "How Orthodoxy and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," \$1.50, and also, "An American Girl in London," \$1.75. These can be had through the JOURNAL's premium department.

J. B. D.—There is more or less risk in writing a story where living people are portrayed, and the incidents of their lives narrated, especially if it is discreditable to them, even though other names be used and the location changed. It is best to avoid such portraiture.

M. C. W.—I do not know of any college in Michigan or Ohio that has a course in Journalism exclusively. Write to some school and educational bureau. (2) A thorough general education, and especially in literature, composition and writing, is essential to success.

F. W. H.—An author and publisher must, of necessity, confer regarding the publication of a book. The details should be left to the publisher, though the author has the privilege, of course, in selecting the style of book preferred, especially if he be at the cost of issuing.

AMBITION—(1) An author retains the right to dramatize his own works. (2) You must obtain permission. (3) The matter of compensation is one of mutual arrangement; there is no fixed sum. (4) Dramatic writing is like any other; you must have the necessary ability.

BEULAH—You ask me too many questions. I cannot answer them all; besides, the previous columns of "Literary Queries" would cover many of the points you give. (2) A vivid imagination is all-important in writing fiction. (3) Reputable editors always expect to pay for what they accept.

M. M.—If you desire to make a specialty of writing for Sunday-school libraries, most of the religious houses like the Presbyterian Board of Publication, the Baptist Publication Society, or the Methodist Book Concern, and many other non-religious houses are always glad to receive good manuscripts of that character.

HELEN—I cannot give you a list of magazines and papers; it would be impossible; consult "Ayer's Newspaper Annual for 1892." Most periodicals pay for articles accepted, but a complete list can be found in Eleanor Kirk's book, "Periodicals That Pay Contributors." The JOURNAL can furnish this book for one dollar.

OPAL—You have a right to withdraw any unpublished and unpaid-for article. If it is published, and not paid for as agreed upon, you can do nothing except to rely upon the honor of the party offending. Of course, any breach of contract is actionable at law, but I would not advise legal resource unless it be a matter of great importance and value.

DISCOURAGED, AND OTHERS—Will querists kindly read carefully the answers previously given in these columns before sending questions to me? The chances are, you will find many of them already answered. I shall be glad to assist you in every way possible, but I cannot spare the space to answer the same questions over and over again.

A SUBSCRIBER—The literature of Japan is very extensive. There have been many translations into European languages, especially juvenile literature. You will find a very interesting account in "Things Japanese," by Chamberlain, price, \$3.00, which we can supply you if you desire. Sir Edwin Arnold's papers on Japan are published in book form under the title "Japanica."

H. L. J.—The address of The Writers' Literary Bureau is 186 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. When sending manuscript, it should be accompanied by the requisite fee, with full name and address. Bear in mind that yours is not the only one sent for examination, and that it must take its turn with the others, and also that it takes time to read and decide upon its merits, being often sent to many different readers. Your other questions have been often answered. Read over the previous "Literary Queries."

MISS W.—I can only answer your question in a general way. It would not be proper for me to mention the names of magazines of which complaints are made to me regarding contributions sent them, as I have but one side of the case. All reputable publishers will deal fairly with their contributors. When they fail to do so in any one instance, I should certainly request the return of any manuscripts in their possession, and leave them severely alone in the future. Articles published and not paid for as agreed upon is a breach of contract.

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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

THIRD PAPER

STUDIES IN STILL LIFE



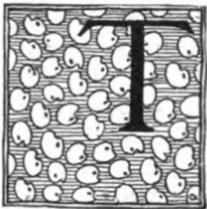
In order to attain experience and facility in water color painting, no better practice is possible than that of making many careful studies of still-life subjects from nature. As a preparation for good work from the living model it is really indispensable. For a beginner a great advantage lies in the fact that the object or group may be chosen and arranged in such a way as to remain precisely the same in position and appearance for almost any length of time. Fruit, eggs and similar subjects will keep for a considerable period, while bric-a-brac, books and drapery, if untouched, of course, give an unlimited opportunity for their careful representation. Fish and game, which afford excellent studies for more advanced workers, should not be attempted until a certain degree of progress has been made, because they must be painted as rapidly as possible, for their freshness and beauty of color last but a very little while.

In this kind of painting much the same advice will hold good as that already given in the article last month as to the method of making studies of flowers. The special point to remember, however, is the necessity of aiming for roundness in the forms, realizing when reproducing them upon paper that an orange has thickness as well as surface, and that a pitcher or mug is not flat but circular. Begin at first by making studies of single objects, such as an apple, an egg, a bunch of grapes, one or more books, a jar or a vase. After a considerable amount of this practice something more ambitious in the way of a picture may be attempted, but to do this successfully demands at least an elementary knowledge of the laws of composition. It is a good plan, after having decided on the individual elements of a group, to arrange them in various positions and in different lights, making several small sketches in order to select the best as a guide in painting the picture, aiming to maintain a simplicity of effect and breadth of light and shade, which is the characteristic of a good sketch, while elaborating the detail in the finished composition. The light should preferably come from above, on the left hand; therefore, if painting in an ordinary room, block up the lower part of the window and be particularly careful to avoid having a cross light, that is to say, light falling upon the group from opposite sources. Bring into prominence that which should be of main interest in the composition, and treat the rest as accessory to and dependent upon it, allowing them no separate and self-assertive value, but using them as a means of heightening the effect and concentrating the attention upon the principal feature of the picture.

THE rendering of textures is an important part of this branch of art, and a most essential study to those who aspire to work later from the living model. With this view, it is very good practice to copy draperies, observing carefully the difference in the manner of hanging and in the distribution of light and shade in various materials—the soft numerous folds of thin woolen stuffs, the sharp shadows in silk, the sheeny lights of satin, the rich shades of velvet or plush with the bright lights always on the edge of the folds. Moreover, whatever the object to be represented, always pay particular attention to rendering correctly their characteristic qualities, distinguishing the rough rind of the orange from the smooth skin of the apple, and that again from the glazed surface of the porcelain dish which holds them.

WHILE studies of this kind are the most excellent means of acquiring mastery over the technique of water color, it must not be supposed that, especially at first, they will be found so very easy when actually attempted as they may seem beforehand. But do not, therefore, become discouraged; persevere with a drawing to the utmost; more will be learned from one study, conscientiously completed, than by half a dozen beginnings abandoned so soon as difficulties appear. Rather, when this point is reached, push bravely on, not resting satisfied until the desired effect is obtained, even if it involves partially sponging out the work several times, only if the latter expedient be resorted to, take care not to injure the surface of the paper, for in that case it is useless to attempt to paint further upon it. As the picture approaches completion a frequent fault with beginners is a certain hardness of effect, to obviate which the edges should be softened on the shadow side, and blended partially into the background.

ADVICE FOR PRACTICAL WORK



HERE is a certain indefinable yet very definite boundary line which separates the amateur worker from the professional. To cross this invisible Rubicon, with the hope of making a career, is the legitimate aim of most students, but how to do so often proves a really difficult question. It is not only the looked-for start in practical work that is necessary, but the knowledge of how to use to the utmost whatever opportunities may occur daily or from time to time. The attainment of even an ordinary success, in whatever branch it may be, is dependent not less upon the personal character than upon the artistic capabilities of the individual. Yet this is a point far too little realized by the average aspirant, who is very apt to look upon those who have already earned a reputation as being particularly lucky or particularly clever, while probably both suppositions are either partly or wholly incorrect; the true secret of success, in the majority of cases, having been a capacity for steady, persevering, hard work, with an energy not easily discouraged.

Ask any women or any men who have made their way, whether in art, music or literature, how they began, and nine out of ten will have a tale to tell of months and perhaps years of positive drudgery, even after their professional life had actually begun. There is only one way of gaining knowledge, namely, by dearly-earned experience, and all must serve their apprenticeship before they can become master-workers. This period of learning and waiting is very irksome to many, who fancy they are losing their time. Not so if they are in earnest and constantly gaining a clearer and better knowledge of their craft. No one sees the seed germinating in the earth, nor many particularly heed the plant springing up and gradually increasing in size and strength, but when after the blossoms have appeared and withered, the fruit forms and slowly ripens, then men gather and store it, and it has its place and work in the world. So in a career, although almost unnoticed by others, from the very beginning lessons are being learned, methods mastered, experience gained, and one day all this bears fruit, when after a greater or less delay, the realization comes that a certain degree of success is already attained, opening out wider and fuller opportunities, which only the knowledge formerly gained could make one competent to use advantageously. Then it is seen how that not one single day's work or day's failure has been lost.

As an illustration, take the case of a young woman who having just finished her course of art training has succeeded in obtaining a position as draughtswoman or designer in a business house, and who is capable from the artistic standpoint of accomplishing the work she is undertaking. Her object is to gain a knowledge of the practical requirements of her employers and to make herself valuable to them. Certain qualities, directly they are recognized, gain for their possessor the respect and confidence of both men and women. Such are promptness, punctuality and reliability. Often these characteristics are only acquired after the painful discipline of mistakes and failure. Artists have the reputation of being by nature unbusiness-like, and many of them certainly are, but greatly to the hindrance of their financial prosperity.

To conclude with a few words of practical advice. In the first place, be punctual; that is to say, arrive a few minutes before the hour agreed upon for starting work. Never mind if others are always or often behind the time, that is their business. Persevere in being prompt, even if no fault is found for tardiness. These duties are as much to one's self as to one's employer. Work steadily on through the day without hurry or idling. Haste is exhausting and does not pay in the long run any better than waste of time. Where the duties are varied and recur periodically, plan them out methodically, and never leave anything, however trifling, which ought to be done at once, for a more convenient season. Left over duties accumulate rapidly into a formidable mass of work, and create difficulties by causing confusion. Try to earn a reputation for being at all times dependable for a certain quantity and quality of work. Otherwise it is hopeless to look for future advancement to a position of trust and responsibility. Finally, be silent as to the affairs of the firm and as to the details of personal dealings with them, both with fellow-workers and with outsiders. The importance of this is very great, for without intending any harm it is easy to get one's self or others into serious trouble by a few heedless or unconsidered words. To maintain habitual reserve on all such matters is an admirable and necessary rule in a professional or business life.

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.

HARRIET—Mix fresh spirits of turpentine with the oil colors in painting on boiling cloth.

C. E. M.—I believe that the name your inquiry refers to is the artist's own name, and not an assumed one.

Mrs. F. K. A.—Poppy oil is preferred to linseed oil by some artists for oiling out the picture, preparatory to a second painting.

N. B. G.—A plaster-of-paris bust must be cast in a mould. (2) I do not believe that you would find putty answer the purpose.

EARNST READER—I cannot give personal recommendations in this column. Possibly the trouble lies in lack of merit or originality in the designs.

Mrs. E. P. G.—In painting apple blossoms use white, scarlet vermilion and yellow ochre, with rose madder as a glaze. For grayish half tones add a little cobalt.

K. S.—Use rose madder instead of German lake in La France roses in the future. I am afraid you cannot do anything to restore those which have become discolored.

AN INQUIRER—(1) In Boston, training can be obtained at the Museum of Fine Arts. (2) Read "A Few Words to Designers," in the January number of the JOURNAL.

O. A.—(1) The heads you refer to are drawn as you suppose, from photographs with a pen, in India ink, upon Bristol-board. (2) I am not acquainted with any such work.

A. M. J., AND BAB—Ordinary water-colors are employed by many artists for making their designs for wall-paper, instead of the powder colors. Oil paints are seldom used for the purpose.

M. M. D.—If original and well executed in pen and ink, or in simple coloring, designs of the kind you mention might prove acceptable to the art magazines which publish drawings of that style.

M. R. AND SEER—You do not say in what locality you wish an art school recommended. Choose, if possible, a well-established training school in some city. I know of none that promise positions to graduates.

PAINT—In painting dark grapes, every shade desired can be obtained by using crimson lake, ultramarine blue and a little white. For the shadows, put the blue and crimson lake on clear and separately, working them in to each other.

Mrs. B. M.—Either oils or water-colors may be used on celluloid. For finely-finished and delicate work the latter are preferable. For bolder subjects, where rapidity of execution is an object, oils are employed, but should be mixed with spirits of turpentine, and gold-size as a drier.

K. J.—The work you refer to is crystalline, and to give full directions for it would occupy more space than can be spared here. I think you can procure a handbook on the subject. For a short time there was a craze for this style of painting, but it has now almost completely died out.

Mrs. H. S. H.—Drawing with India ink is done with a pen. (2) Pen, ink and paper are the only materials absolutely needed. Corrections can be made by an expert with a sharp penknife, but beginners usually find it beyond their capacity to erase successfully. (3) Any smooth drawing-paper will do, but Bristol-board is easier to work upon.

A STUDENT—I cannot advise you how to get up such a class as you inquire about. As a matter of fact, I think that the method of teaching you refer to usually proves unsatisfactory to all concerned. The advertising rates of the JOURNAL are given on the editorial page. Write direct for further information, and give your full name and address.

P. A. M.—Your question is too comprehensive to be answered in this column. (2) The silver powder that comes with other lustra colors should prove satisfactory in some cases; the metallic water-colors are employed, and are less troublesome to manage; but as you do not say for what purpose you wish to use the silver, I cannot advise you definitely.

E. F. D.—(1) The paste for raised outlines may be obtained of any dealer in materials for china-painting. (2) A little fat oil is most usually employed when the prepared gold has become hard and dry, to make it fit for use. (3) In tinting with La Croix colors add a little flux to them, substitute Cooley's tinting oil for the fat oil, and proceed precisely as when working with the Royal Worcester paints.

S. D. W.—(1) With cobalt, raw umber and white and cobalt, yellow ochre and white, adding, if necessary, a touch of black, you can obtain a complete range of grayish, greenish and brownish tones for the shadows of white objects. (2) Read "How to Paint a Face in Oils," published in the JOURNAL for last September. (3) For the bay horse use raw umber, black, burnt sienna, raw sienna, yellow ochre, with cobalt in the cool shadows.

AN ANXIOUS QUERRIST—(1) Your first question is not very clearly expressed. If you allude to the painting of the ware while yet in the biscuit state, the proper underglaze colors are used for the purpose, and the pieces are fired and glazed after being decorated. (2) The paintings must not be varnished for several months after they are completed because the colors are not thoroughly dry and hardened; the varnish is liable to crack sooner or later after having been applied.

A. B.—It is difficult for me to advise you, as I have no means of telling how far your design is original. Without good teaching you would have no chance whatever of success. There is a certain feeling in the drawing, which if it is in any sense really your own, would justify your entering on a course of training such as that given at the New York School for Art Artisans. Unless you can give the time and hard work necessary in gaining a thorough education it would be useless to enter the field.

L. D.—I would not advise black satin panels for your parlor screen. Without any knowledge of the coloring or decorative scheme of the room, I am not in a position to give you definite advice as to the treatment of the screen. You will find suggestions as to designs and material suitable for various purposes in an article on "Screens," published in the JOURNAL for last October, which will probably prove helpful. (2) The Japanese gold cord may be procured either of a dealer in Japanese goods, or at any store where first-class embroidery materials are sold.

BONNIBELL—The coloring and general treatment that you propose seem very good, and the background described will be extremely effective for a brown horse's head. The power of obtaining the desired high lights is a matter of practice and experience, and the only method used is to carefully study your model, endeavoring to copy faithfully what you see in the original. Do not set to work with preconceived notions of what you ought to see or to do, but use your own eyes and brain. By your letter you seem capable of doing so. Have confidence in yourself.

A. E. D.—The petals of the trailing arbutus are of an extremely delicate pink. (2) In oiling out a picture use linseed or poppy oil, and never siccatif. The object of putting on the oil is to make the colors blend well with those previously laid on, while to substitute siccatif is practically laying on a coat of varnish between the first and second paintings. (3) To paint the maltese cross in silver you may either use the pure metal which comes in shells, or, if something less expensive is desired, the silver lustra color, which is sold in a powder and applied with the proper medium.

HOPE—It is an extremely bad plan to start by going over the whole canvas with a grayish tint, as you describe. Begin by laying in the sky. If you are able to finish the painting as you go along, so that it is not necessary to touch it up, so much the better. Few beginners have the requisite ability. The object of a second painting is to correct mistakes, to work up the detail, and to improve the effect of light and shade. Aim to put in all these with perfect correctness in the beginning, when there will be no reason for going over them again. Never add color for the sake of doing so; let every stroke of the brush have an object and a meaning.

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A GOOD-NIGHT MELODY

SLEEP, my darling, while I sing,
Free from care and sorrow;
Nestled close in mother's arms,
Waiting for to-morrow.

When the morning rises fair
Early you will greet it,
Six o'clock will see you up
Quite prepared to meet it.

Now the busy play is done,
Little feet are weary;
White lids drooped o'er sunny eye;
Hide their glances cheery.

May no harm come near my boy
While I sleep beside him;
To the tender Father's care
Fearless I confide him.

* EDUCATION AT HOME

IN TWO ARTICLES—FIRST PAPER

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROY



THE German Froebel was the great apostle of the kindergarten, a word which means literally a garden of children, where young human beings are cared for as plants are cared for, that their growth may be symmetrical, and that the ripened fruits of character may appear in due time. He saw that the infant made constant use of its eyes; desired to use its legs and arms, and had a disposition to play; that with the first indication of intelligence it showed curiosity, and that its first connected words were in the form of questions. It is because his system of education is based upon these facts of the child's natural unfolding that it has proved itself to be the best, and, indeed, the only proper training for young children.

The mother who prefers, or whom circumstances compel to educate her child at home, should make a close study of kindergarten ideas and methods. These are embodied in Froebel's own books, "The Mother Play and Nursery Songs" and "The Education of Man," the former containing fifty engravings, notes to mothers, and music for songs, well worth its price of two dollars; the latter costing a dollar and a half. In addition should be read "The Paradise of Childhood," by Edward Niebe, the first illustrated guide to the kindergarten ever published in the English language, and the only one covering the complete ground. This can be had in paper covers at one dollar and a half. In addition to this should be read Peabody's "Guide to the Kindergarten," price one dollar and twenty cents, and Hailmann's "Kindergarten Culture," to be had for seventy-five cents. There are many other valuable books on this subject, but these are the most essential.

Froebel regarded the whole world as the school-room for the race, and the things of the material universe as God's gifts to man. Looking upon the child as the race in miniature, he selected a few objects which represented the great world of matter, and arranged them in an order which should help the child's growth at successive stages by giving him something definite to do. This is what is meant by kindergarten gifts and occupations. The first gift consists of six worsted balls, one of each of the six colors. Upon these the child can be made to use every muscular and intellectual faculty. The balls illustrate all movements; they spring, roll, jump and rest; suspended by strings, still more varieties of movement are obtained. The child's attention is first caught, then naturally follows observation. From this first gift he learns his first lesson of form, color, size and substance, as well as of action and re-action, motion and inertia.

The second gift is a wooden ball, cylinder and cube, the primary form of all objects. In this case the ball is hard and not colored. The faculty of observation is again called upon, and to this is now added that of comparison. The child will count the faces, lines, angles and points of the cube. His examination of the cylinder calls his attention to the difference between circumference and diameter, the properties of the circle, etc. The rolling motion of the wooden ball differs from that of the worsted one, and differs as it is rolled up or down an inclined plane. So does the child gain his first lesson in geometry and philosophy.

The third gift is a cube composed of eight smaller cubes, a practical instructor in arithmetic, as shown in adding, dividing, subtracting the little heap. Nearly one hundred different things can be built with these eight blocks—steps, seats, windows, bridges, all kinds of crosses, etc. The gifts are ten in number, all arranged on this progressive plan, and handled in the most orderly fashion. By their use the child acquires great skill of eye and hand in addition to mental knowledge.

The kindergarten occupations are almost innumerable, but the materials are few and very simple. The articles in most common use are clay for modeling, wooden balls for stringing, colored papers cut into circles, squares and triangles for folding and pasting, or into strips for weaving; stiff paper perforated for embroidery; beads and wafers of various sizes and colors; sticks, hair-pins, pebbles, pieces of card-board, cork and wire.

It is one of the greatest possible mistakes to imagine that the gifts provide for mere play, or the occupations for mere fancy-work. Nothing could be farther from the true kindergarten spirit, for kindergarten instruction is a profound philosophy, and should be so studied.

* THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will supply the books mentioned in this article to any reader.



CAN any one help me, I wonder? I find so much help from "Mothers' Corner," I am sure this is the place to come to. I have a boy eight years old who snores so one can hardly sleep in the same room. Can anyone advise me what is best to do? E. J. J.

Take the child to a physician. There may be some obstruction in the nose which prevents breathing with the mouth closed.

WILL some of the mothers tell me what to feed my fifteen months' old baby to obviate constipation? She has only been troubled since weaning, so cow's milk must be the cause of it; also, the best remedy for a cold which she takes at night, in spite of a warm room and long flannel night-dress. LOIS W. LEWIN.

Give oatmeal gruel made with milk alternately with the other food, until the desired result is obtained. Read the paragraph on children's colds in the February "Mother's Council."

FLANNEL DRESSES

I WANT to tell the sisters how much benefit a little suggestion in the "Mothers' Council" was to me. One evening last November I was reading our favorite Journal, and found this advice: "Put flannel dresses on your babies." I looked at my darling, four months old, whose chubby arms had quite outgrown the sleeves of every baby dress, and something must be done. Like that other mother I felt I was not able to iron the long dresses and skirts, nor able to hire it done, and here was the problem solved. Before I slept that night I had a dress of pretty grey (with tiny stripes of pink and blue) French flannel—at seventy-five cents a yard—cut out. I made it Gretchen waist, with skirt a little below feet, feather-stitched with blue embroidery silk. Then I made a dozen pretty white bibs, put on little black woolen stockings and nice little crocheted blue worsted shoes, and baby looked "too cute for anything." Afterward I made another dress of dark blue flannel with cardinal dots, feather-stitched with cardinal silk. Baby wore these two dresses every day all winter, and was warm and comfortable. When I wished to dress her to go out, I either put a white dress on over, or put on another flannel shirt and an extra skirt, and oh, wasn't I thankful when ironing day came around that the great basket of white slips and skirts was missing. I hope some other mother will profit by my experience. CLIPPER.

AN ECONOMICAL WARDROBE

I HAVE often read articles addressed to young mothers-to-be, giving a list of the must-haves for the small sovereign of the household, and am constrained to give my experience, because I am convinced that the smallest of these estimates is too large for the purse of her who must count every penny.

For shirts my plan is to buy a gentleman's gauze shirt of the largest size and best quality. From this I make four tiny ones, cutting them square on the shoulder like any woven shirt, and open down the length of the front. These I finish with crocheting, adding a ribbon to the edge at the neck and running in a ribbon to tie with.

Two pieces of cotton diaper made into towels one yard by one-half yard, and two dozen diapers made from old sheets, one dozen being eighteen inches square, and one dozen twelve inches.

Petticoats I make of one and one-half yards of flannel, using the width for the length. I finish the hem with feather-stitching in silk or yarn.

For dresses I prefer Lonsdale cambric, though barred or figured muslin is equally pretty. I buy one yard of tucking or embroidery, from which I make four yokes. One and one-half yards of Lonsdale makes the skirt. I turn up the selvedge three inches for a hem, and finish with machine-stitching, feather-stitching, or hem-stitching—half a dozen dresses are enough. Some of the dresses may be made sack-pattern with the fullness arranged in tucks or box-plaits down to the waist.

One best dress is enough, and this I make of nainsook, and use the width for the length, as in making the other dresses. A hem five inches deep, with a row of fagoting above it, is very neat and faintly pretty. The yoke may be of the material, with tiny tucks separated into clusters of three or four by fagoting. I prefer full sleeves for all dresses because they are not so quickly outgrown.

Two knitted blankets of white Germantown wool are very useful; make them about one yard long by three-quarters wide.

Three little wrappers of outing flannel ornamented with feather-stitching, and cloak and bonnet complete the wardrobe. A very pretty cloak is of fine flannel with tucked waist, fancy-stitched with silk.

The cost of these articles will vary in different localities but I am quite sure will not be more than the following:

- 3 yds. outing flannel for wrappers @ 12 1/2c . . . \$3.75
- 4 yds. cotton and wool flannel for two petticoats and 4 bands @ 50c . . . 2.00
- 10 yds. Lonsdale cambric for 6 dresses @ 12 1/2c . . . 1.25
- 1 yd. tucking or embroidery 1.75
- 1 gauze undershirt50
- 2 pieces cotton diaper @ 50c 1.00
- 2 yds. nainsook for best dress @ 33c66
- 10 skeins Germantown wool 1.40
- 1 1/2 yds. fine flannel for cloak @ 75c 1.12 1/2
- 1 bonnet75

Of course, one can easily do without the best dress, make a cheaper cloak and bonnet and in that way save some money, while baby will be as sweet and pretty as if clothed in fine linen and lace. I would have all young mothers remember that there is nothing prettier for a baby's wardrobe than the hand-sewing, and if one begins early there will be plenty of time for much of it in the months of waiting for her coronation as a mother. F. B. R.

A NEW BASSINETTE

PERHAPS nothing fills a woman with more happiness and causes her hands to fly faster and on sweeter wings, than the preparation of the wonderful wardrobe for the wonderful "little stranger" whose arrival shall crown her life with motherhood. There are not only the articles to clothe the little visitor, but the "baby basket," containing the necessities of the bath; the "baby's chest," softly lined and sweetly scented, in which are placed the complete outfit. There must also be something to lay the tid-bit of humanity in, where it may lie in state, to be admired by the many friends coming to behold the miracle, and offer due homage to the latest new sovereign. The bassinet has long been a favorite nest for the new birdling. Of course you have all seen these pretty devices, and it is apropos of the latter, and for the benefit of novelty-loving women, that I write to tell of a yet prettier and more useful fancy conceived by a proud young mother of my acquaintance. Purchase a small cheap baby carriage—wicker is best; paint white, then make a lining of white china silk, or muslin, padded slightly with cotton, and tied with tiny baby ribbon; hang this to the sides of carriage with the ribbons. Make tick and pillow to fit. Remove handle and draw with ribbons.

This cozy cot can be drawn from room to room, to a particularly snug little corner in winter, and to some cool, refreshing spot in summer. Thus the necessity for carrying baby about, which is so trying to the mother's back and enervating to the child, is avoided.

CORONILLA CONDÉ.

A PERTINENT QUESTION

LITTLE Maurice was taken to see a favorite horse show. After watching the strange operation with deep interest in search of a reason for it, he said: "Papa, is Nelson having his rubbers put on?"

PROPER FOOD FOR INFANTS

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There is no secret about lactated food, and even the most cautious physicians, like Dr. Agnew and Dr. Guernsey, advise its use.

Sugar of milk is the basis of mother's milk; it is the basis of lactated food. With it is combined the strengthening and health-giving parts of wheat, oats and barley, together with the necessary bone-forming elements. Every precaution is taken to insure its purity and perfection, and the result is a nourishing food that makes the little ones happy, healthy and hearty.

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EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP

This Department will 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.

ABOUT JEWEL EMBROIDERY

By JANE S. CLARKE

HERE has probably never been a time when "gold, silver and precious stones" have been more used for decorative purposes than they are at present. The authorities on fashion tell us that the taste for this oriental style of trimming will not long continue as regards dresses; but, nevertheless, a great variety of beads is used for enriching both dinner and evening dresses, and the white satin waistcoats, with the coral embroidery, are very beautiful and most effective.



There is, however, little doubt that whatever may be the future of jeweled dress trimmings, this kind of ornamentation is becoming more and more popular for every kind of knick-knack, as the jewels give a very bright and sparkling effect if they are judiciously used upon a background of satin, velvet, brocade, plush or silk; and it can be used for wall pockets, tea cosies, sachets of all sorts, night-dress cases, etc. It is always desirable to have a good and durable foundation for this kind of work, because it is practically almost indestructible. The mistake which most beginners make is that of having too many jewels and too many colors. The effect is much better when only two, or at most three, kinds of stones are used, sparingly, upon the same piece of embroidery.

These jewels are made in a great variety of colors, and are in shape round, oval, square and six-sided, and are foiled at the back, which adds greatly to their brilliancy and durability. The jewels are generally used unset; but some are mounted in a gilt claw setting, pierced with four holes, so that they can easily be sewed down to foundation. The unset gems have only two holes pierced in them, and very often these holes are so small that a very fine needle cannot pass through them; and as the least force may split the jewel it is safe to pass the silk through them, and then thread the needle and fasten the jewel to the velvet.

In the pattern of the handkerchief case which we give our readers this month, the



foundation is of a bronze green satin, and the stones used are oval, of a pale green color for the leaves, the berries being formed of white uncut round ones. Two patterns are given; the small one shows the effect of a small spray of mistletoe worked in each of the points, and the larger one will be more suitable for working when only one spray is required.

The stitches which hold these gems in their places should be of silk, almost matching the stones in color, so that they are nearly in-

visible; but many ladies prefer using the gold colored horsetail silk, which is extremely fine and strong, and the same silk is used to fasten down the single gold thread which outlines these leaves, and the double line of gold thread which forms the stem. The large spray looks very well worked in satin stitch and edged with either gold thread or gold-colored silk.

The case itself should be lined with either old-gold or pale blue silk, the edges being finished off with gold cord. A layer of wadding should be placed between the satin and the lining, and on this should be put a sprinkling of sachet powder. This will give a pleasant perfume to the handkerchief placed in the sachet. The foundation should be marked out before beginning to work the pattern, and it should be traced like the diagram.

INFANT'S CARRIAGE BLANKET

ONE yard of white eider-down flannel one yard wide; paint a spray of wild roses a little at the right of center, drooping toward the center of blanket, having the stems of the spray about three or four inches from the top. Place a cluster of three buds at the left, and a single bud below, at the right, having the effect of drooping from the spray; turn the edge in all round on the wrong side and baste it down. Line it with china silk, blind-stitch or fell it on to the wool. Finish with a white silk cord; or, if you prefer, knot pink and green worsted fringe corresponding to the colors in the spray.

A PIANO LAMP SHADE

By Mrs. W. C. WOOD

FOLD a yard and a half of wide china silk twice, cut to make three pieces exactly alike. Sew two pieces together, and turn a hem two and a half inches deep for the top; overcast the bottom. Run a shirr next the hem, another two inches below, and one one inch below that. Place on the shade frame, and draw the top shirr string to fit the frame, allowing the wide hem to arrange itself into a graceful puff; draw the other shirrs to fit the frame. Now take the other piece of silk and cut into exactly three parts for the ruffle. This allows a whole breadth extra to full. Sew the three pieces together and "pink" both edges. Shirr about one inch from the top, and sew to the bottom of the shade. A handsome spray of flowers, and a lace ruffle over the silk one, adds to its beauty, but it is very handsome without these.

If the frame is not large enough, a small wire may be looped around it very easily, making any size desired.

BABY QUILT OF CHEESECLOTH

DOUBLE two yards of cheesecloth, basting a layer of wool between. Turn in the edges, and run them together with fine stitches. Tack in squares or diamonds with any color of worsted, as in a comfortable, and buttonhole-stitch the edges all round with zephyr of a contrasting shade. Use white, pink, or pale blue cheesecloth.

PUMPKIN PINCUSHION.

By M. J. SAFFORD.

THE materials needed are a piece of bright yellow surah, satin or any bit of plain silk stuff, a spool of button-hole twist the same color, a few scraps of dark green silk, a little wadding (wool is preferable) and a piece of thin white cambric. Commence by making the wadding and cambric into a cushion seventeen and one-half inches round and seven and one-half inches deep, and flatten it somewhat on the top and bottom like a pumpkin. Gather the yellow material—wool will answer if silk cannot be had—at the top and bottom, and slip it over the cushion, drawing it closely together in the center and sewing firmly to the cushion underneath. Next fasten a needleful of the twist at the top of the cushion, draw it down to the bottom tightly enough to indent the silk and fasten at the bottom. Repeat this eight times, keeping the threads at an equal distance apart in the center of the cushion, thus dividing it into sections of the same size. Then cut from pasteboard a circular piece two inches in diameter, cover it with dark green silk and sew it on the bottom, to conceal the gathering of the silk. Cut from the same green silk a piece three inches long and two wide, and stitch lengthwise four tucks one-eighth of an inch wide, to be left outside. Stuff the case thus made with wadding and hem the bottom neatly down upon the yellow silk top of the cushion.

USES OF HUCKABUCK

By M. A. WILLIAMSON

OR all articles on huckabuck the design should be rather conventional, large floral and scroll patterns for counterpanes and tablecloths, geometrical forms with double outlines, the pattern running in and out all over the surface, so the background can be darned in different stitches, the figure or design left plain huckabuck, and the outline worked in stem or heavy buttonhole stitch in white (silk or linen); or, if desired, in the



darkest shade of the color used, for all the work on this material is prettiest in shades of one color. A double outline can define the pattern, one a dark shade (darker than any used in the darning) and within it another of white.

A set of doilies, like the illustration, should be fringed, the pattern worked in white outline silk, in stem stitch. The darning: It is surprising the variety of different stitches one can use in the two lightest shades of any color, the lighter for the background inside the geometrical figure, the second shade for that outside, and a line of stem stitching, with the second shade just above the hemstitching that holds the fringe. All colors can be used upon this set, pinks, lavenders, greens, all the dozen in different tints, or at pleasure, two or three of a color, or the whole set may be made in yellows, some very pale, some medium, and others quite dark, for all shades of yellow are good on this material. A variety is very much appreciated.



These same suggestions can be used on the table-centers and for sideboard covers; for the latter a row of squares arranged like tile along the front, just back of an inch-wide hem. Each square can be filled in with a different color, and the outline worked in yellow, if preferred. The center-piece can be a combination of the geometrical figures without the squares, the pattern twisting through and around them, with plain material left in the middle.

Handkerchief cases, also of the fine quality. A strip 8 x 30, with small circles, little figures, or almost anything that has an open center can be scattered over the surface, which is darned (not too closely) with pink or blue on white, or lavender upon ecru, and should be made up with the same colored linings.

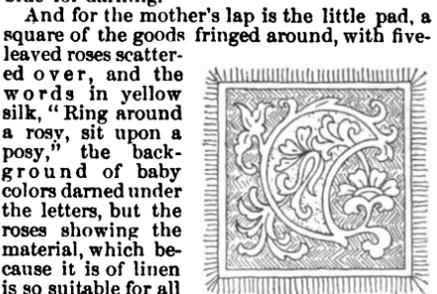
There is a coarse double weave that is very suitable for counterpanes, tablecloths and toilet covers. Large petal-ed flowers should be worked in rope silk, or white linen floss, in long and short buttonhole stitch, and darned with the same heavy silk. Cushion covers that slip over, made like the doily illustrations, are worked in heavy outline silks, or if for every-day use, linen floss, and red and blue marking cotton for the background will answer, and look very well.

A set of ecru linen shades for a very sunny window was made some years ago, and are still in use. A deep border of the heavy huck was used, worked in white, and the darning of twine the color of the curtain; the effect was good, like an antique lace.

Over towels, with deep borders at the ends, are very nice for presents for brides; and for the babies there are cab and crib covers, with white silk embroidery and baby pink and blue for darning.

And for the mother's lap is the little pad, a square of the goods fringed around, with five-leaved roses scattered over, and the words in yellow silk, "Ring around a rosy, sit upon a posy," the background of baby colors darned under the letters, but the roses showing the material, which because it is of linen is so suitable for all the above purposes.

For all kinds of house-furnishing, huckabuck is an exceedingly desirable material; but a very fine quality must be used for the doilies, center-pieces and side-board covers. For the counterpanes and bed-room decorations the double weave is the more suitable.



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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.

PRACTICAL DRESSMAKING

THE serious details necessary in successful dressmaking rob the subject of any levity; for it is undoubtedly hard work at the present time to turn out a well-fitting, stylish gown. The inside finishings are important items and it is a touch that makes the French outfit inside and out. Nothing is so for a lining with a Parisian modiste work too much to put upon the in-seam; make a customer pay well for all handwork; but when a woman orders from Paris prudence is usually thrown out.

FINISHING A BODICE

the shoulder-seams open, or both forward; I prefer the latter. The darts and under-arm seams open, side-form seam should be turned over firmly, with a bit of crinoline iron and bodice, using a moderate iron. Press the seams of a velvet by running the seams over the top of the iron, after standing it erect, sing will leave marks on the outer edge. Before pressing, overcast the seam colored silk, or bind them with the binding sold for this purpose. In snip each seam twice at the waist-ent any drawing. Cut the sleeve the same manner, and press these loping the seam edges before binding-casting them is a French fancy, as half an inch wide, except the under-arm seams, which should be 1/4 of an inch wide. Cut the sleeve, or the exquisitely neat effect is attained. Set the belt half an inch to the bottom of the waist-line, and to the center-back, side form and seams. The belt should be a fourth smaller than the waist-line of the dress; thus keep it in place, and remove

BONEING A BODICE

WHETHER you select, have them sewn. With the best of whalebone forty cents for a yard length, and it, it can hardly be universally are are too many good patented market to name any. If the bodice covered they are cat-stitched with colored silk twist. If un-the double or single casing on a at-stitching it along the edges, nes to run to the edge of a bodice, project beyond it, fastening each top and bottom firmly in its whalebone in warm water before put it in the casing warm, so s and hardens it will be shaped. If the garment is a princess ones run down about as low as que. If you are particular as to gown, bone every seam. French bone between the under-arm seam, and the side form and gore become quite common to bone n the edge to a height just bet-part of the bust, which cer-the smooth fit, but renders the ooking of a bodice a trial. If a snug fit fasten your buttons ook, and thus save your nails

L FURTHER DETAILS

lower edge of a bodice with the cross-barred, cut on the inch and a half wide, which erlining between the material ent. It is neater and pleas-ich if wrists and collars are silk. A thick facing is an every way. In blind-stitch-be sure that it does not catch ial, but remains a blind to the east the raw edges without t the top of the sleeve and the ough the rest of the seams are lining, casing and belt, over-titching of pink, red or yellow takes a pretty inside to any g to be of silk, silesia, French called percaline, or linen. oms entirely with silk. There s of the JOURNAL containing details regarding the first f dressmaking. In these the implements necessary for the treated of, as well as how to make a gown, telling of the etc. A satine waist lining is very tightly made does not e than the other materials. up crosswise of the goods ag.

AN OUTFIT FOR SPRING

SEVERAL correspondents have asked for a guide for their spring shopping, which they require early in the season. In preparing for a new season's wear, three things are to be considered: the amount of money in the purse; what is already on hand, and the size of the town where the time is to be spent, as a dressy, fashionable city of fifty thousand inhabitants makes larger demands upon the wardrobe than a quiet town of five thousand. If the unlucky owner of a small purse, never buy loud colors or designs in dress materials, or the latest novelties, as when their day is past they are not "joys forever" to serve a second time when remodeled. Try to have becoming clothes, neatly made and well-fitted, to atone for the lack of variety, and take good care of them, in the way of brushing and mending, when either are necessary.

THE NECESSARY GOWNS

A GENERAL shopping, walking and traveling gown, a nice dress for church and visiting wear, a pretty evening toilette, though not for full dress, and a neat home afternoon gown seem positively necessary for a woman's comfort who goes into ordinary society, and lives in a town of about ten thousand inhabitants. In buying dresses in the spring keep the summer in view, and buy goods that are not too heavy for that time as well. We will imagine that our inquirer has one hundred dollars to spend on her clothes, exclusive of any dressmaker's bills, which may be large or small, according to the spender's own proficiency. If there are any gowns on hand that will pay for re-making, use them, of course. But of this fact I cannot judge, every wardrobe being in a different condition, but I am supposing that this young woman is in the condition of Flora M'Flimsy, with literally "nothing to wear." For the generally useful gown have a navy-blue serge at seventy-five cents to one dollar, and make it with a basque and a blazer. Worn together, it forms an entire suit; and when the summer days come the skirt and reefer may be worn with a blouse of nainsook, percale or China silk, and prove the most useful gown on record. It does not require any trimming but stitched edges and bone buttons, and will require nine yards for a "bell" skirt, having a tiny ruffle, coat basque and stylishly long blazer jacket tied with a cord at the front. This will cost twelve dollars, made of the dollar goods, and should be worn with gray or tan Biarritz gloves, and a soft felt walking hat, these costing two and a half dollars more.

CONTINUING THE OUTFIT

THE visiting gown may be of brown, deep tan, grayish-blue or gray cording, or Henrietta, a plain surface being better for a stand-by. This may have a vest of bengaline, and a trimming of gimp, making it with a "bell" skirt, pointed or coat basque, or as a princess, with a draped, diagonally-opening, front. Including linings, this will cost eleven dollars with material at one dollar. For the evening dress have a crepon at one dollar, in pearl, blue, pink or yellow; pink with a black velvet girdle bodice and a little jet looks well; also, yellow, with a Watteau bow of No. 22 satin ribbon, which comes from the back of the waist, crosses in front, and is then carried back to between the shoulders, nearly to the neck, where it ties in ends and loops that fall to the edge of the skirt, using from seven to nine yards of ribbon, according to the figure. With such a bow, a round waist, V neck, chiffon ruffles on neck and wrists, and a "bell" demi-train, having a ruffle of the goods, fourteen dollars. More must come from the fund, including cream suede gloves to wear with the dress. With the best gown wear gray or tan suede or glacé gloves, and a black straw hat trimmed with lace and flowers may be worn until fall by renewing the flowers. For midsummer have a white or blue sailor to wear with the blue serge. This takes another nine dollars, and we must add shoes, ties, probably six pair of hose, some dainty lingerie, etc., using probably ten dollars more. For the home afternoon gown, which would be a tea-gown if the wearer is a matron, have a bright color, cardinal, blue, or tan, and trim with a little velvet. This can be made in rather a picturesque style with a round waist, large sleeves, "bell" or slightly gathered skirt and collar, deep cuffs and corselet of velvet, costing about eight dollars, with goods at seventy-five cents. A long cape wrap, made at home, will cost eight dollars. We have now bought to the value of seventy-four dollars, and with the remainder may have china silk at seventy-five cents, a white dimity and a neat Sea Island gingham.

THE 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. M. F., CHICAGO, ILL.—Please read answer to "M. C.," as your letter had the same fate.

Mrs. HOWARD E.—Read about new gowns for the spring in this issue; also of boning basques.

COUNTRY.—Read answer to "Jane P." Double-faced satin ribbon is beautiful, but nearly double the expense of the single-faced.

LAURA F.—Tan, gray and grayish-green grounds are now preferred for Ingrain carpets. Use oak furniture for your yellow bed-room.

CLARA G.—Taffeta at \$1.00 makes a good black silk petticoat. Trim with hemmed ruffles, unless you wish the trouble of repinking edges.

EARLY SEWING.—Make up your cotton dresses first, then spring woolen gowns and finally the China silk and lace dresses. Read answer to "Young Girl."

Mrs. WALTER K.—Such a well-grown boy of five years should certainly be in knee trousers, with the cut-away jacket and blouse waist that he used to wear with kilt skirts.

MINNIE G.—Tailor-made suits for the spring will be in small, indistinct stripes, plain and diagonal, mottled and clouded goods. Have ivory buttons rimmed with dull silver.

"SPRING GIRL"—A white nainsook, embroidered flouncing, two gingshams, a mousseline de Lude and an organdy will do for the wash dresses, though the two later will not wash according to the manner of making nowadays.

Mrs. PORTER K.—I do not advise buying bargains in dress goods to lay away unless you can at once place them into use; otherwise they usually take all of your spare shopping money, grow tiresome and disappoint you when examined.

M. C., BRISTOL, TENN.—A personal letter sent you on December 14th has been returned as "unclaimed," so when disappointed in your answer not "reaching you quickly" remember where the fault lies, as the address was exactly as you gave it.

JANE P.—Velvet is universally booming, and is never out of style entirely. Remodel your pointed V neck evening bodice by cutting it into a round waist, with chiffon frills on neck and tiny puffed sleeves. Then buy eight yards of satin ribbon, No. 22, and make it in "Spring" on this page.

YOUNG GIRL—Moiré ribbons and striped moiré silks are exclusively stylish just now, with the prospect of being very popular this season. Sea Island gingshams are very wide, retail at about twenty cents, and can be trimmed with lace or embroidery and ribbon bows, especially the latter. There are fast plinks now in reliable cotton goods.

HARRIET C. R.—"An Outfit for Spring" in this issue will assist you. Probably this answer will be too late. Feather boas are from \$1.50 to \$60, so you have a wide margin for this article. If you make your own gowns I think \$65 will cover the cost of the articles if of a medium price, though you could find them from \$50 to \$80, even among the medium prices.

LOVE STAR—It is rather amusing to find many letters in my mail containing locks of hair. In the first place they do not determine what colors will be most becoming, as the eyes and complexion must also be considered. A pallid skin, blue eyes and red hair cannot wear what a rosy complexion, hazel eyes and red hair will find charming, yet both girls have red hair.

OLIVETTE—Avoid pink, orange, brick red and purple. Gray, navy blue and brown will prove becoming. Your hair is clearly auburn, which, so often accompanied by hazel eyes. The present style of "bell" skirt will add to your height; with it wear a pointed basque with a very long, coat-tail back. The coat basques will shorten your small figure. Being slim, the full or dartless basque front will be stylish.

Mrs. M.—White cotton goods trimmed with edging would certainly be suitable for you. Reliable Scotch and Sea Island gingshams do not fade. White dimity, nainsook, or flouncing, with edging and ribbon belt. The other dress have of light beige, chevrot, or serge, with "bell" skirt, pointed, coat-tail basque, high sleeves, ruffle on skirt, silk vest and cuffs in bluish gray, tan, golden brown, or clear gray shades.

COUNTRY GIRL—If your silk is not too much worn I should remodel it with brocade, as brown is not a pretty color to use as a lining to a black lace dress, and brown nets or gauzes are rare to find and expensive when found. If you use a brown net have the lining of this silk as "bell" skirt with a bias-gathered ruffle on the edge. Let the net hang easily over the silk, but not full, except at the back. Full sleeves, pointed basque, with the net full on the front. Ruffle of net on basque to give a coat effect, a gimp of brown and gold on wrists, collar and pointed edge of basque. Six yards and a half of net and three yards of the gimp.

BLACK EYES—You must dress in unison with the class whether they select China silk, wool crepon, China crepe or nainsook. The first three would be trimmed with satin ribbon bows and the rest of imitation Valenciennes lace. The skirts would touch in the back for three inches, have a ruffle on the edge and be of a modified "bell" shape. Full sleeves, round waists cut with a gimp or slight V and a Watteau bow which is described in "An Outfit for Spring" in this number. White suede gloves, suede ties or slippers, \$2.00 to \$5.00; gloves, \$1.50 or \$2.00, according to whether they are eight or sixteen-button. China silk at seventy-five cents, twenty-four inches; crepon, forty inches, \$1.00; crepe, twenty-four inches, \$1.00 and nainsook thirty-six inches and from fifty to seventy-five cents. The entire cost will depend entirely upon which material you select. By all means have white.

MINNIE LUTE—You can evidently wear any color and dark reds. In fact, the flame or brick reds are not becoming to anyone. You are "plump" but not "stout" in figure from your description, and there is a great difference between the two states. Thank you for your kind appreciation. Your letter was too late for the issue mentioned. As your white dress is not soiled why not wear it this season as white and then have it dyed next season for a pretty house-gown? Make it over new with a low neck, full sleeves, long or elbow length, "bell" skirt, with a tiny ruffle of the material, and a round waist. Have a ruffle of chiffon all around the low neck and use the silk you have on it. Wear a very sash in Japanese style: one end from the left shoulder, crossing the front diagonally, passing around the right side of the waist and tied at the back. Trim the wrists also with chiffon, which has an embroidered edge and is four inches wide, for thirty-five cents a yard. Sew it on full and fluffy.

LOUETTE—Your letter has been a long time unanswered, but its length was simply appalling to a busy woman. You should by this time wear dresses well down to your ankles, about two inches from the floor. No. 4 is not an unusually large shoe for your size. Seventeen is still a miss's age, though many are too anxious to be young ladies at that time. Young girls of seven-teen wear their hair in a Catogan braid, a long single braid turned up and tied at the neck with a bow of ribbon, or in a loose, low knot having a hairpin run through it. I certainly think you should try and set a good example in patience and manners to the younger ones, yet I do not believe in expecting too much of the eldest in a family. To be gentle and quiet is not being stupid, but it is to be in the name. It is a very delicate task to advise a young girl, and as a general rule I think her mother the best council through her girlhood. Though some of her rules may seem strict now, some day you will see that they were all for the best.

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SOME FASHIONABLE VISITING TOILETTES

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE old idea that one could drop in and see a friend anyhow and at any hour has—praise be to Madam Etiquette—been lost in that stream where all bad ideas should be. To-day, when one goes to see a friend, one honors one's self and her by dressing to suit the occasion.

From the wife of the millionaire to the gentlewoman who keeps her own apartment in order and yet remains a lady, who has not known of the horror of having a friend drop in? Nowadays all that has been changed, and every woman who has a circle of friends, no matter how small, has her "at home" day, and on that day, and that day alone, unless it should be by special invitation, are her friends expected to call. This is a relief specially comprehensible to a housekeeper; for it gives her time not only to see that her own household is in order, but that she herself is prepared to see her friends mentally and materially.

A few women maintain that they like their friends to drop in at any time, but these are usually the women who have no cares, and, I am too often afraid, wish, instead of the general conversation, that there should be a discussion of their acquaintances and of their affairs, a something that really good society frowns upon. It is the women who make the visiting day one of proper formality who expect their guests to observe the same dignity who will reform the world in one way, that is, they will kill scandal and scandal-mongers. To visit these women it would seem proper that a proper gown be assumed.

SOME OF THE MATERIALS

WORTH has, it is probable, done more to extinguish the severe tailor gown as a visiting costume than any other person in the world. He has always despised them, called them "stable clothes," and insisted that the only place for them was in the street, when traveling, when driving one's self, or when taking long walks in the country. All his protestations against them went for nothing, but at last he carried the war into Africa by



THE RUSSIAN COSTUME (Illus. No. 1)

taking the fine cloths themselves and making them elaborate with rich trimmings. He has favored sapphire, navy and steel-blue; seal and golden-brown; emerald and very dark green; black, bright scarlet, heliotrope and mode in the cloths, and has found no material too rich to combine with them. And so he has triumphed. And the cloth costume of to-day, intended for visiting, is a marvel of elaboration, having no machine stitching upon it except that used for the seams of the skirt and the seams of the bodice. Velvet is very generally used with cloth, but all-velvet gowns are also seen. Heavy silks or brocades are united with cloths, and velvet ribbon, fur, passementerie of all kinds, and very coarse lace are used as decorations. The materials are carefully blended, and the trimmings so skillfully applied that nothing seems incongruous. A garniture out of place, not in accord with the material is, as all good dressmakers know, less to be desired than none at all.

SOME OF THE DESIGNS

IN almost every instance, the visiting toilette has the Louis Quinze coat or the Russian blouse for the bodice. The skirt has a very slight train and almost invariably a foot trimming outlines it. For a slender figure, nothing is prettier than a Russian blouse, which is shown in Illustration No. 1.

The toilette illustrated is of light mode cloth with a perfectly smooth surface. The skirt is the usual bell-shape, with a slight train in the back. The bordering which outlines it is in emerald green cloth overlaid with gold passementerie, a design being chosen which permits the bright color to show through. The blouse, as it is called, though it is in reality a coat basque, has a yoke of the green cloth overlaid with gold, and is drawn in soft folds to fit the figure, while the skirt, which reaches almost to the knees, is full, and confined by a fancy belt of gold clasped in front by two buckles elaborately set with imitation emeralds. The edge of the basque skirt is finished like the edge of the skirt, with a band of green overlaid with gold. The collar is a high straight one, with the gold over it; the sleeves are full ones of the mode cloth, drawn into very deep cuffs of the green with gold decorations that flare just at the wrist. The bonnet is a very small one of gold net, with the usual three plumes of green tied on at the back, and a gold crescent decorating the front; the ties are of green velvet ribbon. This costume, which is made by its gold decoration to look very rich, can be developed in a much simpler fashion if one desires it. Black passementerie, either silk or wool, may be used in place of gold; that is, when the material itself is black, and if one wished a different color, the gown could be developed with no trimming, except that required on the belt, on the cuffs and on the yoke.

A SYMPHONY IN HELIOTROPE

WOMEN who find the various shades of heliotrope becoming to them, are, for the time, casting all other colors aside for it, and having their tea-gowns, their street dresses, their evening dresses and their visiting costumes made of the shade which is so dainty, and which is also so very trying. A typical heliotrope cloth is most simply but prettily made, and intended for visiting. No other color but this one is seen on the toilette, except where a touch of some other shade is required on the bonnet. It is one of the few gowns not made with a coat basque, and so its wearer can, during the cold months, assume a handsome fur wrap, or, when the season grows warm enough, go abroad in her figure.

Illustration No. 2 shows just what the gown is. The skirt is very smooth-fitting and barely touches the ground in the back, so that it is quite possible to walk in it. The lower edge is finished with a two-inch band of velvet, exactly the shade of the cloth, and starting from under it at regular intervals are strips of ribbon velvet that form the skirt decorations; the center one reaches almost to the knees, the ones on each side of it are much higher, while the ones beyond them come far up on the hip. The velvet is drawn up and tied in a flat bow with ends, and all of it so securely fastened down that it looks like a decoration brocaded on the skirt, or a passementerie applied to it. The bodice is a close-fitting, sharply-pointed one, arching over the hips and laced in the back. It is outlined with velvet like the bottom of the skirt, and has, starting from the throat, ribbon decorations like those described on the skirt; although, of course, a narrower ribbon is used for this purpose. A high



A HELIOTROPE CLOTH DRESS (Illus. No. 2)

collar is hidden under a band of heliotrope feathers, tied in the back with long, broad velvet ribbons, the bow being a small one, but the ends reach almost to the end of the skirt. The sleeves are raised on the shoulder, shaped into the ordinary fashion, and are decorated with a bow of velvet ribbon, appliqué to position and finished with a band of feathers.

The bonnet is a small one of heliotrope felt, with a bunch of feathers at the back; there are high velvet bows in front, and black velvet ties that cross under the chin and then over the back in the received fashion, so that it seems as if two sets of strings were worn. The gloves are of lavender undressed kid. In brown cloth such a gown would look well trimmed with green velvet, blue could be ornamented with black, scarlet with black, olive with golden-brown, and mode with navy-sapphire or emerald.

A VERY DRESSY COAT

VERY many of us have pretty black skirts, either of cloth or silk, properly cut and made, and which, by the addition of a dressy coat, form suitable visiting costumes. Such a one is shown in Illustration No. 3. The coat itself is of moss-green uncut velvet, is quite long and closely fitted to the figure in the back. The skirt extends well around over the hips and seems to be buttoned by a single large gold button on to the waistcoat of white cloth that forms the entire front. This waistcoat, which is really the front of the bodice, as it extends from the shoulders down, is not quite as long as the coat. Its lower edges, and those defining the opening in front, are outlined with a narrow braiding of gilt. The collar is high and finished with the same decoration; from under it comes a gathered fall of coarse Irish lace, caught here and there to form a cravat. The sleeves are of the velvet, quite full, but shaping into the arms and having broad flaring cuffs of the white cloth, braided with the gold as their finish. The hat worn with this coat is a "Beef-eater" one of velvet like the coat; on one side

is a bunch of cream-white feathers, while one long full green feather falls down on the hair. As it is a picture hat, it is posed on the head to show the hair, and in the manner that is most becoming. Of course, this coat would be worn by a rather young matron, or unmarried girl, but developed in somewhat darker colors and having with it a bonnet instead of a hat, it is suitable for a woman of any age.

THE ECONOMY OF THE VISITING TOILETTE

THAT there is economy in a visiting toilette cannot be doubted. Like the house-dress it has its place, and not being used for any other purpose it retains its freshness and beauty longer than it would if it were a general wear frock. Of course, it is suited for opera or concert wear, but I would not advise its being worn where one has to sit down all the time, as it is apt to lose its shape after three hours' crushing in the ordinary seat in any place of amusement. By care and thought, very rich costumes may be arranged without a great expense, and the woman who early in the season carefully selects her fabrics and

gives her dress-maker time enough to develop them, will find that she has saved money, and that she possesses a gown appropriate for all daytime functions. And there is a deal of satisfaction in knowing that, so that when the cards come for the wedding, the "at home," or afternoon tea, one is certain that one possesses an entire costume, and this is a consolation almost passing those given by the consolations of intimate friends. To be ready at any moment for any call that society may make upon her does mean so much to a woman. It lifts off her mind that awful thought: "What am I going to wear?" and gives instantly a sense of supreme gladness that gown and wrap, bonnet and gloves are at hand, waiting to be assumed. There is no care until the very day of the tea, of the reception, or whatever the function may be has come, and then the only care is to assume one's belongings properly and to be as happy as possible.



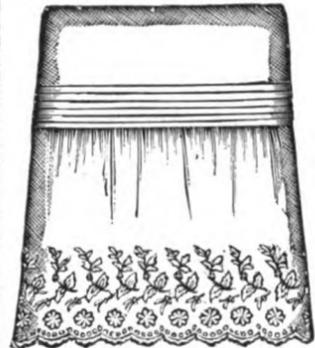
A VERY DRESSY COAT (Illus. No. 3)

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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.



THE dainty little butterfly that we are used to associating with Psyche is now rampant on all the pretty belongings of mademoiselle's costume. He is wrought out in a very small design on the black lace veil that is drawn in close folds about her face; he stands with wings upright in the corner of her dainty handkerchief; he is seen in coarse white lace on the cape that is about her shoulders, and he fastens, when made of bright gold and set with diamonds, either the collar at her throat, or the coil of her hair. In white, or black lace, with his wings wired so that they stand up, he is noted perched in front of the little breakfast caps that matrons affect. Everywhere the gay and festive little chap seems to be welcome; and as he is always made of material to suit his background, he is not inappropriate. Certainly the butterfly, as an adjunct to a pretty woman's toilette, is in much better taste than the serpents, toads, or other horrid "beasties" that she has favored in the past.

A HAT that is just now very popular in England, and which will undoubtedly obtain here, is of fine black straw with a somewhat low, square crown and a rolling brim, that is, a brim after the fashion of the English walking hat. The only trimming is a broad band of white satin ribbon quite the height of the crown; it is drawn around smoothly, and the two ends lap over each other just in front, a long, slender jet buckle seeming to fasten it. Somewhat severe in shape, these hats will only be becoming to women who do not need to show their bang to soften their faces.

The light, rough cloth storm coats that are so useful for spring wear, invariably have deep capes lined either with bright scarlet or some bright plaid silk.

WOMEN have found the jersey too popular to permit of its disappearance. The latest style is of striped stockinette in black and white, the black stripes being longer than the white, and in this way achieving a turret outline about the edge. The sleeves are of the black, and have cuffs of white set in at the wrist. The high collar is of black, and the belt is of black ribbon with a white pearl clasp just in front.

THE cat's eye, not only because of the good luck that it is supposed to bring, but also because of its beauty, is liked on a bangle that is to be worn on the left arm; the bangle itself is of narrow twisted gold, and the curious stone is set on top with a framing of diamonds that seems to bring out its weird colors better than any other would. It is said that the woman fortunate enough to possess this stone will always have good luck in money matters; certainly she has good luck in getting such a pretty ornament.

ONE of the novelties to be hung upon the chatelaine, and which really suggests the chatelaine of old, is a curiously-carved silver key. It is quite good-sized, but one is not told whether it is the key to my lady's heart, or to her jewel-box.

THE tendency in dressing the hair is to have it not too high and not too low, and while the top is all curled, it must yet be very soft, and the hair at the sides must be brushed back, and certainly not cut. Hair-dressers are anxious to introduce more elaborate styles, but my lady very sensibly prefers the simple mode which she can arrange herself, and which does not look stiff and studied.

AS a fancy has arisen for the wearing of a mob, or of Venetian, caps by bridesmaids, the Greek fillet, with an added decoration, is also laying claims for a position on the heads of the pretty attendants. The newest design shown is a band of twisted white satin ribbon, with a white lace butterfly, whose wings glitter with a shower of diamonds (presumably) placed just in front. A woman with an oval face, and who finds the Greek styles becoming, will look better with this head decoration than if she wore a fancy cap, or a large hat of any kind.

THE liking for fringes of silver, steel, gold, jet or pearl, strung in straight lines, and measuring at least a quarter of a yard, continues. They are used to outline the edges of basques, and tend to make the figure look longer and more slender. Of course, they are very expensive, for so many finely-cut beads are used, and the fringe itself is made by hand; however, it must be said of it that the strings do not break, and that even if a little care is shown them they will wear for a long time.

THE foot trimming, which has been so popular on the winter skirts, will be seen on those intended for spring and summer wear. Of course, lighter decorations will be chosen, and the lace frills will be looped with ribbons and gay rosettes, while for evening wear some of the marvelous artificial flowers will do this duty. The stiff, small pink and yellow roses will have special favor given them, as their size permits their being used as an outlining for the bodice, both at the neck and the waist.

MILLINERS predict that large hats and small bonnets will have the same vogue given them during the spring months that has been shown them all winter. However, a medium-sized poke bonnet will certainly be one of the features of the summer.

VARNISHED shoes, so says a fashionable shoemaker, are not ladylike, and will never be really fashionable. And he adds that women who dress their feet well are using shoes half a size too long for them, so that the long, narrow effect may be produced.

IF you want to make yourself a pretty handkerchief get a square of black chiffon and scallop the edge with gold thread; then lay under it and sew firmly and yet so that the stitches may not be seen, a full frill of the French lace. Such a handkerchief cannot be bought under five dollars, and it can be made for very much less than that amount. A handkerchief that is essentially Parisian in its oddity is of black chiffon, with medallions of white lace set upon it, and having a narrow, full finish of the white lace.

WOMEN of very good taste, and who understand the art of dressing well, object to the heavy pattern black veils that are now in vogue, because they tend to make the skin look so pale. One clever woman claims that they are immoral, because they encourage the using of rouge. If this is so, certainly too much cannot be said against them; and yet, for traveling, or when one really wishes one's face muffled up, there is no veil quite so convenient because they are light and cool, and at the same time will, if properly arranged, thoroughly conceal the face.

SPANGLES are used on everything; on gowns, on bonnets, on all the little belongings possible, and especially on fans. The prettiest of fans are of gauze with very large spangles of steel or gold upon them, and then dragon-flies or butterflies formed of spangles. Being on the outer sticks the effect is very sparkling, and, as a matter of course, tends to brighten the entire toilette.

EVERYBODY is a little tired of the tufts and aigrettes, so that the new decoration for the hair is much appreciated. It is a small crescent, beautifully made of tiny curled feathers, and is worn after the fashion of a crown.

THE long ribbon sashes reaching to the edge of the gown continue in vogue, not only for evening, but for street dresses. Sometimes the ribbons simply start from the shoulders and fall almost to the edge of the gown; again, they are brought front, cross over the corsage, come around under the arms high up to the center of the back, where they are arranged in small bows, while the long ends reach quite to the edge of the skirt. By-the-by, to be effective, these decorations should always be of velvet ribbon.

IF your sweetheart is giving you a ring for good luck, and you are to have the choice, let it be an oval moonstone surrounded with small, clear diamonds. This stone, more than any other, has the reputation of bringing happiness, and even if you do not consider this the ring itself will be found a most effective one, the diamonds bringing out the many colors in the moonstone, and the moonstone returning the compliment by intensifying the brilliancy of the diamonds.

AN extremely pretty brooch is one of gold, enameled in light lavender shade. It is half an inch wide and apparently tied in a stiff bow. It has just in the center a violet, enameled in a darker shade, and with a diamond for a heart. This would look peculiarly harmonious if worn with a lavender tulle or velvet. Another style is of stiff white enamel, being as prim and proper as the lawn tie worn by gentlemen in evening dress. This is very much affected by the young women who go in for the extreme masculine get-up.

THE favorite sleeve links worn by those who like the shirts of white silk with deep, straight cuffs, are of gold, enameled to look like piqué. The shirt buttons are round, flat ones, matching these. With the shirts are worn the jaunty cloth jackets that flare away from the front, permitting the silk garment to show to advantage. Women who do not care for the very masculine-looking linen shirt are pleased with the silk ones, because they have such a womanly air.

ON the broad-brimmed picture hats loaded with feathers, Mademoiselle puts a bit of color in the form of a velvet flower, pink or sapphire-blue being most fancied. If possible, this is placed under the brim just in front, so that it rests on the hair, and looks most coquettish. If the shape will not permit this, then the flower may be nestled among the plumes themselves, and look out cozily and effectively from their darkness.

THE real old-fashioned diamond hoop is seen again. It is just a narrow band of small diamonds, with only enough gold to form a setting. It is, as in the olden days, used for an engagement ring, and becomes the "keeper" of the wedding ring.

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Buttons front instead of clasps.

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Tape-fastened Buttons. Ring Buckle at hip for hose sup't.

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PRETTY THINGS FOR TOILETTE AND TOILET

By Isabel A. Mallon



JUST to disabuse somebody's mind of the idea that a toilette and a toilet are the same, it may be well to announce that a toilette is the completed costume, including all the little details, and when madam has on her toilette she is prepared to go wherever she is dressed for; if it is to an evening entertainment she has on her gloves and her fan is in her hand, while all the small details of jewelry are properly arranged. If madam makes her toilet it is presumed she is brushing her hair, making herself sweet with odorous waters, or healthy in the bath; in her toilet she is in the room where her dressing-case stands, and where all the dainty and pretty belongings of the toilet are to be found—the pretty belongings that make the toilette possible. Now do you see the difference?

WHAT EVERY WOMAN LIKES

A SILVER toilet set. It is prettiest when part of glass and part of silver; that is, the perfume bottles want to be of glass with silver stoppers, and the puff-box of heavy glass, with a silver cover. A silver toilet set is possible to any girl if she has sufficient amount of patience and the courage to boil down her Christmas gifts into one or two. If she will just tell her family that she wants to start a toilet set, then each year and each birthday will find a separate piece given to her, until all the pieces desired are obtained. I should advise beginning with the brushes and the mirror; of course, I only mean a hand-glass and not a large mirror, such as people with a great deal of money aspire to. A simple pattern in burnished silver is most desirable because it cleans easiest, and because it can be most readily matched. Then, if there is somebody who knows you are collecting a set, and wishes to give you a small piece toward it, there are the pretty pin-trays, the glove-stretcher, the silver box to hold nail powder, and the little glass pot, with its silver cover, which will hold the cream to be used when your lips are chapped, or your face burned from the effects of the sun. In collecting your set try and have two hair-brushes and two clothes-brushes, one stiff and the other soft. Remember, in buying these brushes



A GROUP OF SILVER TRIFLES (Illus. No. 1)

that you can always have fresh bristles put in them, so that they really are going to last you your lifetime, and will be something to will away when you are disposing of your earthly belongings.

A GROUP OF SILVER TRIFLES

THERE is shown in this group (Illustration No. 1) a heart-shaped tray for pins and hair-pins, or any one of the innumerable small belongings which tend to litter up one's toilet table, and for which these little trays are a great convenience. This shape is much liked, though one may have round or square ones as well, for to have the little platters odd is counted especially desirable. The case standing in the background contains silver glove-stretcher, shoe-horn, shoe-buttoner, glove-buttoner and curling-tongs; each of these articles may be bought separately, but it is convenient to have them in a case, so that the wise woman can close it up when she is going traveling, and will know just where the trifles which may cause her so much annoyance, if they are missing, may be found. The puff-box is of cut glass, with a silver cover, and the puff which is in it has a silver handle, contrasting prettily with the white fluff of the swansdown.

A something not shown in this group is seen, however, at the jeweler's. It is a veritable hare's foot, such as is used on the other side of the footlights, with a long silver handle, so that if Mademoiselle has rouge in one of her silver boxes she may possess the proper appliance for applying it. Boxes intended especially for rouge are round and not very deep; those for lip-salve or vaseline, cold cream or whatever may be your chosen unguent, are of glass, with silver mountings. All silver bottles are shown, but are not considered in as good taste as the glass with a silver stopper. The bright glass, cut like diamonds, and which, of course, must be immaculate, and the shining silver, form a contrast on the dressing-table that is most artistic. And what woman does not love a pretty dressing-table, and what more dainty useful articles can she have to arrange upon the pretty lace trimmed linen cover of her table than the silver toilet set, with its glittering array of brushes, boxes, bottles, combs and trays, and other innumerable adjuncts of the toilet.

THE SILVER CHATELAINE

THE old woman who came to town with "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes" was probably the originator of the chatelaine, which, with its many jingling pendants, is more in favor just now than ever before. It has been stated, at various times, that gold ones would obtain; but as the average woman would get no further than the single pendant, she gives her shoulders a shrug and decides to cling to the silver. The chatelaines themselves are very simple in design, sufficient room being allowed for the innumerable chains that must depend from them. People who are in doubt as to what may be given to a woman friend cannot doubt long if they know she has a fondness for her chatelaine, something always can be added to it, for it is never complete.

The one shown at Illustration No. 2 is a typical one. The chatelaine itself is merely a curving of silver, good and strong, that will permit the many chains to be fastened on it. The pendants are a small silver watch, with the owner's monogram cut in high relief upon it; then there is a book of tablets which represents a letter received, and is addressed to the owner thereof; there is a small mirror, a stamp-box, which also has a place for holding court-plaster, a pin-cushion, a pencil, a vinaigrette, three curious bells imitating those found in Egypt, and two or three coins valued not because of their antiquity but because of their associations, each one bearing upon it an inscription of some sort that recalls to the wearer the special time when the coin acted an important part. Of course, a great many more belongings can be put upon the chatelaine, but this one may be cited as possessing most of the adjuncts fancied. In the illustration, or when they are laid out in their case, one's chatelaine does look stiff, but when it is assumed the silver trifles fall together, look artistic and are most musical. When the day arrives, as it will, that the silver is tarnished, don't attempt to clean it yourself, but submit it to a jeweller for brightening. And he will return it to you looking as bright as when it was first bought.



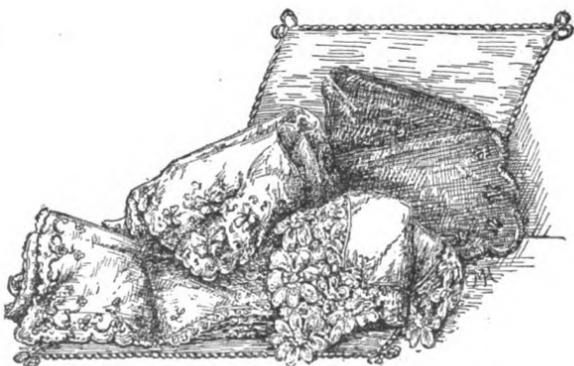
THE SILVER CHATELAINE (Illus. No. 2)

THE DAINTIEST OF HANKERCHIEFS

IT would seem as if no material were too fine for the handkerchief of to-day; for the finest of linen, the sheerest of mousseline and the daintiest of lisse are used for the pretty trifles. Those of lisse are shown in all the pale pinks, and with an embroidered edge done in corresponding colors to imitate a flower. Except as ornaments, these are entirely useless, and must, when they get the least bit soiled, pay a visit to the cleaner's, as soap and water mean death and destruction to them. Women who do not care for these handkerchiefs choose those made of the sheerest linen lawn, with a narrow hem stitched by hand, a lace edge about a quarter of an inch wide below, and the monogram or cipher wrought in very small letters in one corner. However, all tastes can be suited; and though the plain linen handkerchief certainly has its position, still there is a time when the more decorative one should be used.

A GROUP OF MOUCHOIRS

THE handkerchiefs shown in this group (Illustration No. 3) are a white lawn one, such as has been described, and its exact opposite in white, that is, one with a square center of lawn, and a bordering of real Duchesse lace. Another is of black crepe de chine, having rather wide scallops embroidered in black about its edge, and above this are gold fleur de lis wrought out in gold thread. Another would seem to have been



A GROUP OF PRETY MOUCHOIRS (Illus. No. 3)

made for a fairy, and a puff of wind would blow it away; it is of pale lavender lisse, has its edges scalloped in silk, a shade darker, and just above that tiny pansies are wrought out in silks of different shades, exactly imitating the saucy flower itself. The other is of white lawn, scalloped with pale lavender, and in the corner is a group of butterflies, whose wings stand up separate from the handkerchief itself, and are worked out in lavender like the edge.

THE PURSE OF GOLD

NOT satisfied with having plenty of gold in her purse, the special woman is most eager to have a purse of gold. It may be a tiny little one, formed of links of gold, with the ordinary snap top made of gold, and then it is just large enough to hold small bits of silver. Sometimes, if one is very well off in this world's goods, the golden purse will be a long slender one, just like those knit ones one's grandmother carried, and the ring upon it is one elaborately set with precious stones. People who do not expect to attain such magnificence as this are satisfied with purses of gray, scarlet, brown or black leather, having upon them decorations, small ones, either in gold or silver. A pretty fancy is to duplicate one's own method of writing one's initials, and this may be done either in silver, gold, or precious stones. A very beautiful card-case has upon it the name of the owner in diamonds, which is so fastened on the case that it may be taken off and worn as a lace pin, as it screws right into a pin fitted to it.

A black purse is always in good taste, and is certainly more to be commended than a soiled, elaborate one. The objection made to those of light-colored leathers, the gray, white and light brown, is that of soiling very easily. Curious bits of brocade lined with white satin are used for card cases and are a Parisian style. There, great effort is made to have the brocade of your visiting case match some famous brocade, so that you can claim that it is like that which was worn by the Empress Josephine, by Marie Antoinette, or some of the celebrated beauties who surrounded her. As sold in the stores these cases are quite expensive, but a clever needle woman could easily make one at home, and it would then be in her power to give to each of her friends one of the daintiest of presents possible.

Apocryphal of visiting cards do not under any circumstances permit yours to lie among your sachets and become perfumed, for a card fairly reeking, even with a delicate odor, is counted extremely bad form.

It was announced when the slit pockets were put in the skirts that womankind would have no further use for purses, but that this is not true is best proven by the number of beautiful ones seen in the stores where a specialty is made of such belongings.

THE MYSTERIOUS VEIL

ONE calls it mysterious because it seems absolutely impossible to fold it so that it will retain its pristine freshness. During the early spring it is most probable that the very thin tulle veils matching the bonnet in color will be in vogue. Of course, these colors are so faint that they really have no effect upon the complexion, and they do all that is asked of them, which is to keep the fluffy bang in place, and be a pretty film between the pleasant and unpleasant things of this world. Black veils of very thin tulle with jet stars and crescents upon them are still liked, but when worn must be drawn up in thick folds over the lower part of the face. I do not advise folding these at all, but instead straighten them out and throw them loosely, each on the hat with which it is to be worn. The woman who has the courage of her convictions and wishes to make her complexion very white will muffle herself up in a thick blue barege veil, behind which she will perspire very freely, and the whitening effect said to emanate from this process will result. Personally I approve of sunshine, consequently I cannot altogether recommend this style of veiling the face, although it has many followers, especially when the March winds blow.

THE TOILETTE AND THE TOILET

WE have all heard of beautiful toilettes arranged with very few of the proper toilet accessories. This may be possible; but it cannot be doubted that a woman is much more fastidious, and much more careful of her appearance, if she has the proper belongings on her toilet table. To have to rush around looking for pins; to let the hair go semi-loose because no hair-pins can be found, and to be unable to see whether the back of one's gown is right, because a hand-glass is lacking, will result in a careless get-up. It is possible that effective results have been achieved when the necessary tools were not at hand; but any good workman will tell you that you cannot attain good results, or reach perfection in your work, unless you have the proper implements with which to do your duty. The painter is sure that his brushes are right, his paints properly arranged before he begins his work; his tools are in order. A woman should be equally particular, for she has also to form a picture. It is every woman's business to look well; it is her duty to be a rest for the eyes of man in general, man who is tired of looking at ugly things like himself; so while you need not make your toilette the work of your life, you still can make it a success; and the quickest and best way to do this is to furnish your toilet table properly.

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Many letters come to me asking for suggestions for leisure hours that I am constantly wishing it were possible for me to buy up some of the time which seems to hang so heavily upon my dear sisters' hands. My days are all too short for the work I find to do, and not a week passes that I do not feel grieved at having to put aside some interesting study. It seems to me if I should live a thousand years and had a thousand hands and feet, and brains to match, I could be kept busy day and night. Time is our most precious possession; let us be careful that we do not misuse or waste it.

WE live in a small town, and have not many neighbors. I am kept at home a great deal because there is no one to take care of the house, and I would like you to tell me some way to pass the time. I work pretty quick, so I do not have to spend all the time doing my house-work, and I am spry with my needle so I do not have sewing on hand all the time as some women do. Ever so many afternoons I have nothing to do but sit by the window and rock and watch for somebody to go by, but ours is not very lively road. It would be real nice if I had something to pass away the time.

If you have no stitches to take for yourself, take them for your most needy neighbor. If you lack the material, I am sure you could find it, if you went about it vigorously. Write your friend whose mending basket is running over to send it to you for a few days. Take some tired teacher into your home and wait on her and cheer her up. Send for two or three of your minister's children to spend a week with you; they will give you enough to do—and their mother may "catch up" with her work.

I THOUGHT I would tell "Jennie" what helps me over the stony path of life we all must tread. I have three mottoes: never to tire; never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flowers and the opening heart, to hope always, to love always. This is duty. And when I am dissatisfied with myself I think over my next motto: it is this: "God sees heroes where the world sees only very humble people," and I think God would not put me here if I did not have a mission to perform on earth, and that thought makes me stronger. My third and last is "speak gentle words, for who can tell the blessings they impart; how oft they fall (as manna fell) on some night-fainting heart." The truest happiness is found in making others happy. God never fails to promote the faithful worker.

Your mottoes are very good. If one could live up to them, all difficulties would be solved. To hope always, to love always, Ah! who is equal to these things?

IT is sad if one is unhappy in one's position in life. In "Jennie's" family surely some of the children are old enough to assist her in the performance of home duties. They will be the better off for so doing. Perhaps a visit to a relative or friend, together with the accompanying change of scenes and circumstances, could cheer and rest her if she would leave the children at home and stay long enough to recuperate. She will be given the appreciation she longs for when she returns. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." I find my housework easiest when I hurry it (at the same time always doing it the very best I know how) and do not let it hurry me. It only makes the daily routine of work more laborious to let any go undone. Method is absolutely necessary.

Change of scene is one of the best medicines for weary minds, and many a mother would return to her duties with revived energy and strength if she could take a short vacation from them. Often when she needs it most, it seems to her most impossible to leave home.

A LADY wishes to learn some method of preserving choice bits of reading matter. My way is this: I have what I call a commonplace book; they can be bought, I think, but I never saw but one, which the owner, a minister, said he would not take five hundred dollars for. He lent me his as a pattern. I bought a large blank book with good binding and paper. I printed the letters of the alphabet on the first few pages for an index, say two or three on a page of those not commonly used. I then arranged my extracts (which had been accumulating for years) according to subjects, and placed the subject of the paragraph under the alphabet, the first letter of which was the first of that subject. For instance, a quotation on the subject of reading I would place under the letter R, with reading underneath, with the number of the page; so that in desiring to refer to that subject I have simply to refer to the index, and not hunt through my book; and I may have any number of quotations from any number of authors on the same subject, classed together, right at hand. I prize my book very highly; I only wish I had learned this many years ago; it would have saved me the loss of many valuable quotations. I generally read with pencil and paper at hand; then, if I come across a choice bit I copy it, and when I have a collection of such I copy them into my commonplace book at my leisure.

I HAVE been married seven years, and my husband is not an angel; he is an honest man with a good many faults, and if I get out of patience with him I just sit down and count my own faults and I am ready to call it square. But we can not be truly happy unless we belong to Christ. Let us take all our troubles to him; he will carry them for us, and let young girls remember the injunction "be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

This squaring one's own faults off against another's, if honestly done, is pretty sure to make us lenient towards those from whom we feel we are receiving injury.

I HAVE received the ordinary education of girls in my position (I am a farmer's daughter). I came to find that in an emergency I could make myself useful. The emergency having passed, my occupation is gone. So the years go and I seem to have nothing to show for them. I am improving my mind and getting ready, for possibilities are such tiresome things when you are conscious all the time that by a little bound you can clear the barriers and be right in the midst of the possibilities. I am hungry for work, and one thing I ask of you is to prove to me that I would not be selfish in seeking it even though it called me from home, or so filled mind and time as in a measure to exclude home thoughts, and I appeal to you because I am sure I am only one of a class.

If you are not needed in your home and can find elsewhere the opportunity for service, go away by all means. "Improving one's self" is a very misleading idea. Often it is a sort of gorging process, like the goose fattening for *pâté de foie gras* (a goose liver pie), and is useless and destructive. Use is the best promoter of efficiency, but you cannot set type without learning the business, nor be a stenographer without careful preparation. If you want to learn a business by which to support yourself, you must seek advice from those who know you personally.

I AM a young married woman, and my husband's business keeps him from home from early in the morning until ten at night, and so you see I have a great deal of time on my hands and I find myself wondering what I am going to do during the winter. I cannot sew, and do not care for reading; in fact, I would like to spend the long winter days in a way that will be both profitable and instructive, but am unable to decide just what course to pursue, as I wait all the day and evening for my husband to return. So I come to you, for you always give such good advice to those who go to you, and will feel very grateful for your help.

Dear! Dear! I wish I had your time. Why, I should offer myself as a "friendly visitor" under a charity organization society; I should teach in a sewing school (at least you can show little children how to thread needles) and perhaps learn how to sew; I would join some of the many classes in—oh! I should not know what of all the interesting studies to choose—I would try every possible way to help others, and to improve myself. Don't waste a day; find some one who needs your help; there are hosts of needy ones, and give yourself no rest till you have filled your life with wholesome service.

I KNOW all about hard work, calico dresses, loneliness, discontent, intense longing for congenial companionship, desire for beautiful surroundings and for a broader and better life. I have been through it all. But these things are not hopeless; to-day I am one of the cheerfulest and happiest women in the whole State. I have indeed found that within myself which makes drudgery divine. My home and surroundings have not changed, but I have changed my soul. Where I once saw evil I now see only good, and such joy and sunshine have come into my life that I want to help others who are living in the shadows. I sometimes feel just like getting into miserable places, so that I can (like Mark Tapley) "come out strong" and be "jolly." I am a farmer's wife, and my "John" is one of the kindest and truest of men. Take courage; life is not half as bad as we think. Live for happiness; it will surely come. Out of my own joy and gladness I feel as if I must make all realize that one may be happy and contented in very lonely places.

We are all strengthened in hope and courage by the testimony of friends who have borne griefs and anxieties like our own, and have not been cast down by them. What man has done man can do, and surely what our woman has endured another woman may.

MAY I suggest two more or less trivial things that help to make convalescence more endurable? One is that the invalid should have a chair by her bed, a basket (covered, if possible) in which to keep writing materials, cologne, a clean handkerchief, nail scissors and any of the little odds and ends needed through the day which give an untidy aspect to the room if lying about, and yet, when needed, are so troublesome to ask for, and have to be hunted up by anyone she may have to call upon. The other is when the morning washing and freshening is going on, to have a tumbler with fresh water, with a little borax dissolved in it, brought, and for the invalid to wash out her mouth with a soft handkerchief dipped in the borax water, and to rinse her mouth well with it. The feeling of freshness it gives is most delightful. Both of these things have given me much comfort when ill.

Thank you for these suggestions; they may comfort many an invalid.

I WAS very much impressed by an article in which "Our Editor" tells us that "Many women have yet to learn the great lesson of silence on matters which belong only to themselves." It has been brought home to me so forcibly that I feel that I must add my experience, as a word of caution to others. There came a time soon after my marriage, when, in my dilemma, I made a confidante of my mother. It was not necessary to do so; it would have been so much better to have left it unsaid, but I considered the confidence sacred, for surely one might trust a mother if no one else. It has lately come to my knowledge that the confidence was written in full, word for word, to my sister in a distant state, and when she received the letter it was read unblushingly aloud to four or five relatives. Imagine my dismay on hearing this, and also my tears of grief, mortification and—yes, anger, to find that that which should have been sacred in my own heart had been paraded before the world for fifteen years. So let me say once again hold some things as too sacred for confidence, even to one whom you have every reason to expect will be true. If you cannot keep a secret, do not expect others to keep it for you.

Your experience should certainly warn you and others who learn of it not to give into another's keeping a confidence without assurance of its safety, and it should certainly lead one to be very careful not to utter that which it would be injurious to have repeated.

WHAT has pleased me and surprised me was to see the "Contented Wife." It surprised me because I cannot remember of having seen it very often in our corner, and I find them few among my acquaintances. What a pity! and I really believe two-thirds of the fault lies with the wives themselves. Now, that may seem to you a sweeping assertion, but from my own observation and experience I believe it to be true. I have been a wife eight years and the unhappiest year I ever had in my married life was the first; I can look back now and see nearly all the fault was my own.

I was twenty-one and my John twenty-two when we were married. I was a school-ma'am. We started on a large farm in which he held an inherited interest, and the work was heavy, and, from my inexperience, irksome. He wanted to get me a girl, but I was independent and refused to have one as I knew he married me and got no dowry with me and I knew, or thought, we could not afford one. When I became tired I became cross and fretful, and because he did not humor me in my ill nature, I imagined he did not care, when, if I had told him my troubles in a right spirit, he would have sympathized with me and lightened my imagined burdens.

Don't you wonder what changed me? Well, it may seem odd to you, but I cannot tell exactly what did start the change, but I gradually saw my faults and profited by it. Margaret Bottome (God bless her) has helped me with her Heart to Heart talks. I have prayed to be helped to overcome my ugly temper. Have any one of you married life as I lived my husband better than life; still I was hateful and mean to him because I could not see my own fault.

With "Mrs. John Smith" I have no patience, as all her trouble lies in the sentence "I am not one of the contented kind and what's more I don't mean to be." Did she not know her husband's financial circumstances before she married him? or was she not prepared to manage according to his income? She says she wants to enjoy the morning sunshine with her children; would she want to go every day and leave her household duties; if so she must lack industry. If not every day, could she not have a day now and then by preparing the day before? I do that when I want to go hunting with my husband. My only hope for her and Janet is, that their eyes may be opened to their hapless or their faults as mine have been, before their becomes one like poor "Mary's"—too late.

You are right. Difficulty often comes between husband and wife because he cannot divine, and she does not explain, the cares and perplexities which are making her life burdensome. Frankness is a quality of the utmost importance in a happy marriage. Often the wife refrains from speaking of the things which oppress her from the kindest of motives, and if she be able completely to hide them that may be well. But if her brow is furrowed and her lips drawn and her eyes heavy, some cause will be imagined which may be far from the right one, and if possible the truth would best be given.

DEAR SISTERS:—I want to say something in defense of "back-door neighbors." Mine are nearly all of that kind, and I'm glad of it. If my neighbors waited until they knew my housework was done I fear they seldom see them. If one comes to the back door when sweeping is in order, I invite her to walk into the sitting-room and entertain herself with the books and papers always there; and she will do this gladly, especially if there is a new LADIES' HOME JOURNAL among them. If my work requires me to stay in the kitchen I give them a rocker there; and if I fall over them occasionally for lack of room to do with a laugh, and neither of us is worried by the occurrence. Of course, I don't accomplish quite so much; but what of it? our companionship has cheered us both, and a few moments will complete the work after she has gone. It is not the sick alone who need our sympathy and aid; every heart has its own burden, and sometimes our friendship is most needed where we least suspect it.

Thank you for this bit of your experience and the suggestion of the value of sympathy. We forget too often that our next neighbor may need a kind word.

I AM very glad of an excuse to write to you, if that were necessary, to tell you how much I enjoy your visits, and especially the deep religious tone of our LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I would suggest that any one who wishes a name and address to whom they can send a paper or magazine regularly should write to Mrs. John S. Bussing, Paper Mission, 23 Reads Street, New York city. If any of the sisters have a bundle of reading matter, religious or otherwise, it will be most gladly received by William M. F. Round, Corresponding Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, at 135 East Fifteenth Street, New York city.

Find another excuse as good as this, please, and write again.

MY DEAR SISTERS—Let your little ones help you. If you will, you will be surprised to see how many light tasks they can do. Let them seed the raisins, beat the eggs, and save you steps. Praise them, and they will count it an honor to be of use to mamma. Then you will have time to go together to the fields. My little nephew brings all he finds in the field to me, and we visit in my kitchen and I have a better or more comprehending friend. If you will, you can bring the field and the sunshine right into your kitchen, and it will be the place of all places to the family. There the children will come from school, and can't you sympathize with the missed lesson and bask the pie too? And there Mr. John Smith will come, and if Mrs. John is not put out that she must be there, but quite elated by the rolls turned out so beautifully, he will think, "My kitchen is a sunnier place than some men's parlors." When I was very young a kind aunt gave me a rule for my housekeeping: "Always let your brains save your heels; they are the stronger."

A very good rule that is, and it is quite true that companionship in the household work makes the home happier to all the family.

WILL you allow me to join your circle? I have taken the JOURNAL four years, and this is my first attempt at writing for any of its columns. I am an ex-school-ma'am. I was married over a year ago to a bachelor that was living on a claim in western Nebraska, but owing to drought and hail last summer, my husband was compelled to be away from home three months to get a livelihood, leaving me at home. This summer we are three hundred miles from home, working on a ranch, he doing farm work, I cooking, but I do not find washing dishes and kettles disagreeable or irksome, but have spent the summer pleasantly and happily. I will remain here this winter. I will try teaching again. Can I look to you to see the grand "Rockies" towering toward Him who reigns wisely and well.

Doing for another, and not for one's own self, how it lightens heavy burdens!

I, TOO, am a farmer's wife, and I have to "cook," to "sew," to "wash those kettles," and I consider I am doing it for myself as well as my husband, and with the love of my husband to cheer and encourage me, I am spending the happiest time of my life.

Will "Snapper" of Wilmington; P. L. P., of Olneyville, R. I., and Mrs. William S. Lines please send me their correct post-office addresses?

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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE
EDITED BY MARIA PARLOA

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.
Cooking receipts are not given in this Department, hence do not ask that they be printed, and do not send manuscripts of that nature to MISS PARLOA.



In these days of lavish ornamentation and bric-à-brac, the young housekeeper must be on guard against filling her house with such furnishings as would make it stuffy and cause it to lack individuality. The home should be an index to the character of the family. Do not furnish your house fully until you have lived in it awhile. Buy at first only such furniture as you need for comfort. When you are settled you can study the needs of each part of the house, and after you have fully determined exactly what you want, buy it when you see an advantageous chance.

TAKE A LONG LOOK AHEAD

NEVER decide hastily upon a piece of furniture; purchase for the future as much as for the present. It is true fashions change in furniture from year to year, but it is only people of large means who can follow a fashion of this kind. The plain, elegant styles are quite expensive as compared with the ordinary pieces which are turned out of factories by the thousand, and which are covered with ornamentation to catch the popular fancy. One quickly wearies of such furniture; besides, it is not so well made as the plainer styles, and therefore gets out of order easily. Get the things necessary for kitchen, bedroom, dining-room and sitting-room before doing anything about the parlor, and let every article be of good quality, no matter how plain. Make an estimate of what you can spend on each room; then get the best things possible.

FURNISHING THE CHAMBERS

ONE can get a chamber set for as low a sum as twenty-five dollars; but the prices run up rapidly until the hundreds are reached. Handsome, well-made sets, with little or no ornamentation (the quality of the wood, and the finish giving them a simple elegance not found in more showy pieces) cost from forty to seventy-five dollars. The set includes bedstead, dressing-case, wash-stand, towel-rack, a small table, two common chairs and a rocker. The more expensive sets have the English wash-stand. No marble is used with the finest chamber furniture. The springs, mattresses, etc., must be purchased separately, as a rule. Have good ones. Have shades and plain muslin curtains for the windows. Stain the floors, if possible. If you prefer not to do that, use straw matting, with one rug beside the bed and another in front of the wash-stand. In buying the toilet set select one that has a plain, fine shape and simple decoration.

THE DINING-ROOM FURNITURE

THERE are two articles which one must have for this room: a table and some chairs. It often happens that the young housekeeper, not realizing the necessity for having these of generous size, and well made, chooses articles that seem good, but which, in a short time, become unstable. Oak is the most satisfactory wood for the dining-room. Have the table of good width, as a narrow one never looks well. The chairs should be strong, broad-seated, and with high backs.

Having the chairs and table, you can wait for the other things, although a sideboard-table is a desirable thing, if one can afford it. If you cannot have exactly what you want, be patient. Sideboards, sideboard-tables and china-closets of glass all come in such simple, yet tasteful, designs that one may be sure to like them all one's life. It will pay to wait for such a piece of furniture. Have a hardwood, or a stained floor. Just enough of the floor may be stained to make a deep border, and a simple rug be placed in the center of the room. Shades, without any draperies, answer very well for this room.

COMFORT IN THE SITTING-ROOM

In the sitting-room, where the family gathers for the evening, and where some members of the household spend a good part of each day, put all the comfort you can. Let it be one of the largest and brightest rooms in the house. There should be a bookcase, a firm table of good size, several comfortable chairs, a couch with plenty of pillows, a good lamp, with a shade that will not try the eyes, some pictures, a few plants and shades and draperies that will soften, but not exclude the light. If possible, have an open fireplace. Let this be a room that shall always be remembered as one of the pleasantest spots in the world. When possible, have a hardwood or a stained floor, with a rug in the center.

SELECTING CARPETS AND RUGS

In buying carpets remember that the best are always the cheapest. The more limited one's means are, the more essential it is that only a good article shall be purchased. The best quality of body Brussels will outwear two or more of the cheaper tapestry carpets. A finely-woven, smooth ingrain carpet may cost half a dollar more per yard than one of common texture, but it will be cheaper in the end. Nothing is more unsatisfactory than one of the loosely-woven straw mattings. A fine matting, costing say a dollar and a quarter a yard, will last a dozen years or more, with constant wear, too. It is so fine that but little dust sifts through, and the strands do not pull apart, as in coarser grades. Rugs for the center of the room can be made from a body Brussels, with a border to match. They should be tacked down. Japanese cotton rugs, pretty and durable, cost from three to six dollars. They are good for bedrooms, bath-rooms and sitting-rooms. Buy handsome rugs whenever you can afford to. They are a good investment; for, unlike carpets, they do not wear out, and you can hand them down in the family the same as silver or diamonds. A beautiful Oriental rug is a joy forever. In selecting one be particular to see that the colors are rich, and have some brightness. In general, when choosing carpets, have the groundwork rather light, and the colors somewhat neutral. Such a carpet will always look clean, and you will not feel the need of shutting out the sunlight through fear of fading.

WHEN SWEEPING A ROOM

THE preparation of a room for sweeping and the arrangement of the furniture after the room has been cleaned, are by far the greater part of the work. The first step is to dust all the ornaments and place them on a firm table in another room. Next, dust all the plain furniture, using a soft cloth, and removing the lighter pieces from the room. Now beat and brush all the stuffed articles, using a brush to clean the tufting and creases. When everything movable has been taken from the room, and all the large pieces covered, dust the pictures with a feather duster, or a cloth; then cover the pictures. Brush the ceiling and walls with a long feather duster, or a soft cloth fastened on a broom. Brush all dust from the tops of the doors and windows. Have the windows open all the while. If there be portières and window draperies that can be easily taken down, put them on the clothes-line and shake them well. Take up all the rugs, and, if you have grass in the yard, lay them upon it, right side down, and beat well with a switch or rattan; then shake. If you have no place where you can spread them, hang them on the line and beat them well. Have a good broom, not too heavy, for the carpets. Sweep in one direction only, taking short strokes. Take up the dirt with a dustpan and corn broom. When the dust settles, go over the carpet once more, having first freed your broom of all lint, threads, etc. When the dust has again settled, dust the room with a soft cloth.

Put three quarts of warm water and three tablespoonfuls of household ammonia in a pail. Wring a clean piece of old flannel out of this, and wipe every part of the carpet, wringing the cloth as it becomes soiled. Now wash the windows, and wipe off any marks there may be on the paint. Remove the coverings from the pictures and furniture, being careful not to scatter the dust. Bring back the rugs and hangings, and arrange them. Finally, put the furniture and ornaments in place.

Many people cover the bed, but not the bedstead. It is really quite as important that the wood-work should be covered as it is that the pillows and bed are, for if dirt lodges in the grooves and carvings, it is a difficult task to remove it.

COVERINGS FOR FURNITURE

If one have proper covers for the pictures and heavy pieces of furniture in the room, a great amount of trouble can be saved on the sweeping day. Buy cheap print cloth for the furniture. Have three breadths in the cover, and have it three yards and a half long. It should be hemmed, and the work can be done quickly on a sewing-machine. I find six cloths a convenient number, although we do not always need so many. Get cheap, unbleached cotton, and cut it into lengths suitable for covering pictures, heavy ornaments, clocks, etc. These need not be hemmed. Always remove any coverings gently; then take them out of doors to be shaken. Fold them and put them away. They will last a long time, and pay for themselves in a year, because they save so much extra dusting, and the moving of heavy articles.

HOW TO DESTROY MOTHS AND WORMS

FROM all quarters there come inquiries about destroying moths and worms in carpets, rugs, furniture and clothing. If the piece of furniture or the rug be very valuable, the quickest and surest way is to send it to one of the many places where they clean with steam heat or naphtha; but one can do a great deal at home if one will only be thorough. For the stuffed furniture use naphtha freely. Put the article on the piazza and pour a gallon of naphtha into it, being sure that every part is saturated. After a day or two repeat the process, and I think you will find that both worms and eggs are destroyed. Still, it will be necessary to keep a close watch; for it is more difficult to destroy the eggs than the worms, and they may be hatched out after days, or even weeks, have passed. I know that if the naphtha be used again at this time the trouble will be at an end. Furs and woolen garments should be well beaten, and then saturated with naphtha. There is no danger in this generous use of the fluid out of doors; but in the house great care must be exercised. Windows should be opened, and there should be no light or fire in the room for several days if naphtha has been used in large quantities. When rugs or carpets are attacked, have two hot irons ready. Wet with hot water the parts that are affected. Place several thicknesses of wet cloth over this, and apply the hot iron, which should stand there for at least ten minutes, that the steam may penetrate every part. When all is done, pour on naphtha; also, pour it about the edges of the carpet. Remember that wiping with naphtha has no effect; it must be a generous bath. Bear in mind, also, that the danger from the fluid comes from the gas, and that the windows are to be opened, and no fire or light allowed in the room during the work, or for a few hours after it is done.

TO BRIGHTEN LEATHER FURNITURE

A SUBSCRIBER asks for a receipt for restoring the color to leather furniture which has become rusty in appearance. Furniture dealers say that real leather should not fade as long as it holds together. However, it does fade; so try this method of brightening it: Wash the leather with a sponge that has been wrung out of hot soap-suds; then rub as dry as possible. Now place the furniture in the sun and wind, that it may get thoroughly dry as quickly as possible. Next, rub hard with a cloth that has been wet with kerosene. Let the furniture stand in the air until the odor of the oil has passed off.

SOMETHING ABOUT COOKING SCHOOLS

SO many questions are sent to me concerning cooking schools that I will state briefly where some of them may be found, and the usual method of teaching followed there. The New York Cooking School is open from October or November until about May. Pupils can take private or special lessons at any time through the winter or spring. Classes of six take a regular course of ten or twenty lessons, doing all the work themselves. Demonstration lessons are also given at stated times. Besides this there are several hundred children taught free in this school. The pupils do not board or lodge there. Address "The New York Cooking School, Lafayette Place, New York City," for any further information.

The Boston Cooking School, on Tremont street, does its work in much the same manner, save that it has a larger training department for teachers. Mrs. Rorer has a cooking school in Philadelphia, and there are many other good institutions in various parts of the country, but I lack information in regard to their methods. I know of no school where one can be taught the art of dinner-giving and entertaining, except as one is taught the best modes of serving the dishes which she learns to cook.

CLEANING BURNISHED STEEL

A SUBSCRIBER asks how she shall keep the nickel-plate bright on her base burner. Burnished steel on stoves is often mistaken for nickel-plate. There is comparatively little nickel-plate used on the parts of a stove where great heat comes, since it has a tendency to scale off when exposed to a high temperature. A stove manufacturer tells me that there is nothing so good for cleaning burnished steel as naphtha. There must be no fire in the room when it is used, and do the work by daylight. If a stove require cleaning, be sure that there is no fire in it. Wet a soft cloth with naphtha and rub the steel briskly.

METHODS OF REMOVING STAINS

SEVERAL requests have been received for the publication of a receipt that will remove fruit stains from linen or cambric.

One of the simplest methods is to place the stained part over a bowl and continue pouring boiling water through until the stain disappears. If this be done soon after the article is stained, there will be no trouble in most cases. The water must be boiling hot.

Oxalic acid will remove fruit stains. As it is useful for many purposes, it is well to keep a bottle of it in some safe place. Put three ounces of the crystals in a bottle with half a pint of water. Mark the bottle plainly.

When stains are to be removed have a large pail of water and a bottle of household ammonia at hand. Wet the stained parts with the acid and then rub. When the stains have disappeared, put the article in the water, wash thoroughly in several waters, and then wet the parts with the ammonia, that all trace of the acid may be removed. Finally, rinse again.

WHAT CAUSES SPOTS ON A MIRROR

SPOTS have appeared on a correspondent's new mirror, and she wants to know how to remove them. If a mirror be placed where sunlight or a very strong light falls directly upon it the quicksilver will be liable to dissolve, leaving dark spots on the glass. I have failed to learn of any way to repair this defect except by having the glass resilvered.

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In paper boxes; enough for two large pies. Always ready; easily prepared.

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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Contains No Alcoholic Liquors. Makes an every-day convenience of an old-time luxury. PURE and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each package makes two large pies. Avoid imitations—always insist on having the NONE SUCH brand. If your grocer does not keep it, send 50c. (or stamps) for full size package by mail, prepaid. **MERRELL & SOULE, Syracuse, N. Y.**

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from which the excess of oil has been removed, **Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.**

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, **EASILY DIGESTED**, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. **Sold by Grocers everywhere.**
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Are in our judgment the best goods that are now or have been on the market. Dec. 1, 1890. **C. JEVNE & CO., Chicago.**



Department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to air 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.

THINGS THAT WILL BEAUTIFY

WHOSE who have vines already growing about their homes will not be particularly interested in this article, but those who have new homes, which they desire to beautify, or those having old homes which may be improved by the use of vines, will be glad of a few hints in time for them to take advantage of them this season. If you are a rapid grower, something hardy, beautiful that requires very little care after it is planted, perhaps the Virginia Creeper, or the Boston Ivy, will suit you as well as anything else. It fastens itself to smooth surfaces requiring no attention in the way of pruning, has large, luxuriant foliage, which is richly green in the fall, and climbs to the top of the house in time, and will run over the side if you allow it to do so. Nothing can be more beautiful in fall, when it puts on its rich crimson and maroon; every leaf becomes a flower

VINE that improves with age is the *Celastrus scandens*, or Bittersweet; it is a good one, with green foliage which always seems healthy, and seldom harbors worms. In fall it will be covered with drooping clusters of crimson or scarlet berries in orange tubes, these capsules bursting and disclosing bright fruit within. These would be rejected throughout the winter if the birds would let them alone, but the robins claim them as their especial property, and the vine soon stripped of its pretty fruit. I consider it one of our best native vines. It is very hardy and perfectly hardy, so far as my knowledge goes, in all parts of the north. It is excellent for planting about porches and verandas. They can be trained over the posts and along cornices, and their beautiful and fragrant flowers will be sure to delight you. For covering arbors, screens, and the like, the *Akebia* is a good vine, as is the *Aristolochia*.

HAVE seen a charming effect produced by planting *Anemone* by a fence of woven wire. The young growth was trained out and in through the meshes of the wire, and in a short time the fence was almost like a hedge, without the primness which characterizes most hedges.

ANOTHER excellent vine for training over wire trellises or fences is the Clematis. If *C. Jackmanii* and *C. lanuginosa candida*, the former violet-purple, the latter white, are planted together and their branches trained out and in in such a manner as to make them seem one plant, the effect will be very pleasing, because of the contrast of color. *C. flammula*, a native variety, is one of our most charming vines. Its flowers are white, very sweet, and produced in such profusion that the plant seems buried under a wreath of newly-fallen snow. Nothing can be finer for cutting for use in tall vases than branches of this Clematis when in full bloom. It forms a most effective combination with Roses, Oleanders, and other flowers of that class. As a flowering vine I know of nothing more delicately beautiful.

CLIMBING Roses are always admired when grown well, but it is not often that we see them in perfection, because they are likely to be neglected in the fall. Their canes are stiff and thorny, and difficult to handle, and on that account many fail to lay them down and give them proper protection, and it has been my experience that at the north a climbing Rose must be well protected if you would have it give satisfaction. My plan is to heap a quantity of earth about the base of the plant, and carefully bend the stalks over this heap. If care is taken in doing this the canes need not be broken, and the task will not be a very difficult one. Without doing this many of the canes will be split or broken, because of receiving abrupt bends, and such canes will fail to produce healthy branches the following spring, and as a natural consequence they will give inferior flowers. After bending the canes to the ground, cover with six inches of soil, or evergreen branches. In spring cut the branches back about one-third if they come through in good condition.

ALL growers of good plants know that a plant suffers greatly if it is not given new, fresh soil as soon as the old has been robbed of its nutritive qualities. The use of fertilizers applied from time to time renders this neglect less apparent, but it does not do away with the necessity of providing a good soil if you would have vigorous, healthy plants. Plants should be given attention when it is needed, and no amateur can afford to forget or ignore this fact, if they hope to be successful floriculturists.

SOIL FOR POTTED PLANTS

This season of the year the grower of house plants will naturally begin to think about the work to be done among her plants a little later on, and potting and re-potting will come up for consideration. This leads up to the question of a suitable soil for pot-plants. Where leaf-mold can be obtained, I would always advise its use, as it contains some of the best elements of successful plant-growth, but of course those living in towns and cities can not get it without a great deal of trouble and expense, and to such I would recommend as a very good substitute turfy matter to be got in any pasture or roadside where grass grows. Cut around a sod and turn it over, and you will find that immediately below the thick mass of grass which forms a sward there is a layer of earth which is completely filled with very fine and fibrous roots. Indeed, this portion of the soil seems to be composed almost wholly of these roots. Shave this off with a spade or sharp knife, close to the bottom of the grass, taking care to retain all the roots. These will decay and form a vegetable fertilizer almost equal to leaf-mold, and quite as satisfactory to many plants. A little trip into the country, or even into the suburbs of most cities, will enable one to secure a quantity of this soil.

Mix with it one-half the quantity of loam for such plants as Geraniums, and one-third for leaf-mold-loving plants like the Fuchsia and Gloxinia. Then add enough sand to make the compost light and arable. The kind of sand to use is that which is coarse and sharp. Fine sand generally loses its lightening qualities when mixed with much loam. But coarse, sharp sand always retains its characteristics and keeps the soil open and porous. To ascertain when you have added sand enough, take up a handful of the compost after mixing it, and give it a squeeze. Then relax your hold and open your fingers; if the soil retains the shape given by the pressure of your hand it requires more sand, but if it falls apart readily, it is about right. Such a soil will never become sour from stagnant water, for it will be so open and porous that all surplus water will drain out of it readily.

Most persons think that some kind of manure is required. I prefer to let plants grow in this soil for a time, and add fertilizers later when the demands of the plants for it are noticeable. So many complaints come in about white worms in the soil, after using barnyard manures, that I would advise the use of "Food for Flowers," instead. Its use can be regulated by the requirements of the plants, and on this account all good fertilizers of this class are preferable to manure which must be mixed with the soil at the time of potting, thus often giving too much stimulation in the early stages of plant growth. By watching your plants and understanding their wants, you can apply a fertilizer just when it is most needed, and in this way it can be made most useful. "Food for Flowers" never breeds worms, and on this account it will be appreciated by those who have had plants ruined by these pests. I have often advised keeping a supply of potting soil on hand for use as required, and I would again urge the advisability of doing so. If you have a supply to draw from at any time, you will be much more likely to re-pot your plants when they need it than you will if it is necessary to prepare some soil for them especially.

THE QUEEN CARNATION

I WAS very glad to see this new strain of Carnation advertised in the January number of this paper. It is a "novelty," but such a novelty as I am always glad to endorse—a novelty with great merit. This strain is being introduced to the public this season for the first time, but it has been thoroughly tested before sending out, and those who admire the Carnation of the greenhouse, and would like something like it in the garden, will find it what they have long been wishing for. Imagine Carnations of the greenhouse class blooming all through the season in the open ground, and so profusely that you can cut them for table, corsage, or bouquet use, whenever desired, and you may get some idea of what the Queen Carnation is. It has the fine form of the *Remoullants*, with their delicious fragrance, and a great deal more freedom of bloom, and comes in as great a variety of colors. I can unhesitatingly recommend it as one of the greatest acquisitions of the last few years among desirable garden plants. I notice that the introducers speak of starting the plants in the house early in the season, so that they can be brought into bloom very early when put in the open ground. I would not advise this, as it is difficult for most amateurs to grow seedlings well in the ordinary room. They will be forced, weak, and spindling, and consequently they will suffer when planted out to such an extent that, as a general thing, plants grown from seed sown in the open ground will get the start of them. We have so many early blooming plants that there is no real necessity of trying to get them to bloom very early in the season. I think they will be found much more satisfactory if sown in the open ground, and given a chance to make a healthy, strong growth, before coming into bloom. They will begin to flower by mid-summer, and continue to give their beautiful flowers during the fall, at a season when most other desirable plants have suspended operations. For cutting, for table use, or the corsage, no finer flower can be grown. They have that lasting quality which all flowers must have in order to be very useful for these purposes. As to their beauty and sweetness, they "go without saying," for all lovers of charming flowers class the Carnation only second to the Rose in these respects. In order to secure the greater quantity of flowers, be sure to keep seed from forming.

SPRING WORK IN THE BORDER

WHEN this issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is in the hands of its readers, I am aware that the earth will still be under its covering of snow, though the magazine bears date of spring. On this account it may hardly seem timely to speak of work to be done out of doors, when spring has really come, but there is always so much to be said at that time that something is sure to be left unsaid because of lack of space; therefore, I take time by the forelock and give a few hints about the plants in the border, thinking that those who are interested in them will remember them when the proper time comes to make use of them.

If you have old plants of *Delphinium*, *Aquilegia*, *Iris*, *Hollyhock*, *Perennial Phlox*—anything that forms a clump, and sends up a great mass of stalks each season—it may be well to divide their roots. Such plants do well for three or four years, as a general thing, without any attention of this sort, but after that they do much better if taken up, the old roots cut out, and new clumps formed by planting the strongest and healthiest roots of the previous season's growth. In this way the vitality of the plant is renewed. Very often old plants seem to be failing. They give few flowers, and these are generally inferior. By taking them up in spring and re-setting them, rejecting all old roots, you will be able to secure a vigorous plant in place of the old worn-out one. If you do not care to take up the entire plant, cut among it with a sharp spade, and remove as much of the older portion of the roots as possible. Fill in about the plant with strong, rich soil, and dig away all grass-roots. Most border plants are greatly injured by letting the grass encroach on them. Though the grass seems a small plant, it is a most voracious and aggressive one, and it will soon choke out a plant with much larger, stronger roots. No grass should be allowed to grow within a foot and a half of a border plant. The labor of keeping it from getting a foothold is not very great if it is done at the proper time. Use a sharp hoe, and after cutting the grass apart, go over the soil with a small rake and remove every portion of top and roots, or it will soon take possession of the soil, as every little piece having a bit of root attached will soon become an independent plant. All border plants should be given a liberal application of well-rotted manure in spring. First dig up the soil well about the plant, then apply the manure and dig it in well about the roots. No other manure is as useful as old, well-rotted cow manure. If the flower stalks of last year were not cut away in fall, as they should have been in order to give the garden a look of neatness in winter, cut them off close to the roots now.

If you divide your plants, do not throw away any of the good roots. Haven't you a corner where you can plant them? If so, put them there. Don't trouble yourself about "arrangement," just plant them in an informal way, and the chances are that you will find this part of your garden the pleasantest spot in it. It will have that "free-and-easy" air about it that will attract you and your visitors more than the more formal portions. Every plant in it will seem to give you an invitation to "run in and see me again when you feel like it; drop in any time."

PLANTS FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES

I AM asked to give a list of such plants as can be grown by the amateur which are suitable for parlor decoration. I gladly comply with the request, because I like to encourage the growing of good plants for use in rooms. I would have them considered as part of the furnishing of a room as much as a picture or other work of art. I would be glad to have plants considered as necessities in every home. They are every day becoming more popular.

PLANTS WITH LARGE FOLIAGE.—Palms in variety (Best varieties for amateur: *Phoenix reclinata*, *Lafania Borbonica*, *Areca lutescens* and *Chamerops excelsa*). *Ficus elastica* or *India Rubber Plant*, *Cycas*, *Canna*, *Banana*, *Aspidistra*. Of the above, all but *Canna* and *Banana* have thick, firm leaves, and stand dry air and dust well.

OTHER GOOD PLANTS.—*Phormium Formosum*, with flat foliage, long and pointed, like some of the native *Flags*. *Pandanus utilis*, or *Screw Pine*, with recurved, drooping foliage. *Aucuba variegata*, green, sprinkled thickly with yellow, often called *Gold Dust Plant*. Very fine. *Agaves*, in variety; plants with thick, fleshy foliage, somewhat resembling the *Cactus* in habit and general appearance.

Any of the above will give complete satisfaction if properly cared for, and all are easily grown.

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You will need not only seeds, but also will likely be in want of Small Fruits, Flowering Plants, Bulbs, etc. Poor seeds and plants are an abomination; and if you have ever had any experience with them, once has been enough. It is our business to supply the best of everything in plant life, and to give some idea of our success, would say: Our 1892 book represents an expenditure exceeding \$41,000 for the first edition alone. From October 1, 1890, to October 1, 1891, we paid the Philadelphia Post Office, \$20,860.58, for postage. We mention these items simply to give you an idea of what we are doing in our special line. The credit for this business success belongs exclusively to the superior excellence of Maule's Seeds, Plants and Bulbs.

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- 5 Choice Hardy Shrubbery, - - - " 50 "
- 6 Excelsior Dwarf Dbl. Pearl Tuberoses, - - - " 25 "
- 12 Gladiolus, in grand mixture, - - - " 20 "
- 4 Superb Named Dahlias, - - - " 50 "

Or the 34 plants, the 22 bulbs, the 5 packets of Choice Flowers, with a copy of our 1892 Seed and Plant Book for \$3.50, postpaid.

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Every one sending 25 cents or more before April 1st will be entitled to an extra present, as we want every reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to have our book as early as possible. You need it before purchasing anywhere. Will mail book alone to anyone for 5 two-cent stamps.

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The following are a few of our choice novelties: Lovett's Best Blackberry, Beebe and Lovett's Early Strawberry, Lovett Raspberry, Japan Wineberry, Green Mt. Grape, Lincoln Plum, Hardy Orange, Japan Walnuts, Ice King Primrose, Turkey's Beard, Red Flowering Cornel, Ever-blooming Spiraea and Weigela. Lovett's Guide to Horticulture is the most complete and elaborate catalogue ever published by any nursery establishment in the world. It is richly illustrated, and replete with notes on purchasing, planting, pruning, care and culture. Mailed free; with colored plates etc. Shipments to distant points a specialty.

J. T. LOVETT CO., Little Silver, N. J.



FINCH'S IMPROVED EXTRA EARLY TREE TOMATO

This excellent variety is distinguished from all others by its large stiff stalks, as shown in the engraving, standing up like a tree without support of any kind. It bears very abundantly of large, bright red tomatoes, very smooth, and of fine flavor; it is extremely early and entirely free from rot; the leaves are very curly and of a very dark green, almost black, making the plant very ornamental as well as useful.

FINCH'S EVERGREEN CUCUMBER
A very handsome variety of superior quality, firm and crisp, of a dark green color, growing from 10 to 12 inches in length, and immensely productive.

FINCH'S SURE HEAD CABBAGE
Is all head and sure to head. Very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality, and a good keeper. Alfred Rose, of Penn Yan, N. Y., grew a head which weighed 6 1/2 pounds. I will send a Packet each of Tomato, Cucumber and Cabbage, with my illustrated Catalogue, for only 25 cents in Silver or 28 cents in Stamps.

FIVE CINNAMON VINES FREE
This rapid growing Vine, with its beautiful heart-shaped leaves, glossy green peculiar foliage, and delicate white blossoms, emitting a delicious cinnamon fragrance, will grow from 10 to 30 feet in a single season, and for covering arbors, Screens and Verandas is without a rival. I will send 5 BILBS FREE, and postpaid, to every person sending me 25 cents for the above Tree Tomato Collection, the bulbs will produce 5 Beautiful Vines exactly the same in every respect as I have been selling for One Dollar. Address plainly.

FRANK FINCH, (Box B) CLYDE, N. Y.
Every person sending SILVER for this collection will receive extra, a packet of the Mansfield Tomato (also known as the Prize) which has been grown over nine feet in height, bearing fruit of good quality, weighing from one to two pounds each.

MANSFIELD TREE TOMATO GIVEN AWAY

Royal Splendor Verbenas.

This Novelty is the result of 20 years' selection. The flowers are the Largest Size, Unsurpassed for Vividness, with Wonderful Range and Brilliance of Colors. Plants compact and vigorous. Prof. S. T. Maynard, Mass. Ag. Col., says: "Your Royal Splendor Verbenas are the most brilliantly colored and distinctly marked verbenas I have ever seen. Send us another oz. of same seed." The Royal Splendor has always taken first prize at the Floral Exhibits. Price, 25c. per pkt. **SPECIAL OFFER.** For a limited time, to introduce the Royal Splendor, I will send FREE one packet each of Aster (60 var.), Petunia, Mammoth Marigold, Giant Phlox, and Selected Gladiolus. Best seed of my own growing, with every order for the Royal Splendor Verbenas.

SEEDS

FRESH! Reliable! Celebrated for Purity & Strong Germinating Qualities. Only 3 & 20c. per large pkts. 5,000,000 Novelty Extras with orders this year. Best trial illus. Colored Seed and Plant Catalogue. Free to all who address at once, H. W. BUCKBEE, Rockford Seed Farms, No. 224 Main St., Rockford, Ill.

FLOWERING BULBS

Send 10c. and I will mail to you 2 Tuberose Bulbs (1 new variegated and 1 orange flowered) and 10 Bulbs in two new varieties Summer Oxalis. For 25c. 3 largest Tuberose Bulbs (1 dbl. Pearl, 1 new var., 1 orange fl.) and 15 Bulbs in two new varieties, Summer Oxalis. For 50c. 12 Grand Bulbs, Double Pearl Tuberose, Zephyranthes Rosea, new summer flowering rose colored Anamylis; splendid bulb for 8c.; 8 for 30c. CHAS. T. STAUB, Avondale, Chester Co., Pa

RARE NEW FLOWERS FREE!

To get all of the readers of this paper to see our catalogue, we will, for thirty days only, send it, together with a 25c. pkt. of the new *Euphorbia Alba*, *The Bride*, FREE to all who will send us 10c. to simply pay cost of postage and putting up same. This charming novelty was secured by us in Europe, and large sums were offered for a few seeds by those who saw it in bloom last season. It grows in round buds, forms every air everywhere with delicious fragrance, rivalling the hyacinth. Sure to grow and constantly in bloom the entire season. Those sending silver will receive absolutely FREE a 25c. pkt. of *Woodbury's Famosa* *Price* *Parasol*, a strain brought to the highest perfection by careful selection for 12 years. Many of the flowers, under good culture, actually measure 8 inches across; striped, spotted and mottled in all beautiful ways. Acknowledged the finest in the world. The above two novelties are exactly the same as we sell for 45c. Address OTIS M. RICHARDSON & CO., Canton, Mass.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS write me about plants that fail to bloom, and want me to tell them why it is. I am not able to give any opinion unless some information is given on which an opinion can be based. How do you expect me to tell you what the cause of trouble is when you merely state that such trouble exists? Unless you can give me some idea of the conditions under which your plants have been grown, please don't ask any questions. And to other correspondents who write me and say, "Please reply in next JOURNAL," let me repeat what has been said in this department time and again, that it is utterly impossible for a reply to be given in the magazine in less than three months after the question is received. THE EDITOR.

A JOURNAL READER—Prune the hardy Hydrangeas in spring.

Mrs. C. B. W.—Cannas winter well in any ordinary cellar. Store with the potatoes.

Mrs. F. L. B.—See answer to Fayette. What I have said about Pansies will apply to Violets in winter.

M. A. C.—Consult the catalogue of some dealer in bulbs, and you will find instructions regarding their culture.

Miss A. P.—You can get Covent Garden Fuchsias from any of the seed dealers advertising in THE JOURNAL.

J. M. B.—Any one of the large seed firms, if written to, will give reliable information regarding the care and culture of the Cactus.

A. M. F. says that her plants are infested with worms that work on the plants, and not in the ground among the roots. Syringe with kerosene in water.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS—Gray's "How Plants Grow" and other works in that line are standard, and very likely would prove to be just what you want.

N. P.—The best way to winter bulbs of the Tuberose is to put them in paper bags and hang them in a room that is wholly free from frost, but not too warm.

M. E. B. asks if seeds can be expected to germinate after the first year. Some kinds retain their vitality for years. Other kinds are worthless after a year or two.

SPECIMENS FOR NAME—Hereafter, please send no specimens to be named through this column. An answer interests no one except the party seeking information.

NEW JERSEY BOY—Pansies and English Violets can be wintered in perfection by covering with leaves; by removing the leaves early in spring, the plants will soon come into bloom.

F. L. T.—*Farrington* requires only ordinary-sized pots, but must have a good deal of water. If the leaves appear to be eaten, you will doubtless find some insect at work if you watch closely.

Miss L. L. L.—The "white fuzz" you speak of on your Palm is probably the mealy bug, which resembles a bit of cotton more than anything else. Kerosene emulsion applied with a brush will remove it.

A. M. D.—Tuberose plants bloom but once; bulbs that have blossomed or budded once are worthless thereafter except for purposes of propagation. It generally takes three years for northern-grown bulbs to reach blooming size.

A SUBSCRIBER is puzzled to know what is meant by the terms full-blown, half-blown and bud. A full-blown Rose is one which has fully expanded. A half-blown one is one that has just begun to break apart. A bud is—a bud.

Mrs. J. W.—The brown spots on leaves of your Begonia may come from drops of water standing on them. Do not keep the plants in the sun, and only water when the soil seems inclined to be dry on the surface.

L. M. O.—*Ficus elastica*, *Pandanus utilis*, *Grevillea robusta*, *Appledora turkiza* and any of the following varieties of Palm make fine parlor plants: *Latania Horbolicia*, *Areca lutescens*, *Phoenix reclinata* and *Cycas revoluta*.

Miss B. W.—(1) You can obtain a water-proof cloth for pit covering from almost any dealer in seeds and plants. (2) I cannot tell you how to prepare it. (3) Two-year old geraniums ought to have six or seven inch pots if well grown and developed.

V. A. W.—(1) The Japan Lily is hardy out of doors. (2) The Rose named is a hybrid perpetual, and should be hardy in Pennsylvania if covered well in fall. Bend the branches to the ground and cover with evergreen boughs, laying sods on them to hold them in place.

S. A. C.—Seed developed from the first crop of the Sweet Pea flower is best, therefore you cannot cut your Sweet Peas early in the season and expect good seed from the late flowers. I think the English Violet is the best variety to grow in a cold frame for early and late flowering.

GERTRUDE—Always cut off the tops of your Chrysanthemums when their season of flowering is over. They will bloom next season from new growth, which will be sent up from the roots. It is the opinion of most medical men that a few plants in a sleeping-room are not harmful.

Mrs. A. M. M.—I am sorry to say that I don't know where rose jars can be obtained. It is an easy matter to buy what purports to be the genuine article, but they are generally shams. Why not wait until next summer and make one for yourself? Half the pleasure of one comes from the making of it.

"FAYELLE" is anxious to grow Pansies in the house in winter, and wants to know how she can do so. I do not think it worth her while to try. The Pansy is a plant that likes a cool air and moisture, and its flowers would blast in the living room, and very soon the red spider would put an end to the plants.

Mrs. M. C. G.—The soap and kerosene emulsion should be applied to the leaves of the plants—not to the roots. If you are troubled with worms in the soil, I would abandon the use of barnyard manure, and use instead any one of the Foods for Flowers, which may be bought at any shop where seeds are sold.

Mrs. W. J.—Roses like a rich soil. Old cow manure is the best fertilizer for them. They do well in an old chip-yard, if the chips have decayed considerably. Keep them well pruned, removing all weak branches. I prefer spring to fall planting. The Storm King Fuchsias is too weak a habit to do well. For sitting-room culture it is a failure.

Mrs. L. S. W.—It is not customary to put plants in the cellar to rest through the summer. We prefer to put them out of doors. The Calla should be re-potted in September in a soil of leaf mold, muck and sand, well drained. The Easter Lily may bloom next season, but it is better to get fresh bulbs each fall, as old ones are not to be depended on after being forced.

SEVERAL READERS—To make lime-water for plants. Put a piece of fresh lime as large as an ordinary-sized bowl in a pailful of water. Let stand until dissolved. Then pour off the clear water and apply to your plants. Use enough to thoroughly saturate the soil. You need not be afraid of injuring any plants except those which have a special dislike to lime, like the Azalea.

Mrs. L. W.—If your Begonia was re-potted only a month ago, and you cut off some of its roots at that time, you can hardly expect it to have become sufficiently established to make much growth. Wait patiently. I would never advise the use of hen manure. It is too strong for most plants. If the plant does not begin to grow soon, re-pot, and leave hen manure out of the compost.

Have You Seen The Latest Fashions in Pansies?

Probably not, for the remarkable improvements are very recent and several are now offered for the first time, while new strains of the past few years have been perfected. Pansies are doubtless the most popular of all flowers raised from seed, and in order to give a new impetus to their culture, by acquainting all with the wondrous beauty of the LATEST NOVELTIES, we have decided to make the following

Special Offer For 25 Cts. we will mail one packet For 1892, only. For 25 Cts. each of all the following:

PEACOCK PANSY. A grand fancy flower, petals edged with a thin white line, within which is a space of purplish crimson, passing into a rich central blotch of deep blue shading to black. The coloring is truly delicious.

ROSY MORN PANSY. This is a really beautiful rosy red color with a distinct white edge around each petal, while the three lower petals are blotched with a deep purplish red. The flowers are of perfect form and good size.

BURPEE'S DEFIANCE GIANT FANCY PANSIES. The flowers measure from two-and-one-half to four inches across; the ground colors are of all shades and they are both three-spotted and five-spotted, distinctly marked with the large blotches.

We have a beautiful plate, painted in nine colors, of the three distinct new Pansies named above, which we will mail enclosed flat with our FARM ANNUAL for 1892.

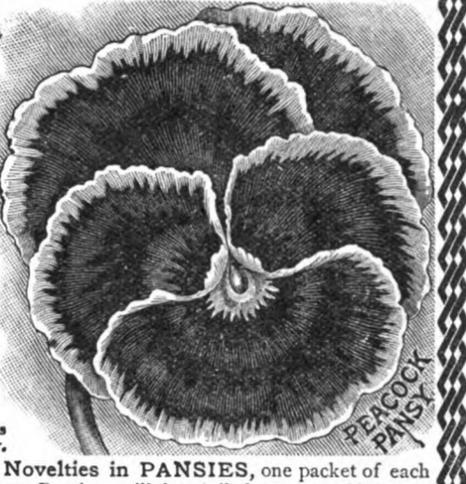
IMPROVED GIANT TRIMARDEAU. Greatly improved in the enormous size of flowers, fine form, and increased variety of colors.

IMPERIAL GERMAN, Splendid Mxd. Seed of over fifty colors, saved from the finest flowers by the German specialist, whose gardens we repeatedly inspected during the past Summer.

ALL FIVE of the above grand Novelties in PANSIES, one packet of each with instructions how to raise the largest Pansies, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts., or five complete Collections for \$1.00. No such offer was ever made before, and we hope to greatly extend the culture of Pansies by thus popularizing the finest strains of this beautiful flower. Will you not take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with their wondrous beauty? Our word for it, you cannot invest twenty-five cents in any other seeds that will give such satisfaction and delight.

ORDER NOW, and ask for Burpee's Farm Annual for 1892, the most complete Seed Catalogue of the year. With honest descriptions, truthful illustrations, and colored plates painted from nature, it tells all about the BEST SEEDS, including Rare Novelties in Vegetables and Flowers, which cannot be had elsewhere. (Please mention this paper.)

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



SEEDS ROSES PLANTS TREES

THEY GROW--THEY BLOOM.

Catalogue Free 150 pages describing one of the most complete stocks in the U. S.

38 YEARS. 700 ACRES. 25 GREENHOUSES.

The STORRS & HARRISON CO.

PAINESVILLE, Lake Co., OHIO.

75 Cts. FOR TRIAL 15 Continuous Flowering Roses for only 75 cts. A MAGNIFICENT OFFER!

In order to induce thousands of new customers to give my plants a trial (knowing that they then become regular customers) I make the following very liberal offer for 1892. This list of Roses are all gems in my large collection and at the usual retail prices would cost you much more than double the above amount, but I will send the entire collection to any address, prepaid by mail, for only 75 cents.

ALL THE ABOVE are strong, vigorous Plants, suitable for immediate flowering. Each labeled. From this collection you can have a bouquet of rose buds almost every day throughout the summer. For 75 cents I will send free by mail, All strong Flowering Plants, each labeled, 15 Geraniums, either double or single flowering, or 15 Carnation Pinks, or 15 Chrysanthemums the gems from my collection, or 15 assorted flowering plants, or 15 assorted summer flowering bulbs. For a remittance of \$3.75 I will send the above six collections of plants. Get up a club for five of these collections and have one for yourself without cost. In addition I will add gratis a plant of the New Striped Tea Rose, Rainbow. Catalogue of Plants and Seeds mailed free.

CHARLES A. REESER INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES, SPRINGFIELD, O.

WILSON'S 1892 SEED CATALOGUE.

PLANT, TREE AND SEED LIVE STOCK ANNUAL

112 Pages, 200 Fine Engravings, Handsome Colored Plates. Full of useful and instructive information. One of the most reliable catalogues published. Describing all kinds of guaranteed Garden, Flower and Field Seeds, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Choice Roses, Flowering Plants and Bulbs. Thoroughbred Land and Water Fowls, Registered Pigs, German Hares, etc. Sent free, on application. Address, mentioning this paper,

SAMUEL WILSON, SEED GROWER, MECHANICSVILLE, PA.

CHOICE ROSES AT 5 Cts.

OUR RAINBOW COLLECTION OF 20 ROSES FOR \$1.

The roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this summer either in pots or planted in yard. Please examine the below list of 20 choice fragrant monthly roses, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as \$1. They are nearly all new kinds. The List—

Duchess of Albany, the best pink rose by far ever introduced. The Bride, pure ivory white. Viscontessa Felicissima, elegant lawn color. Meteor, the best rich crimson rose. Franciscka Kruger, elegant shades of tawn. Pearl of the Garden, deep golden yellow. Innocent Pirola, double pure white. Mons. Farfade, lemon yellow. Papa Gontier, lovely dark red. Beauty of Stapleford, bright carmine. Sunset, beautiful shades of saffron and tawn. Mad. Scipion Cochet, a great rose, in bloom all the time. La France, known as the "queen of roses." Snowflake, pure white, always in bloom. Mad. de Watteville, the beautiful Tulip rose. Catherine Mermet, a great garden rose. Mad. Joseph Schwartz, blooms in clusters, very elegant. Souv. of Wootton, intense, fiery scarlet. Star of Gold, will produce the most yellow buds and roses. Luciele, long buds, carmine and coppery yellow.

We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 12 Hardy Roses, all different colors, \$1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, \$1. 16 Geraniums, double and single flowered and scented, \$1. 12 choice Begonias, different kinds, \$1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, \$1. Our handsome illustrated 96-page Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 5c. stamps. Don't order your Roses, Plants or Seeds before seeing our prices. We can save you money. We have all the new Begonias, Chrysanthemums, Geraniums, Roses, etc.

GOOD & REESE CO., Box S, Champion City Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.

ROOZEN'S BULBS, Etc., for SPRING PLANTING.

Gladioli, Dahlias, Begonias, Irises, Lilies, Tuberose, etc., etc.

The most extensive catalogue of the above and all new and rare Bulbs and Plants is published by the famous growers

ANT. ROOZEN & SON, OVERVEEN (near Haarlem), Holland. (Established 1832.)

Catalogue upon application. Mention THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Address our sole American representative, P. O. BOX 2494. J. TER KUILE, 93 Broadway, New York.

\$300 FOR 100 PODS!

For years I have been improving the Tree Bean and this season, I am pleased to say my Improved Strain will bear anything yet offered...

NEW, RARE AND BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL PLANTS

From Florida and the West Indies. They will delight every lover of choice plants and flowers. Elegant Palms and Orchids; Gorgeous Foliage Plants; and the Newest and choicest Flowering Bulbs...

A BARGAIN FLOWER SEEDS!

Collection of 10 Choice Annuals (everybody's favorites), all new fresh seed, sure to grow and bloom this season. Pansy, 40 colors and markings; Phlox, 20 colors; Verbena, 18 colors; Pinks, 10 colors; Petunias, 10 colors; Asters, 12 colors; Balsam, 8 colors; Portulaca, 7 colors; Mignonette, and Sweet Alyssum.

RARE AND CURIOUS PLANTS

THAT CAN'T BE HAD ELSEWHERE. The Blue Amaryllis Yellow Spider Lily Yellow Calla Giant Torch Lily 700 SORTS CACTI—Book on Cacti, 116 pages, 10 cents. CATALOGUES FREE. A. BLANC & CO. Philadelphia.

Established 1835. Rich Scarlet Climber. Manettia Vine. Tipped bright yellow, tubular flowers. The favorite of 1892. 15c. each. 4 for 50c. 10 for \$1. by mail, postage 1. We have a full line of all kinds of desirable Fruit Trees, Berries, Hardy Shrubs, and Chrysanthemums. Send for Catalogue. ISAAC C ROGERS, MOORESTOWN, N.J.

25c Send 25c for my new pamphlet, SALZER'S CULTURE DIRECTIONS. A concise treatise on how to successfully grow Plants, Flowers, Vegetable and Farm Products. Send 5c. Postage for Finest Seed Catalogue published. Pamphlet and Cat. 30c. JOHN A. SALZER, LaCrosse, Wis.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

Mrs. E. C. H.—Pot bulbs of this Lily in any good soil. Plant in October for mid-winter. Mrs. A. T. C., and others ask what will destroy wire-worms in the garden. Can any one tell? A CONSTANT READER—You can obtain a book on Mushroom culture through the JOURNAL'S Book Department. Mrs. S. T.—Read the article relative to Queen Carnations in this number, and you will know my opinion of this new "strain."

Mrs. S. R. S.—The Peony likes a rather heavy, stiff, clay soil. I presume the white appearance of the leaves of your Perennial Pea must result from the attack of some insect. Try kerosene emulsion, prepared and applied as advised below. Violets like shade and a cool place. Mrs. A. K. S.—Mrs. J. H., Centre, Ottawa, Illinois, writes in reply to your letter that if you will scatter rusty nails or scraps of iron about your Peony the ants will not trouble the beds. She thinks that coppers would be a good substitute for iron or nails if the latter are not obtainable.

Mrs. J. C.—Fuchsias require a soil of leaf-mold and sand in order to secure the best results. Drain the pots well, and there will be no danger of over-watering. Keep in a half shady place; shower the foliage daily. Shift to larger sizes as soon as the old pots become filled with roots. Never let the soil get dry. C. E. K.—The heavy clay soil you complain of can be improved by adding sand, loam, old mortar, anything that will have a tendency to make it lighter and more open. This correspondent wants to know what line of flowering plants will do in a place where the air is moist, damp, and salty, five miles from the ocean. Can any one having experience tell? A. B.—This correspondent writes that she has an Orange tree four years old; it occupies a pot four inches across the top. Soil, strong clay; it does not flourish; why? No wonder it does not grow well; it is starved. A plant four years old ought to be in, at least, a seven or eight-inch pot. Give a soil of loam and sand. Apply fertilizers when growing.

M. E. G.—If you take your tree to a florist to graft let him exercise his own judgment as to the number of grafts to put in; also as to pruning. I would have the ten-year-old tree grafted in preference to the smaller one. Grafting should be done before the tree makes its greatest annual growth. One dollar is not too much to pay for the work. Only the grafted portions will bear fruit of the variety from which the graft or scion is taken. E. V. R.—To prepare the popular "Rose jar," gather Roses while in their prime, in the morning. Put a layer of petals in the bottom of the jar and scatter coarse salt over them; then add another layer of petals, and more salt. Set the jar in the sun after closing it to prevent evaporation. Proceed in this manner until it is filled. Some add various spices, also other sweet-smelling flowers, but Rose leaves alone give the most delicious and delicate perfume.

SCOTT'S FLOWERS

MOST FAVORABLY KNOWN FOR MORE THAN FORTY-THREE YEARS, always give satisfaction, and we want at least a Trial Order from You. In order to increase our business we make the following SPECIAL OFFERS, which have never been equalled in really first-class stock for the money.

16 PRIZE WINNING CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR \$1

embracing Harry E. Widener, Ada Spaulding, Ivory, Violet, Rose, Wm. H. Lincoln, John Lane, Sunnyside, and nine other superb sorts. If you want a grand display of Chrysanthemums for cut flowers in the autumn, do not fail to order this collection, as all the varieties in it produced flowers that sold in Philadelphia last fall for \$5 per dozen blooms. This is the best offer of rare Chrysanthemums ever made.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

3 NEW EARLY-FLOWERING SORTS and the Pink Ostrich Plume For 50c. embracing One Strong Plant each of

Madame Bergman. Pure white shaded yellow. The earliest of all large flowering sorts, blooming from September 15th until frost. Cut flowers sold in Philadelphia for \$4.00 per dozen blooms. Strong plants 35 cts. each. Fortanier. Magnificent large crimson flowers, shaded carmine. It blooms at the same time as Madame Bergman and is splendid for cut flowers. 35 cts. each. Harvest Queen. Flowers the first week in October. Extra large blooms of lemon yellow, color changing to white, 15c. each. The Pink Ostrich Plume. Identical in its strange and beautiful formation with Mrs. Hardy, but its color is an exquisite shade of silvery pink; flowers formed into a ball covered with fine hairs. 15c. each.

For 50c. one strong plant each of the above four superb new Chrysanthemums. Please Note that they flower from three to four weeks earlier than other large-flowering sorts, when cut flowers are always scarce and before the early frosts appear.

CHAMELEON. THE WONDERFUL NEW GERANIUM,

with from three to five distinct varieties in bloom at once upon the same plant. It is a perfect marvel among Geraniums, and is the best of the new dwarf growing sorts. Like the chameleon, the color is ever changing, and often upon a single plant we noted blooms of crimson, deep pink, crimson flaked with rose, pink striped with scarlet, and light rose color. It is the most novel Geranium ever introduced, and should be seen to be appreciated. 35 cents each; 4 for \$1.00, postpaid.

ROSES. THE ENVIABLE REPUTATION OF SCOTT'S ROSES

has been won by sending out strong plants, true to name, of the best varieties only. Try them, it will pay you. we will send, postpaid, one strong plant each of the Red (Duchess of Albany), White and Pink, LA FRANCE Roses and Mrs. De Graw. All are Hardy, Constant Bloomers and Fragrant.

A BED OF THIRTY ROSES FOR ONLY \$2.25

Embracing 15 Clotilde Soupert (new rose) 5 George Pernet. THESE 30 Roses will be sent prepaid for \$2.25, and will plant a bed four feet in diameter. Will flower the entire summer and will be hardy. 5 Mignonette. 5 Miniature.

WABAN. To every one who sends an order from this advertisement and mentions this paper, we will send free the superb new Rose, Waban. Order now, and ask for SCOTT'S CATALOGUE OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FOR 1892 with elegant illustrations and a lovely colored plate of the new Geranium, Chameleon. It fully describes the grandest novelties in PLANTS, SEEDS AND BULBS, and is mailed free.

ROBERT SCOTT & SON, 19TH AND CATHARINE STS., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Advertisement for Johnson & Stokes' Money Raiser seeds. Includes illustration of a hot air balloon and text: 'SEEDS THAT RAISE MONEY', 'ALL plants grow splendidly, in books; and some grow just as well in practice,—but which? there's the rub. Have you time to test them all? Won't it pay better to buy from a house which is trying, testing, proving, all the time,—cutting out the kinds that won't pay you to grow? Have you our "Money Grower's Manual"? Indispensable to those who plant seeds to raise money. It costs a good deal to do without it,—only two 2c. stamps to get it, if you mention "The Ladies' Home Journal." JOHNSON & STOKES, 217 and 219 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PEATS THE WALL PAPER MERCHANT CHICAGO. PEATS THE WALL PAPER MERCHANT CHICAGO.

RETAILS all grades of Wall Paper in small quantities at wholesale prices. Newest designs, latest colorings, lowest prices. Your home dealer cannot buy some patterns as cheap as Peats sells them. If you have any use whatever for Wall Paper do not fail to send 10 cents for postage on samples, and his guide "HOW TO PAPER" will be sent free. Good Paper without gilt, 3 cents per roll. Good gold paper, 5 cents per roll. Handsome gold parlor paper, 10, 12½ and 15 cents per roll, with wide borders and ellings to match. Agent's sample books, \$1.00. Answer this advertisement, you may overlook the next one.

PEATS, the Wall Paper Merchant 136 and 138 West Madison St., Chicago

YOUNG'S BEAUTIFUL ROSES EVERBLOOMING. Are Large, Vigorous Plants, specially prepared for Summer Blooming. We grow them by the hundred thousand, and can send you large plants by express, or smaller ones by mail. We guarantee satisfaction either way. Here are 6 Beautiful Everblooming Roses we will send you for only 50c: MRS. JAS. WILSON, new.—Pale yellow. THE QUEEN, new.—A superb, pure white Rose. COMPT. de LA BARTHE.—Beautiful pink, fragrant. PERLE des JARDINS.—Clear, golden yellow. SOUV. de DAVID.—Rich velvety crimson. CATHERINE MERMET.—Lovely pink, magnificent buds and flowers. 6 FINE PLANTS OF ABOVE CHOICE ROSES, SECURELY PACKED, BY MAIL, POSTPAID, FOR 50c. Our Grand Catalogue (120 pages; superbly illustrated) of New Roses, Hardy Plants, Summer Flowers, Bulbs, Vines, Ornamental Shrubs and Choice Seeds goes FREE with every order, or mailed free to all who write for it, enclosing 6c stamps for postage. C. YOUNG & SONS' CO., 1406 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

BEGONIA AND CHOICE CHRYSANTHEMUM SEED - 25¢ PER PKT. "LIST FREE" T. H. SPAULDING, ORANGE, N. J. BULB GROWERS' ASSOCIATION, BAYONNE, N. J. Bulbs, Seeds, Plants, Gladiolus 25c doz. Tuberosus Begonias (Fls) \$1 doz. etc. Highest grades only. Write now for list. SAVED!

D. M. FERRY & Co's SEEDS are reliable. AVOID sloward's SEEDS.



MAKE NO MISTAKE in the matter of SEEDS. Demand and accept only D. M. Ferry & Co's. No weeds from

Ferry's Seeds

A handsome book that tells all you want to know for your garden, will be mailed free if you ask for it. No planter, be he ever so expert, can afford to do without it. Send to-day.

D. M. FERRY & CO., P. O. Box 1317 DETROIT, MICH.

\$500 FOR A TOMATO

Last spring I offered \$500 to any person producing a 3 lb. Mammoth Prize Tomato... T. R. Harris, Abbott, Neb., won it with one weighing 3 lbs. 3 1/2 ozs., and I sent him my check for \$500.

SURE HEAD CABBAGE is all head and sure to head, very uniform in size, excellent quality, texture, excellent in quality and a good keeper.

EARLY SNOWBALL TURNIP is the earliest in the world, easy to grow, good size, excellent quality. Will be far ahead of your neighbors.

2 SPECIAL 30-DAY OFFERS!



IF YOU want something really rare that will astonish the natives, try the gorgeous Red, White and Blue African Water Lilies.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—I in fitting up a greenhouse I would have benches along the sides, and shelves at the windows. In the center I would use iron stands or wire ones.

Parsons & Sons Co. (Limited) FLUSHING, N. Y. Selected Specimens of Japanese Maples, Rhododendrons, Golden Oak, And many other Rare Trees and Shrubs.

WATER LILIES Choice aquatics, ornamental plants and chrysanthemums. Handsome illustrated catalogue, telling how to grow them, sent free.

Seeds! Get the best. 5 Pkts. Aster, Tuberosus Begonia, Calceolaria, New Cantina and New Passion Flower, 10c. Cata. free. A. C. ANDERSON, Leigh, Neb.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

Mrs. J.—To give you a list of plants suitable for your conservatory, and the other information asked, would take too much space and time. Better buy a book on greenhouse plants.

Mrs. R. W. S. A.—Tenuosimus requires a rather light, sandy soil, but rich, and water enough to keep the earth moist all the time.

A. H.—The twisting of the Calliopsis, or Coreopsis, indicates a tendency on the part of the plant to produce flowers of a different character from those usually produced.

M. W.—I presume the reason why your Geraniums fall to mature buds is the room is too warm. Perhaps you have not good drainage.

Mrs. M. D. S.—I do not know whether the Jasmynes are hardy in Tennessee or not; they are further south, and I think they would go through the winter well with you, with some protection.

L. A. C.—The proper name of Spider Lily is Pancratium. It is not a satisfactory plant for ordinary room culture. Begonias seldom or never winter well in the cellar.

CORRESPONDENT—Tuberosus bulbs bloom but once with us at the North; that is, a bulb which has produced flowers is of no value except for purposes of propagation.

"FLORAL"—This correspondent says that a Lilac planted two years ago has failed to bloom, and fails to understand why, it having been taken from a blooming plant.

E. B. S.—If you want a dozen good plants for your bay window, I would advise Geranium Souvenir de Miranda, white and rose; W. C. Bryant, dark, velvety scarlet; Pauline Lucca, white, and Mrs. Moore, white, with pink eye; Abutilons Pink Perfection, Boule de Neige, white, and Crusader, crimson, and Eclipse, with beautifully variegated foliage.

M. M. B. wants to grow flowers in the house, but says that her rooms are heated with coal, and that gas is used. Has only east windows. Few flowers will do well under such conditions, but there are some plants which will, and "green things growing" are a delight to the eye and mind in our winter months.

L. M. L.—The Hoza is one of those plants which seem intent on taking their own time. They bloom "when they get ready," not before. When they become fully established they usually bloom, but it often takes years for them to reach this point.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—I in fitting up a greenhouse I would have benches along the sides, and shelves at the windows. In the center I would use iron stands or wire ones.

Mrs. E. F. McCanna—Ferns are somewhat difficult to grow well in the living room, because of the dry atmosphere which generally prevails there.

Mrs. W. F. B.—Azaleas do best in a soil of peat and loam, with some sharp sand. But care must be taken that the soil is wholly free from lime.

Mrs. T. G. S.—If you have no cellar to winter your Fuchsias in, I would advise you to put them in a room free from frost, but rather cool, and water very sparingly.



THE CHARMING MEXICAN PRIMROSE is the Grandest of all New Plants. It is strictly a perpetual bloomer, as it is in flower at all times of the year, a good specimen showing always from ten to thirty large saucer-shaped blossoms, about three inches across, of a beautiful, bright, clear pink color, veined with scarlet and with a white center.

Also the following extra choice collections by mail postpaid. 12 Extra choice mixed Gladiolus, flowering bulbs... 25c. 6 New Double Pearl Tuberoses, flowering bulbs... 25c. 5 Rare Chrysanthemums, 5 sorts named... 50c. 4 Lovely Tea Roses, white, pink, yellow and scarlet... 50c.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., N. Y.

AS MOST FLOWER LOVERS KNOW, we have been for years the largest Rose Growers in America. We sell many plants to Dealers, but more to customers direct. Old customers are already old friends. To all others, the amount we do, gives the best guarantee of the way we do it.

20 PLANTS \$1. FREE by mail, comprising the following lists: ROSES—Gen. Jacqueminot, Hermosa, Marie Lambert, Clothilde Soupert, Papa Gontier. GERANIUMS—White Swan, J. P. Kirtland, Bruntill, Mons. Dibos and Perle. CHRYSANTHEMUMS—Leopard, Clara Rieman, Mrs. G. D. Coleman, Gloriosum and Fair Maid of Guernsey.

CHRYSAETHUMS. SPRING, 1892. Send for Descriptive Price-list to WILLIAM G. McTEAR, Princeton, N. J. SEE for \$1; half for 50c. H. F. Burt, Taunton, Mass.



Elegant ladies have elegant surroundings. The glass of their mirrors and bottles sparkle, the silver frames of their mirrors and brushes glisten and the gold stoppers of jewel boxes and perfume bottles are bright always. With what? Why, with Stilboma—a chemically prepared chamois which burnishes polished surfaces, and never scratches them.

A large sample of Stilboma 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, O.

"Once tried, Used Always."

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Gees Farthest."
"Confound those Boys! They are Always asking for 'More' since the Board introduced VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

BUMBLE.

PERFECTLY PURE.

VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS increases by 50 PER CENT. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements, making of the cocoa bean an easily digested, delicious, nourishing and stimulating drink, readily assimilated even by the most delicate.

If not obtainable from your grocer, enclose 25 cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can containing enough for 35 to 40 cups will be mailed. Mention this publication. Prepared only by the inventors VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland.

The Standard Cocoa of the World.

BUY THE BEST.

SEELY'S

CELEBRATED
Flavoring Extracts.

VANILLA, LEMON,
And Assorted Flavors.

DON'T ruin your Cake, Ice-Cream and Pastry by using poor extracts. SEELY'S have stood the test for twenty-nine years.

Ask your grocer for them. Sample by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

SEELY MFG. CO. Detroit, Mich.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

THRIFTY AND PROGRESSIVE HOUSEKEEPERS who necessarily appreciate all articles of housekeeping which adorn and make cheerful their homes, are cordially invited to inquire into the excellent merits of the following Patented Textile Fabrics, which are kept by first-class Dry Goods and Furniture Stores throughout the United States and Canada:

KNITTED FILLED MATTRESSES and PILLOWS,
" MATTRESS PADS,
" STAIR PADS,
" TABLE PADDING,
" FILLING FOR CHURCH CUSHIONS.

Being the only fabrics of their kind ever manufactured. They are quilted into pockets by a knitted process, and will not mat, nor any part become displaced; retaining all the natural softness of the fibre, as there is no twist in the filling.

The above have attained the leading position for high and practical merit in first-class stores wherever introduced.

KNITTED MATTRESS CO., Canton Junction, Mass.

SHREWSBURY TOMATOKETCHUP

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw perfume on the violet," or to improve on Shrewsbury Tomatoketchup is a wasteful and ridiculous excess.

E. C. Hazard & Co. New York

PERFECTION CAKE TINS. loose bottoms. Cakes removed without breaking. Steady paying business for good agents. Sample Set 30c. **RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Bath, N.Y.**

USEFUL THINGS WORTH KNOWING

OFTEN it is the stray short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical time, and the subjoined little helps have been gathered and put together in the hope that they may be of practical use to some one of the JOURNAL readers.

A GOOD WASHING FLUID

DISSOLVE one pound of sal-soda and half a pound of lime in five quarts of water, and boil for a few minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from the fire, and allow it to settle: pour off the clear liquid into a stone jar, and cork for use. Half a teacupful of this fluid added to a half boiler of boiling water on wash days will save a great deal of labor.

HOW TO PACK SILVER

WHEN putting away silver that is not to be used for a considerable time, place it in an air-tight case, with a good-sized piece of camphor.

TAKING DOWN THE STOVE

IN taking down the stove, if any soot should fall upon the carpet or rug, cover quickly with dry salt before sweeping, and not a mark will be left.

HOW TO RELIEVE NIGHT-SWEATS

NIGHT-SWEATS may be arrested by sponging the body at night with very hot water. It is a great help also toward toning up the skin to rub the body briskly in the morning with a bathing towel wrung out of salt water; the salt enters the pores and stimulates the skin to healthy action.

A TONIC FOR THE HAIR

A GOOD tonic for the hair is of salt water, a teaspoonful of salt to a half-pint of water, applied to the hair two or three times a week. The effect at the end of a month will be surprising.

TO MAKE A MUSTARD PLASTER

FOR young children:—Mix one teaspoonful of mustard and three of wheat flour with water to the consistency of a stiff batter, and apply between soft muslin cloths. For adults:—One part of mustard and two of flour.

THE MEDICINAL USE OF EGGS

IT may not be generally known that there is nothing more soothing for either a burn or a scald than the white of an egg. It is contact with the air which makes a burn so painful, and the egg acts as a varnish, and excludes the air completely, and also prevents inflammation. An egg beaten up lightly, with or without a little sugar, is a good remedy in cases of dysentery and diarrhoea; it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation, and by forming a transient coating for the stomach and intestines gives those organs a chance to rest until nature shall have assumed her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at the most three, eggs a day would be all that would be required in ordinary cases, and since the egg is not only medicine but food, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more rapid will be recovery.

HOW TO ALLAY HEMORRHAGES

HEMORRHAGES from the nose may be stopped by snuffing salt and water, or vinegar and water, up the nose, by raising the arms above the head, by applying ice to the back of the neck, and by putting absorbent cotton or lint in the nostrils. Hemorrhages from the lungs may be alleviated by placing the patient in bed in a sitting position, and giving teaspoonful doses of salt and vinegar every fifteen minutes. In both cases strive to allay the patient's fear until the arrival of the physician.

TO TIGHTEN CANE-SEAT CHAIRS

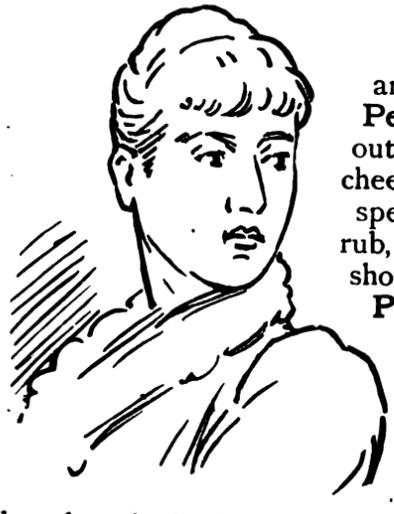
TURN up the chair-bottom and wash the cane-work thoroughly with soapy water and a soft cloth. Let it dry in the air, and it will be firm as when new, provided the cane has not been broken.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

ONE teaspoonful of flaxseed taken just before each meal and at bed-time, and a half-teaspoonful of celery-seed taken after each meal and at bed-time. The flaxseed should be rubbed in a dry cloth to free them from dust. They may be swallowed whole, with enough water sprinkled over them to dampen, or chewed before swallowing; the latter is preferable; as they have a rich, nutty flavor, the taste is not unpleasant. They may be taken an hour or two or immediately before meals, and just before retiring. Any time after meals take the celery-seed, either chewing or swallowing whole, and a few minutes after the flaxseed at night. For thin persons, an excellent addition is a tablespoonful of pure glycerine taken three times a day, after or with the celery-seed. This is flesh-producing.

REMEDY FOR CHAPPED HANDS

WHEN doing housework, if your hands become chapped or red, mix corn meal and vinegar into a stiff paste and apply to the hands two or three times a day, after washing them in hot water, then let them dry without wiping, and rub with glycerine. At night use cold cream, and wear gloves.



Look Around

and see the women who are using **Pearline**. It's easy to pick them out. They're brighter, fresher, more cheerful than the women who have spent twice as much time in the rub, rub, rub, of the old way. Why shouldn't they be? Washing with **Pearline** is easy.

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

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "This is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. 317 **JAMES PYLE, New York.**



ENGLISH DECORATED
Dinner Set, No. 45, 112 Pieces.
Premium with an order of \$20.00.
Or, packed and delivered at depot for \$9.00 cash.



ENGLISH PORCELAIN
Gold Band Dinner Set, No. 250, 106 Pieces, Decorated in Three Modest Natural Colors.
Premium with an order of \$45.00.
Cash Price, packed and delivered at depot, \$14.00. An Elegant Set.

WE are IMPORTERS of Tea and Coffee, China and Crockery, and do the largest Tea and Coffee business in Boston (direct with consumers). We also carry a large stock and sell at the lowest possible cash prices Dinner and Tea Sets, Silver-plated Ware, Lamps, also Lace Curtains and Table Linen (our own importation). To those who take the time and trouble to get up Clubs for Tea, Coffee, Spices and Extracts, we offer premiums. In buying Tea and Coffee from us, you get full value for the money invested and get a premium, and you get goods that are direct from the IMPORTERS. If you buy Tea and Coffee from your grocer you pay three or four profits and pay for a premium, but do not get it. In an article published in one of the largest dailies in this country it was claimed the tea bought from the retail grocer showed a profit of 100 per cent. The moral is plain, buy from first hands.

We have been doing business in Boston for 17 years, and the publishers of this JOURNAL will testify to our undoubted reliability. We do a business of over \$300,000 yearly, and our Cash sales of Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Lamps, etc., amounted to \$45,000 in 1891, aside from our Tea and Coffee sales. Our illustrated Price and Premium List tells the whole story. We like to mail it to all who write for it; it costs you nothing and will interest you. 136 pages.

THE LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington Street, Boston.

"PILLSBURY'S BEST" FLOUR

Makes More Bread
Makes Whiter Bread
Makes Better Bread
THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR MANUFACTURED.



For Sale by all First-class Grocers.

DELICIOUS DESSERTS MADE INSTANTLY.

Dissolve this package of **IMPERIAL TABLE JELLY** in a pint of hot water, pour into a mould, and when cool you will have a quart of **DELICIOUS JELLY**.

IMPERIAL CREAM DESSERT. RICH and DELICATE.
Made by adding a pint of boiling milk to contents of this can.

These are two TABLE DELICACIES made quickly and without trouble. If you fail to find either with your grocer, send 15c. (to pay postage) for full-sized package of JELLY or CREAM DESSERT. Various Flavors.

E. C. RICH CO., LTD. 160 & 162 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK. 201 STATE ST., BOSTON.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS

WITH **THOMSON'S** SLOTTED **CLINCH RIVETS.**

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are **STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE.** Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes. Ask your dealer for them, or write to the nearest hardware jobber for agency.

MANUFACTURED BY **JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.**

WANTED. Several General Agents to travel and appoint local agents on our publications. Must have experience, ability and best references. **R. H. WOODWARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.**

How to Make a Fortune

WANTED—Salesmen; who can easily make twenty-five to seventy-five dollars per week, selling the Celebrated "Pinless Clothes Line," or the Famous "Macomber Fountain Ink Eraser"—Patents recently issued. Sold ONLY by salesmen, to whom we give Exclusive Territory. The Pinless Clothes Line is the only line ever invented that holds clothes without pins—a perfect success. The Macomber Fountain Ink Eraser is entirely new; will erase ink instantly, and is king of all. On receipt of 50c. will mail you sample of either, or sample of both for \$1, with circulars, price-lists and terms. Secure your territory at once. Address **THE PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., No. 120 Hermon St., Worcester, Mass.**

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING Card Press, \$3 Circular Press \$8 Small Newspaper Press \$44

Type-setting easy, printed rules. Send two stamps for catalogue of presses, type cards, etc. **KELSEY & CO.** to factory: Meriden, Connecticut

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.

L. N.—Mourning stationery is never out of style.

INQUIREE—Betva Lockwood is in her sixty-third year.

ENDERBY—"To-morrow will be Wednesday" is a correct expression.

ELLEN—"Beauty sleep" is the sleep that one gets before midnight.

TACOMA—No call is necessary in acknowledgment of an afternoon tea.

PEKSKILL—A rose jar may properly be placed in any room in the house.

LILLIAN—Black or tan-colored gloves may be worn with a dress of any color.

ISABELLA—Lotteries are illegal, no matter for what purpose they may be held.

SISTER—Mark your table napkins in one corner with embroidered initials an inch long.

MRS. B.—A lady should rise to greet a gentleman, or to bid him good-bye in her own house.

NELLIE—Guests at a large reception do not say good-bye to the hostess, they quietly withdraw.

MAUD—In spite of the dress reformers, we maintain that a well-fitting corset never hurt any one.

B. M. C.—There is a branch of the "Salvation Army" in the United States, with headquarters in New York City.

IGNORANCE—The World's Fair at Chicago will open on May 1st, 1893, and close on October 30th of the same year.

BENKER HILL—The precious stone under whose influence those born in June are supposed to be is the agate.

SISTER—The national flower of England is the rose; of France the lily; of Scotland the thistle; and of Ireland the shamrock.

SISTER—The City of Paris and the City of New York are called "twin ships" because they are built as nearly alike as possible.

PATTY—Gothic is pronounced as though spelled Gair-tek, with the accent on the last syllable; portiere as though spelled port-yare.

A. M. G.—The address and the conclusion of a letter, or any other document, as well as the date, should have a comma between every item.

CORA—The word "symplocism" means sympathetic knowledge. The word was coined by Dr. Hammond in connection with mind-reading.

WINDOW'S BOY—There is no institution of any sort to which admission may be secured by the presentation of a million cancelled postage stamps.

X. Y. Z.—We cannot give addresses in this column. Women who are not of the average size usually obtain most comfort by having their corsets made to order.

DOWN EAST—A single woman, or a married woman, who is legally the head of a household is entitled to the same privileges as a man under the Homestead Act.

JACKSON—Bryn Mawr College is located at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. It is said to have the largest and best-equipped gymnasium of any woman's college in this country.

MRS. G. M.—Information regarding the Home Study Work of University Extension may be obtained from the General Secretary, George Henderson, 1602 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. B. Z.—The best way to have superfluous hair removed is to have it done by a surgeon with an electric needle. Preparations for the removal of such hair are, as a rule, dangerous and injurious.

UNHAPPY GIRL—If you have a large stomach, have a slight fullness in the backs of your skirts, just below the waist line, and strive as much as possible to stand erect, with your chest expanded and stomach drawn in.

PERPLEXED—Finger bowls should be filled only half full with water; a thin slice of lemon or a fragrant leaf of some sort may be laid upon the surface. The bowls should rest upon a plate covered with a dainty dolly of some sort.

S.—The old superstition that the stars and planets affected the lives of those born under their ascendancy and exerted a malign or benign influence over them has no foundation. A man's destiny depends upon the character which he inherits and develops.

MISS H.—A husband and wife are always invited together to any entertainment which includes men and women. To invite one without the other to your reception would be an act of very ill breeding, and one that we would not advise you to be guilty of.

M. F.—Black silk may be cleansed by brushing thoroughly with a soft brush, and sponging with water in which an old pair of black kid gloves have been boiled. Sponge on the right side, spread out smoothly on the wrong, and iron with a not too hot iron.

QUERY—If you intend to decline a dinner invitation, do so as early a date as possible, and if you accept let nothing prevent your being on hand at the appointed time. In going in to dinner the host leads the way to the dining-room with the most distinguished lady guest upon his arm.

COUNTRY GIRL—Reduce your weight by taking plenty of in and out-door exercise and by avoiding all sweet and starchy articles of food. Lead an active, energetic life and you will have little time to worry over your weight, which is probably just the proper one for a person of your height and build.

IGNORAMUS—The lady should precede the gentleman in going up stairs and follow him going down. She should enter a carriage first and leave it last. She should precede him going into the house and follow him going out. The idea being that he shall always be where he can best protect and assist her.

BAY RIDGE—Only intimate friends should be invited to a christening. If the christening takes place in the morning serve a light luncheon; if in the afternoon a light tea. The baby should not be brought down stairs until everything is in readiness, and should be sent back to the nursery before refreshments are served.

D. G.—Authorities differ as to whether the knife and fork should be held in the hand or laid upon the plate when it is passed for a second helping. At table a good and a safe rule is always to do that which will attract the least attention, and as far as possible to conform to the customs of the people whom you are visiting.

ANNIE—When your leaves are perfectly dry put them in your rose jar, sprinkling a little salt on each layer. Every ten days or so put in a teaspoonful of alcohol. Keep your jar closed tightly until it is well filled with the leaves, then you may remove the outside cover and the odor will circulate through the room.

DELAWARE—The prize for a seal for the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair has been awarded. The design represents the flag of Columbus. Beneath it is the coat of arms of the United States representing loyalty, and the laurel wreath which is emblematic of success. There is a star for every lady manager.

REBECCA—Beware of advertisements concerning large sums of unclaimed money in the English Court of Chancery. Such sums do not exist, as the Court has often declared. Beware of advertisers who claim that they can locate such money for the benefit of American heirs are usually unprincipled persons whose interest ceases upon the receipt of a fee.

SCHOOL GIRL—The newspaper clipping which you enclose contains an error. Under the Gregorian calendar the centennial years are only leap years, when they may be divided by 400. The year 1900 is not so divisible, and will not, therefore, be a leap year.

INVALID—The strictly formal way would be to leave for Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Jr., one of your own and two of your husband's cards; for Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Sr., the same; for the widowed relative one of your cards and one of your husband's, and for the young ladies the same. Hand your cards to the maid at the door, inquiring merely for "the ladies."

M. D.—The best way to increase one's conversational power is to read good books and the daily papers; to listen to people who talk well, meantime forming opinions of your own, and formulating them in words of your own. A special set of books for this purpose could not be advised; general reading is more useful when you have this distinct purpose in view.

E. M. G.—A widow wears her veil at least one year, often two; while elderly women, who are widowed, often wear their veils all their lives. The widow's cap is worn as long as crapes. White lace is worn at the wrists and neck in the very deepest mourning. Second mourning is no longer in vogue; when crapes is laid aside, all-black is worn until colors are assumed.

IGNORANCE—In sending out cards to your friends, telling them of your arrival in the city, it is not necessary to send your husband's card, nor should your husband's card be sent with those of yours, announcing an afternoon tea. Even if you are not acquainted with the gentleman you send him your card, and not your husband's, as a request for his presence at the tea.

SUBSCRIBER—The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized a year or two ago in Washington, D. C. The object of the society is to secure and preserve the historical spots of America, and to perpetuate the heroic deeds of the men and women who aided the Revolution and created constitutional government. Mrs. Harrison is president-general of the society.

QUESTIONER—The wife of a physician should not have Mrs. Dr. engraved upon her visiting-cards, nor should she sign herself Mrs. Dr. The card should be Mrs. William — or Mrs. John — as the case may be, and her signature always her Christian name, followed by her surname. In writing to strangers and tradespeople it is often a good plan to write in the third person.

EIGHTEEN—A dainty graduating dress would be one of white surah, trimmed with a flounce of chiffon, caught up at regular intervals with white ribbon bows. The bodice could be a draped one, the neck in a short V, both back and front draped with chiffon, and the sleeves full ones of chiffon, tied with white ribbons; wear white slippers and white undressed kid gloves. Tie your hair with white ribbon.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER—If, as you say, you are very sarcastic in your speech, it is not difficult to discover why you cannot keep your friends. Sarcastic remarks are never "cute," but frequently very impertinent. A woman who is not beautiful, but who is bright, considerate and thoughtful of other people, will undoubtedly gain and keep more friends than a handsome woman who is selfish and lacking in thought.

FRANKLIN—It is proper to break bread in eating it; if, at the same time, you are eating jam or sweets, it may be put on the bit of bread with your knife, just as you do cheese, and the bread conveyed to your mouth by your fingers. This, of course, only applies to the eating together of bread and jam, or bread and preserves; for when they are served in any other way they would, of course, be eaten from a spoon.

EMMA G.—If you should meet a gentleman when you are out walking in the afternoon, and should give him permission to walk home with you, there would be no impropriety in your asking him to come in when the servant opens the door. If he should do so, tell the servant to inform your mother and present him to her. Do not ask him to call again; if he wishes to do so he will ask your mother to allow him that privilege.

T.—A young girl may properly wear her watch upon all occasions, except when in full evening dress. In almost all large schools for girls there are opportunities given pupils to continue their studies by giving lessons in any branches in which they may have themselves become proficient. There would be no impropriety in your sending your regards to a young man to whom your mother should be addressing a friendly note.

A. P. C.—The picture of "The Angelus" has been taken back to Paris. The picture was painted by Jean Francois Millet in 1858. It represents a man and woman of the French peasant class standing in a field in which they have been at work. The time is sunset. In the distance is the spire of a church, in which the angelus, or vesper-bell, is ringing. The peasants stand with folded hands and bowed heads silently praying while the angelus rings.

KANSAS—In selecting a name for your little daughter remember the same will have to be used for the remainder of her life; therefore try to choose one that will always be appropriate. We would suggest for your use such names as Agnes, Alice, Edith, Ellen or Helen, Mary, Ruth, Dorothy, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Frances, Gertrude, Katherine and Margaret. These are all good names, and can never be other than a source of pleasure to their owners.

T. F. R.—All of the Rev. Lyman Beecher's sons became Congregational ministers; his first wife's name was Roxanna Foote. His eldest daughter, Catherine, never married; she was betrothed to Professor Fisher, of Yale, who was lost with the Albatron off the coast of Ireland in 1822. Of the other daughters, Harriet married Prof. Calvin Stowe; Mary, Thomas Perkins, a prosperous lawyer of Hartford, Conn., and Isabella, John Hooker, of Hartford, Conn.

JOHANNA AND OTHERS—To keep the hands white I would advise that you do not wear tight-fitting gloves, and that every night before retiring you give the hands a thorough bath in hot water and soap; anoint them afterward with cold cream, remembering that it is not the quantity you put on, but the amount you rub in that will whiten and soften the hands. Never, at any time, shock your hands with cold water, but instead use that which has had the chill taken off of it.

ALIENA—A physician's visiting-cards should be engraved; and as he does not make social calls they should be left by his wife with hers. In calling, she should leave two of her husband's cards and one of her own; her own being for the lady of the house, her husband's for the gentleman and the lady. If there are visitors on whom she wishes to make a call, she leaves one of her cards, and one of her husband's, for each lady. In calling upon new residents the same rules are observed, and also in calling upon unmarried ladies.

ANNIE E.—With such a bridal party as you describe, the four ushers would enter the church first, two by two, the bridesmaids follow, and the bride enter on the arm of her brother. The bridegroom should be waiting for her at the altar. In coming out the bridegroom escorts the bride, the brother should walk with his mother, and each usher bring out a bridesmaid. The orange blossoms used on the bride's dress are usually artificial, as the natural ones are difficult to obtain, and they would quickly wilt on a gown. A few real ones may be carried in the bride's bouquet.

L. A. S.—The old rules for persons in mourning do not now generally obtain; it is not unusual for such persons to be seen either at the theatre, or at small dinners or receptions. Of course, a great deal depends upon one's feelings in the matter; but physicians are trying to induce their patients to banish gloom and cultivate cheerfulness; consequently, it is not considered heartless for people in mourning to be seen at small social gatherings. Try to entertain your caller by being as natural as possible, and by allowing him to lead in the conversation. When he rises to go do not urge him to remain; men generally stay as long as they want to.



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