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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Thanksgiving.....1891..



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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

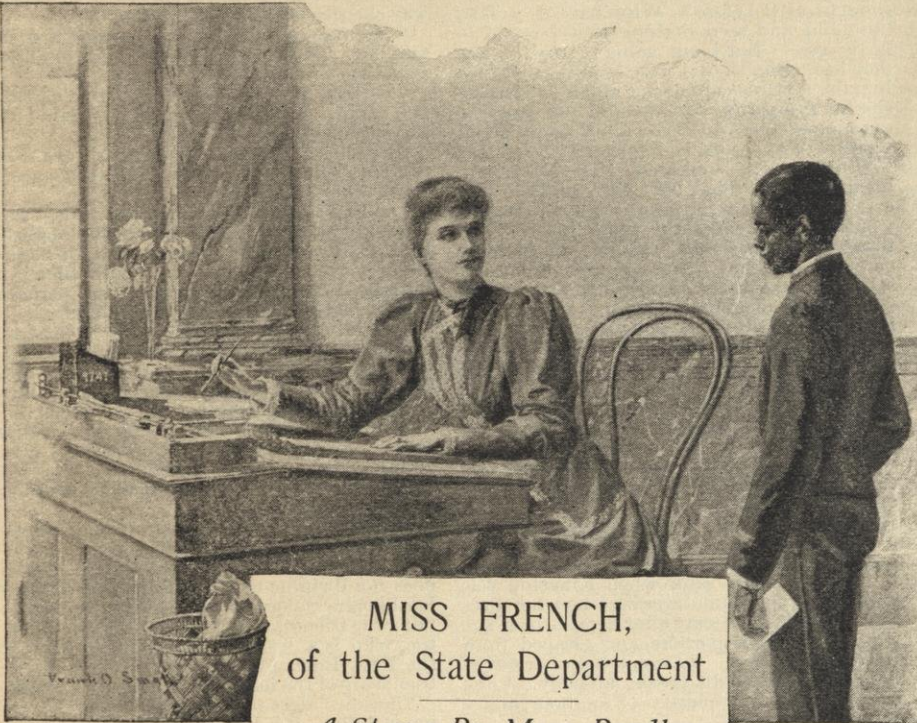
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MISS FRENCH,  
of the State Department

A Story: By Mary Bradley



WELL, Henry, what is it now?" Miss French had just taken her seat at her own desk in the Division, and looked up, with a somewhat impatient air, at the colored messenger standing before her. There was a file of papers waiting to be "briefed," and Henry's face had a deprecating expression that she understood.

"Mr. Calvert wants to know if you will be so kind as to assist him, this morning? Miss Morrison isn't here, and there's a heavy mail."

"Miss Morrison absent again?"

"Yes'm; I understand that it's on account of sickness."

"Very well, Henry; tell Mr. Calvert I'll come, presently."

Miss French's tones were perfectly even, for she never allowed herself to betray emotion "in office." There were so many foolish women who *did* let jealousy, or temper, or nerves get the better of them in public, that she was doubly careful to avoid ill-bred displays. But outward composure covered inward vexation; and Mr. Calvert—a sensitive little gentleman—was quick to feel the touch of frost in her manner.

"I am extremely sorry, Miss French, to interrupt you; but Miss Morrison is, unfortunately, ill again, and the work is piling up so rapidly."

"I might say the same of my own work, Mr. Calvert."

"Undoubtedly. And I am distressed to trouble you so often; but, you see, when I need help it must be efficient. Miss Blank was at the desk yesterday, and, I'll tell you in confidence, she was really a hindrance. It is not every one who has your faculty."

"Miss Morrison seems to be absent frequently," said Miss French, in a less frigid tone. She was aware that her "faculty" was above the office-level, and there was some compensation in having the fact recognized.

"Her health is frail," Mr. Calvert returned. "I don't think she is absent without cause; but it certainly happens frequently. Her sick-leave for the year was used up before July, and she has had to make up arrears on her vacation."

"Do you mean that she has been here all summer—that she has had no holiday at all?" asked Miss French, a little startled.

"I believe so. The fact is—" lowering his voice discreetly—"Miss Morrison is not in what you might call prosperous circumstances."

"That might be said of most of us," with a slight curl of her short upper lip. "We are all Government paupers here, Mr. Calvert."

"Just so; but there are degrees in pauperism. Between yourself and Miss Morrison, for instance."

A messenger came up with a batch of letters, and the sentence was never finished. But the distinction suggested lingered in Miss French's consciousness throughout the busy morning. Mr. Calvert had drawn it on superficial grounds. Any one could see the outward differences marking social grade and habitude, and the inference was naturally in her favor. But she was aware of something more radical.

At luncheon-time she asked, casually, if anybody knew where Miss Morrison lived. In the group of four or five, who by law of natural selection took their Russian tea together at noon, there was one who did know.

And, with the address in her card-case, she walked down to the Junction after office-hours, and took a Ninth-street car out towards Le Droyt Park. Somewhere in that dreary neighborhood she found a dingy, red-brick caravansery, upon which "Cheap Boarding-house" was the legible stamp. A slatternly colored girl answered the door-bell, and refused her card.

"Deed it ain't wuth while totin' that upstahs. Miss Mawson's sick abaid. She kaint come down to see nobody."

"Can I go up to her room, perhaps?"

"Reckon you kin. It's on the top flo'. Jes keep on till you stop, an' knock at the fust do' you cometo."

Miss French followed these somewhat vague directions, and climbed three dusky flights of stairs. At the head of the last she met a woman who had just emerged from the first door on the landing-place, and asked to be directed to Miss Morrison's room.

"It's right here," was the answer, eagerly given. "I wonder if you are one of the young ladies from the office?"

Miss French answered that she was, and the woman's face brightened with a sympathetic pleasure.

"I cert'nly am glad! She's been wishin' somebody would come. Miss Mawson—" opening the door a little way—"here's comp'ny fo' you. Can she walk right in?"

"Who is it?" a weak voice asked, in a fluttered tone.

"You'll know, I reckon. Somebody from the office."

The door was pushed open; the guide, with more delicacy than might have been inferred from her appearance, vanished down the stairway; and the visitor found herself in a room so small, so bare, so poverty-stricken, that her heart, touched already with remorseful pity, melted utterly at the forlornness before her. Upon a narrow iron cot lay a slight figure, poorly covered with a threadbare quilt. A pale, eager, startled face looked up to her with unconscious pleading in the big, brown eyes; and without a thought of conventionalities that would have been remembered in other circumstances, Miss French dropped on her knees by the bed.

"You poor little thing!" she cried. "You poor little thing! Why didn't you let some of us know?"

"I didn't think I had any right." "That is to say, you thought us all heartless creatures. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Miss Morrison smiled—a patient, pitiful little smile.

"You may scold me if you like. It was so kind of you to come!"

"Oh, kind! I am disgusted with myself."

Miss French rose from her knees, drew a chair to the bedside, and sat down in it with an air of determination.

"I've an engagement for six o'clock," she began, looking at her watch; "and counting the ride home it leaves me ten minutes to talk. May I ask you some questions?"

"As many as you please."

"Tell me, then, why you're in this forlorn place? You have a fair salary—nine hundred, I suppose?"

"Only seven-twenty," corrected Miss Morrison.

"I thought you had your promotion? Mr. Calvert said you had passed the examination, and been recommended to the Commissioner. He says you are doing very good work."

"It doesn't seem to help you much unless you have influence. I have nobody to push the thing for me."

"There should be no need," said Miss French, bitterly. "Good work should do its own pushing; but it's no use expecting that. Even so, sixty dollars a month ought to give you more comforts. Are you helping anybody with your salary?"

"I have to provide for my mother, and my grandmother, and my little lame brother. They have only me to look to."

"Good heavens!"

Miss French forgot the well-bred composure for the moment, but Miss Morrison maintained hers.

"We should do well enough," she continued, simply, "if I could keep my health. My mother has a little house in the country where rent is cheap, and she is a good manager. But I—I don't know what is the matter with me. I seem to break down."

Her voice quivered. The starting tears, the pale cheeks and trembling hands told their own story of nervous prostration—brought on, as one might easily guess, by continuous personal privation.

"I am so afraid," she added, struggling with a sob, "of losing my place! If it comes to that, it just means starvation for all of us."

"I believe you are starving yourself now," said her visitor, abruptly. "Do you board in this house?"

"Ye—s, that is, not exactly."

"Not exactly; which means that you pay for your lodging and live on crackers and cheese?"

Miss Morrison was mute.

"How can you expect to keep your health

when you are not properly nourished? Would you be kind enough to tell me what you have had to eat to-day?"

"All I wanted. Indeed, I have no appetite. Mrs. Hoxie brought me up some tea. She has been very kind."

"Is Mrs. Hoxie the person who told you I was here?"

"Yes. I don't see any one else in the house."

"I shall speak to her when I go down. And if she brings you up some hot oysters, by and by, and a glass of wine, you'll take them?"

Miss Morrison hid her face in her hands.

"I shan't go till you say you will," continued Miss French. "And I've no time to spare, you know."

"I'll do anything you tell me. Kiss me before you go!"

The thin arms were outstretched in childish entreaty; the wistful eyes shone through wet lashes with grateful affection. Miss French was but a few years older, yet her heart grew warm with motherly tenderness as she bent over the lonely girl.

"You are not to worry about the office. I am helping Mr. Calvert with your work, and there will be no trouble. Look for me about the same time to-morrow," she said cheerfully, as she left her.

Mrs. Hoxie's room was on the floor below. Her door was ajar as Miss French came down, and she was peeping through the crack; but she responded, with a flutter of pleased excitement, to the young lady's request.

"Yes, indeed, I'll be right glad to oblige you," as she took the offered money. "I cert'nly do feel sorry for the poor little lone thing—and she don't eat enough to feed a fly, that's the livin' truth!"

"Try to coax her appetite," said Miss French, giving hasty directions about oysters and grape-juice. "She only needs building-up, I'm sure. I'll see to her again, to-morrow."

An hour or so later, she was seated in a quietly elegant dinner costume, at one of the long, bright tables spread at Willard's, this evening, for the Six o'Clock Club dinner. There was a flood of gas-light, a glitter of silver and cut-crystal, a wealth of color in glowing pyramids of fruit and flowers, behind which smiling faces and cheerful voices lent animation to the scene. Miss French was well-placed for the enjoyment of the evening. She had an escort entirely devoted, with a semi-detached young man on the other side, who was eager to occupy accidental gaps in her attention. And three or four of the notable people present claimed her recognition, across the table. Usually she was in her element in such a gathering; for she liked clever men, and met them on their own ground—with a reserved fund of feminine fascination. To-night, however, her thoughts wandered, and her tongue was less ready with suggestive speech and graceful repartee. She was glad when the dinner of many courses was over, and the chairman of the evening announced the topic for discussion—"How to Abolish Poverty."



Bertha's heart smote her as she looked into his honest, kind face.



It was a topic curiously in keeping with her wandering thoughts, that continually strayed back to Miss Morrison's desolate room, and to older, deeper memories which, by some feminine process of suggestion, the visit had awakened. Carefully-suppressed, rather than sleeping, memories, these had been. At a touch they had grown active, and swarmed about her like bees with a sting to be feared. But she listened, with a rapt attention that amused her companions, to the conflicting opinions tossed from one fluent speaker to another. There were some who contended that poverty was no evil, and to abolish it would be to rob progress of its most potent factor. Others claimed that there was actually no poverty worth speaking of, and glibly quoted statistics to prove that the world had never been so well-to-do as at the present moment. One saturnine orator advocated the multiplication of prisons and almshouses, because industry created competition, and beat down the price of labor. The greater the number of workmen, he argued, the smaller the pitance their work commanded; therefore, encourage idleness and crime, and raise the wages of industry by reducing its ranks!

This speech was immensely clever. It bristled with trenchant sarcasms; it sparkled with droll humor. The room rang with laughter and cheers when it ended, but all the applause was to Miss French as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

"It is a shame to laugh," she exclaimed. "The jest is too bitter. He speaks the truth. And we sit here eating ices, drinking champagne, laughing at witty speeches! What are we doing, any of us, to make such truths impossible?"

Her neighbor shrugged his shoulders. He was not fighting crusades himself, he said, or guessing conundrums. The evening had proved rather a failure to him, for Miss French, in this serious mood, was not entertaining. It was a relief, on her part, to escape even from such intermittent efforts as she had made to that effect, and to find herself at last alone in her own room. But her solitude was soon interrupted, even there. Her married cousin—mistress of the house which had sheltered her since she left the New England homestead two years ago—came to her door, presently, in dressing-gown and slippers.

"You've missed an opportunity, Bertha," as she settled herself in an easy chair before the open fire. "Ellery Kingston called, and was disgusted when I told him you were at the Six o'Clock Club. He can't see what you enjoy in those gatherings."

"Is it important that he should?"

"Oh, well, if you want to please him"—

"Why should I want to please him, Cassie?"

"Don't ask idle questions. One goes through the motions, at least, with the man one proposes to marry."

"Who is proposing to marry Mr. Kingston?" Miss French asked, with a warning note in her voice.

"Dear me! I can put it the other way, if you are so particular. Mr. Kingston is proposing to marry you, at all events," Mrs. Clarke replied. "He meant to have it out with you to-night, I am convinced, and he was awfully disappointed."

"I'm glad I wasn't here, Cassie."

"What do you mean by that?" her cousin demanded. "Are you going to tell me that after all the pains I've taken to bring you two together?"

"Cassie, don't be cross. I know you've taken pains for me, and a week ago I might have said yes to Mr. Kingston, though it would have condemned me to the same splendid misery that you hide under a smiling face every day you live."

"Bertha! how dare you say such things? Did I ever?"

"You never did; but I've lived with you for two years, and I can see what you hide from others. Where is your husband to-night, dear?"

"At his club, I suppose; or the theatre, or—"

"Why not say you don't know where, and you don't care? That would be the truth to-night as it is five nights out of seven. He takes his pleasure apart from you, and in ways that you have no respect for. And though you've grown indifferent, you are not happy."

"Suppose we leave my husband out of the question," her cousin suggested, with a good deal of asperity. "You are taking more for granted than I ever gave you warrant for."

"Forgive me, dear. You and I have loved each other as sisters. I thought I might speak plainly for once."

"I will not forgive you," Mrs. Clarke returned, snappishly. "You want to trap me into admissions, to lead me up to a disappointment. And there's a flaw in your argument, too, for Kingston is just the sort of man to find his happiness at home. He would adore you, and he could give you position, money, everything. I can't imagine what you find to object to."

"I'm not objecting to anything, Cassie. Mr. Kingston is a very nice little man, for all I know to the contrary."

"It is a matter of inches, then? Bertha, you are too childish. You refuse a man that twenty girls would jump at, because he isn't six feet high!"

"He has not given me the opportunity to refuse him, and I hope he never will," said Bertha, gravely. "Let us talk of something else, dear. I want to tell you about a poor little girl in the office."

But Mrs. Clarke made a gesture of impatient disgust.

"What do I care for the office, or your poor little girls? I hate the office, and it engages me to see you going there day after day, like any shop-girl, when you might be mistress of an elegant establishment. I'm all out of patience with you."

"So much so that you've no feeling to spare for a sick child, who is trying to support a family?"

"Sick children have no business to support

families. I've no interest in office histories. I'm going to bed. Good-night!"

Mrs. Clarke rustled out of the room, too angry to be polite, and Bertha seated herself, with a sigh, in the chair she had vacated.

It was a luxuriously-comfortable chair, and the other appointments of the spacious room were all in keeping. A tall lamp shed its rosy glow over innumerable pretty things. A brass bed glistened from a curtained alcove; a couch heaped with silken cushions stood under a broad window, full of blooming plants; a deep recess was filled with well-chosen books; pictures were on the walls; and feminine fancy had indulged itself freely in be-ribboned baskets and silver toilet articles. Government pauperism had an attractive look in this room, where Government money had been lavishly spent for trifles. Miss French had never denied herself such trifles; for there had been no claims of necessity on her purse. Her widowed mother had an income sufficient for her modest needs; and her cousin would allow no mention of money between them, being glad to make some return for years of similar obligation in her own homeless girlhood. Consequently, Bertha's income had been used chiefly for her personal gratification; and, till now, with only an occasional, ineffectual qualm of conscience.

To-night, for some occult reason, these qualms grew insistent and keen-edged. Memory photographed with unsparring distinctness the wretched little closet, bare of commonest comforts, in which a sick girl lay whose earnings had not been spent self-indulgently. And conscience, cheated for years, turned upon her sharply at last.

"Listen to the truth about yourself," it said. "Years ago, because you were selfish and ambitious, you rejected a good man's love, and threw away the chance to work with your kind. You left your mother's home, not to be honestly independent, but to have more money for extravagance; and, worse still, because you envied your cousin's prosperity. You trampled on love, and came to seek luxury and position. And now that you have caught the fish you angled for, you are not even true to your purpose. You think the man a simpleton, and you mean to throw him over; but he is a truer soul than you are. He has given you his honest heart, and you have cheated him. You are not worthy of his love. And you carry yourself high in the office, but every day you meet a hundred better women. That little patient creature that till now you thought beneath your notice—in God's sight you are not fit to tie her shoestrings!"

At some time or other in our lives, most of us, whether we would or no, have had to bear the beratings of conscience. Wo to us when we cease to feel the smart and sting of them! Miss Morrison slept under her faded quilts that night more serenely than Miss French under eider-down blanket and silken coverlid. But the wakeful hours held wisdom in their silent recollection, and there was a light of sweet peace in the wan face that met her cousin's glance at the breakfast table.

"You look like a ghost," said Cassie, spitefully. "And you deserve to. I hope you've had a bad night."

"No; it has been a good one—for meditation."

"Has it brought you to your senses, then?"

"I think it has, Cassie."

"Which means—conceited thing!—that you're rooted and grounded in your obstinacy. I know that moonlight smile of yours, and I wash my hands of you. But I don't envy you," she added, maliciously, "your next interview with little Kingston."

"You might spare me that, if you loved me, Cassie!"

"But I don't love you. You've turned it all to gall and bitterness. By the way, there are some letters for you on the hall table. One is from aunt Katharine, and the other is in a man's hand-writing—Kingston's, maybe. Shall I ring to have them brought in?"

"No, I'll get them as I go out. I must not stop to read them."

She rose hastily, with a sudden tremor at her heart, the swift forerunner of unhopd-for joy. Was it a letter from Kingston that lay with her mother's on the silver tray? Oh, no! She had not seen for two years that clear, firm superscription; but she knew every line and curve of it with instant, glad recognition. Was it not a sign that "while yet she was a great way off," her repentance was accepted?

She never quite knew how she reached the office that morning, or where or when she read her precious letter. It did not signify: she had read it, practically, before the seal was broken. He had faith in her—more than she had had in herself—and he had bided his time patiently. Now he asked her once more, would she come to share love and labor with him, to strengthen his hands, and lift up his heart, and make her own soul glad with blessing gained and given? "I know you love me, Bertha, and you know it," the letter concluded boldly. "Hearts like ours love once and for all time, and now that you have taken your journey for experiment, come home to me, dear. We belong to each other."

Where is the woman who does not like to be claimed with such masterful determination? The bold words rang in Bertha's ears, danced before her eyes, made music in her heart all the long day; and their sweet reflection shone in her face when she came, a veritable sunbeam, to brighten Miss Morrison's chilly little den. The sick girl was eagerly expecting her, and already—so much can a little loving-kindness do!—was looking better.

"Did you eat your oysters?" Miss French asked severely. "And have you taken the tonic I sent you? And had a proper breakfast and luncheon? Don't tell me any fibs, now!"

"I have been eating nice things all day," was the grateful answer. "And the tonic makes me feel strong again. But oh, I don't know how to thank you as I ought."

"Don't try, then. You do look stronger. I shouldn't wonder if you would be equal to a little drive to-morrow," said Miss French, re-

flectively. "Would Mrs. Hoxie mind going with you. I'd take you myself, but after four o'clock is too late. You want to go while the sun shines."

"Mrs. Hoxie would be only too glad!" cried the girl, flushing with delight. "You ought to hear the things she says of you! But it's too much—it isn't right for you to spend so much money for me."

"I shall not spend money. My cousin's horses are not used half enough for their own good. It will only cost me the asking for them."

"What makes you so kind to me?" Miss Morrison asked, the ready tears brimming up. "No one else would think of such a thing."

"Don't talk of my kindness," Miss French retorted, "unless you want to put me in the dust and trample on me. Why have I never thought of it before? Why have I walked blindfold and seen nothing that I ought to have seen? But I am going to turn over a new leaf. Shall I tell you"—with a sudden impulse towards confidence, and a sudden desire for sympathy that she did not pause to question—"Shall I tell you a little story about myself? Would you be interested?"

"Interested?" repeated Miss Morrison, breathlessly. "That isn't the word!" Her eyes shone with eager pleasure; and though it would have seemed the most incongruous thing to Cassie, whose impulses ran in more conventional lines, it was a positive relief and satisfaction to Bertha to open her heart to this simple child. To Miss Morrison it was a thrilling romance, this story of Love's victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. She listened to it with a tremulous delight, moved to the depths of her gentle little soul. And Bertha went away, feeling glad she had told her, and humbler and happier for the approval of an innocent creature who knew nothing of worldly precedents and proprieties, but was clear-eyed to recognize the beauty and holiness of true love.

Another interview was in prospect, which promised neither approbation nor pleasantness. She knew that she had no right to avoid it. Yet her heart sank when Kingston was announced the same evening; and her eyes sent ineffectual entreaty after her cousin as she slipped behind a portiere, and escaped from the drawing-room. "I won't help her out of her scrape," thought Cassie, amiably. "She deserves her bad quarter of an hour, and I wish she may get it."

Her wish came singularly short of fulfillment, as it happened; for Bertha discovered to her surprise that "little Kingston" had more good sense than she had accredited to him, and very much more good feeling.

"I am grateful to you, Miss French," he said manfully, when she had made her humble confession, sparing herself not at all in the explanation that she felt was his due. "It goes without saying that I am disappointed; for you are the only woman I have ever wanted to marry. But I don't want to marry any woman who doesn't love me; least of all any woman who loves another man. I am grateful to you for being true to yourself and me."

"I ought to have been truer," she cried, shamefacedly. "I ought not to have let you care for me."

"It will not do me any harm," he returned with a real magnanimity that she could not help admiring. "It's a liberal education, you know, to have loved a good woman. I should like to feel that you will let me care for you still, in a certain way. Not any way, of course, that could be objectionable; but if you could ever make me useful as a friend?"

He stopped, with a wistful look at her, and Bertha's eyes filled with bright tears as she held out her hands impulsively—

"If I didn't care so much for somebody else—so much, that nothing in the world"—

"I understand"; holding her hands firmly for a moment, and then dropping them quietly. "You are very kind to say so much, Miss French. It is worth a great deal to me. I hope you'll prove that you mean it."

"If I were to prove it now, by asking a favor of you!" she exclaimed with a sudden impulse.

"You couldn't make me happier!" he returned, eagerly.

And Bertha's heart smote her as she looked into his honest, kind face. Here was a man who deserved to be loved for himself; why couldn't he have fixed his fancy upon some one with a heart to spare? But if he would be so foolish as to care for her, unworthy, there was no reason—she thought sensibly enough—why she should not let him serve her in helping Miss Morrison. And thereupon the little history was related, and the promise promptly given that Miss French's protégée should no longer lack "influence" to secure her promotion.

"I know the Commissioner," he said, simply, "and with your assurance that Miss Morrison has earned it, I think I can manage her increase of salary. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to serve you, even so slightly."

He went away with a lingering hand-clasp that sent thrills of remorse to Bertha's penitent soul. It meant everything that was brotherly, brave, helpful, forgiving; and she longed to throw her arms round his neck, and kiss him, sisterly, in grateful recognition. This being manifestly improper, she rushed upstairs instead, and cried stormily for three minutes. After which she felt better, and having obstinately refused admission to Cassie, who was not too angry to be inquisitive, she sat down to write a long letter to her mother. In this she inclosed a half-sheet of note-paper with three written lines on it. She folded it once, and scribbled "Frank" on the blank side. She said her prayers and went to bed and slept the sleep of her childhood.

That "Frank's" brief inclosure was sufficiently to the point may be inferred from Mrs. Clarke's comments at the breakfast-table a few months later.

"Bertha's wedding-cards have come," she remarked to her husband. "She is to marry her Methodist minister, on the tenth."

"Is it as bad as that? I thought he was Congregational, at least," returned the gentleman.

"It amounts to the same thing," said Cassie, contemptuously. "Call him what you like, she has thrown herself away on a poor minister in a New England factory town."

"Going on for the execution?"

"Not I. There's nothing to go for. A quiet wedding in his own meeting-house; the bride in her traveling-dress, and not even a reception!"

"Sensible girl. I've no doubt her husband will be glad to escape the fuss and feathers."

"There's nothing sensible about it," Mrs. Clarke contradicted, sharply. "The whole thing is idiotic. A girl like Bertha French to be teaching factory girls, and leading mothers' meetings! I never shall forgive her for the way she treated Ellery Kingston."

"There was a 'mash' in that quarter, then?" said Mr. Clarke, whose colloquialisms were not always refined.

"He was in love with her, if that's what you mean. And she refused him," said Cassie, succinctly.

"Possible? I thought you girls always took the rich fellows, when you got the chance," sneered her husband.

"Some of us do, and live to repent it," was the angry retort. At which Mr. Clarke laughed, heartlessly, and strolled away with his hands in his pockets. While Bertha's cousin thought, bitterly—not for the first time—that perhaps Bertha had chosen the better part, after all.

Certainly little Miss Morrison thinks so. Thanks to Mr. Kingston's influence, she has been advanced to Miss French's desk; and drawing the twelve-hundred dollar salary which pertains to it, is inclined to take cheerful views of life nowadays. She adores Miss French—or to speak more correctly—Mrs. Frank Sterling, from whom she receives cheery letters that have much to do with her sweetness and light.

Mrs. Sterling finds ample use in her husband's parish for the "faculty" that distinguished Miss French's office-career. But it does not dwindle by exercise, any more than her happiness does by possession. She maintains the friendliest relations with Mr. Kingston, who is a welcome and familiar guest at the New England parsonage, as close to the friendship of the husband as to that of his wife.

"Society" does not see much of Mr. Kingston of late. He has taken up for rather serious study the question that was agitated one night at the Six o'Clock Club. The Sterlings are able to give him hints occasionally; and while the problem in its larger aspect is yet to solve, alas! there is a gradually widening circle, of which he is the beneficent centre, where the grim forces of poverty have called a halt.

Bertha looks up to her "nice little man" with a sort of tender reverence nowadays. "You have overcome my evil with good," she said to him one day with the most genuine humility.

He answered her as genuinely—

"If I have done any good, you were its inspiration."

#### OUR THANKSGIVING STORY

IT is with great personal regret that the EDITOR must apologize for the absence of the Thanksgiving story by Miss MARY E. WILKINS, which was to have opened this issue of the JOURNAL. The story was given out for illustration last May to one of the best-known of our American artists, upon whose word we felt we could place every reliance. But such has not proved the case—our misplaced confidence only becoming apparent to us at the last moment, when too late to give the story out for illustration at the hands of another artist. We feel this explanation to be due our readers, although our disappointment is considerably modified by our ability to substitute so excellent a story as that here presented by Miss BRADLEY. Although there is absent from Miss BRADLEY'S tale a Thanksgiving flavor, the incidents of the story will appeal to thousands of our readers as the characteristics of one of the best types of our modern American girl, and that such young women exist in real life, more largely even than in fiction, is at least cause for a happy Thanksgiving.

## If You Wish

To overcome that extreme Tired Feeling, or to build up your appetite and purify your blood, take

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

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THE ELEVENTH MONTH

BY LEE C. HARBY

LIKE some fair woman who hath lost youth's charm, Yet holds within her heart all goodly gifts, November comes—worn pale by storm's alarm, Borne down by clouds, yet showing thro' their rifts Some hint of heaven's blue and sunshine's glow Ere falls to earth her mantle soft of snow.

What matters then tho' hill and vale are bare? She clothes them in a dainty garb of white— Hangs every shrub with icy jewels rare, And fills the land with echoes of delight From merry sleigh-bells, and the rhythmic beat, Upon the frozen road, of flying feet.

So comes Thanksgiving Day—as it should come— With cheerfulness and joy, and ringing bells; With dear ones gathered round the hearth of home, While thro' the land a happy chorus swells Which speaks a Nation's praise to God above, In thankfulness for His protecting love!

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

\*XI.—THE WIFE OF "MAX O'RELL"

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN

AMERICANS have up to this time known comparatively nothing of the modest little woman who is the wife of Paul Blouët, or, as we know him best, "Max O'Rell," the witty author of "John Bull and his Island," and other kindred books.

Like the wives of many other famous men, Madam Blouët has preferred that the public should know her husband rather than herself.

It was on the sea-coast of the pretty Devonshire region of England that Mary Bartlett was born, just thirty-eight years ago on September 16th last. Her father was a well-to-do



MADAM BLOUËT

Devonshire ship-owner, and he gave his daughter the benefits of a careful education, especially perfecting her—strangely enough—in the French language.

At the age of seventeen she was sent to a young-ladies' school at Wood-Green, on the outskirts of London. Three years thereafter she visited some friends in London, and it was while there that she met the young Frenchman whose successes in life she was destined to share. Young Blouët had been valiantly fighting for France, and was a true Frenchman in appearance, manners and dress. The Devonshire girl was not slow to make up her mind that, although a foreigner, this was the young man she should like to marry, and, curiously enough, young Blouët had very much the same thought regarding Miss Bartlett. This decision showed some strength of character on the part of a young woman only recently emancipated from the thralldom of a boarding-school, whose life had been spent mostly in a sleepy coast-town in Devonshire. Paul Blouët had been brought to England by the loss of his profession in the French army, occasioned by a severe wound received in the Commune while serving as a lieutenant. His only income was a small pension, and the appointment as London correspondent to one of the less important Paris newspapers. Afterwards he became French master at an improved kind of Do-theoboy's Hall in Somersetshire, and at the time of meeting his fate had

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

- MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON January
MRS. P. T. BARNUM February
MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE March
MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE April
MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW May
LADY MACDONALD June
MRS. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS July
LADY PENNYSON August
MRS. WILLIAM CARLETON September
MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY October

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

recently obtained a position at St. Paul's School. It was clearly for himself that the daughter of the Devonshire ship-owner made her choice. There was then no whispering of fame and fortune; he was but beginning to take the notes of things from which his first brilliant book was written, and his gifts as lecturer had yet to discover themselves. On her side Madam Blouët had the bloom and health of a Devonshire home, the merry spirit of many brothers and sisters, and the literary culture—as well as the boarding-school accomplishments—borne of much reading in the sequestered nooks of Devon's seashore and the natural arbors of her lanes and glades.

A year's courtship followed the first meeting of the English girl and the young Frenchman, and on December 26, 1874, they were married. Up to this time, the girl of twenty-one had acquired quite a proficient knowledge of French, and she saw how well her studies in that language would stand her in stead. At her own request, her husband always spoke to her in French; a great deal of French literature was read, and so apt a scholar did she become that when her husband's first book appeared she was enabled to translate it from the French into the English. Since that time she has rendered every book he has written into the English tongue, with the exception of the recently published "A Frenchman in America," which was written directly in English by the author.

The lady who is now in America with her famous husband on his lecturing tour has, therefore, had a large share in his literary successes. In all his work she feels as keen an interest as does he, and the first press notices of a book are as eagerly looked forward to by her as by the author himself. Madam Blouët is in every respect the wife of a literary man, interested in his success and eager that he should show himself before the world at his best. She wields a clever pen herself as her story of an incident in the life of her husband—printed in "The Strand Magazine," of last July—evidences. It was her first literary attempt, and the check she received therefor was as gratifying as has been the favor with which it has been received by the press and public. It clearly showed that she had absorbed much of the literary atmosphere of her surroundings.

And yet, despite her keen interest in her husband's work, Madam Blouët's principal thoughts are in her home, and for its best interests. She is, in every respect, domestic. The Regent Park home of the Blouëts is of her making, and in it she shines as wife, mother and hostess. For her husband she makes her home so bright that he is never absent from it but he is anxious to return to it. She is an excellent cook herself, and at times when servants have been rebellious she has for days at a time prepared her own dinners, much to the gratification of her husband, who rather regretted the advent of a new cook. As a mother, she is the constant companion of her only child, a daughter of sixteen. Leonie Marie is the counterpart of her mother in many things, and seen together they are more like sisters than mother and daughter. Miss Blouët accompanies her father and mother in America upon their present visit.

As a hostess, there is, perhaps, about Madam Blouët a soupçon de une Parisienne which blends delightfully with the homely feeling that finds expression before very many words are exchanged. Among the literary folks of London "Max O'Rell's" wife is very popular. At the house—which is most pleasantly situated, overlooking Regent Park—one is accustomed to meet the literary celebrities of England, America and France, as well as leading actors and actresses, painters and musicians. It says much for Madam Blouët's social tact and goodheart that she has succeeded in winning the esteem of all alike. Her social success is the more noteworthy inasmuch as she does not seem given to indiscriminate. Unlike the wives of some distinguished men in London, one is not sure to see her wherever one may go, whether it be Mrs. A's "At-Home," Lady B's "small and early," a private view or a literary club's reception. She prefers to entertain rather than to go out in society, and as a hostess she is always successful. On two Sundays of each month she holds "open house" in her London home, and it is then that visitors see her at her best as she speaks now in French to a friend of her husband from France, and then in English to one of her own land or from America. Much entertainment proceeds, of course, from "Max O'Rell's" clever talk, and in this respect the wife neither tries nor desires to rival her husband. But a little perception will show how skillfully she adds fuel to her witty husband's conversation, how she also diplomatically draws out and utilizes for the general good the different talents of her guests, be they elocutionist, singer or musician.

In appearance, Madam Blouët has all the charms of a true woman which bind friends to her with clasps of steel. She is a brunette, with dark-brown eyes which speak almost as intelligently as her tongue. There is about her a combination of vivacity and quiet retirement seldom found, and the one quality vies with the other in conquests. In matters of dress, she is a thorough believer in the simple. She prefers black, although the dark shades of red and yellow become her extremely well in evening dress. She is extremely fond of needlework, and often finds recreation in drawing, although her artistic efforts are seen only by husband and daughter. Madam Blouët is, in short, eminently fitted to be the wife of a gifted man. She can receive and entertain his friends; she is well-read both in French and English literature; she possesses all the instincts of motherhood, and, best of all, provides for her famous husband such a home as he likes best and between whose walls he finds greater pleasure than in the parlors of the English aristocracy or at the tables of his club. No husband is prouder or fonder of his wife, and no wife is more devotedly attached to a husband and his best interests than is the wife of "Max O'Rell."

MODERN DAYS AND LONG AGO

BY HARRY ROMAINE

LIFE whirls with a rush from the ringing reel, Like the line when a leaping salmon plays; We struggle and hazard on Fortune's wheel, In the fevered hurry of modern days. But often a wandering fancy strays To the stately dame and the courtly beau, For they viewed the world with serener gaze, In the dreamy, leisurely long ago.

We worry and fret, we barter and deal; The streets are noisy with rattle of drays; There is clang of iron and clash of steel, In the fevered hurry of modern days. But they knew the fragrance of hawthorne sprays, Over walnuts and wine the lights burned low, And they sat by the backlog's cheerful blaze, In the dreamy, leisurely long ago.

We take a damsel for woe or for weal, If an ample dowry her father pays; For love is a weakness we seldom feel, In the fevered hurry of modern days. But the maids shrank coyly with feigned dismays, From the gleaming leaves of the mistletoe, And they sang to Cupid in roundelays, In the dreamy, leisurely long ago.

ENVOY

There is striving for wealth—a golden craze— In the fevered hurry of modern days; But the stream of life had a gentle flow, In the dreamy, leisurely long ago.

CLEVER DAUGHTERS OF CLEVER MEN

\*I.—RACHEL EWING SHERMAN

BY ALICE GRAHAM LANIGAN

TO HAVE spent the few years of a girl's life in caring for, and being constantly with, an idolized and idolizing father; to have in that same time, and, through the latter circumstance, made friends with many of the most prominent people in the larger cities of the Union; and to have retained throughout it all a charmingly simple and natural manner—a manner indicative of the personality it illustrates, is a performance not intrusted to every woman, but one which has been most successfully accomplished in



MISS SHERMAN

the girlhood of Rachel Ewing Sherman, the youngest daughter and constant companion of the late General Sherman.

Miss Sherman was one of the many hundreds of "war-babies," having been born during the progress of the late war, at Lancaster, Ohio. Her mother, whose maiden name was Ellen Boyle Ewing, was a daughter of Judge Thomas Ewing, the first Attorney-General of the United States, and Secretary of the Treasury under Tyler. Her marriage to her father's adopted son, William Tecumseh Sherman, was the natural outgrowth of an intimacy and affection of many years' growth.

After their marriage the Shermans kept home in Lancaster, spending much of their time at the Ewing homestead, where Rachel was born.

Her early education was obtained at her home, under the care of governesses and private instructors. As she grew older, however, she was sent first to a convent in Reading, Ohio, and later to a seminary in Baltimore, where she completed her education. Immediately after this, in 1881, she went abroad with Secretary Evarts' party.

On her return to Washington in the same year, she made her debut. Being not only an unusually pretty girl, but one of intellect and education as well, she promptly made a position for herself in society there.

In 1883 General Sherman removed his family to St. Louis, where his daughter repeated her social successes. In 1885 he removed to New York, living for two years at

\* In this series will be given the portraits and sketches of some of the clever girls of famous families whose names are familiar to all, yet whose portraits and lives are comparatively unknown. It is believed that this series will be as popularly successful as has been "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," which will also continue to appear in each issue of the JOURNAL.

the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and for the remaining three of his life in the charming little home which his family made for him on West Seventy-first street.

Mrs. Sherman, who for several years before her death had been an invalid, died here; and quite as naturally as the reins of household management fell into the hands of her older sister, the task of accompanying the General in his social life, and of attending to his social duties, fell to the lot of his youngest daughter. For several years she had been practically doing this; but now the responsibility in point of reputation, as in point of fact, devolved upon her, and from this time until the General's death, his social life—extensive as it was—was shared by his daughter.

She was helped greatly to success in this by her charming manner. In it Miss Sherman is most happy and successful. It combines a mixture of dignity, reserve and cordiality, with the prettiest way of saying sincerely charming things; and makes for her hosts of acquaintances, whom her strength of character and charm of disposition turn rapidly into warm friends.

But successful as her manner is now, it is the result of attainment, and is not of natural, but of recent growth. At eighteen she was extremely bashful, and declared then, before her debut, that she was convinced that she would never be able to enter a drawing-room full of people with ease. Her present social successes prove how mistaken she was in her judgment of herself.

An amusing story is told by one of her sisters of her first effort at speech-making, which occurred at about this time. While traveling with her father through Oregon, and visiting the family of a prominent citizen in one of the inland cities, a class of girls from one of the local schools called upon her. They were announced during the progress of dinner one day, and immediately after dessert, Miss Sherman excused herself and went into the parlor to receive her visitors. The leader of the girls presented her, in a somewhat lengthy and, very evidently, prepared speech, with a large bouquet. The flowers were received by Miss Sherman with considerable hesitancy, as she realized that she must reply to this address, and felt, also, that it would be an extremely difficult thing for her to do. However, seeing the expectation in the faces of the girls, and taking courage from the fact that none of the house party were present, she began a little address. As she felt the enthusiasm of speech-making, she became more and more fluent in her expressions, and profuse in her gestures, until—she looked up suddenly to see her father, with the men of the party, standing at the long French windows of the drawing-room, listening with most evident amusement to the words which she was speaking.

Her simplicity of character is absolutely childlike, but compounded with it is a strange accumulation of worldly wisdom which is most quaint in its effect.

Her friends, who we have hinted are numerous, are of all ages and conditions, and both sexes. She is a girl who compels the affectionate admiration of all who know her, old or young, men or women. Men of the stamp of Vice-President Morton are her devoted admirers, and of younger men she makes the warmest friends. Her engagement to Dr. Paul Thorndike has lately been announced, and her marriage to him will occur in January.

In appearance Miss Sherman is of medium height, and slight, graceful figure. Her hair, of which she possesses an abundance, is in color a beautiful auburn, that could under no circumstances be called a red, and her complexion the clear, healthy pallor which so often accompanies auburn hair. Her eyes are a dark gray.

The extreme gracefulness of movement which is part of Miss Sherman's personal charm, comes undoubtedly from her gymnastic proclivities and calisthenic abilities. She is successful in all the usual feminine feats of exercise, and, in addition to this, fences well. She is fond, also, of all sorts of sports, outdoor and indoor, and is an expert and fearless horsewoman.

While an excellent musician, Miss Sherman is extremely diffident in her opinion of her own ability, and confesses only to an inordinate love for music, and to an appreciation of the mysteries of German opera. Her artistic sense is most keen, though not developed along any lines; it displays itself, however, in her charming arrangement and disposition of the furniture and bric-à-brac in a room, and in the simplicity and beauty of her dress. When not in mourning her favorite colors are the golden and seal-browns, so becoming to persons of her coloring. Her evening dresses are always of white.

She is fond of reading, preferring books of biography and history to our current fiction. Thackeray is her favorite novelist, and for his ability she possesses a most appreciative and enthusiastic admiration.

She inherits her father's delight in theatre-going, and enjoys a good play with the zest of a school-girl at her first matinée.

Her father is the collector and preservation of old manuscripts and autograph letters. Of course, General Sherman's enormous collection of valuable papers and letters will, in time, form part of his daughter's. Just at present Miss Sherman is engaged in the task—thankless except in the reward its interest brings—of examining these letters and papers, and of deciding which of them shall or shall not be given to the public in her father's memoirs.

This increase in her duties does not, however, cause her to forget or to neglect the charitable boards and missions in New York city, with which she works. Prominent among these are the Bellevue Hospital Training School for Nurses, and a mission board for the Indians.

In a word, Rachel Sherman is a girl of intellectual and artistic capabilities, of charming presence and manner, and with a disposition and heart so good and helpful that she is loved and admired by all who know her.



## NEW IDEAS FOR CHURCH SOCIABLES

Some Suggestions for Successful Church Suppers

## HOW TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING

By Mrs. LYMAN ABBOTT

THE perfection of social life should be found in connection with the church. There all artificial divisions of class may be temporarily obliterated. Rich and poor, cultured and ignorant—so they be decent in person and manner—may, on the common ground of church fellowship, for an occasional hour or two, find it agreeable to talk together. They will discover in one another a surprising number of good qualities, and be stimulated and refreshed by one another's gifts. In the church "sociable" the latent and the hidden talents of the quiet members of the congregation may be drawn out, and the timid may be inspired with a willingness to contribute something to the general enjoyment.

Too often the church sociable means two or three hours of good or ill-natured small talk, inanity, a bustling distribution of ice-cream and cake—much to the detriment of the carpets—and rude, if not positively coarse, frolicking among the young people. It satisfies no one. It is neither lively enough for the gay, nor proper enough for the sedate.

It is not surprising that in larger cities and towns it is difficult to make the members of a church feel any interest in such a festivity when so much other recreation is open to them. Yet even in large churches, and in the busy life of a city, something is lost if there is no provision for bringing the church family together in an informal and cordially social way.

This can be pleasantly done by having neighborhood "socials." A committee may district the congregation and offer to the most conveniently located family the privilege of opening their home to all the members of the congregation living within the district. The invitation may be sent in the name of the entertainment committee, or the pastor and his wife may be "at-home" there. The expenses for refreshments, which should be small, may be paid from a common fund. This plan has been found most delightful in at least one large and scattered city congregation. A little music and a recitation or two afford enough general entertainment; old acquaintances are revived and new friends made while the whole church is made more coherent.

Larger gatherings in the church parlors or the vestry are not so easily managed, but they can be and ought to be, valuable aids in the growth and activity of the church. The disagreeable features of such gatherings are almost wholly due to a lack of occupation. Many times I am reminded of the dentist who rather cruelly undertook to relieve the excruciating pain in one tooth by driving a wedge between two teeth on the other side of the mouth, saying, "There! I have given you something else to think about"; and of the Scotch minister who preached a famous sermon on "the expulsive power of a new affection." Almost all faults may be cured, almost all evils remedied, by an affirmative application of "something else." More than half the time when children go wrong it is because they do not know of anything right to do. The very familiar adage about mischief for idle hands is equally applicable to idle minds and idle hearts. So begin your "sociable" with a short programme which will "set the tune" for the evening. A little mystery adds to the interest, and the more people concerned in it the better. How can there be any secrecy with many to share it? Try it and see. The little things that will "leak out" stimulate curiosity.

Do not let a few do all the work; divide the labor and the responsibility. Let those who are active in other departments of church work find the evening restful. Give the Sunday-school superintendent an easy chair, and the sexton an extra plate of ice-cream. Each woman in the congregation should feel that it is her duty to increase the interest in the success of the evening. She should invite a shy neighbor, urge a sad one, or accompany a lonely one to the sociable and introduce her to at least one friendly soul. I speak of women, especially, because theirs seems to be the privilege of guiding and controlling social life generally; but the evening pleasure ought to be shared by both men and women.

Those who take the place of hosts for the evening may find use for all the tact and ingenuity they have. A word here, a cordial hand-shake there, an introduction which promises a congenial acquaintance, a skillfully managed interruption when a *tête-à-tête* is too prolonged—it is not a place for getting into a cozy corner with your particular friend, all cliques should be broken up—these are what make a hostess in her own parlor a success, and these will make the leaders in church society successful.

In a village the "sociable" affords an opportunity for the exchange of courtesies between different congregations. Invite other pastors and their wives and, as far as room will allow, extend the invitation to neighbors.

It is well to have a change in the entertainment or hospitality committee—in whole or in part—very frequently, thus securing the interest of a larger number and a variety in methods. Criticisms upon the management should insure the placing of the critics upon the committee, that they may prove their ability to do better.

Close early, and do not forget to send a remembrance to the absent ones in the shape of flowers or a dainty plate from the refreshment table. Having done your part toward giving happiness to others you may carry home a happy heart yourself.

## A BUDGET OF TEN IDEAS

By MARY FISHER BOSSON

NOVELTY and nicety of arrangement are two things necessary for a successful church supper. With these, and the exercising of a little care and ingenuity, many a neat little sum may be realized by the ladies for the various calls for benevolent objects, for church and vestry refittings, new books, and things of that ilk. In contributing to, and patronizing church suppers, it is the many who give the "mickle" that "makes a muckle," rather than the larger sums from a few pockets.

## A PRETTY AND ATTRACTIVE SUPPER

A "RAINBOW Supper" is pretty and attractive. Seven tables are needed, or fourteen, if the parish is large, or the tables small; each table is decorated with one of the seven primary colors: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. The decorations may be made of colored tissue, and consist of a strip down the centre of the table; and fringed napkins, mats, and shades for the globes, all cut from the colored papers. The menu may consist of scalloped oysters, cold meats, cabbage and potato salads; rolls, cake, cold puddings in molds, and coffee.

## A NEW AND EASILY-MANAGED AFFAIR

A "PAST AND PRESENT Supper" is new, and easily managed. Have an even number of tables, half on one side of the vestry for the Past; the other half on the other, for the Present. The Past tables may have all the antique dishes and nappy obtainable, be lighted with candles in brass candlesticks, and the attendants dressed in "ye olden style." Baked beans, brown bread, cold "boiled dinner," Indian pudding, pumpkin pie, doughnuts, cheese and spice cake form an attractive and appropriate bill-of-fare. The Present tables, in contrast, may be as elaborately decorated as is possible, lighted by piano or table lamps, and the ladies, serving as waitresses, dressed in modern costume. Scalloped oysters, cold chicken, lobster salad, angel-cake and snow puddings are suggestive for a list of Present food.

## TO MAKE A "SALAD SUPPER" POPULAR

A "SALAD Supper" held at our vestry was made doubly attractive by the announcement that all the cooking, as well as the serving, would be done by the young ladies of the parish. Salads of every variety obtainable were served:—lobster, chicken, vegetable, cabbage, salmon and shrimp predominating; and accompanied by rolls, olives, fancy cakes and cold puddings, with coffee and chocolate. A supper cooked and served by the gentlemen of the parish might be attractive, also—*mais cela dépend*.

## FOR A UNIQUE SOCIABLE

A "C. C. Supper" is novel, and attracts the curious. Each corner should receive a menu, which consists of cold carved creature, cold clapper, cordial cheer, creature cheer, crystal clear, cereal compounds, cucumbers cured, churned cream, cuisine compounds by competent cooks, country cousins' comforts. These, in order, will be: cold roast or corned-beef, cold tongue, coffee, tea, water, breads, pickles, butter, cakes and Washington pies, doughnuts.

## FOR A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

A "RUSSIAN Tea" is specially attractive on a cold winter night. The vestry may be decorated with the Russian colors, intertwined with those of the United States. Fur rugs and robes may be spread about, and if there are girl waiters dressed in peasant costume it is an addition. The costume had better be the regulation dark skirt, white waist and brightly-colored bodice, with white cap for the hair; as the correct Russian peasant costume would be uncomfortable and difficult to arrange. Tea may be served from Russian samovars, or urns, on round tables, and a variety of cakes and sandwiches, with olives, passed. Black tea of a superior quality may be used, as the Russian caravan tea is rather expensive. A slice of lemon should be placed in each cup before filling; sugar may be used, but, of course, no cream.

## AN IDEA FOR A "BASKET SUPPER"

YOUNG people, and sometimes the older, enjoy a basket supper, when a supper for two is put in a dainty basket and the lady's card is placed within. The baskets are then auctioned off to the gentlemen, who each finds the lady whose card his basket holds, and they are supposed to take their supper together.

A "CORN Supper" may be of corned meats, corn bread, brown bread, cakes made with cornstarch and flour together, cornstarch puddings, corn balls; and, doubtless, ingenious women will think of many more.

A "PINK Tea" is pretty with the decorations in pink; and cakes and confections made pink with the strawberry coloring, may supplement the usual menu.

An "Orange Tea" may have orange-colored decorations, oranges served and used in many ways which will suggest themselves.

A "CHOCOLATE Tea" sounds rather ambiguous; but the decorations may be of chocolate-colored paper, and chocolate served as well as tea; the cakes to be iced or flavored with the delicious compound.

## A "LEMON SQUEEZE"

AN IDEA WHICH HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TRIED

By EMILIE HOFFMAN

A CHURCH to give a successful entertainment nowadays, must have the faculty of originating something novel and unique. This is afforded, I think, in a suggestion which is as yet novel, and has in it the possibilities of no little amusement.

Have it announced that you are going to give a "Lemon Squeeze."

Your admission tickets should be printed on lemon-colored cards; or, upon white card with a lemon printed across the face. As inducements for a large attendance offer prizes, which it might be advisable to place on exhibition in some prominent place beforehand. We had a jar of lemon seeds on a table at the door. The seeds had been collected and dried by the members of the society, and shortly before the opening of the doors for admittance, each member put her seeds, or part of them, in the jar; by this method no one knew how many had been put in. We requested a druggist to send us a wide-necked bottle, leaving choice to him, which he did according to request, late in the afternoon, thus making it impossible for any one to measure and count seeds beforehand; and the bottle was then sealed and placed upon a table with the prizes to be awarded.

It will require at least three men at the door, where the table should be, with blank books and pencil. As each person presents the ticket, he or she is requested to write his or her name and guess as to the number of seeds in the jar; the number is then written on small lemon-colored cards, and given to guessers for reference. Any one desiring to make more than one guess can do so by paying five cents extra; or, instead of allowing each person to guess gratis, a small table could be tastefully arranged, with three or four attendants, and a small fee could be asked. An appropriate first prize for this would be a design of lemons painted on canvas and prettily framed; and for the second prize, a scarf with lemon or lemon-blossom decorations.

In a prominent part of the room have a long table, with at least four attendants. Upon the table should be fruit dishes filled with lemons, four good-sized bowls (the yellow mixing bowls will answer nicely, or fancy deep dishes can be used), four small plates, four lemon squeezers, four knives, four blank books and lead pencils; also, towels to wipe hands. Under the table have four dish-pans. Sell the lemons, and in the presence of the purchaser cut each one open, press the juice into a bowl, and carefully place the seeds upon the plate and count them, after which the seeds (be careful to remove every seed from the plate) and the rest of the lemon can be consigned to the dish-pan under the table. In the meanwhile the purchaser enters his or her name in the blank-book, and attendant places back of name the number of seeds found in the lemon. The purchaser having highest number wins the first prize, which should occupy a prominent place upon the table. We gave a lemon-colored lemonade set. The booby prize, a lemon-squeezer, tied with a lemon-colored ribbon, was given to the purchaser whose lemon contained the smallest number of seeds.

Near this table have the lemonade stand, where lemonade is made in the presence of all. This table should be provided with a large bowl of sugar, ice, water and straws, all in lemon-colored dishes, and a stone jar completely hidden by lemon-colored cloth or paper; or the latter may be dispensed with, and the lemonade made direct in the glasses—which ought to be of yellow glass—when ordered. The lemon juice for this purpose is obtained from the bowls at the next table. Have upon the centre of each table in room a high dish of lemons. We also had fancily frosted lemon pies and cakes on our tables.

Menu cards should have a lemon, or cluster of lemons, at head, which can easily be painted in water-colors by one of the lady artists in your circle; or they could be cut in the shape of a lemon from yellow card-board. A bill-of-fare could be arranged as follows:

Lemon Pie	} served with either	Coffee
Lemon Snaps		Tea
Lemon Wafers	} or	Chocolate.
Lemon Biscuit		
Lemon Cake		
Lemon Ice-Cream and Cake		
Lemonade		
Lemonade and Cake		
Lemon Soda-Water		
Lemon Soda and Cake		

with respective prices. As every one doesn't like lemon cake, have some cakes merely flavored with lemon, or have only the tops frosted and decorated with the candies which come in the form of lemon slices; they look pretty, and are good imitations. If meat and salads are desired, they should be garnished with slices of lemon or lemon leaves.

At the candy-stand should be sold lemon drops, lemon sticks or any variety of candy containing lemon flavoring.

A pleasing and profitable attraction is a lemon tree filled with lemons. The lemons are made from silesia, or any goods desired, and are filled with cotton, a prize being hidden therein. After filling, the upper part is basted together so they can easily be opened, and they are either pinned or tied to the tree. If properly fastened, they present a very natural appearance. If a lemon tree cannot be procured, a large oleander will be a good substitute. The lemons can contain small prizes, and be sold at a uniform price; or they may contain more expensive articles, such as thimbles, rings or almost any article of jewelry, and be sold accordingly, each lemon being plainly marked with price. You will require a large number of lemons, as they sell very rapidly. Our tree, which held only fifty, was fruitless in about fifteen minutes.

## A "CATCHING" PARTY

By Mrs. A. G. LEWIS

THE church ladies who advertise a "Catching" party, capture at the very start the curiosity and interest of the people. Were they to announce, instead, a "Fishing Lunch," everybody would guess at once that it meant a lot of lunch baskets or boxes placed in an improvised pond, to be fished out by the assembled company, the duplicate lunches to be eaten by duplicate parties, etc., etc. But a "Catching" Party is quite another affair, though in reality it is only a novel form of lunch fishing. Instead of boxes and baskets the ladies prepare very pretty and unique fishes for holding the lunches. These are made out of rather stiff card or bristol-board, the color nearest fish color that can be obtained. Cut the same, first in oblong shape—say twenty inches long by four or five inches wide. Then cut one end of it in a rounded point, the shape of a fish's head, and the other end to form the tail and small part of the body. One piece must be the pattern for cutting all the rest. Mark the eyes, and where the head joins the body, with ink or pencil; also make other lines to form the curve of the sides. Sew the pieces loosely with coarse thread, or tie them with twine the entire length of the back. Then bend the card-board to form the shape of a fish; also to make room for the lunch. Tie with ribbons across the stomach, making a firm loop at the mouth by which the fish may be lifted when caught.

The fishes are then divided, one-half being marked "Lady," the other half "Gentleman," each lady's number being duplicated by a gentleman's. There are two ponds where the two kinds of fish are placed separately. By all means make the ponds as realistic as possible, by using a mimic rockery or bank of greens. The banks must be built high enough to conceal the mermaids or mermen who preside over the fortunes of the hook. The ladies fish from the gentlemen's pond and *vice versa*. When all have been caught, the duplicate numbers are matched, and it is decided who are to lunch together. Before eating, the lunches must be weighed. Whichever pair holds the lunches whose combined weight is most, wins the highest prize and the honor of making the greatest catch. In one of the fishes a "lucky-bone" (a ring or some other trifle) is concealed.

After the lunch the "mermophon" gives the music of the mermaids or mermen.

Upon a curtain of some dark color, the corners and sides of which must be fastened very firmly, four or eight large white fish or mermaids may be painted; or their shape cut from white cloth and sewed or pasted upon it. The figures should be from five to six feet tall and proportionally large. A few charcoal strokes will do much to make them quite realistic. Where the fishes' or mermaids' heads belong let there be holes made just large enough so that singers behind the curtain may push their faces through.

## THE THREE FATES

By Mrs. JOHN H. MASON

It is a success it must be a surprise. That is the only objection to publishing this idea. You want a very small committee; not more than three must be on it, and they must be bright and discreet. This is strictly a new idea; but we tried it at a large gathering of our church one New Year's Eve, and we found it a brilliant success. Only the invited knew that the evening promised more than mild refreshments, mild sociability and a little mild music. At nine o'clock the following announcement was made with flourish of trumpets: "Hear ye! Hear ye! Be it known unto this company that in the room above you the Three Fates are at work, spinning the threads of your lives. You are all invited to pay a visit to their workshop and receive a hint of what they have for you."

Thereupon the company in procession, passed upstairs to a room which had heretofore been closely locked. Entering, they saw at the end of the room, framed in by draperies and lighted from Roman lamps, a startling and vivid tableau, which anyone who knew Michael Angelo's picture would at once recognize as his conception of the Three Fates. We much refer the reader to the photographs easily accessible of that great picture. The ladies representing the Fates had been chosen for unusual height, slender figure and strongly-marked features. A skillful use of charcoal and powder made them very nearly a hundred years old. Prettiness was sacrificed at the outset to power. The costumes were simply sheets draped effectively in large, classic folds; knotted turbans were on the heads. Cloth sat by a spinning-wheel; Lachesis held the thread with sadly imploring eyes turned upon Atropos, in whose hand were the shears—a colossal pair—borrowed from the plumber!

An owl was perched in the foreground. Above was the following inscription:

"Spin, spin, Clotho spin,  
Lachesis twist, and Atropos sever;  
Sorrow is strong, and so is sin,  
But only God endures forever."

A powerful impression was made by the picture. The spectators moved on, as directed, to an opposite door, where each received from a child's hand a card bearing a bit of prophecy or personal characterization. One child gave cards to ladies, another to gentlemen. Returning to the rooms below, an hour followed in which the guests compared their fates, and grew grave or gay over them.

You will ask, How were the cards made up? Chiefly of quotations, witty or wise, to be found in calendars and collections; the more piquant and personal they are, the better.





THE FLOWING SHOESTRING

By Grace S. Richmond



FROM long association with the most charmingly untidy little genius who ever wrote stories for the magazines, I have come to suspect that literary ability is somehow closely connected with the flowing shoestring. I do not suppose that if Sadie were properly arrayed from head to foot in irreproachable garments, with every button in place, every curly hair reduced to smooth and shining order, with no ink-stains upon her hands, and nothing wrong anywhere, she would be able to keep up her present reputation for a month.

The words were barely dry upon the pages of the letter I was writing to mother, when Sadie came flying in, all ink and enthusiasm. She had reached the end of a chapter; I could see that at once. The flushed cheeks, the shining eyes—more than these, the wild mop of curls falling over her shoulders, the enormous rip in her sleeve, the black hieroglyphics adorning her apron—all testified to a tremendous climax of some sort.

"You must hear this, this minute!" she cried. "Never mind your prosy old letter, you blessed, stupid darling—I'm in my most melting mood this morning; listen!"

Dropping into a chair, with a flourish of her inky sheets, and an irrepressible sigh of satisfaction, Sadie began. I sat looking at her as she read, with the wonder I always felt at the contrast between the girl herself, and the peculiarly finished and almost elegant literary style in which she was capable of writing. Her genius was very versatile; it was now a humorous sketch, now a dialect story, now an extremely moral tale, and occasionally—as to-day—a highly wrought bit of romantic love-making. This—whose ending she was reading to me, and fragments of which had been fired at me all day as Sadie was moved to dash into my room at brief intervals with her latest idea, hot from her pen—was a fanciful musical story, most daintily written. It was in three parts, entitled respectively: "Audante," "Allegro," "Prestissimo"; and it was the "Allegro" movement with which I was now favored.

"Well, my dear," I said, as she ended, "I don't see what further extremity of passion you can possibly have in reserve for your 'Prestissimo.' It seems to me your hero and heroine have climbed to the topmost pinnacle of bliss already, and there is nothing to do now but to hurl them down 'prestissimo.'"

"By no means," responded the excited authoress, wiping her pen upon a dark leaf in the pattern of my carpet with a delightful audacity worthy of a better cause. "They will be conveyed still higher in our next if I have to send them up in a balloon. And now, my dear cousin, having an unbreakable engagement at the supper-table, and—Emily Rogers!—afterwards with the adorable Mr. Hastings—"

"Sara Randolph!"—I exclaimed—"and not dressed for it, when you know the man will be here by seven o'clock!"

"Sara Randolph! and not dressed for it," she answered, with a gay laugh, flinging back the dark mass of curls which it would take an hour's vigorous treatment to reduce to anything like order. "Could you imagine a more natural combination of facts? Well—here goes for Miss Randolph's bewitching toilet. Just tell Mary to bring me up a glass of milk, will you? There's no time for supper."

She was off like a flash, with a glance at the clock which was striking six. I went

down to our boarding-house tea-table, fully intending to come up again and help the girl, but was detained by a caller, and it was not until seven that I at last ran up to see in what condition it was that Sadie proposed to go to the concert. As a decidedly plain person of thirty-five, I played the part of mentor to my charming young cousin, and alone with her in the heart of a large city, felt a mother's responsibility concerning her, which made me watch her like a dragon. Besides, past experience told me that very critical eyes must look her over before it would be at all safe to let her venture into the presence of that most fastidious of gentlemen—Mr. Ward Hastings.

As I entered, a veritable vision of beauty met my eyes. Criticism wanted here? No one who saw Miss Randolph for the first time would have dreamed of it. Nothing less suggestive of the harum-scarum romp I had last seen could have been imagined. In the first place, the girl was bewitchingly pretty, with a gypsy-like beauty which no amount of dishevelment could hide at any time. To-night she wore a very handsomely-fitting street costume of a golden-brown shade, most becoming to her, and there rested upon the wavy masses of the perfectly-ordered hair, a small, brown velvet toque of the most approved style, adorned in front by a cluster of choice velvet buttercups, whose vivid yellow gave the one artistic touch needed to make the picture perfect.

But, alas! I well knew that I must peep and pry into the details of this æsthetic toilet if I would have my mind at rest concerning Sara's evening. So I began:—

"Tell me where the pins are, my dear, and if there is time I will sew you together where I can."

"There isn't a pin—"

"Sara!—"

"Anywhere, except in my hat, and even you would never find how those buttercups are fastened."

I made her bend her head, and soon discovered a long shawl-pin, cunningly thrust through the flower-stems holding them firmly in place, and invisible unless a strong wind should lift the cluster a little, or some other possible displacement should occur. But this clever arrangement was so small a sin compared with those Sara was fully capable of that I hastened to pursue my investigations.

"Let me see your skirt-braid," I demanded; and, with a laugh, she reluctantly submitted. Behold! several inches, which had been torn loose, were drawn up and pinned on the under-side.

"This I will not have," I declared firmly, seizing Sara's work-box, and preparing to sew the braid in place.

"You are liable to catch your heel in it on the stairs and bring down a yard or two to drag behind you. I think it would have been a wise thing to keep your lovers waiting for their love-scene, while you mended yourself up for the evening. Sara, what would Mr. Hastings think if he knew the young lady whom he admires so much, was just pinned together in this flimsy way?"

"But he won't know, if you sew me up like a dear, good, tidy darling as you are," Sara responded, gaily, bending to bestow a kiss upon my stooping head as I worked. "And, you know, when I must write, I must."

If I should wait till I had darned all my stockings and sewed on all my buttons, I should never write anything thrilling in the world! Why, after I've mended clothes for an hour, I'm too stupid to write even a fashion item or a recipe, much less a tale that would be accepted by the best friend of an editor on my list."

The door-bell rang. I hastily fastened my thread, and asked imploringly—

"Now, Sadie, dear, is there anything else, anywhere? Tell me, quick, and let me fix it, do!"

"Well," said Sadie, calmly, "there is a tiny rip on the under-side of my sleeve, but I'll remember not to lift my arm. I truly didn't see it till I was all dressed. I didn't pin it because the pin might stick into my arm, and—"

I was already catching together the gaping edges of the rip, well knowing that the girl's arm would be in every possible position before the evening was over, and sure that she would never think of her defects again.

"I must go now," she declared, when this

was done. It's a good hour's ride across the city, and I would not miss hearing the opening number for a dollar. Let me go, Em, there's a dear, and bless you!"

She was flying off, when I caught her back to demand solemnly—"Let me see your gloves."

"Oh, I did mean to mend those," she said, somewhat shamefacedly, "but I forgot. Are they so very bad?"

I ran into my room, pulled open my glove-box, and took out a pair of almost new brown suede gloves which precisely matched my own street suit, and, with a stifled sigh, thrust them into Sadie's hand.

"No, no!" she protested, "I don't deserve it!"

"You don't," I agreed. "But you must wear them. If that man should catch one glimpse of those disgraceful gloves you might say good-bye to him. Now, go. And do remember this next time!"

I heard her musical laugh in the hall below, and caught sight of Hastings' admiring survey of the graceful figure before him, as they stood waiting while Sara drew on my gloves, easily conscious as she was that she need take no pains to hide any holes in them. Then they went off, a handsome pair, and one which I knew was destined to be more closely united some day, if only—if only Hastings' love-blinded eyes could be kept unconscious of his charming idol's one defect a little longer. Perhaps I should have been unwilling to risk the ruining of a fine fellow's happiness by helping him to that worst of wives—an untidy one. But I had faith to believe that if once the *grande passion*, of which Sara wrote so eloquently, could once sweep over her own soul, it would transform the careless girl into an order-keeping woman, for love's sweet sake. For of all the lovable girl-characters I had ever known, Sara's seemed to me the most altogether sweet and sound; and with her literary tastes and talent, her thorough education, her whole-souled, generous nature, and her striking beauty, it seemed to me that Hastings could not be unredeemably miserable, even if his buttons were sometimes overlooked.

So, with a mental resolve to labor once more with my trying little protégé upon the morrow, and impressively to set before her the adoring admiration of the masculine heart for the feminine button-sewer, I left Sadie in the hands of the fates, and of Hastings, devoutly praying that my hasty stitches would hold, and that no adverse breezes would make havoc with the buttercups in her hat.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked next morning, as Sadie came down, radiant as a freshly-blown rose, and prettier than any rose ever dared to be, in spite of the belt about her waist, whose broken buckle was mended with a pin.

"Glorious!" she declared. "And, Em, what do you suppose happened to intensify my enjoyment? There was a girl just in front

possible. But I warn you it will be at the expense of my brilliancy as a scribbler."

And, astonishing to say, I found the girl, an hour later, actually sewing away on her apparel, mending and stitching, replacing the pins with honest thread, and putting on buttons with a fierce zeal hitherto unknown. She spent the entire morning in this commendable way, and after dinner she again vanished, locking herself in with her writing, which must be done in the afternoon, instead of in her favorite morning hours.

At half-past five I was startled by the passionate exclamation, as Sadie burst into my room—

"If I ever spend another blessed morning sewing on my old clothes, and pay for it this way, I'll know it! Look at that!"

I looked at her first, for she was crying; each cheek had a small fire-red spot on it, her eyes flashed with rage, and her hands trembled. She thrust a solitary sheet of MS into my lap, and stood pointing at it as if it were something alive. I gave it one glance, and then began to laugh—I could not help it.

"Poor girl," I said, when I could control my laughter at this surprising contrast to Sadie's usual racing style. "Your own mind or brain or soul seems to be in a tumult or tangle or cyclone of emotions, or thoughts, or feelings. Can't I extricate you in some way, so that you can analyze your ideas?"

"No, you can't," said Sara, shortly. "I've been all of an hour on that one thing, and I can no more get out anything coherent than I can fly. I'll never lose my day's work again by fussing with those miserable old clothes, if I tumble all to pieces under Mr. Ward Hastings' very eyes!"

And away she went. I sighed and smiled in the same breath. Truly, if the genius stooped to tie his shoestring, his heaven-sent inspirations flew to the winds. But how could I give Sadie up to her carelessness and its consequences? Very possibly it was the memory of those adoring brown eyes looking a lover's pride in her beauty that had so confused her thoughts, rather than the morning's prosaic work. However, the lesson which was to be most potent in showing Sadie to herself came with no effort of mine, and helped her more than I could have done.

It was a week after Sara's sad struggle with her hero's emotions and their analysis, that we set out, one crisp January afternoon, to dispose of a batch of long-owed calls. My costume matters little, for I dress plainly enough, to keep my clothes in harmony with my face. Sara came down-stairs wearing her sealskin coat over a plain gown of darkest brown, and a very becoming hat of a peculiar deep red, a shade which set off her warm-tinted Southern face and brilliant eyes to great advantage. We started gaily, and were soon in the thick of our calls, and enjoying ourselves heartily.

Going down H—avenue we met Mr. Hastings, and as he drove slowly by us, close to the sidewalk, it seemed to me that his bow



Sadie raised her eyes, started at the sight of her visitor, and blushed like a rose.

of us whose hat trimming was pinned on; and one big bow got loose and hung down over one ear with the pin in plain sight. Think of it! Of course, Mr. Hastings saw it, and I caught him watching her in the most fascinated sort of way. I couldn't resist whispering in his ear, just after she jerked her head and made that bow waggle ridiculously—"What will be her sensations when she gets home and looks in the glass?"

"Sara Randolph!"

"He smiled, looked down at me—I was in the neatest order, you know, Em, bless you!—and answered, 'Hardly more unpleasant than those of the man beside her now, if he has caught sight of that tell-tale on her character.'"

"There, you rash girl! If you ever dare to risk a pin again in his presence, you will deserve to be caught at it. Why he hasn't found you out before, I can't conceive. You may be sure it will come, sooner or later."

"Well, to tell the truth," she said, more soberly, while the lovely red in her cheek deepened a shade, "I think I will reform, if

was followed by an instant's glance toward Sara's feet, while a somewhat startled expression crossed his face. Involuntarily I turned, as he drove on, and looked down likewise, and a thrill of horror made me exclaim—

"Sara, what in the world are you dragging behind you?"

It was a full yard of ripped plaiting, from the little dust-ruffle which faced the inside of her skirt, the gown she wore not being one of her newest. She caught at it with a cry of dismay and a hasty glance backward, tore it off like a flash, and cramming it into her pocket, walked on with a bright flush on her cheek, and a very sober expression about the recently laughing lips. She did not ask me if I thought he had caught sight of it, but I knew she was sure he had, and I refrained from any comment, pitying her mortification, but hoping earnestly that the incident might teach her the lesson she needed.

Our last call was at a home where we were both intimate, and we dropped into the easy chairs with a sigh of pleasure at the prospect



of a cozy chat with our friends before we hurried back to our boarding-house tea. We had not been seated five minutes before another caller rang, and the color in Sadie's cheeks deepened as Ward Hastings came in. Our friends were also his cousins, and we had often met him here, but I knew Sadie had not expected it to-day, and was a trifle embarrassed by the remembrance of her late misfortune.

However, we were soon chatting away for dear life; and though we had at first refused to remove our wraps, I was compelled, before long, to throw off mine in the heat of the rooms.

Presently, Edith Myers came up behind Sara and began fairly to force her seal-skin from her. Deep in a discussion with Hastings, Sadie laughingly submitted. Then, just as Edith drew the coat away, Sadie gave a little cry and hastily snatched it back. I glanced at her just in time to catch the force of the situation, but so, alas! had both Edith and Hastings. And what a situation!

Dear, careless Sadie! She had been writing up to within five minutes of our departure, and had amazed me by her quick toilet. Here was the explanation. Without removing the well-worn red blouse she usually wore in the morning at her desk, and which was so shabby I had threatened to put it in the rag-bag, she had donned the skirt of a street suit, and had drawn it up over the belt of her blouse, leaving no finishing but the skirt-belt, adorned as it was by sundry hooks and eyes. The all-covering seal-skin had hidden this iniquity from my eyes; but now, having forgotten it herself, she stood before Mr. Ward Hastings in a costume which caught his quick eyes and held them as if the sight fascinated him with horror. Poor Sadie! She had her coat on again in a minute, murmuring, with scarlet cheeks and drooping eyes—"What am I thinking of? We must not stay!" but it was too late to hide the dreadful revelation concerning his ideal, which the second accident in one short afternoon had opened before the would-be lover's astonished gaze.

I got Sara away as soon as possible, and she was only too glad to escape. I could not help fancying that the tone of Hastings's voice, as we took leave, was a trifle graver than usual, and that there was a shade upon his face.

As for Sara, once outside the door, she was in a state of depression deeper than ever before known to her, and we walked home in silence.

There was no writing done in the sanctum next day, I was sure of that. Not one word did my girl say in allusion to the mishaps of yesterday, but the usual signs of her work were missing. In the afternoon she was away; and on the day following, though she spent the morning at her desk, it was easy to see that something was distracting her attention. That evening her washerwoman carried away, with a smiling, delighted face, a big bundle of old clothes. Three days later, Sara came into my room, in the morning before breakfast, looking as I had never seen her look before at that hour. Instead of the worn-out street and evening gowns which had always been her working garb, she wore a close-fitting black dress, made in irreproachable, though in plainest, style. Over this was a pretty black silk apron, well adapted to the inky demands sure to be made upon it. Her hair was in as perfect order as its curly perversity would allow; and the neat, new little slippers upon her feet, the dainty handkerchief tucked into her belt added to the startlingly trim look she bore. As to her face—never had it seemed more charming, though it was soberer than I had ever known it.

"Don't say a word, Em," she commanded, as I began an impulsive speech of delight. "Of course, you will think it won't last, because bad habits are not dropped so easily; but—it will. I have had my lesson, and I have begun to be the typical, tidy spinster who writes the romances she never experienced."

And, indeed, before the month was over, I began to think she was right. Mr. Hastings allowed a much longer interval than usual to elapse before he called, and when he came Sara was nowhere to be found. He came a second time, but she was out of town for the day, and we held a somewhat formal, and decidedly short, conversation on various commonplace subjects. He was going on a long Southern trip, one he had often spoken of taking, and which business now most opportunely demanded. For, of course, the man, thorough gentleman as he was, would be very careful as to the manner in which he ceased marked attention to a girl like Sara Randolph; and nothing could make the matter less conspicuous for her than his absence upon well understood business.

Alas! for my dear girl's one sad fault. A ripped ruffle, a careless toilet—and the love which had been almost hers, was lost. How I struggled with myself lest I dare to defend her to her disappointed admirer—an act which I well knew would rouse her fiercest indignation, if she ever found it out. How could he give up that sweet, warm nature, that bright mind, those winning ways, that beautiful face? Was the man perfect himself, that he demanded perfection in his wife? And yet, what one fault, unless it were that of an ill-governed temper, could spoil a home like its mistress' untidiness?

I could not blame Ward Hastings, as he stood there before me saying good-bye, and leaving a pleasant message of farewell for "Miss Randolph." More perfectly appointed masculine dress I never saw—the while its wearer was furthest from seeming a man who advertised his tailor, or who thought of himself at all. It was as natural for him to be faultlessly nice in his ways as for my poor Sadie to be faultily lax.

And himself—Ward Hastings—was one of those splendid fellows who make a grand thing of life; whose friendship is a richer possession than most men's love, and whom Sadie must sorely miss now that he was gone.

Was there a shade less rose in the exquisite face when it was all over? Were Sara's stories a trifle less vivacious, and did her heroes take on a graver cast of feature? I could hardly tell, for my proud-spirited girl would have taken her own life-blood to dye her cheeks before she would have let a tell-tale palor betray her suffering. That it was really suffering I knew; for the intense nature was a devoted one, and Sadie had quietly said one day that she was glad she had not missed at least a trial of the great experience she must so many times portray.

The black work-dress was worn out and replaced by another and another, but no one ever saw Sadie shabby again, even in her most secluded, busiest hours. It was a hard struggle for her, she confessed. It was so much easier to let the rips go; and the glove-fingers always needed mending when the writing fever was at its highest. But she persevered, though she had no lover now, and those who would gladly have been lovers were kept at arm's length by the busy young authoress, whose best work was fast winning her the reputation she was determined to have.

It was during the next summer that Sara's first novel made her name familiar, and "The Trumpet-Flower" was read as few summer-stories are. It was not a great achievement, it was not meant to be a study in psychology, morals or aesthetics; but it was so original, so spicy, so fresh and charming that all were captivated.

I could not help wondering what a certain person, seldom mentioned now, thought of it, if it had fallen into his hands. It seemed to me he must see the rare, sweet soul of the girl looking out through its pages, and fancy that he might have judged her hastily.

Late in the season Sadie and I took a little run down to the coast, for both were weary with the summer's work, and the materials for a salt-water story were wanting. Down on the sands one day, in a quiet spot, we came suddenly face to face with Ward Hastings. And strange to say, after the first glance I looked not at him, but at Sara. Could any man resist her?

As dainty and fresh as the sweet summer air, she stood there in her pretty summer gown and little white sailor hat; while her face, rosy with climbing over the rocks, was as lovely as ever face could be. The glad surprise that leaped into Hastings' eyes, as, taken unawares, he came suddenly upon the girl he had not succeeded in forgetting; the way the color left Sadie's face and then surged into it again, betrayed to me the welcome fact that indifference had not yet done its changing work, and the story was not ended after all.

We held a little matter-of-fact conversation for about three minutes, Hastings looking down into Sadie's face a dozen times where he looked at mine once, with a forgetfulness of the civilities due the *duenna*, which I could easily forgive. If the man had not come back more in love than ever, in spite of himself, and willing to risk his happiness and his buttons in the hands of the "charmingly untidy little genius," I was much mistaken.

A sail-boat glided round a rocky point into the little cove, and a party of gentlemen, Mr. Hastings' friends, claimed him for their own. He was off again almost before we realized that he had been with us, but not without a hurried inquiry as to the date of our return, and a low—"I shall come very soon, if I may," which carried a meaning unmistakable.

He certainly did come soon; for we were barely unpacked and at work again when he appeared. A happy thought struck me as I admitted him.

"Mr. Hastings," I said, pausing on my way to the parlor where we had always received him, "did you ever see Sara in her sanctum, at work? I wonder if you wouldn't like to. Shall we surprise her?"

"I should be very glad," he said, eagerly—so eagerly that I smiled to myself, and wondered if lovers' troubles often ended as easily as this seemed about to do. Sara's "den" was a tiny room at the head of the stairs, furnished only with a desk and two chairs, a few photographs and a fine little bust of Victor Hugo. Here she invariably spent her mornings, amidst the pleasant litter always found in a scribbler's workshop; and here I knew she was busy now. No anxious doubts concerning the state of her apparel troubled me. I was confident of the attractive picture the pretty figure would make, bending with flushed face over the flying pen. And I could not resist the temptation to reward the man who was coming back to his old love, in spite of those dreadful revelations of months ago, with a sight of the exquisite neatness which Sadie never, for a moment, relaxed now.

So, with a rather excited knock, I threw open the door. Sadie did not look up for a moment, being in the midst of a hard sentence, and fancying the intruder the only one who ever dared to invade her seclusion. Ward Hastings stood there silently and watched her, and if ever a man's heart came into his eyes, his did then. Not the most fastidious of lovers could have found fault with the charming figure in its plain black gown; and if the face bent over the paper was one to bewitch even an old maid like me, what wonder that Sir Lancelot lost his head?

Sadie raised her eyes, started at the sight of her visitor, blushed like a rose—a vivid, burning, beautiful blush which took away the last remnant of coolness of the man who loved her. He went two steps into the room, and stood before her, looking down at her as if in a moment more he must sweep her into his arms.

"Sadie," I heard him say breathlessly, "may I come back—and ask you—"

But the third person of the party shut the door upon them, with the greatest self-sacrifice of which a woman is capable, and never knew how it is that a love story ends, but could imagine, just as she had done all her life.

## MISTAKES WE MAKE WITH MEN

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



measure self-satisfied if she is popular with the stern sex.

The woman who is forever antagonizing men, who regards them as our natural enemies, to be scolded and found fault with, is quite as obnoxious to her own sex as to mankind. We all pity or dislike her, and wonder what she expects to accomplish by such a course of conduct; yet many of us, who deserve to be appreciated, admired and respected by King Man, are making quite as great mistakes in one way or another, in our association with men, as this belligerent man-hater makes in another.

One type of woman who makes a great mistake with men, is she who talks too much about "oppressed woman" and "tyrant man;" while others of us talk too much about "queen woman" and "slave man." Men like to call woman a queen, and declare themselves her slaves; but they are not fond of hearing too much about these relative positions of the sexes from her. The woman who incites attention, or who, by some inborn subtle charm, commands the regard of men, is one being; and the woman who demands it as her right, is another. The young lady who is forever dropping her fan, gloves, parcels and handkerchief for the pleasure of seeing her escort pick them up, thereby proving he is her slave, ceases to be a queen in the eyes of the young man ere long. The young woman who invents all sorts of laborious tasks to test her lover's devotion, makes a mistake, and learns it often to her sorrow, as did the fair lady of old who demanded the flower from the brink of the precipice, and received it together with her disillusioned lover's farewell.

So much has been said regarding the charm of a vivacious manner that many young women attempt to appear animated without any feeling of, or cause for, animation. Nothing is more disastrous than a forced gaiety of manner; and many a man is led to wonder uncomfortably if his tie is disarranged, or his collar crooked, when he finds his most commonplace remarks met with a senseless and perpetual laugh, while the mistaken young lady who seems to be on the verge of hysteria, imagines herself bright and animated. Animation must come from within, not from without; it cannot be assumed at will and should never be attempted. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a quiet gravity of manner, or a serious conversation is uninteresting to men; or, that to keep them entertained it is necessary to wear a perpetual smile.

I remember once reading an absurd article, written, I think, by Mortimer Thompson, whose pen name was "Doesticks." It described the efforts of a wife to please a rather fault-finding husband. Having read that a wife should always greet her husband with a smile, she assumed one as her husband's step was heard in the hall, and turned her beaming face upon him. His greeting, after a wondering glance at her face, was: "Well, old woman, what are yer grinning at?"

I often think of this query when I see the forced effort at gaiety made by some young women in society.

Men never like gloomy or cynical women; but a quiet repose of manner pleases them quite as much as a strained effect of vivacity.

No greater mistake can be made with men than for a woman to boast of her success in winning hearts and proposals. It seems impossible that a woman possessed of one ray of common sense, or a particle of breeding, could do such a thing; yet it is not unusual to hear a young lady relating her conquests to a group of admirers, and laughing over the susceptibility of mankind. Though they may laugh with her, they are sure to laugh about her among themselves when her back is turned. It is a mistake for a woman to ever be led into lowering her ideals, because some man she loves and admires urges her to step down. He invariably curses her if she goes; while if she turns and pauses above him, she hears his benediction, and eight times out of ten he follows her.

It is always a mistake for a young lady to talk to a man as if she were *blasé* and widely experienced in all human emotions, frailties and faults. Many innocent and inexperienced girls adopt this manner, thinking it will render them fascinating in the eyes of men.

Men are not analytic or deep-minded enough in regard to our sex to realize that a girl who has drunk too deeply of the waters of knowledge does not talk of it. Men take us for what we seem, not for what we are. The most hardened *mondaine*, who wears a mask of frank innocence, fares better with them than the good, sweet-hearted girl who puts on *blasé* airs, and pretends to be a little wicked. Men judge by appearances far more than women do, and, except in cases where women are rivals, they are less liable to condemn one another for a slight lapse of speech or conduct, than men are to condemn us.

It is also one of the mistakes which women sometimes make, to ask any favor of a gentleman which will incur the least expense for him. No matter how pressing are the circumstances, she should never take the liberty unless he is a near relative. In the various circles of American society, where it is the custom for young men to escort young ladies to theatres and other places of entertainment, it is a mistake for a young lady to ever voluntarily expatiate her fondness for the theatre or the concert in his presence. It might be proper to say here, perhaps, that it is a mistake for young ladies to attend such places with young men, unaccompanied by a chaperon. But, though much is said and written about the chaperon nowadays, I am willing to assert that in the whole of America there are not more than one thousand young ladies who consider the chaperon a necessity, while at least half a million very excellent young ladies are being escorted about by admiring swains every evening in the year.

It is also a mistake for a young lady to correct or scold her parents in the presence of young men, imagining they will admire her culture or courage, or imagine they will not notice it. I heard a wealthy and accomplished young lady at one of our noted seashore resorts severely criticised and condemned by a group of gentlemen one day, because one of them had heard her speak unkindly to her mother.

It is a mistake for a woman (wife, mother, sister or sweetheart), to make plans for the disposal of all a man's spare hours, and then expect him to enjoy himself.

It is a mistake for a woman to try to prove to men her great knowledge and superior intellect. They enjoy an intellectual woman when they discover her brightness themselves, but they do not like to have her force her brains and learning upon them.

But it is just as great a mistake to assume an air of insipidity, and expect a man to think it charming. Men are exacting in their demands. Too much or too little brain in woman is equally offensive to them.

It is the mistake of a lifetime to give a man any liberty which you would not want known, and to expect him to keep the matter a secret. The exceptional man will sometimes hide the indiscretion of a young girl whom he believes spoke or acted from ignorance; but the average man, in the highest the same as in the lowest walks of life, boasts of his successes with foolish women, and the rendezvous, the letter, the embrace, or the souvenir which she has given him, thinking it will never be known to others than themselves, is shortly the matter of gossip among a dozen people.

Women hide their secrets far better than men do. They fear the censure of the world too much to share their errors or indiscretions with confidantes. But men are almost invariably vain and proud of their conquests, and relate their achievements with the fair sex to one or two admiring friends. They may not use names, but let the incidents once be told, it is an easy matter to discover the personages if one is at all curious to do so.

The only way to keep men from betraying our indiscretions is not to commit them. I once made these remarks in the presence of several ladies, and one of them replied, "that she was glad she had never been acquainted with the class of men I knew." At the same time that lady's name had been used lightly in a club room not a week previous, and her indiscreet actions had been commented on by "the class of men" she did know.

It is the worst mistake of all for a woman to think she can make no mistake. The moment that conviction enters her head she is on the highway to some grand blunder whereby she will wound, disgust or antagonize the man she most cares for. Eternal watchfulness, never-failing caution, perpetual tact, and equal quantities of pride and humility are necessary ingredients in the behavior a woman needs to use with men. This should be garnished with good sense, flavored with coquetry and served with good-nature. And even then we will be liable to make some mistakes, since one man will complain of too much coquetry in the flavoring, and another will call it insipid; one will say we have too much pride to render the dish palatable, and another will complain of an overdose of humility; and still another will think we served our conduct too cold, while his comrade will think the opposite.

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A GROUP OF PRETTY DOLLS

By Isabel A. Mallon

FROM the time a girl baby can understand what a toy is, she as naturally grasps out for a doll as a boy baby does for a toy horse, or an engine. Just when the mother-instinct is born in a girl certainly nobody knows; but it does show itself in the tiniest mite possible; for who of us has not seen a wee bit of a girl mothering and petting a baby doll almost twice as big as herself? It is an instinct that ought to be cultivated, and the wise mothers are those who put into the hands of their little daughters a doll to love and cherish, sooner

long that her eyes get tired and the little back weary, but teach her that the stitch worth putting in is worth putting in properly, and that, though it may only be in a gown for mistress Dolly, still, because it is her work, it must do her credit and make her small family of dolls the best dressed in the neighborhood. Do I want you to make her a little prig, sitting and sewing as solemn as an owl? Not a bit of it, my friend. But between you and me, I don't like a girl who is a tom-boy, and I am sure you want to teach your little woman to be a gentle woman; and though she may roll her hoop or toss her ball in the fresh air; though she may run a race until the roses in her cheek are pinker than ever, still there must be a time when she sits down by you, quiet and happy, to learn how to sew as mother does, and how to take care of those silent children who will wear out their clothes.

THE PRETTIEST OF BABIES

THERE is an air of royalty about the baby pictured here (Illustration No. 1), and so the small woman who received it gleefully called it "Her Highness, Baby Belle." Now, "Baby Belle" is a doll with a bisque head, upon which were lovely, long flaxen curls, but her grandmamma thought it wise to have her hair cut short in the pretty way it is, so that it would not get tangled, and upset the little mother's temper. Her charm is that her clothes come off and can be put on again. They consist of a little flannel petticoat, that has its edge finished with a scallop, and which is on a straight band; of a long white skirt made of Victoria lawn, and which has for its finish a deep hemstitching, and a cluster of tucks; and its dress, which is of finer lawn, has a dear little fitted bodice, with some lace insertion set in front, and a frill of lace about the neck, while the edge shows a deep flounce of lace, and an insertion above it. Lift up her skirts quite quietly, and you will see on baby Belle's



BABY BELLE (No. 1)

than a book to fret over, or a puzzle to trouble and annoy. True, the book and the puzzle may result in a triumph, but the little brain has been taxed, and the heart has had not to work at all; and there is no doubt that we all want to give our daughters more of heart and less of brain culture than they have had in the last ten years. The little English girl—who is not as rich in toys as her American cousin—usually gets for a Christmas gift a doll, which is all dressed; and then with it there comes material for a fresh suit of underwear, for another dress, for a cap, and, if they are not already possessed, a tiny basket in which is a precious thimble, needle and thread; but the sharp scissors are omitted, mamma's being borrowed when any are required.

LEARNING TO SEW

THE dressing of a family of dolls is the best method in the world for teaching small women how to sew. To-day, as it was

feet little blue-and-white silk socks. When she was put in her own high chair to be sketched, she was tied in for safety with her best sash ribbon, which is of pale blue. With her came a basket holding the materials for a simpler outfit, and on this her devoted mother is diligently working and learning how to sew, while baby Belle sits up, the sweetest thing you ever saw; never whimpers or cries, but looks out of two great big blue eyes with an approving glance at her loving little mother.

That is one beautiful thing about a doll—it always looks so loving. It always seems to appreciate what is being done for it, and so it encourages the busy little women to work with all the patience possible, and her tireless little efforts are always, in imagination, rewarded.

THE HEROINE OF A ROMANCE

THERE has never lived a child—at least I hope there hasn't—who has not laughed and cried over the adventures of "Little Red Riding-hood" (Illustration No. 2). Her sad story is told in every language, and the little Russian children, who know more about wolves than we do, listen with great earnestness as the tragic fate of the tender-hearted little maiden is told to them. The little lady, as shown in the picture, is a quaint little body, and must not be a doll that is very large. She wants to have brown eyes and light hair drawn off her face and braided. She must wear, as has "Little Red Riding-hood" from time immemorial, a warm flannel petticoat of dark gray, and a pair of dark-gray stockings, and low black shoes, with silver buckles. Her frock is of dark-blue serge, cashmere, flannel, or whatever bit of stuff may be about the house; it has a plain bodice, with little coat sleeves coming to her wrists, and a full skirt without any trimming; over this is worn a plain little apron with a bib to it. And then comes the crowning part of the costume—the pretty red hood that attracted the eyes of the wolf. It is easiest made of red broadcloth or flannel, and as only a small piece is required, even an economical mamma will not mind buying a piece for it, because it must be a bright, and not a dull color. The cape is cut out round, and if broadcloth is used, does not need either to be hemmed or pinked, but if flannel is selected, the edge must have one of these finishes. The little hood is drawn high up in mob fashion, with a bow just in front, while another one is tied just under the chin. On the arm is a little basket, over which is laid a square of white cloth to imitate the napkin that covered the dainties that the little lady was carrying to her grandmamma. Now, if for your small girl you have some trinket, or a silver piece, put it in Red Riding-hood's basket, for she will certainly look to see just what is inside, and if there is nothing it will be a disappointment.



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD (No. 2)

fifty years ago, it is deemed most desirable to have the art of needlework at your fingers tips, and by the art of needlework is meant the placing of fine stitches, the using a fine needle and thread, and the bringing out as a decoration what is really the means whereby the cloth is held together. Teach the little woman to sew by hand; do not let her sew so

A FLOWER LADY

FOR a doll that is to be specially decorated, and which is not to really become one of the family, but only to appear at high feasts and festivals, one dressed to represent a flower is most desirable. A violet lady, who might appropriately be called Mademoiselle Violette, is shown in illustration No. 3. Her petticoats, which are securely sewed on her, are of violet tarlatan; her stockings are of violet-colored silk,



A FASHIONABLE DOLL (No. 5)

and her shoes, tiny ones of violet velvet, have each a rosette formed of small artificial violets as their decoration. Her skirt is a light shade of violet silk, and from the waist falls long strips of violet ribbon, each caught near the edge of the skirt by a bunch of violets. She has a Zouave jacket of dark-purple velvet, outlined with tiny violets and showing, just in front, what seems like a blouse of the light silk. About the waist is a sash of the light silk, which is tied in a big bow at the back. The sleeves are of silk, raised high on the shoulders, and each has a bunch of violets as the cuff finish. Firmly tied in one hand is a bouquet of violets, and on the head is a smart-looking little bonnet made entirely of violets, and which crowns the brown locks of the little doll most effectively.



THE VIOLET DOLL (No. 3)

Dolls dressed as forget-me-nots, roses, carnations, poppies, pansies, or lilies are easy to arrange, but these dolls may always be counted as among the dolls to visit, and they will never be as dear to the heart of a child as the doll whose clothes can be taken off, whose wardrobe can be washed and ironed, who can sleep with its little mother without any fear of its getting mussed, and who can become really and truly the delight of a small woman's heart.

The flower lady is an aristocratic personage, beautiful to look upon; but she never becomes the friend to whom are whispered joys and sorrows.

THE PINK OF PERFECTION

ARE you at all interested in dolls that are really going to some special little woman? It always seems to me that when we know to whom they belong and to whom they are going, that there is a particular charm attached to each doll. The doll whose picture is No. 4, is all ready to go to Ruth Ashmore's niece, little Ruth, who is not a year old, and this smart-looking little lady is called very aptly "The Pink of Perfection." She wears pink silk socks and low patent-leather shoes, and over the simplest of underwear, made by hand, is a Kate Greenaway dress of light pink silk. The full sleeves are confined at the wrists by a band of insertion and finished with frills of lace; and the white apron with its lace trimming is tied in at one side with a pink ribbon sash, in which is stuck a pretty rose. About the neck is a collar of lace. The hat, which may be taken off and put on, is a shirred one of pink illusion, having under its brim a wreath of pink roses—very tiny little ones. This goes on Christmas morning to the one who your friend and mine counts "the dearest little lady in the land." "Little Miss Rose" is to go to little Ruth, so that she may learn that there are other baby girls in the world beside her sweet self, and to teach her how good it is to have a girl to love.



LITTLE MISS ROSE (No. 4)

ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED

THIS dignified-looking lady (Illustration No. 5) is tall, blonde, and evidently no young woman would ever be so impertinent as to dare to stand her on her head, and even the most frivolous of brothers would never dare to tie a string to her neck and haul her across the room. If she could move, she would express dignity in her movements; but she stands still and perhaps her silence speaks louder than words would. She is attired in the latest mode for dolls; she has on black silk stockings, and— isn't this funny?—black satin suspenders to hold them up! Her slippers are black satin with the fashionable high heel. Her underwear is all black silk, and the last thing assumed, before her gown is put on her, is a pair of black satin corsets, which, however, I do not think would either injure or improve her figure in any way whatever. Her dress is of black brocaded silk; made quite plainly in front, and with a properly cut and perfectly arranged train at the back. The bodice part is pointed in front, then arches over the hips, and is pointed in the back, where it is laced as evening bodices usually are. A fold of chiffon is about the neck, and black velvet bows are on each shoulder. Her black gloves are very long and reach quite up the arm, and, between you and me, cost nearly as much as do those extremely long ones of your own. The young lady's hair is arranged high on her head, a feather aigrette being its ornament. This doll is shown more as a curiosity, I must confess—just to let you see how elaborately dolls can be dressed—than as an illustration of what I would advise for the small girl in the nursery. However, if she has many dolls with social aspirations, dolls who entertain a great deal, it may be just as well to have for them proper and dignified chaperons, who will look pleased when their manners are all they ought to be, and properly outraged when they tumble out of their chairs, spill their tea, or bump their heads.

THE SAILOR LASSIE

THE sailor lassie in the nursery undoubtedly owes her existence to the fact



THE SEASIDE DOLL (No. 6)

that some of the small people were at the seaside last summer, and that they are eager to have their doll friends go a-sailing in the nursery boat over the sea that is so aptly represented by a looking-glass. At illustration No. 6, you see a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed doll who bears the stamp of having crossed the roaring main several times and never been sea-sick. She wears a blue denim petticoat, and then a blue flannel skirt trimmed with two rows of white braid, and having two anchors braided on the front of her skirt to express her love for the sea. Her blouse is full and plain, the sleeves are trimmed with two rows of braid, while the flaring white collar has blue anchors upon it and just in front a dark-blue tie is knotted. Above her flaxen tresses is placed a sailor hat with long ribbons flying in the air. Her shoes are kid ones and her stockings are dark-blue cotton. The sailor lassie is not difficult to dress, and when she is accompanied by the sailor lad the nursery people can travel all around the world by sea, stopping at any port they please without experiencing any of the troubles of the ordinary traveler, and having all the pleasure that a roving life can give. This is their delight—to sail over the Sea of Pleasure to the City of Delight.



THE MOTHER WITH A GROWING SON

Two Articles for Her Benefit

- I—HOW TO BRING UP A BOY
II—THE BOY THAT IS WANTED

FRANCES E. WILLARD
RUSSELL SAGE

HOW TO BRING UP A BOY

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD



MISS WILLARD

To bring up a boy as he deserves to be brought up, you must begin at least one hundred years before his advent; and when he comes upon the scene he must be, above all things else, a welcome child. A boy is an oblong box of stored-up electricity. Repression is precisely what he cannot put up with; he was made to react mightily upon the world and he wants to get about it. Destiny for him is largely based upon his mother's "Do" or "Don't." If she is a woman with a doleful "Don't" in her soul, he is handicapped from the word go. But if the dulcet "Do" is her keynote, he is almost sure to win the race of life. It is the glory of kindergarten training that the child is there drawn out to do things useful and good. He is led onward into those habits of healthful activity which are the basis of the only happy life. It is the sorrow of ten thousand nurseries that the constant command is: "Don't do this," or "Don't do that, you noisy, naughty boy." It is a crime of modern life that children are brought up by servants rather than by mothers. To overreach his nurse is one of a boy's earliest lessons; and to overreach the sex to which that nurse belongs, and which he early learned to judge by the earliest specimen of it that thwarted his small purposes, is not unnatural to many "a boy grown tall." The average boy, brought up by his mother, judges all women in his estimate of her; the largest good she can bring to womankind and to humanity is to build her best self into that boy's character. If she is steady-minded, even-handed, royal-hearted, he will be so. That the father is a powerful factor in home training everybody knows, and that he ought to be one still more powerful, all earnest men confess; but forever it remains true that each boy's life says to each mother—

"This heart first caught its steady stroke; This blood, its crimson hue, from thine."

Or, as the quaint old proverb has it—"God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers." And, to the everlasting credit of those sacred guardians of the cradle, let it be said that no credentials are stronger than these words: "He is a mother's boy." The highest praise that Arab speech bestows on a young man is that he is "a brother of girls." And this a mother's boy is sure to be. So long as an open way can be kept between the boy's soul and that of his parents, all will be well with him.

A boy, like an ocean steamship, is built in compartments. He keeps his love for mother in one, and his zeal for hunting the nests of mother-birds in another; his generosity in one, and his love for cream-tarts and cider in another. This is not his fault; he is built that way, and the beautiful task set before his home-trainers is to open up the partitions between these compartments so that he will see the relation of the nobler to the less noble qualities, and will drive out the selfish tendencies by those that are worthy of the splendid generosity in which almost no boy is lacking. But the trouble is, home training so often develops selfishness. The young American must have what he wants, and the sense of selfishness in him is excused under the plea, "Well, you know he is a boy!" So that to be a boy means to be waited upon by "women folks," and to have one's own way. If the wise ones at home had always used these words when he did something generous and noble, saying, "That is just like a boy," (for instance, when he was manly and chivalric toward his sister, waiting upon her, and giving her half, at least, of every good and pleasant gift that came to him) the fact that he is a boy, and the constant repetition of it would ennoble and build him up in every grace of a great and helpful manhood. But the trouble is that the requiem of many a parent's life is—"While I came and went, the child was gone." The good impressions that might have been written in wax, must now be carved on marble.

Every boy is, or ought to be, a walking interrogation point. Like the immortal Toddlers he "wants to see ze wheels go round!" He stands at creation's telephone and it is his due to hear a cheery response to his tireless "Halloo!"

And most of all, he wants to know about his own immediate and wondrous heritage of power. But here comes in the most inexorable "Don't" of all. The boy is sent to school to learn the most sacred endowments of his being from some low lad on the playground, or some leering youth in the back alley, or some pedlar of vile literature who waylays him on his way home. Knowledge abhors a vacuum, and if the boy's head is not filled with pure explanations of his own nature and powers, it will be packed with those that are impure. For every school has in it its three classes of children—those from homes celestial, terrestrial and diabolical. It is so much easier to sink than to climb, that, in the natural effort of all to find an equilibrium, the lowest minds spread their own contagion widest, and the tendency is to keep time to the slowest step in the last battalion of "the little soldiers newly mustered in." Hence, the mother should make sure that purity has the first word. The boy's questions will be early asked. Let

not the coarse reply get in its work before the chaste one comes. Science is like fire; it burns out dross; tell him what science says. God's laws are all equally clean and holy; tell him of the laws of God. But how shall you tell him? Always according to the truth of things. The bird in its nest; the flower on its stalk; the mineral in its crystals, all show forth one creative law. Probably the best result of women's higher education is that they will thus be better fitted to bring up their boys. The scientific spirit in the mother will better understand the constant questions of her son. The divine curiosity aroused in her own mind will bind their lives in closer sympathy. There will be other queries of the alert little brain. "Mamma, what makes that man walk crooked?" the boy asks as the awful object-lesson of a poisoned brain crosses his path. Then let her teach him that the body is God's temple, and that into it must not enter anything that defileth. Shine in upon his quick intelligence with a "Thus saith nature, thus saith reason, thus saith physiology, chemistry and hygiene."

Teach him that the laws of Nature are but the methods of God's ever-present action; that He is not far from every one of us, but "in Him we live and move and have our being."

Defended from the impure habits and the alcoholic and nicotine indulgences that so rapidly deteriorate the body, a boy has the foundation upon which solid character can be built—in love toward God, and love toward man. The quadrilateral of a successful manhood may be thus described: Sobriety, integrity, industry, gentleness.

Now, as to minor matters. Give your boy simple food—fish, grains, vegetables, fruit. He can be trained, if you begin from the beginning, to like these better than pastry, meat and gravies. Banish pepper-sauce and condiments from your table as far as possible; also, tea and coffee. Tell him that athletes use none of these things; tell him the splendid soldiers of Rome carried a bag of wheat across their shoulders, chewing as they marched. Habituate him to a fondness for the daily bath. Take particularly good care of his room, and if you have a pretty picture, or a bunch of posies put them there to prove to him your confidence in his appreciation of whatever is lovely and pure. Share in his fun; have a good romp with him when he comes home from school; make him your escort to pleasant places where you will meet good and true people. Guard his companionship with other boys—not so much by warning him against this one, as by cultivating the presence of that other better one. Let his toys be suited to his special tastes and aptitudes. In these days a kit of miniature carpenter's tools can be had cheaply, and many a boy will work happily at the bench who but for this resource would be restless and irritable, not from ill-nature, but because he lacks occupation that is congenial to him. Some boys like gardening; others are enraptured with a scroll saw; others still prefer a heap of clay to model in, and almost all take great pleasure in live animals to pet and train. The boy who would by nature sit all day over his books needs to be ingeniously induced, not driven, into the open air. Physical culture in the public schools is greatly to be desired, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (which has already secured in all but ten of the forty-four States, laws requiring that boys and girls be taught the effects of stimulants and narcotics on the human system) has now taken up the work of making physical culture lessons also obligatory. The Emperor of Germany has recently decreed this for the schools of Germany in the interest of good soldiery.

It is always a favorite opinion of mine that boys should be trained to play with dolls; and the most successful mothers I know say that by nature a boy takes as kindly to a doll as a girl does. The gentler qualities are thus cultivated, and fatherliness—than which manhood has no nobler attribute, or one that more strongly allies it to God—is early developed to match motherliness in the hearts of girls.

Finally, we must remember that just as walking is defined by scientists to be a succession of perpetually interrupted falls forward, so in a boy's life it often seems as if that which may really be a forward movement is danger to him; and danger it might prove had he not learned by discipline herein suggested, just when to bring up the other foot so as to pace off evenly on the highway of success.

All of which is respectfully submitted, as the outcome of fifteen years' experience in teaching, by one to whom boys have always been as kind as younger brothers, and whose life-long ideal of noblest manhood has always been that "only brother, Oliver," who, on a prairie farm in Wisconsin, shared his out-door sports with his adventurous-minded sister "Frank," and never once said to her, "You are only a girl."

Let me, as my last word, offer a pledge that I have written out for my young brothers, the boys, with a spinster's affectionate greeting—

BOY'S PLEDGE

I pledge my brain, God's thoughts to think, My lips no fire or foam to drink From alcoholic cup, nor link With my pure breath, tobacco's taint; For have I not a right to be As wholesome and as pure as she Who, through the years so glad and free, Moves gently onward to meet me? A knight of the New Chivalry Of Christ and Temperance I would be. In Nineteen hundred, come and see!

THE BOY THAT IS WANTED

By RUSSELL SAGE



MR. SAGE

How can a boy succeed?—I am often asked. Is it true, as many people contend, that all walks of life are overcrowded, and there is no place for the younger generation? I think not. I have in mind the sort of a boy that can succeed, and I say to all boys now, there is fame and fortune for them if they are made of the right sort of stuff.

The boy who is wanted in the office, the shop, the store, the banking-house, in fact in any branch of mercantile or professional life, is the boy who is not afraid to work, who is educated, gentlemanly, polite, neat in dress, honest, trustful, and self-respecting. Such lads are in demand everywhere. They are sought for with eagerness, and, when found, employers delight in pushing them forward, in opening to them new fields of enterprise and usefulness, in making them their confidants, and finally taking them into partnership. Boys who are slovenly in attire, who are stupid, uncivil, and who cannot be trusted, are to be had, but they are not likely to keep a position for any length of time. Employers do not want them.

The boy who is wanted must be educated. If his parents cannot afford to give him a high-school or college education, he must learn to study without the aid of a teacher, in the early morning before business begins, and in the evenings after business hours. It can no longer be truthfully said that an education is out of any one's reach. Our splendid school system, where one can study by day or in the evening, has put the priceless treasure of an education within the reach of all. The main thing, in the beginning, that I would impress upon boys is one of the great commandments, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The boy who respects his father and mother, who treats his sisters and brothers with loving-kindness, has laid a good foundation for a successful career. You will do as your parents tell you, and that certainly will be to study. Don't be in a hurry to get away from your school books. The cares and responsibilities of business life will come soon enough. Go to school as long as you can, and, remember, every hour spent in study in your youth will be worth money to you in after life. Read good books—the Bible, above all. Make yourself acquainted with history. Study the progress of nations and the careers of men who have made nations great. If you have no library of your own, join one of the numerous associations to be found in all cities, where good, healthful books may be obtained. Study religion, science, statecraft, and history. Learn to read intelligently, so that you may turn to practical use in after life the readings of your youth. Be sure you begin right. Do not waste time in reading trashy books. If you do not know how to select books ask your father or mother, your minister, your school-teacher, or your employer, to do it for you. Drink deep from the well of knowledge. The boy that is wanted in business to-day must be well educated, and if he is not, and fails in business life, he can blame no one but himself. A good education is half the battle. It is within the reach of all.

Be honest. Honesty is the only road to success. Dishonesty, sharp practices, and tricks may succeed for a brief season, but that is all. No permanent success has ever been built on dishonesty. The prisons are filled with men and boys who have tried it and failed. The men who are respected among men are those who can be relied upon, who are truthful, whose word, indeed, is as good as their bond. There never was a time or occasion when dishonesty was justifiable. If your employer, your business associates, and your friends know you to be honest, they will respect you, and they will gladly do business with you. If they know you to be dishonest, they will shun you. Dishonesty is the first downward step in many a boy's career. Never take anything that does not belong to you, no matter how insignificant.

Be polite. It is an evidence of good breeding, and reflects credit upon your father and mother. The gentlemanly boy, the lad who is not gruff or surly, one who does not use profane or indecent language, has a much better chance of obtaining employment, and keeping his place, than one who is rough, ill-mannered, profane and disrespectful. Be courteous under all circumstances; agreeable, manly; straightforward in your conversation. Cultivate a sunny disposition, and you will find your days pass more agreeably and your society will be more sought after. Remember under all circumstances to respect age. No matter what the condition, you cannot afford to be disrespectful to your elders.

Don't be afraid of work. It is the only road to success. Work incessantly. Whatever you do, do it as well as you know how. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands. Work is honorable, no matter how lowly. You cannot get on in the world unless you work. Try and give your employer one hundred and fifty per cent for every dollar you receive from him. Do not shirk anything. Do not be in a hurry to get away on the exact stroke of the clock. Be patient. To-morrow will be another day. If you are faithful, painstaking and watchful of your employer's interests, have no fear that he will not know of it, for boys who observe this rule are rare, and promotion will surely come if you but work and wait. Patience and work are the handmaidens of success. Why not learn a trade? The master of a good trade is better equipped for the struggle

of life than the young man who is too proud to soil his hands by handling tools. All boys should be made to learn trades. It was the custom of kings, once upon a time, to see to it that not only their sons but their daughters, also, were taught trades or some useful occupation. One of the necessities of the times is for better facilities for industrial education. By all means learn a trade, boys. It will be of service to you in after life. I could name scores of successful men of to-day, who were printers, engravers, telegraph operators or members of some other useful craft.

Be neat in your apparel. Men do not like boys who are slovenly in their attire. A good personal appearance is much in a boy's favor.

Be thrifty. Save some portion of each day's earnings. No matter how small your pay, save some of it. Begin early in life to save, and you will be surprised to see how the dollars will roll up as you grow older. Do not be parsimonious with your money. Do good with it when you can. Help some worthy brother along the rough road. Money is valuable for the good it may do. Let me advise you strongly to keep out of debt. Thousands of great commercial houses have been wrecked by getting into debt. Begin by putting some money in the bank early in life, and add to it whenever you can. When opportunity offers, invest it securely. Do not borrow or lend. Both are vices to be shunned.

Keep good company. Avoid companions who may lead you into temptation. Set your standard of morality and fellowship high. You will find the world peopled with strange beings, and although you may know a great many persons you will not be able to make many friends—true, generous, helpful, faithful to the end.

A word about your health. If your body is not sound, your mind will not be. Take plenty of exercise. Keep out in the open air and God's pure sunlight as much as you can. Then you will become vigorous in body, and by work and study you will become strong in mind.

Have I made clear to you the boy that is wanted? There is much more that could be said on the subject, but I shall leave that to others who are abler than I am.

My ideal is not an impossible one. I know some boys who fulfill all the qualifications I have named. They will be heard from in the future. They are the hope of the world, and I know many men who have built great fortunes and honored names upon just such a foundation. Why name them? To do so would fill a large book.

Let me ask you to try to realize the boy that I have tried to depict. What a future is open to such an one! There is no honor, or gift of men, that may not be his.

I have pressed into this crude recital fifty years of everyday experience among men. I believe it the best way to get on. Follow these suggestions and you will not be likely to fail.

THE JOURNAL IN ENGLAND

A REGULAR office for the JOURNAL has now been established in London, and we cordially invite all our subscribers in Great Britain to send their subscriptions to that office. The address of the JOURNAL in London is—

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# Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN SIX PAPERS

SECOND PAPER



WHEN Mr. Beecher's theological course was nearly completed, he wrote an uncommonly long and earnest letter to me. His whole heart was full of the new life now opening before him, while not blind to the many difficulties and impediments that seemed lying in wait for him. But, as my father remarked after I read it to him, "There is no shrinking in him: every line is replete with courage."

## MR. BEECHER'S BELIEFS AT TWENTY— (As expressed by him in an unpublished letter)

THAT particular letter is still with me, and from it I quote: "In a short time now I shall have finished at Lane, and must be ready for examination and license. Shall I get it? Doubtful! I have always freely shown you how I am perplexed and troubled about some of the doctrines I shall be called upon to subscribe to if I secure a license and am ordained as an Evangelist. I can see that my father is troubled for—and, in some degree, with—me. For four years we have talked much and very freely, going over all the ground repeatedly. Each discussion has but strengthened my repugnance to many points. But as the time draws near, we are both very silent. Now I must speak frankly to you. There are some points which I must not, will not, subscribe to. It is now well known, and I am glad it is. But what will be the result when I go before the council for examination? If they believe themselves what they expect me to assent to, they will not license me. How can they? I can not assent. What then? Preach I will, licensed or not. On that point I am determined. If I can do no better, I will go far out into the West, build a log cabin among the lumbermen and trappers, or whoever may seek employment in the forests, and devote myself to assisting and trying to interest them in religious services, far from the busy haunts of men. What will you do if this is the only course left me? Will you go with me into the wilderness?"

I was reading the letter to father and mother, as I had been in the habit of doing with everything connected with Henry's doubts and anxieties—

"Indeed you will not!" said my father. "But, father, indeed I must and will. The promises given in betrothal are just as binding in God's sight as the marriage vow; so you have always taught me."

"Well, we will see! But indeed," turning to mother, "after all, Henry is nearer right than half of those who may refuse to license him. But, daughter, tell him to be careful—caution him to go slow."

In May, 1837, Mr. Beecher was licensed. Why? I do not know. During the last year in Lane, his Sabbaths were mostly spent speaking in some of the small churches springing up around Cincinnati, and his work was not unnoticed by the clergymen near. I have no knowledge of what they thought, only, as we all inferred from his being licensed, that seeing his labors among those most needy, they might have felt that he was as "thoroughly furnished unto all good works," and would as faithfully glorify God, as others more deeply rooted and grounded in those doctrines they had deemed so essential.

## ACCEPTS HIS FIRST CALL

SHORTLY after his licensure, Mr. Beecher received and accepted a call from Lawrenceburgh, Indiana. His father and family felt that he should have waited, and, perhaps, received a more desirable call. But Mr. Beecher began by practicing what he ever after advised others to do. He took the work that demanded immediate attention instead of waiting for something higher to come to him, and in June (of 1837) he began his labors in his first charge. On Saturday, July 30th, he wrote to me that his people were very anxious that he should be ordained, and that the ordination would probably take place in August. He would then come for me as soon thereafter as possible, probably the last of October. Would I be ready to go with him?

\*EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Beecher's first paper in this series appeared in the last (October) number of the JOURNAL, and copies can be had by sending ten cents to the home office.

## COMING TO HIS WEDDING

A FAVORABLE answer having been sent to him the same day, I remember going up-stairs to my room to do some further writing, when I heard a commotion down-stairs, and, before I could realize what was going on, the door of my room fairly burst open, and there stood Henry Ward Beecher! After the first surprise—and a few other preliminaries which young people will especially understand—Mr. Beecher explained that after mailing his letter to me, the thought occurred to him, "Why wait to be ordained! Why not go East at once and bring my wife back with me to the ordination?" Acting at once upon the thought, he secured the approval of his trustees, and there he was! Yes, there he was, true enough! He had even borrowed his brother George's best clothes to serve as his wedding suit, he told me. How soon would I be ready? He was ready then! Expostulation with that man was fruitless. Next week, at the latest, he must be back at his church—would I make it next Wednesday? Argument about my clothes proved useless, and I consented.

## OUR MARRIAGE DAY

THE next day, being Sunday, I could do nothing; but Monday morning I was up at one o'clock at work on my wedding dress. No assistance was available. An India mull dress would have to suffice, and on it I began and worked until six o'clock, when the family woke up and I went down-stairs to help mother with house duties. During the day I called Henry's services into requisition to make the wedding-cake, and he assisted quite nicely. In the evening we both wrote out invitations to such of the family as could be reached.

A little after two o'clock of the afternoon of Wednesday, August 3rd, 1837, our clergyman, Rev. Mr. Tracy, his wife, and such of our family and friends as it had been possible for us to reach, came to my father's house. A terrific thunderstorm came up, just as we were ready for the ceremony. I had always said I would not be married in a storm, and so refused to go down. I had yielded to everything else, but on this point I was decisive. I would not be married while that storm lasted. A little before four o'clock the storm departed, and—

"Softly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace!"

for when Henry took me into the parlor where our few guests were waiting, the brightness of the most glorious rainbow I had ever seen fell upon us as we stood before the clergyman who ended his prayer: "And so may the bow of peace and promise ever rest upon these Thy servants." And did it not, until the very last?

And thus, on Bullard's Hill, at West Sutton, Massachusetts, after seven years' engagement, Mr. Beecher and I were married. Bidding adieu to parents, brothers and sisters, and friends, we left the dear old home to go out into a world which, unknown to us, held so much for us!

## OUR FIRST HOME

MR. BEECHER'S salary at Lawrenceburgh was three hundred dollars per year, and I quickly found out that we could not keep house on that sum. So, we must board; and board we did for a few weeks until one of the family with whom we boarded died, and a change was necessary. Mr. Beecher had been called to a meeting in Cincinnati, and alone I started out to find a house. I had figured out that we could not spare more than thirty dollars a year for house rent. But where could a house be found for that rent, even where rents were so very low? Oh, the weary, disheartening search for that thirty-dollar house! What a source of amusement it has been in later years; but there was little fun found in it at the time.

After days of arduous search I found that the idea of a house, however small, must be relinquished. But four rooms were certainly

absolutely necessary. Another day's effort showed that three rooms might be made to answer. At last it became certain that two rooms must suffice. I secured the refusal of the two rooms up-stairs, over a stable—the hostler had used them formerly. On the left they opened into a storage-room belonging to the store below. Such rooms! Oh, the dirt! What would Henry say?

The captain of a small steamer, running between Lawrenceburgh and Cincinnati, had offered us free passes when we first came, and so, without one penny in my purse I left the next morning for Cincinnati, and on arriving walked the four miles from the landing to Walnut Hills, where father Beecher, Mrs. Stowe, and my eldest brother lived. I found Mr. Beecher there. To the group I told my story. There was great silence for a moment after it, which Mr. Beecher was the first to break. Any one who ever knew him intimately may, perhaps, imagine his inimitably humorous look, as he exclaimed:—"Go to housekeeping! Oh, yes! There can be no difficulty about that. We have an abundance to begin with. Look!"—holding out a half-dollar—"I have all that toward it! How much have you, my dear?"

"Not one penny. But your salary is to be paid monthly. We can remain one week longer at our present boarding-house, and our next payment will be due before we leave," I added timidly.

Still greatly amused at what, to him, seemed so impossible, Mr. Beecher interrupted—"Think of it, good friends! next week we shall have twenty-five dollars to furnish the house and live on a whole month! Who says we can't go to housekeeping? How large is the house we are to furnish?"

"Two rooms!" I meekly replied.

Another burst of laughter, in which all seemed inclined to join. But father Beecher—always the best of fathers—hushed their merriment.

Then I told them how little it would take, after they were once cleaned, to make those two little rooms comfortable, and how we could get that little by disposing of some things from my outfit. Henry's brother, George, and his wife gave us a cooking-stove; one of his classmates what dishes were needed, and many other things were added by father Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, so that two days after we returned to Lawrenceburgh, carrying what seemed abundance compared with the simple arrangement I had planned. The remaining week that we could spend at our pleasant boarding-house was spent in cleaning those very dirty rooms. How could it ever have been accomplished but for Mr. Beecher! His indomitable good-nature, his merry sallies over all that seemed hard enough to a woman, and doubly hard to any man, was a sovereign balm for weariness or discouragement. With coat off, sleeves rolled up, and a big apron on, he helped to wash the dreadfully dirty windows three or four times over before we could see through them, and helped to scrub the equally dirty floors. The work I had so dreaded, for his sake, and desired to save him any annoyance from, he insisted he would have his full share in. He had evidently made up his mind to turn those few days into a frolic. And he succeeded so well that the memory of that first house-cleaning with Mr. Beecher has ever been bright.

## HIS HOME LIFE IN EARLY YEARS

OVER those years of hardship at Lawrenceburgh I shall not linger. Everything had to be resorted to in order to add to Mr.

moved into larger quarters, we took in boarders. During those first ten years of Mr. Beecher's ministry in Lawrenceburgh and Indianapolis, he laid the foundation for a very different, but certainly quite as happy, home-life as that which he might have founded under more independent conditions. Yet I am slow to admit even that—for with the same elements and peculiar characteristics which enabled him to make such a perfect home in the back woods, I cannot imagine him, under any circumstances, to have done differently. The last forty years of his life—with every facility for comfort and elegance—have proved the correctness of my earliest faith in him.

Home was always the place, whether in early or later life, where Mr. Beecher shone the brightest; where the noblest and best parts of his character were the most thoroughly developed and best understood. There he never failed to reveal himself in his best and happiest moods. Unless out of town—which was not often in our first ten years—he was seldom absent from the home table. Then, as far as possible, he put his daily cares to one side. Between his private home-life and his public



AS HE LOOKED IN HIS FIRST CHARGE

life there could be no comparison, even in earlier life. And still less after we left the West and our children grew up around us; it was there only—at home—that we felt he was all our own.

Mr. Beecher at home was the playmate and companion of the young; the devotedly loved father; the thoughtful, tender, loving husband, and, in later years, the kind and cheerful master of his farm; happy himself, and making his dependents and all around him happy. He was an entirely different person there than when in his study—silent, grave, almost to sternness if interrupted; wholly absorbed in the subject before him.

Occasionally we accepted an invitation to dinner or tea—more frequently in later days. He always enjoyed the visit and loved the friends he met on those occasions. But, returning home, the moment the door closed there were but few occasions when he would not say with a smile—"Well we have had a pleasant evening. I am glad we went; but, after all, there is no spot like home."

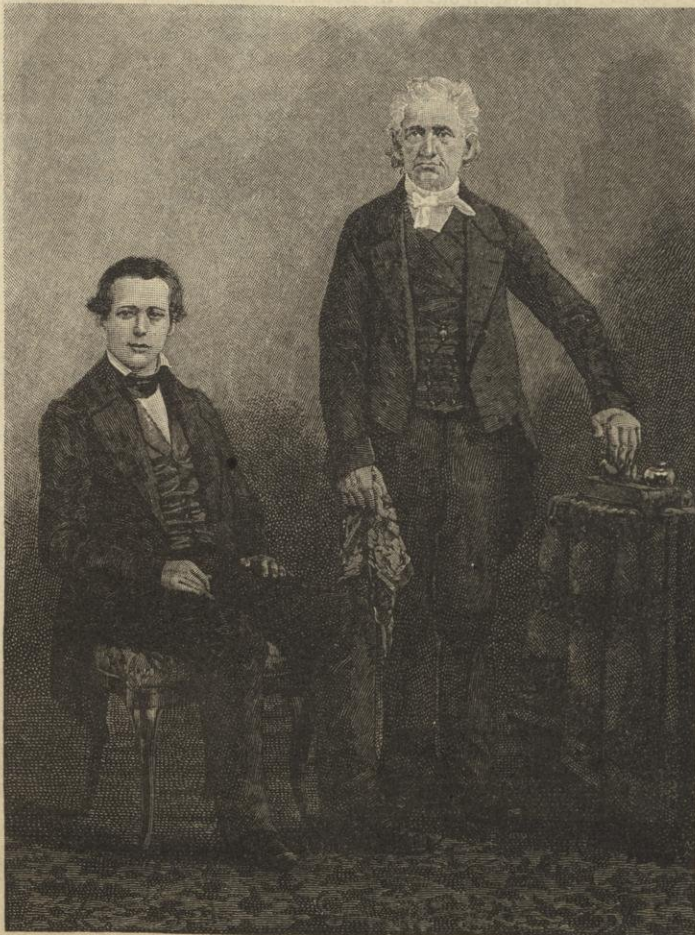
Then, as children and grandchildren grew up around us, if we returned before they retired, there was always pleasant or amusing talk; and at morning or midday meals there would be no limit to the pleasure he tried to give to all. In his spare moments the little ones were given unrestrained liberty. But when no more time could be spared, with a pleasant smile he would say, "There, that will do," and with a parting or good-night kiss, he turned to his desk, and all understood that "play time was over."

Mr. Beecher had never been accustomed to early rising. But very soon after our marriage he was not slow to understand that early rising would make my work a great deal easier; and he very soon acquired the habit. For two or three years after we moved to Indianapolis, he edited the "Western Farmer and Gardener," entirely before the breakfast hour.

This habit, acquired from necessity, he never laid aside, and, through it, he often accomplished much writing before breakfast in addition to looking over the papers and a frolic with children and grandchildren. And often were those hours the happiest of the whole day. As the children grew older, he was their best friend, companion and counselor. Whatever there was in the papers of special interest, or most attracted public attention, was freely discussed at the breakfast table—always brightened by his sparkling wit, sportive asides and merry allusions. Always were there some jokes interspersed for the children so that they had their full share in the fun and brightness that he so richly gave to all at the table.

## REMOVAL TO INDIANAPOLIS

MR. BEECHER'S work at Lawrenceburgh, quiet though it was, soon asserted itself, and he received a call from Indianapolis. Seeing a larger field of usefulness open to him, it was decided to accept the summons, and so we collected all our modest belongings and moved to our second charge. If we could only have penetrated into the future a little at that time, and seen what was before us!



MR. BEECHER AND HIS FATHER, LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.  
[Taken at the time of Mr. Beecher's licensure at Lane Seminary]

Beecher's small salary. At first I took in sewing, and thus often made small additions to the income. Later on, when we

[The third paper in Mrs. Beecher's reminiscence papers picturing their Western life, to their removal to Brooklyn, will appear in the next JOURNAL.]



# HOW DELMONICO SETS A TABLE

BY FOSTER COATES



**D**ELMONICO is a name famous the world over. Wherever lovers of good living assemble the name is known. For generations it has stood for all that is good in a gastronomical way. All the famous men and women who have visited New York during the fifty years gone by, have crossed the threshold of the world-famed restaurant and been refreshed there. Famous dinners have been given in its great white-and-gold dining-room; politicians, statesmen, editors, artists and ministers have dined there and thundered forth their after-dinner eloquence; college boys have feasted and sang there; and the big building has sheltered beauty and wealth at hundreds of great private entertainments, where rare gems have gleamed and the odor of thousands of roses made one almost believe that fairyland was a reality. Delmonico has no rival in America, if indeed in the world. Everything is on the most lavish scale—rich, rare and costly.

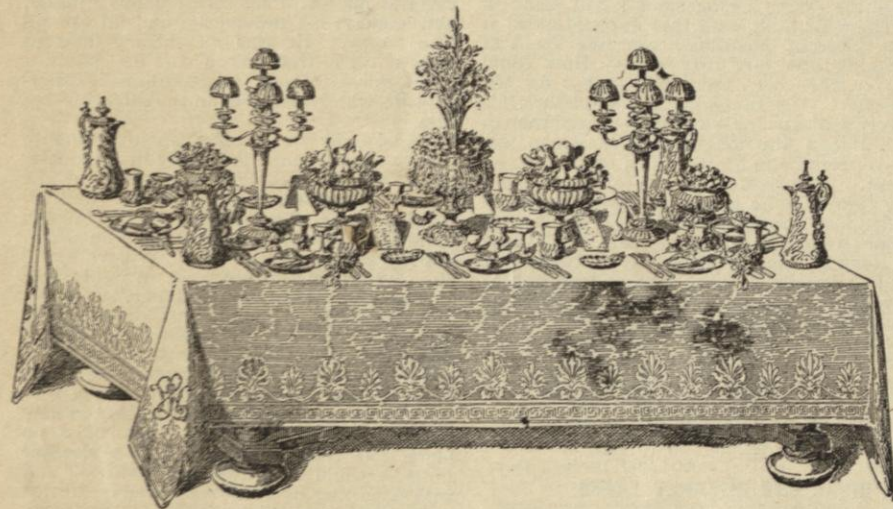
How many persons know how to give a dinner, set a table properly, and serve foods and wines as they should be served, in an orderly, appetizing way?

Epicureans differ as to what constitutes a perfect dinner. There are certain well-known dishes that every cook understands how to prepare, but the lack of unanimity of opinion among dinner-givers as to the service of rich viands and rare wines, is very curious.

No one will deny that a dinner properly cooked and well served, is a delight, and, if the company be agreeable, it is perhaps one of

Don't crowd. Each guest should be allowed a space of two feet or twenty-six inches, if the table will admit of it, and the plates placed at equal distances apart. Place two dinner-forks to the left of each plate; also an oyster fork with prongs resting on the edge of the plate. On the right must be a dinner knife and a spoon for soup. The glasses are arranged at the right of each guest on a line with the inner edge of the plate. The water glass is set next to the plate. Then glasses for whatever other beverages are intended to be served. If wines are objectionable, any of the best mineral waters can be used, with French coffee at the close. A glass, whether of water or any other liquid, should never be filled more than three-quarters full.

In the middle of the table is the big centre-piece of silver, and at each end handsome candelabra with colored satin or flower shades. In between are silver compotiers of fruit, one at each end, and four low compotiers—two at each end—filled with cakes and *marron glacés*. Two other dishes of fruits glacés, are placed one at either end. These dishes of glacés are used principally at winter dinners. In the summer, different kinds of fresh fruit are substituted in their stead. Two compotiers, which stand on either side of the centre-piece, are filled with favors for the ladies, and may be anything that the fancy dictates. Six silver shells, three on each side, are filled with olives and salted almonds, to be served after the soup. Six or eight handsome salt-cellars are usually placed on the table, each one serving two guests. As no individual cellars are any longer used, the salt must be taken from these large salt-cellars. The napkins to be used are large damask, over-folded so as to reveal the monogram, and each forms the receptacle for a dinner bread roll. When the



A TABLE FOR EIGHT PERSONS AS SET BY DELMONICO

the chief pleasures of life. But all people cannot have rare foods, served on gold or silver-plates, and not all of us possess handsomely decorated dining-rooms, and for the lack of these we must make up in less expensive ways. And one of the most important is a well set and attractive board, snowy napery, polished glass and china, and brightly burnished silverware, if you possess it.

In New York city dinner-giving is carried on to an extent only equalled in London and Paris, and many are the uses made of flowers, candelabra, colored lights, silverware and silver and gold plate, and from the reports about these great dinners the woman who wishes to establish a reputation for good dinners may learn much.

Learn first, says Delmonico, how to set a table. A round table is better than a square table, if the dining-room is large enough to permit it. If not, then the ordinary oblong extension table must be used. The round table is much more preferable, and easier to seat people at, besides it gives a suggestion of the famous "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." A few prominent society women still cling to the old-fashioned long, narrow table. Mrs. Astor, for example, still uses that style of dining-table in order that her famous gold dinner-set may be placed to the best advantage. Mrs. August Belmont, on the contrary, prefers an oblong table, and the decorations for an elaborate dinner are carried out to make the shape more pronounced. Flowers should never be absent from the dinner-table. No matter how homely, they add to the picturesqueness of the feast; and it is important that the temperature of the room should be kept a trifle cool, than a degree too warm. An over-heated dining-room is an abomination.

Let us see how a table is set for a fashionable dinner-party. On the table is first placed a thick flannel cloth, the thicker it is the better as it prevents noise of the dishes as they are placed on it. Over this is spread a snowy-white damask table-cloth, bearing the family crest or coat-of-arms. Sometimes over this is placed still another, of elaborate embroidery and lace, lined with pink or yellow satin, as taste dictates, or whatever color is to predominate at the dinner. The plates are first placed upon the table. As these are to remain until after soup is served, they are always the handsomest in the gold or china sets, as the case may be.

roll is taken out of the napkin by each guest, it should always be placed at the left of the plate. The name-cards must be placed on the top of the napkin, and the menu-cards at the right of the plate.

If decanters are used, which are usually handsome glass jugs covered with silver, they are placed at opposite corners of the table, one at each corner, making four in all. These generally contain claret and sherry. Burgundy is sometimes decanted, but authorities differ about the advisability of doing this.

On a side table, the butler has all the extra silver and china required. The plates are of course changed, after soup, with each course, until cream and fruits, which are the last things on the menu.

The finger-bowls, which may be of gold, silver, or enamel ware, or very fine glass, are not placed on the table until after the ices and fruits have been served. They are then put on handsome dessert plates with fine embroidered doilies.

The table decorations of flowers must always be in keeping with the color of the dinner decided on, and consist of a large centre vase of flowers, not high enough to obstruct the view across the table. It should extend within ten inches of the inner edge of the plates. A few hostesses like to have large bouquets at each end of the table also, but this is not necessary. A pretty idea is to decorate the chandelier above with smilax and flowers.

The corsage bouquets for the ladies are placed at their right hand, just in front of the plate; while the gentleman's boutonniere is placed on his napkin, with his dinner card.

An old-time expression, "When the cloth was removed" is going into disuse, as the cloth never is removed at the present time. In the olden days of polished tables, the cloth was taken off and fruits with coffee served on the bare table. Later side-slips were used which could be taken off after the game and thus save crumbing; but all that has been changed, and now the same table-cloth remains throughout the entire dinner.

For a dinner of eight or ten persons, two men usually serve. For fourteen, sixteen or eighteen, four men are in attendance. While for over that, six or eight men are in charge.

Thus an elaborate dinner of the present time is served, and the cost may range from five dollars to thirty dollars per person, as the host pleases.

## AS ROSEBUDS WILL

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN

**T**HE dewdrop loved the rosebud, and the rosebud loved the dew, But the frost king, hoary-headed, came between the lovers true;

Oh, a million jewels brought he, to entice the rosebud sweet, Ten hundred thousand diamonds, and cast them at her feet.

The dewdrop's tender opals paled before such kingly show, And the rosebud chose the diamonds, as rosebuds will, you know.

And now? Oh well, the sequel can be whispered in a breath— She had her hour of splendor, and she paid for it with death.



## \*IX—WOMEN IN ART

BY GLEESON WHITE

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF "THE ART AMATEUR"

### FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

**I**N the rush toward things artistic to-day, too many persons unfitted for the career adopt the profession of an artist, with a light heart; that, as years roll on, too often grows to be a very heavy one. Before deciding whether one's taste for dabbling in paint or plaster is likely to outlast the necessary drudgery of the first years of study, it is well to be quite sure that not only the will but the power is there. Usually the first efforts of a girl, who shows some knack of handling brush or pencil, are greeted with a chorus of praise; those who know better withhold the sharp criticism the novice's attempts deserve; while those who do not know insist that with such genius it would be a shame to remain content with mere commonplace pursuits. So the victim to circumstances listens greedily to prophecies of future fame and fortune, and decides to become another Rosa Bonheur. In rare cases the decision is right, and both the individual and the world gain thereby. But in the large majority of failures one wishes that some kindly friend could have stayed the waste of time and energy by telling the truth in time. To decide whether a clever girl has or has not the talent—without which success is impossible, or, at best, dishonorable—is not easy. If she turns to friends and acquaintances, their politeness forbids plain speaking; if she approaches a local teacher, the chances are that the natural eagerness to secure another pupil makes him discern hidden talent where otherwise he would fail to find it. Nor is it easier to obtain valuable advice from a stranger; it is a serious responsibility to stay the career of one who may be great some day; and so, mindful of the romances of unappreciated genius, we all shrink from saying—"You have no shadow of a chance of eminence as an artist; abandon the attempt wholly."

To begin with, there is no royal road to art; genius alone cannot paint a great picture. Knowledge of drawing and anatomy; skill in technique, in brush-work and the laying on of color are all gained only by hard and serious study. To copy good paintings is a help; but nothing replaces the teacher. A serious objection to many art schools is that the level of the class is lowered to avoid showing the utter incompetence of the worst. The first steps are made too easy, and when a spurious facility is gained, the young miss (or master) sallies out to conquer the world. Possibly a dealer buys a few sketches; personal friends offer small commissions, and the student's head is turned. Ignorant of her own want of knowledge—the deepest of all ignorance—she paints daubs that defy every law of art, but attract a certain class of admirers; and so, content with her beginning, goes on to find a younger novice forestalling her, and the appreciation of those worth having, lost forever.

What has been called a "divine discontent" is at once the artist's sorrow and crown. The ideal aimed at must always be far ahead of the result; satisfaction, beyond a certain point, with one's finished work is the deadliest indication of all. If before a great painting a young artist secretly feels she could paint as well, in one case out of a million she may be right; but in the others it is a dead certainty that both the humility of real genius and the genius itself are lacking.

But besides the lack of that supreme talent men call genius, there are other secondary qualities that must be hers who would succeed in art. Of these, a power of steady application,

[EDITOR'S NOTE—The December JOURNAL will contain two additional articles on "Women in Art"—one by Miss Susan M. Ketcham, of the New York Art School, and the other by William M. Chase, the artist].

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

a keen observance of natural facts, a love of nature, and real delight in color and the beauty of things seen as well as things painted, are among the most important; but energy, patience and study can alone make them fruitful.

Difficult as it is to ascertain whether a beginner has solid reason to hope for success, there are a few rough-and-ready tests that, if unflinchingly applied, would weld out the most hopeless incapables. Note first whether the would-be artist is clever at copying, or tries to invent her pictures. If her sketches are full of every technical fault and yet show honest attempts to draw or paint what she sees, there is room for hope. If, however, her pictures are all mere copies of the work of other artists, though done ever so well, they prove nothing; beyond the lower faculty of imitation, that is only a small part of the equipment of an artist.

Such an one may go to nature and yet paint her scenes after a previously learned formula. If all her sketches—gray days or sunny days, autumn or spring—have a similar chromo-like coloring, it is proof positive that the vision of the real artist has been denied her.

The choice of subjects is another test. A real artist makes everything paintable; the most unpromising scene has its rare moments of beauty and, like the smile on a homely face, may be lovely at times. The amateur is always trying to make pictures; the real artist is satisfied with half a dozen rough lines, if she grasps the essentials of the fact she wishes to note. The study needed is not to be put away with the easel and palette at the art school, but continued always; jotting down stray memoranda in pencil or color, noting the effects of atmosphere and color under every condition. That a course of tuition at a good school of art is essential to success, goes without saying. In default of working in the studio of a first-rate painter—almost impossible in this country—it is the only way. If, after this, some years of study at Paris or Munich is not within reach, it should be made so, for the energy that overcomes the apparently impossible, is, in itself, not far off genius.

Supposing after every effort to gauge her capability, the beginner feels justified in accepting the risks and toils of a professional career; then, if she be wise, she will at the same time prepare for non-success, although she strain every effort to deserve it. For, even granting absolute genius, commercial prosperity does not necessarily accompany it. The highest prices rarely fall to the best painters; we might say, during their lives, never, were it not that fortunately a few instances to the contrary have existed and still exist. Therefore, it will be wise for her to study the marketable every-day branches of art, that an income may be always in her power, even if her best pictures fail to sell. The importance of this can hardly be overestimated. To become a teacher is the enforced alternative of almost every failure as an artist. Yet to teach well requires as much talent as to paint well. Not that every good instructor must be able to paint as well as she teaches; but she must have the appreciation of good work, and the unerring certainty of critical insight that is at least half the qualification for a good artist. Apart from the question whether it is honest to be paid for imparting knowledge to others that the so-called teacher lacks herself; it is certain that an incapable instructor is not likely to turn out capable pupils.

But if the art of design be studied thoroughly, and one of the many technical crafts that belong to the art mastered at the same time, then, with a permanent source of livelihood secured, the chances of the future may be faced. Every day sees a wider market for industrial art; girls who can paint flowers or sketch a more or less commonplace landscape, are here in thousands. Nobody wants such work. The prices paid by wholesale dealers for "hand-painted" trifles are an insult to those who are compelled to accept them or starve. But the capable designers are few; the girls who can invent a working pattern for a carpet or wall-paper, who can create a bold and striking design for a bill-poster, who can master the technicalities of etching or lithography, or make effective illustrations for a trade catalogue or an advertising circular, are not likely to become burdens on their friends.

High art is a noble aim; but the true artist is less degraded by accepting payment for a pattern for floor-cloth or the hand-bill for a patent-medicine seller, than by receiving alms from friends who buy, otherwise unsaleable pictures, out of pure charity. It may be that the art-student has no feeling for design and is incapable of producing the simplest original pattern. Then let her essay portraiture and try if she can catch a "speaking likeness"; here, even if commissions fail, her skill will make her valuable to photographers to finish their enlargements in crayons or colors. In short, the advice sums itself up in one sentence—be practical! The world does not want more than a limited number of pictures; but for patterns, illustrations and such things, the demand is unlimited. The rapid growth of photographic processes may have injured fatally the arts of wood-cutting, steel engraving and many of the finer arts; but it has increased the need for pictures. Every day sees more use of illustrations, more effort to produce new decorations and new shapes in all manufactured articles. The art student who aspires to paint masterpieces the world shall accept with acclamation, should determine at the same time that if her well-meant ambition fail, she will at least have a trade to fall back upon; art would not suffer thereby, and the artist would escape the degradation of failure that sours the aging years of so many who set out so gaily to conquer its supreme heights. Above all, let her eschew the so-called artwork of the amateur. More or less idle people may decorate tambourines, milking-stools and bric-à-brac generally, with more or less well-painted studies of flowers; but between such things and real art of the humblest sort, an impassable gulf is fixed; that once the true mission of the artist is undertaken, may never be retraced without peril.





CHAPTER XI.—CONCLUSION  
LIFE IS NEVER OVER

YRILLA could not sleep. The best she could do was to hold herself outwardly still, and let the night go over her. The car was full. She lay and thought how strange the isolation of human creatures is. Here were some two-score souls, in close community and limit; their present circumstance the same, yet utterly disintegrant; knowing, asking, caring nothing of each other's lives; certain to fly apart on divergent lines the moment their common point was reached. Would it be like that in the Kingdom of Heaven? Would nobody in that multitude ask how it fared with any other, or seek to touch a sympathy, or render a help? Humanity was a queer thing. If it were not for small personal link and place, it would be a huge insanity. And where, now, were her own link and place? She had had so little to hold by; yet, by that little, she had seemed to be a part of something larger; she had neighborhood and a life. Now, she had broken away from all. She had not aunt Amelia; she could not have her any more. How could she forgive her for that other life cast adrift and never searched for? For the robbing of it, that had been the taking and keeping of herself, in ignorance? She belonged to no one. The unreal past was swept away. With it had gone a beautiful half dream of a future. She could not look at that. She hid the eyes of her thought, and thrust it from her.

She must go somewhere when she reached Boston. Where, and with what account of herself? She was a detached particle. She had no relation with the world. She was an atom against a universe.

Her head ached, her thoughts grew wandering. Was she going to be ill?

The train stopped. At some station, of course. It would go on in a minute. But a great many minutes went by, and she began to wonder. There were quick footsteps through the car; a lantern flashed back and forth. She parted her curtains and looked out. Other faces were looking out, also.

"Halloo! What's this?" a man asked of a brakeman, who hurried through.

"Breakdown, just ahead. Freight train. Engine and three cars half way down to the river, in the mud."

"Where are we?" somebody else took up the inquiry, further on.

"Two or three miles from White River Junction." And the door at the farther end slammed a period to the words.

Rill reached her watch out in the light. The hands pointed to half-past one. She lay back and tried to be quiet. There were voices and confused movements for awhile, a busy passing to and fro outside; then it grew still. The trouble and the work were far ahead; here, there was nothing to do but wait. Waiting and listening, she fell into a half sleep, and hours went by.

The dull gray morning came, and found them there. Five hours lost. They crept slowly into White River Junction at just the time when they were scheduled due at their journey's end.

Rill had eaten nothing since her slight lunch the day before. She had one orange, and two or three little biscuits in her bag. People were asking and answering questions about the probable start, and concerning breakfast. The train was all off time, and must wait for the regular morning express from St. Albans, and go down with that. Breakfast might be had at a farmhouse up yonder hill. The snow was falling fast; it was many inches deep already. Rill followed a party of the passengers from the car, and out upon the trackside. If she could only go and get something hot. She was faint for food, and her throat was dry and aching. But her feet began to be damp directly, and it was a long way up the untrodden hill. Some men came back who had been to the farmhouse. "Not much of anything there," she heard them say. "Pretty hard truck, what there is of it." She turned back and climbed into the car. The berths were folded away, and the seats arranged. She must rest as best she could, and it was so hard to sit up! She ate her orange, but the biscuits were dry and irritating. How long would it be, and how should she hold out?

"St. Albans train due here at twelve. We'll get to Boston at half-past six, if we have all the luck there's left." That was what some one said presently, who came in behind her. Rill leaned back her head and shut her eyes. The tears filled their lids. "You poor thing!"

she said to herself, pityingly. "No one knows—and for that reason you have got to keep up!" So she instantly rebuked and compelled herself.

She held out in her determination not to go back to Wewachet. Indeed, she would scarcely be able to do so now, upon her late arrival. What then? A hotel? She recoiled from the idea; she had experienced enough in that sort. And if she should be unable, once in bed, to be up again to-morrow! Would they let her have a room at the Christian Association? She thought so; that was what it was for; a resource in such emergencies. Yet, again, if she should be ill? And, truly, she was ill enough already.

She gave up, at last, on one point. She went into the telegraph office before they left White River, and sent a message to Miss Haven. "On my way to Boston. Train delayed. Arrive 6.30. Please meet and advise me." Miss Haven was in town; Mr. King was not. Miss Haven would see her safe; afterward she could think what to do.

Miss Haven had had an earlier despatch. The wires had been lively along the line. While Rill grew more and more ill and troubled as the train made its slow, hindered progress, all order unbinged, stations blocked with waiting cars, engines snorting on all the sidings, reckoning changing hour by hour—the august Melcombe had been up and down between the railroad offices and Beacon Hill, watching and reporting the successive delays of belated No. 50. When at last, at half past ten, poor Rill mustered her remaining strength to pick up shawl and bag, and stumble forth upon the platform of the Pullman, half blinded by a weak dizziness—bewildered with rush and stun—she distinguished nothing; she only kept fast hold of one intention and rehearsed order—"to the Christian Association"; and when kind arms were put about her, and some deferent hand took wrap and satchel from her, she saw nothing of the gray-haired distinguished serving-man, and barely recognized Miss Haven's tender voice. "Will you take me to the Young Women's Christian Association?" was all she said.

"Poor child! of course I will. I'll see you safe." And the dear, prevaricating woman, as she almost lifted Rill into the carriage, said exoneratively in her own mind, "Christian Association! Wherever else there may be one in Boston, I know there's one at number—ty-two, Mount Vernon street!"

Mrs. Rextell and Margaret returned the next day. A fresh illustration of the difficult problems of hotel keeping had enlarged the already wide experience of the clerk of the St. James. Mrs. Rextell had made her first inquiry as she was being ushered to the corner room, and had sent down instant word that the heavy trunks need not be brought upstairs. "Since Miss Raye is not here, we shall leave in the morning," she said. And a few minutes after, she had rung her bell and despatched the telegram which Miss Haven had received at breakfast.

The next afternoon Miss Bonable went home. "I'm neither nurse nor patient," she said. "I haven't the privilege of the sick room, and I can't stay here, outside."

"Dear Miss Bonable, she couldn't bear it now. But it will all come right." So Miss Haven took her down to the train, and bade her good-bye. Miss Bonable said her own sentence over in her mind, as Rill had conned to herself against her bewilderment that inquiry for the Christian Association. "She's with the Rextells, in Boston. They've all been off on some sort of a jaunt. I stopped with Miss Haven while they were away." She said it to half a dozen people before she got to Wewachet and Brook Lane; and nothing but that, or some slight variation of its wording, could be gotten out of her. When one or two adventurously pushed the inquiry "Where?" she answered them, "O, I don't know; up country somewhere, to see the snow;" and then nipped her own arm

secretly, inside her muff, or trod vindictively upon one tender foot with the boot-heel of her other, for the evasion. At the cottage, Clementy Pond opened the door.

"She's in Boston—with the Rextells. They've been off—I stopped with Miss Haven—she'll be back—there, let me go upstairs."

The day following was Sunday. Miss Amelia went to church. She put on her handsome new winter suit that Cyrilla and Miss Haven had persuaded her into buying. They had persuaded her into several things of late.

People said Miss Bonable had grown handsome since her illness. She had been growing handsome—as such women do who are not beauties in their youth, but who have the soul of beauty in them—for twenty years, only she would never let it appear. To-day, she would show a brave outside; nobody should guess her trouble, or the anxious pain with which she waited, while she faced the worshipping, wondering little world of Wewachet in her sealskin cloak and her brown plush bonnet, with the cluster of poppy-buds above the brim, and her soft hair, that yet matched the plush and seal where the light bronzed them, gently crimped below. The hair was parted—she despised a bang—but it lay in softening waves and little escaping curly tips about her brow. "I'll act easy minded," she said, "at any rate."

So she met her acquaintances in the porch and aisle, and on the street, and said her say, as the minister had said his text; a thing chosen beforehand. I am afraid she forgot the text while she remembered her own lesson, and rung the little changes on it after she had heard the sermon.

At home again, Clementy met her with a note, and a bunch of roses. A man had brought them from the Rextell place, she said. The note had been sent from Boston, soon after breakfast.

"We think Cyrilla in no present danger, but she needs entire quiet and great care. You shall know from day to day. Trust me with her for a little while; try to be patient."

You have borne so much; bear yet a little more; it must all come right.—

"E. P. H."

"And there's a gentleman in the parlor; he called Friday. I didn't tell you sooner, for I kind o' thought you might as well have one thing to a time," said Clementy Pond.

The two women had come into the little sitting-room. Clementy had lit the laid fire in the north parlor fireplace, and shut the door upon the visitor there. Miss Bonable would be back "im-mejutly" after church, she had told him. Clementy retired to her kitchen, and the plump chicken she was basting so delicately brown for dinner. Amelia Bonable crossed the hall and opened the parlor door. She had the roses, tea-pink and buff and creamy-white, in her hands.

A tall, broad, fine countenanced man, in unexceptional dress worn with an accustomed ease, stood facing her. Deep, handsome, hazel-gray eyes looked out upon her from under brows bent level with an habitually keen, perceptive intelligence. Two strong hands were reached forward to her, as their owner made two quick, decisive steps to meet her. The roses all fell, sweet and scattered, on the floor.

"Amy!"

"Mark!"

So, after the sixteen years, they met again. With a great flood of color rushing over her face and sweeping swiftly back, she clung to the hold of his hands, and cried out—her voice sharp with sudden release of pain, her lesson still struggling, mechanically, with more spontaneous words—"O Mark! She is in Boston. She's been away. A little jaunt—" she laughed with a tearful catch, and the truth broke forth. "Mark! Mark! She's been—alone—to Canada! Loraine wrote to her. She's come back sick, and I can't be with her. She won't forgive me, for she don't know! And I was hard with her, for I was so afraid!"

"Loraine!" ejaculated the man, with a stern emphasis, seizing but one point in the interjected statement.

"Loraine is dead." She said that slowly. He had let go her hands.

A great light rose up strangely in Mark Raye's face. It was not a flash, a joy, an exultation; it was a solemn sunrise. He did not say a word; but his eyes looked down, with that deep glow in them, and sought

Amelia's. She lifted hers, softly; they were young and sweet, as they filled with the shining that came from his. He did not touch her; he did not speak; they stood quiet and awed, as under some supreme announcement and benediction.

Then, presently, he stooped down at her feet. "You have dropped all your roses," and saying that, began to gather them together. She waited till he stood up and put them in her hands. "I wish I could do that with all that has dropped out of your life," he said.

"O Mark!" she answered, "I have been wicked. I have felt as if I were somebody that had died. I have talked about 'when I was alive.' And life is never over!"

"Never more than just begun, Amy!"

Nothing plainer than that was said; but angels' speech could not be plainer. They ate their Sunday dinner together; and Clementy went about serving them in a kind of homely rapture that came of an instinct of some wonderful, heavenly thing, she knew not what. "It was like carrying round the Sacrament!" she said to herself in the kitchen while she washed the dishes.

Afterward, they talked much of Cyrilla. "If she will only get well, and understand, and forgive me," Amelia said.

"She will have to forgive you. She will have to forgive us both together."

"I have watched her, and kept her down; I was looking out always for the Braitway in her; and all the time she has been clear Raye!"

It was many days before Cyrilla could be allowed to enter into details on her own part, or receive any detailed information, such as Miss Haven was reserving only for the first right moment, or such as was making itself ready for her hearing in present events. Even in Wewachet it had not become known that Miss Bonable had been visited by a strange guest; far less had any idea drifted into its atmosphere that there was on the earth any one who might appear there with such surprise and significance. Mr. Raye had a few days' business in New York; and had wisely gone away to do it.

It had been hard to persuade Cyrilla to rest easy in the kind keeping of the Rextells. In those first hours, she had told Miss Haven, with bitter pain, the bare facts, which Miss Bonable had thus had it in her power to announce to Marcus Raye; then, with only the often-urged entreaty to be put somewhere, to have a place found for her where she could with a clear right stay, and the protest that she belonged to nobody now, and could let nobody be mixed up with her any more, she relapsed into a kind of passive reticence, and lay hour after hour in a mere weakness and forced endurance. Miss Bonable's name agitated her dangerously. "She meant right by me, and I ought to remember it. But she did wrong—wrong! How could she give her sister up!"

"Perhaps there are things in the whole story that you do not know; what you have to do now is to get strong, and to let us help you. Then the meaning of all this, and your own part and duty, may appear." Miss Haven spoke with a grave, tender authority. It reminded Rill of Mother Marthe's word, "Because of some other thing in your life that you do not know of yet, perhaps, this has been let come to you so late." It was all a distressful puzzle; she could see nothing clear; she had not light enough to believe by.

Yet her strong, young physical powers asserted themselves; in ten days she was able to be up; and then Mrs. Rextell said, "We will all go to Wewachet and keep Christmas. After that, we will make plans." Mrs. Rextell always carried all her own way. Even if one meant finally to contradict her, one had to be swept a little distance first by the current of her vigorous, kindly intent. Cyrilla had at last yielded herself as one simply befriended in a need, to the care given to her illness; inwardly, she set herself in a stern new attitude to these friends who had become so dear. She could not be of them any more—she, the daughter of a Magdalen. It was even in this very spirit of utter humbling that she accepted kindness from them as pure favor, for awhile. She confessed herself an object of the gentle charity that sought out such and benefited them. But she meant to be very proud—to loneliness—in her own way, by-and-by!

Rill absolutely resisted the Wewachet plan at first. "I am able to go somewhere else," she said. "I do not belong with you." Miss Haven passed that over. She only asked her, "What level, then, do you propose to seek?" and to that, Rill could say nothing.

"But how can I go so near Miss Bonable? Not meaning to go home to her? I do not wish—"

"To hurt, or to insult her. No, indeed. Rill, I can but assure you of one thing. If you do not let yourself be guided in this, you will find that you ought to have done so. You are in a dark place. Give me your hand, and I will lead you out. I will show you where you are, which is what you do not know. But your eyes will not bear all the light at once. Believe me."

Rill misunderstood her strangely. She remembered that other word, "Believe in me, as I believe in you." For fear of the very betrayal that resistance would be, she reserved her protest. It did not matter much. If she could not escape, she could face, and settle the crises of her unhappy circumstance. In all their talks, no word had been spoken of Putnam King. He was away, upon those professional errands; he had been out to Duluth, and down to St. Louis, across to Washington, back to Boston, and away to Washington again with Mr. Arbicon. In the midst of his work he found unwonted time to write to aunt Elizabeth, tell her of his doings, and ask the news of Wewachet. How much or how little, therefore, he might know of befallings there, rested with the Golden Gossip; and she assumed it to be quite her own business.

They went out to "The Cedars." It was a mile away from Wewachet village, and half



MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY  
(From her latest portrait)



as far, in another direction, from Brook Lane. Perhaps nobody need know.

The large low house was warmed and lighted. One beautiful mullioned window shone with amber and crimson panes, like a flash of jewels. Mrs. Jollis met them, smiling, at the door. "Miss Raye is tired," Mrs. Rextell said. "We will go right upstairs, and you may send tea to my dressing-room."

Resist as she might, endure as she must, Rill could but feel the graciousness of such home bringing, such putting of her in the carefully considered place. After the tea, she was shown quietly to her sleeping-chamber. Mrs. Rextell kissed her at the door. "I will leave you by yourself, dear child," she said. "But Agnes shall look in by-and-by, to see if you need anything."

How patient they were with her, in her withdrawn, renouncing mood! She turned, and went into the softly lighted apartment. It was the Pond-lily Room.

No word that could have been spoken would have said it to her like that. "It is where I put my very dearest, sweetest young girl friends." And all about her, plainly manifest, an even fairer sign and message, which she could not ignore or refuse. In the "beauty of the lilies" it was hieroglyphed; no matter from what dark ooze the stems might spring; they, blooming into the sun, looked up pure white. Rill took the blessed comforting for more than herself; was it not the possible soul-blossoming of penitence? None the less, the lily carries up its memory into the sun; it is chained beneath the waters; it must abide in a meek solitude; it can only lift itself and breathe its sweetness into Heaven.

The next morning Rill and Miss Haven sat together. "Dear Miss Haven," said Rill, "how long before you mean to lead me out, and show me the way? I cannot stay here, in the House Beautiful, you know." She spoke gently, and with the shadow of a smile; yet with the same resolute placing of herself in her new attitude, of one on a separate, different, practical plane.

"Dear Rill, how long do you mean to hold out against Miss Bonable?"

"It is not a question of holding out. I cannot help it that I have no place with her." The sternness had come over the young face again.

"Rill! If you let this thing harden in your heart, you will grow harder than ever she did. For in her hardness there has been no resentment."

"Perhaps I may. That, too, may be a part of my inheritance—with the cause for the resentment added." She spoke with a deliberate coldness.

"Cyrilla! This must be broken up! I must tell you. You are strong enough to bear it now. You can inherit nothing from Miss Bonable. You have no right even to her faults. You never had a claim upon her. Her love—everything she has given you—has been free gift."

"I know I had no claim. I did not belong to her. I belonged to my father and my mother. She was only my aunt."

"She was only your father's first wife's sister. Your mother was no kin to her at all."

"Miss Haven!" Every bit of color had gone out of Cyrilla's face.

"She never wanted you to know."

Cyrilla had leaned forward while Miss Haven had been speaking, her hands clasped tightly across her knees; her expression had grown fixed, intent. Now it seemed as if she were hypnotized in the attitude. She remained motionless, breathless, for a minute or more. The minute felt long to them both. Then a gentle wave of color returned to the pale face; the eyes lighted and softened with an expression that gave itself instantly to a remembrance of great kindness; and the hands reached out humbly to Miss Haven, as Cyrilla stood up, a certain hard-used dignity retained in her erectness. "You are very good. I am glad I know something, at last. It was time. I must go away, and think," she said.

"Think as your thoughts are led, dear child," Miss Haven answered her; and Rill passed on into the Pond-lily Room.

There it came over her, with its full significance and bearing; with the new doubt and question also. Where were her proud protest and resentment, in which she had been so strong? Where was her great injury, that she was never to forgive? Where was her independence, even, in which she could break loose old bonds and go away into such new life as she should choose?

"She has cared for me all these years, and I was nothing to her!" Her honest heart said this, and shamed her. "Am I even sure that all my—all the other—said, was true? This was falsified; why not that? Is there any one else on all the earth to whom I do belong? Is there any likelihood that I can claim, or take, the least thing that way? If there were anything, is it not all due to her—Miss Bonable? Am I not due, myself, to her? And yet, if I am helpless now, how, for that very reason, can I go back?" It was all a seethe of torturing perplexity.

But at last it came to her—the one plain, first step. "I must go and ask her to forgive me—I who thought I could not forgive her—and I must own my great debt to her, and thank her—as if any thanking could go back, and take all up, and make acknowledgement! And then I may go away, and earn my bread."

She came back into Miss Haven's room; she had put on her cloak and bonnet, and her warm furs. The weight of the clothing oppressed her; she was yet so weak. She caught her breath shortly, and a strange, trembling fatigue came into her limbs. Miss Haven looked up with an exclamation: "Rill! What can you possibly mean to do?"

"I mean to go to the cottage. I mean to go down on my knees to Miss Bonable, and beg her pardon. Then—I don't know yet what I mean to do."

"But you cannot walk. Mrs. Rextell—Margaret—we might have the carriage. I will take you."

"I will not go in anybody's carriage. I will

not be taken. I will get there, somehow." Even as she spoke she dropped into a chair. "I shall be all right presently," she said. "Or—perhaps—if they would send for Oates; I would go in the depot carriage; maybe I must do that."

"Now, Rill, you are acting hastily; you are in an extreme again. You must let us judge for you, and help you. Let me go with you; you are unfit to be alone."

"I am not fit—" burst from Rill's lips; and then the lips quivered, and she gathered back her willful resolution against absolute breakdown. "If you will come with me in Oates's carriage—to the end of the lane—and let me go in alone from there," she said. So Oates was telephoned for.

"You are quite right to go; and you shall go as you please," Mrs. Rextell said. "And you shall come back—or you shall stay there—as you please, then." The very slight emphasis upon the alternative, marked confidence in Cyrilla's complete reparation, and its natural method.

Cyrilla only said, gravely, "I have no right there."

"You will not come again, Mark, till Cyrilla knows. It would not be fair." That was what Amy Bonable had said to Marcus Raye at the end of his first visit.

"I will come when you send for me. I shall be at Young's Hotel. How soon will you tell her?"

"As soon as I can see her. If she does not come here I shall go to her." And that was the way it happened that when Cyrilla left Miss Haven in the carriage at the entrance to Brook Lane, and began with slow, difficult steps the walk toward Miss Bonable's door, that person herself came at a brisk, determined pace around the winding turn across the little bridge, and met the prodigal.

"Child!"

"Miss Bonable!"

"Don't say a word, here in the street! You are perfectly white. You aren't fit to be out. Oh, Rill! There, hush up; come back—home!" and a strong arm was reached out, and a hand grasped Rill's arm to help and lift her, and then would not stop there, but by sudden impulse put itself around the girl, and Rill was drawn close to the warm support of aunt Amelia's furled shoulder.

Miss Haven ordered her driver on to Crooke's corner.

Within the cottage, a bright pine-wood fire burned in the sitting-room. Miss Bonable pulled a cushioned chair to the hearth, and set Rill in it. "You're not to say a word till you've had a tumbler of hot wine whey. And then—I've got to talk to you." To make sure of her purpose, Miss Bonable whisked from the room, and went to prepare the wine whey herself. But when she came back, Rill was on a low hassock at the chair-foot. She put back the glass with a gentle, imploring motion. "Sit here, please; and let me speak first. I could not swallow unless I did. I have been so wrong. I have been so ignorant. I am so ashamed and sorry. I have come to tell you so. I want you to forgive me, and do what you like with me. Only, I wish I could pay back something of all I owe. I would like to be your servant."

What became of the glass of whey for the moment, I am not sure. I think Miss Bonable set it down on the hearth. She sat herself upon the rug before Rill, a little lower yet than the low cushion. "Rill, I want you to forgive me," she said. "You don't quite know all what for. I was going to you, to tell you. You must forgive everybody. We must begin again. Things are all broken up; a whole piece of my life has dropped right out, and there is nothing left of it but you. You must stay; the rest of it is cast into the sea." Her eyes were lifted up to Rill's; they were large and dark—and soft—as Rill had never seen them before; the tears were brimming them. "Dear—how young you look! How sweet you are!" cried Rill, gazing at the miracle of the woman gone back across that hard, abolished piece of her life to the lovely time and self that had been before. Rill had paused for a name, before she could speak at all; then that "dear" came and uttered itself. The two put their arms about each other's neck, and kissed each other. There is nothing so tender as repentance. To be forgiven is to love; more than with no need of repentance. That is why God lets wrong and mistake be possible to us; that this most blessed thing may be possible also.

After that, the long story of explanation could wait a little. Somehow, they both knew, and it was scarcely needed. Miss Bonable made Cyrilla drink the wine whey.

"Now, can you bear to hear a new, strange thing? It is what I have got to tell you, before it comes and tells itself. Cyrilla, your father has come back. He is waiting to know that he can see you. He will be here to-night."

Cyrilla looked in the sweet, changed face, and divined what had so transfigured it. It was a human heart that had come to its own again; as out of age and pain and separation hearts enter paradise.

When Miss Haven came back from Crooke Corner and stopped at the cottage, Miss Bonable met her at the door. "Will you send this down to the noon mail, sure? It is all right," she said. And again Miss Haven drove away.

Cyrilla was sent up to her own little east room to sleep and rest. The afternoon wore quietly away; the early sunset came, and the east room was dim, with only reflected lights. But far over toward the new sunrising that would be to-morrow, was the rosy glow in which to-day went down.

In the twilight she arose and ordered her dress and her hair. How strange it was to be going down to—Aunt Amelia? What name should she call Miss Bonable by, now? It must be a name of love, and not of cold constraint; but it could not be—she did not wish it to be—the name she had known her by through all their misknowing. While she stood and thought of this, she heard the door

open, and the firm entering tread of a man. There were low voices down beneath, in the little sitting-room. She could hear the fresh fire crackle in the chimney. Her father was there; she must go to him—to them. Slowly she passed down the stairway. It was not a thing to hurry to, eagerly; it was a strange, solemn meeting and making known; when she opened the door, the two figures stood there by the hearth, waiting. Both turned; the man's hands were held out. "Are you my little daughter?" he said. Cyrilla came up with a shy womanly dignity in her face; she had been deprived of her "little-daughter" hood; she could not go right back into that. "I suppose so," she said, pathetically, putting her own hands in his. "But oh, I ought to have known you all these years!"

"You must forgive us both. We thought of you. It seemed the best. There were many things that could not be quite explained; there were things to guard you from."

"I know. And I have been hard to guard. But, indeed, I was not so much to be—afraid of."

"That was my mistake," said Miss Bonable. "And I am sorry. But you shall know everything now that you have a right to."

"I do know. And I think we will put it all away." Marcus Raye looked at the girl as she spoke, with a wondering pleasure in his heart, at her sweet, frank nobleness. "You are like my mother, Rill," he said.

"But you don't know all. And it should not be kept back a minute longer. Mark, tell her." Miss Bonable came to Marcus Raye's side as she spoke, and put one hand in his, while she laid the other on Cyrilla's shoulder. Cyrilla lifted her eyes quickly, and flashed a look at each as they stood there. "It doesn't need telling," she said. "It is good. I am glad, I am glad"—and her voice took a tender, happy ring in it—"that I shall have a real, true name to call you by—Mother!"

In that instant she gave all. Miss Bonable let go the father's hand, and folded her arms about the daughter, and held her close.

"Will you go to the other side of the world with us, Rill?" asked Mr. Raye, a minute later.

"I will go with you, if it is beyond the world!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The coming home of a rich Australian father to a girl who had not been supposed to have any father at all, was a great windfall to Wewachet. It was much more than a windfall; it was the dropping into their midst of a wonderful, magnificent aerolite. They gathered round the great phenomenon with all their little hammers. They tried to chip it here and there; to get off crumbs and corners, that should seem to multiply its contents and significance. But they did not get at the heart of it, with all their tapping; until Miss Haven was duly authorized to disclose it in such a way as she pleased.

Connie Norris came over, one day, to Crooke Corner. She had something on her mind. She had promised George Craigan to give him a clear, final answer that evening. Somehow, she felt as if Miss Haven could help her; could counsel her, or give her light. Miss Haven held the threads of things in Wewachet. Perhaps she could say something to her, even indirectly, which would settle her mind upon contingent and still anxious points.

She found Dr. Harriman there. Would this help or hinder? She began to think how she could approach her matter without a too plain speaking. It was a chance, undoubtedly. Over Miss Haven's shoulder she could hint a need, a worry, that might make oblique appeal to Dr. Harriman.

But Miss Haven had her news to tell. She had already given it to the doctor. "Do you know there is an engagement out?" she asked Cornelia.

"No—Where?" responded Connie, quickly; the mistrust striking her that her own decision might, Wewachet-fashion, have been forestalled. She did not pause to consider that it would not have been Miss Haven's fashion to force the acknowledgment in this way.

"In Brook Lane," said Miss Haven, smiling; and Connie saw what she thought a conscious answering smile upon Dr. Harriman's face. She did not consider the fashion of this announcement, either. Nothing is inconsistent to an intense prepossession.

"I am sure," she said hastily, "I hope everybody will be very happy. I ought to hope so, for I am in the category myself. I came to tell you—" the sudden adaptation of her errand slipped into a fib—"I am going to be married to Mr. George Craigan."

Instantly they both shook hands with her, offering hearty congratulations. Her little victory was over. The defeat remained.

"But I have not told you," said Miss Haven, when they had given due time and words to the interpolated tidings. "You will like to know. It is a beautiful old story. It is Mr. Raye who is to marry Miss Bonable. They cared for each other a great while ago, but it was given up. Rill is very happy."

Connie did her best; she was as much astonished as she need be; the quality of her astonishment was only fully known to herself. She had committed herself. That evening she gave her answer to George Craigan. She took her satisfactions, such as they were, as such brides do.

"I mean to be married in church," she told Sue Wilder. "It's a great deal better fun. And I'm going to Washington. I shall see Mrs. Cleveland. You know they say I look like her. Mr. Craigan is going to build for us. And, oh, Sue! I mean to have such a lovely morning-room!"

"I hope you find Mr. George Craigan of use to you in your plans," said Sue, with sudden sarcasm.

Connie stared. "What do you mean?" she cried. She understood the allusion well enough, but she could not comprehend it from Sue Wilder.

Sue was simply disenchanted and indignant. She had put heart and faith in her friend's other romance. She had thought George

Craigan was the "obstacle." She had meekly admired and idealized as she was bid. Now this was too much.

There was something to be and to come, both in and for Sue Wilder, better than following in the wake of Connie Norris's fantasies and flirtations.

"Sue has grown into Susan," Rill said of her afterward, upon an occasion. "And Susan is sweet and sober, and strong and womanly." It was long afterward, when much in circumstance and event had taken fixed and accepted place. She said it to Dr. Harriman, the strength of whose finer character had asserted itself in the rare achievement of gradually replacing a disappointed selfishness of love with a high generosity of friendship. Rill Raye had revealed him to himself. She had given him better than her love. The magnanimity in him, that she had compelled by her confident demand, discovered itself to him as a capacity from which it was a gladness to act, whatever, like the swift athletes of old, he might have to cast away in the noble urgency of pressing onward to his higher mark. The reader may, if she pleases, construct a possible side sequel from this influence and bearing, which my story has not space for. I will neither affirm nor overthrow her conclusion. It shall be as she likes best.

Miss Haven began to think she had undertaken a good deal. Now, she had Putnam King upon her hands. She wrote to him every word of what had happened. Of course, Putnam came, at the earliest practicable moment, to Wewachet.

"It is not possible she will do that!" he exclaimed, when aunt Elizabeth told him of the plan of going to Adelaide. For the moment, he almost believed that he had believed in a delusion.

"I told you she would burn and drown, in her own heart, for those she cared for. It is high sacrifice. So high, that it is glad. It is for you, as much as for them. If she thinks of anything else, she believes that it would wrong you."

"There is simply but one thing to be done, and I shall go straight and do it."

"Go to her father, then; it is your only chance."

\* \* \* \* \*

"You ask a great deal of me," said Marcus Raye. "But I will tell her. I will even urge the cause; it will need urging, for her scruples of right, and her sense of present duty, will be strong. I have known Rill but a little while, but I know her well enough to be sure that the more her own wish pleads for you, the more she will refuse."

"I must leave it with you—now," said Putnam King. "But I shall not leave it with you finally. I shall speak for myself."

"Very good," said Marcus Raye. "I can even hope you may succeed." And he gave the young man a well-pleased smile, and a hearty grasp of the hand.

"We shall have to give her up," the father said to his promised wife. "We shall have to do more; we must even push her out of the new nest."

Rill said her determined nay, at the first word. It was so determined, that it was easy to see it was against herself.

"You have no right, if you care for him. If you have entered into his life, you belong there, and must stay."

"But, father—even if all the rest were right and easy, how could I? It is hard to say it to you—but I am her child. Ought I to hold myself?" she could not utter the rest.

Then Marcus Raye spoke out of the depth of his full-grown, manly nature. "You are the child of humanity. Its possibilities are all in you. They have come through many channels. No one can trace all his own antecedents. She—when she was your mother—with whatever faults, was at her brightest and sweetest. She was gay and loving. You are like her in that. You are born of the best of her. Her sin was weakness; you are strong. Live for your mother, Rill; live out the other nature of her, from which she took the mistaken turn. She is turned back to it now, we will believe. And you are my child, Rill; and so, my mother's, who was the grandest woman I ever knew."

"No one but my father could have persuaded me. No, not you, Putnam. I should have resisted you for the love of you. Nothing could have assured me but being his child. If he had not come home, nothing would have been mended."

And nobody knew the hand the Golden Gossip had had in that.

Beautiful upon the hard places of the earth are the feet of one who bringeth good tidings; who publisheth peace.

[THE END]

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Philadelphia, Pa.



# THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

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

## THE BROWNIES IN NOVEMBER

By  
Palmer  
Cox



month is dear  
to grave  
and gay,

Because it brings Thanksgiving Day,  
When those who have been scattered wide  
Assemble at the fireside  
To render thanks for being blessed,  
And have a dinner of the best." Thus spoke a little Brownie spry  
As that great day was drawing nigh.

Another said: "And truth to tell  
We might enjoy a feast as well,  
Although no pumpkins on the vine,  
For us like burnished gold may shine;  
Or turkeys gather at our call,  
To feed and fatten through the fall.  
Be sure we have a way to find  
A dinner, if we're so inclined;  
We'll not go hungry, never fear;  
There's not a pantry, far or near,  
But we can reach and take a share  
Of things that are provided there;  
Nought will be missed,  
and that's where we  
Excel the human kind,  
you see.

We magnify  
whate'er we choose,  
And thus the people  
nothing lose.  
Now into separate  
bands divide,  
And travel through  
the country wide;  
Let some a southern  
course pursue,  
And some the north  
star keep in view;  
While others travel  
west and east  
To gather something  
for our feast.  
But let the work  
be understood  
That we may have  
a mixture good,  
Not overmuch  
of any dish,  
But such assortment  
as we wish.  
Let those who to  
the north proceed,  
Procure the poultry  
we will need;  
Let those who turn  
their faces west,  
Bring pies and puddings  
of the best;  
The southern band  
can put in place  
The fruit that must  
our table grace;  
While those who on  
their mission run,  
As if to meet  
the rising sun,  
Can, as their part,  
if nought prevents,  
Bring coffee, tea  
and condiments,  
That nothing may be wanting there  
To make our feast a grand affair."

Now as directed, nothing slow,  
Away to every point they go:



The poultry that can find repose—  
Safe from the fox and kindred foes,  
By roosting in a friendly tree—  
Is not from cunning Brownies free.

Said one, whose part it was to bear  
A brace of turkeys, as his share:  
"That fowl has surely little wits  
Who, on a branch of cherry sits,



That one can whittle off with ease  
While it still dreams of corn and peas,  
And can be carried from the spot  
A mile or two, and know it not.



We'll not disturb the people here  
With fluttering sounds, or screams of fear,  
But quietly along the road  
We'll bear the roost and all its load,

While quickly from the eastern land  
Returned the nimble-footed band  
Who, through some art or method strange,  
To more than one large kitchen range

Though hot the soup may spatter round  
Before the waiting plate is found,  
And some may chance to get a scald  
Who have for something better called,

Without delay did entrance gain,  
And, as it happened, not in vain.  
It doesn't take the Brownies long  
To cook a fowl, if nothing's wrong,  
Because there is no bickering there  
For what is overdone or rare;  
If wood is scarce, or slow to burn,  
The smoke will cook it to a turn,  
And, for a certain part or end  
About the fowl, they don't contend—  
The leg, the neck, or part that flaps,  
Whatever fills the hungry gaps  
Will do—and thus, not hard to please,  
The Brownies get through life in ease.

They stay around the table still  
'Till every one has had his fill.  
But let it be a feast or ride,  
Or swim, or sail on waters wide—



That interests the Brownie kind—  
They always keep the fact in mind  
That they must not allow the sun  
To show his face ere they are done,  
And safely stowed  
away from sight,  
In waiting for  
another night.

The feast that night was truly grand;  
Enough for all was there at hand;  
And when some seemed to be nigh through,  
They'd start again at something new;  
And the right ear of many a cook  
Was hot that night as they partook  
Of pies and cakes of every style,  
And freely praised her skill the while;



So, while some tested  
bread and pie  
And cakes that well  
might draw the eye,  
And poured the tea  
and coffee hot  
In cupfuls from  
the boiling pot,  
Or gnawed the apples  
till they wore  
An inroad to  
the seedy core,  
And to the bones  
gave greatest care  
While still a shred  
of meat was there;  
Till there was nothing,  
high or low,  
Would yield  
fair picking

for a crow,  
Some found a chance  
to turn their eyes  
Where signs of day  
began to rise;  
Between the bites  
of that rich feast  
They cast  
quick glances  
to the east,  
To notice when  
the stars grew pale,  
Or hid behind  
an azure veil;  
And, though reluctant  
to withdraw,  
Those watchful  
Brownies  
danger saw,  
And urged their friends  
to quit the ground  
While they had strength  
to move around,

And thus perform that part assigned  
Without much worrying of mind."

'Tis little use to tell a wife  
To guard the pantry, as her life;  
Or at the maid the choice to throw  
She must be watchful, or must go;  
Because the Brownies have a way  
To carry on their work or play;  
And what they want they soon receive  
Without so much as—"by your leave";  
But where they visit, there they bless  
The household treasures grow no less;  
And happy is the home whose floor  
The Brownie band has scampered o'er.  
No want will ever pinch or squeeze  
The little ones who bend their knees  
Beside the bed where Brownies creep,  
Or skip about while people sleep.

In time, the rich supplies were found  
And carried to the trysting-ground;  
The poultry was not lacking there  
That fattened in the northern air,  
While others proved the fertile west  
Was rich in pastry of the best.  
The south soon yielded fruitage fine,  
From orchard, grove, and clinging vine,

It mattered not if tea was cold,  
Or coffee weak, or butter old,  
Or bread was close allied to dough,  
No fault was found, all had to go.

Time slips along  
howe'er we try  
To check the hours  
passing by;  
And even Brownies  
cannot stay  
The moments as  
they flit away;  
And though the  
nights were  
growing long,  
Some birds  
commenced their  
morning song  
Before the lively band was through,  
And from the banquet ground withdrew.



Or else the sun would on them fall  
And make examples of them all.  
In spite of hints or warning cries  
Some lingered at the cakes and pies,  
Still counting on the  
speed they'd make  
When they at last  
the road would take.  
But when the plates  
were clean, and they  
No longer on the  
spot could stay,  
They crossed the  
country in a hurry;  
They passed the  
houses with a flurry,  
As when the leaves  
all laid in dust  
Are taken with a sudden gust.  
In vain the watchdog rolled his eye  
To note the objects fleeting by;  
Before a second glance he threw  
The lively Band was out of view  
Around a Bend, to forests wide,  
Where every one could safely hide.

It is not often  
Brownies take  
Upon themselves  
to boil and bake,  
Or gather up  
with wondrous haste,  
Supplies  
to gratify  
their taste;  
But, when they do,  
'tis safe to say  
They don't leave much  
to throw away.





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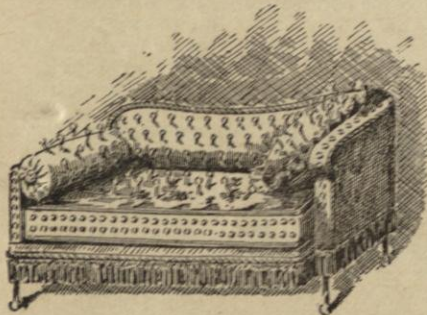
AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



IN anticipation of the holiday season, now so close at hand, I have given over the editorial page this month to a budget of casual hints, which may, perhaps, suggest to some an answer to the perplexing and yearly-recurring problems of presents for the yule-tide. Some of these suggestions have come to me from women across the water; others are the creations of our own staff of editors. They possess, at all events, I think, the value of novelty and freshness. Care has been exercised to consider the modest purse as well as the woman of more easy resources. The principal value of each article lies in the possibility of making it at home. Woman's deft fingers can easily make any one of these articles, the materials being the only purchasable portions.

SIMPLE AND ARTISTIC PINCUSHION

THE most dainty of little pincushions is this one: It is just the sort that somebody who wants to send her sweetheart something for his dressing-case will make. The little sofa is cut out of cardboard, the pieces are sewed together one end being higher than the other. Before this, it is covered with pale-green silk, the puffing around the edges being of rose color, and the fine fringe that is the finish of the green shade, headed with a nar-



row silk cord. Where buttons would fasten down the seat of the sofa, pins are employed for that purpose, and on the pink puffing double rows of pins are arranged, while smaller sized pins outline all the upper edges. The legs are on four large pins, stuck in so that the heads form the feet, which sounds like an Irish bull, but is really true. At the head is a dainty little cushion of the green silk finished with a fringe of the rose color and stuck with many colored pins. At the foot is a bolster made of green and rose, which is also a receptacle for pins. Of course, any combination of colors can be used in making such a cushion, white and gold, pink and blue, green and yellow, yellow and black, or a small pattern brocade being commended.

IN WHICH TO WEIGH THE BABY

WHEREVER, as the German legend tells us, a stork is soon expected to bring a wee little blossom down the chimney, you can find the daintiest of presents in the accompanying illustration, which is, first of all, a weighing basket. Though, as the weeks go by and everybody is certain of the number of pounds gained by the baby, it degenerates into being a lovely little receptacle for the soap and puff-boxes, for the soft sponges and silk towels that especially



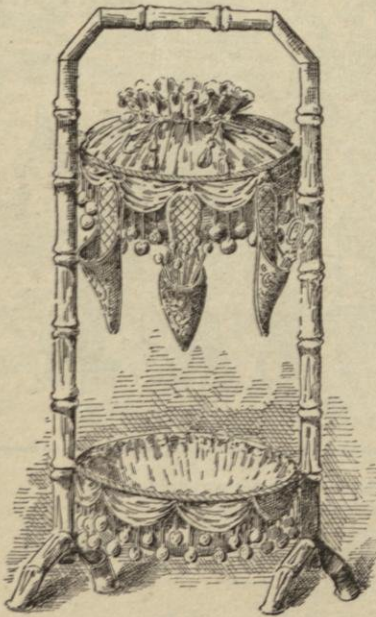
belong to the tiny mite. The basket shown was given to the wecest little lady in the land, and held the first little niece of Ruth Ashmore who is also her namesake. The basket itself is of fine rattan, outlining what seems a bassinet. The outside is covered with a deep frill of pink silk, and above this is another one of white lace, while at regular intervals fall over it first a loop and then an end of pink ribbon. The lining is of pink silk, and in the lower part of the basket is a soft, pink pillow for the baby to rest upon. Ribbons are prettily tied over the handles at each side, and a banner—with a strange device—swings just in the centre, the words upon it in bright gold being—

"This basket made so neat and trim,  
Has come to weigh  
Our baby in."

The ring at the top, which is also decorated with ribbons, is of rattan, good and strong, and the basket can be suspended from the scales with its precious freight, and there is no fear of a break-down resulting. In pale-blue, or in all-white, such a basket would be pretty; but the pink and white has an especially dainty look and may, of course, be supplemented by pink soap and powder-box, by a package of fine powder done up in pink, the silk towel tied with pink ribbons, and by a sponge thrust through a pink celluloid ring. A proud mamma will have the little one's picture taken in its weighing basket, which makes a delightful souvenir.

A CINDERELLA WORK-BASKET

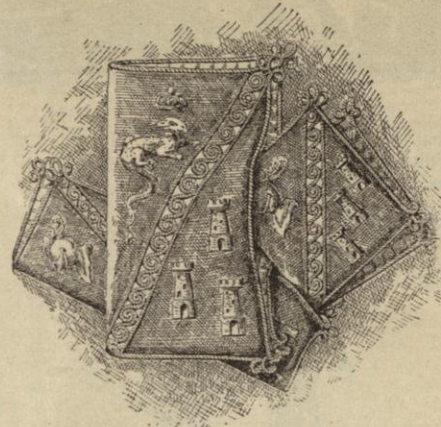
THIS new Cinderella basket, from England, is in reality even daintier than the illustration suggests, for after all that cannot show the beauty of color. A simple rattan workstand, such as may be gotten for a small sum, is the foundation for this pretty object. The lower and the upper basket and the stand itself are



gilded carefully and smoothly. When this is quite dry the lower basket has an inside lining of pale-pink silk and an outer drapery of pink silk with a fringe formed of different lengths of silk, tipped with gold discs. A gold cord outlines the edge of the basket. The upper basket is lined in the same way and, in addition, has a full pocket-like top that draws up with gold cord and conceals the valuables inside. The outer drapery is similar to that on the lower basket, but so many of the golden discs are not required, as at regular intervals are set the fanciful slippers that make pockets and give the name to the basket. These are made of heavy pasteboard having the toes covered with pink and gold brocade, the under part of the sole with plain pink silk, and the upper with quilted satin. Of course, fanciful slippers can be bought ready made, but the industrious needle-woman will not find it difficult to make them for her own basket, and as it is always possible to pick up scraps of brocade at reasonable prices, they may be especially decorative. By all means get brocade wrought either with gold or silver, as your stand itself may be either silvered or gilded. In pale-blue, Nile, old-rose, lavender, or whatever may be the special color you affect. A basket like this would be dainty, and really form an effective bit of furniture in your own room.

FOR A MAN'S BUREAU DRAWER

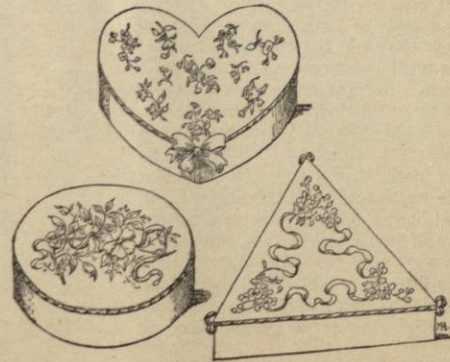
THE never ending question among women who are handy with their needles and brushes is, "What can I give that is a suitable present for a man?" Nowadays men prefer to buy their slippers themselves; they do not care to have heavily embroidered monograms on their handkerchiefs; and few of them can be induced to have a hat-band with initials on it; but every man is delighted with some sachets which will hold his gloves, handkerchiefs, ties and collars. Upon them there must be no dainty flowers, no faint tones, but the deep purples, bright crimsons and glowing greens decorated in the designs that are like the



colors called heraldic. The picture here given shows the three different sizes usually chosen for gentlemen. The long one holding evening ties, the almost square one, gloves, and the large one, handkerchiefs. The colors used are deep crimson, purple, green and gold. One-half of the outer side is of deep crimson, the other of green, while the lining is purple. The towers, the helmets, and the unknown beast with a crown above him, are painted in gold and purple; and the cord, which over a strip of green describes a floriated pattern, is of gold. Similar cord outlines the edges. Crimson, purple and green sound very gaudy, but it must be remembered that these are deep, and not bright tones, and, curiously enough, the combination has not the least touch of femininity, but is absolutely and entirely masculine. It is the latest idea in a something to give a man, and the suggestions of the fortified castles, of the helmeted knights, and of the crowned beast are decidedly novel. To one's warrior bold a more warlike set of sachets could not be given, and they are almost sure to be appreciated.

THREE DAINTY TRINKET BOXES

THIS illustration gives a suggestion for the prettiest token possible for a girl to make for that one of her particular friends who is "just the sweetest in the world," and for whom it seems absolutely necessary to choose something that is specially dainty and charming. The boxes are quite small, measuring only from about three to five inches across. They are made of cardboard, covered with satin that is either white, cream-colored, or of a very pale shade, and the design is painted or embroidered on the lid in delicate tones. It is important that these little gifts should be manufactured with the utmost nicety, in order that they should turn out successfully. The inside of the boxes may be slightly padded by inserting a single layer of cotton wool between the lining and the cardboard. The color of the interior need not necessarily be the same as that used for the outside; in fact, a prettily contrasting shade, harmonizing with the decoration on the lid, will be found usually more effective. In choosing the satin, remember what is the coloring of the friend's apartment, and make it accord with the other accessories of her dressing-table. For instance, in a pink room select, perhaps, white with a pink lining, and roses for the design. Of the models in the illustration, the heart-shaped box is made of cream color, with the flowers of various delicate hues; the round one of pale gray-green, with yellow roses and a pink ribbon; and the triangular shaped one, of light blue, with apple-blossoms and a yellowish ribbon. The boxes are finished off with cord, and sometimes ribbon bows as well.



The lids, if made to fit exactly, need only be caught down lightly in either one or two places.

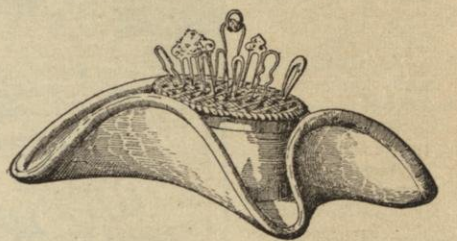
The shapes chosen need not be restricted to those shown in the drawings. Others will readily suggest themselves as pretty and suitable, such, for instance, as that of a diamond, a crescent or a star; the latter will be found more difficult to manage than the others, but is not beyond the capacity of deft fingers. Although satin is mentioned as specially adapted for the purpose of making these boxes, other materials may, of course, be employed, and silk is even sometimes preferred. Small pieces of handsomely brocaded fabrics may be used for the lids with good effect.

SOME PRETTY THINGS TO MAKE

THE little pincushion illustrated, is a little three-cornered one, made of a bit of gold-and-white-striped silk, and stuffed with soft-curl hair that, while it gives it the proper round look, is not as heavy as many of the other stuffings. The edge is outlined by a full frill of deeply-pointed lace, and above this is a loop design wrought out on the lace with gold braid, and making a pretty contrast against its white background. Full loops of white ribbon are at the side corners, and from them come long ends that are tied just in the centre so that the little cushion may swing from the side of a dressing-case, or be suspended from a nail in the wall. In white-headed pins, 1892 is very tastefully wrought out.

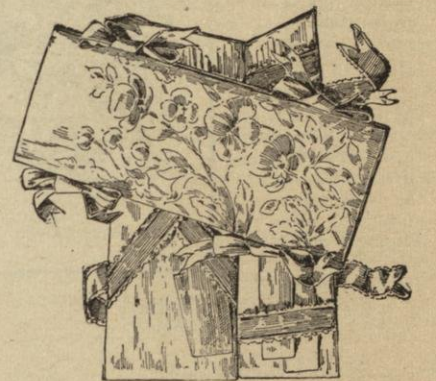


It looks as if it might have been worn by some courtly gentleman, and yet he would have had to be a very tiny courtier who assumed it. In reality, it is to hold the hair-pins and fancy combs that my lady uses in arranging her hair, and, although it looks a bit elaborate, it is one of the easiest things made imaginable. The foundation is a small, round box, smaller even than a collar-box, from which top and bottom alike have been removed. The space is then filled with fine curled hair, loosely, not closely, put in. Over the top is drawn a piece of coarse white net, and then around the crown comes a band of white flannel, drawn very tight; a narrow cord at the top conceals where the net and the flannel joins. Now that the crown is al-



ready it must be put on its brim; the brim is a flat piece of white flannel, cut the desired shape and bound with pale-blue ribbon; the crown is set upon it, the joining concealed by a band of blue ribbon, and then the broad brim is turned up to give the effect desired.

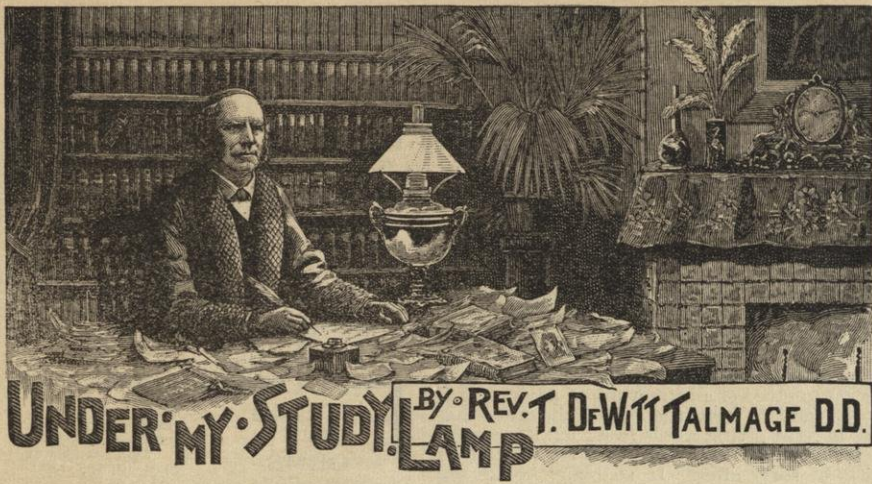
Do you remember when you were very small the funny little cases in which a piece of paper money could be put, and you would shut it up one way and it would be under the strap; open it another and it would be on the other side, and quite loose from the strap? Well, that is the principle, with its cross-ribbons, upon which this glove-case is worked. Two long strips of light-weight pasteboard are covered with the most golden-hued silk imaginable, and on the outside are painted in



the various golden and golden-brown shades those marvelous flowers that we call pansies, and in the hearts of which we imagine we can see so many faces. Short strips of pale-blue ribbon are straight across one side of the case, and two long strips are crossed on the other, joined in such a way that they make the curious closing that is always a delight to a woman or a child. In the illustration the case is shown both opened and closed, so that for the woman who is deft with her needle and brush, the copying of it will not be difficult. A blue case with lilies-of-the-valley or forget-me-nots wrought out upon it, or any combination of colors fancied, would be in good taste; but a sunshiny gift at Christmas time seems to create a double amount of thanks.







**G**OOD, grand, old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day will soon be with us. Nothing can stop it. It presses on down through the weeks and months, its way lighted by burning cities, or cleft by cavernous graves; now strewn with orange-blossoms, and then with funeral weeds; amid instruments that pipe "the quickstep" and drum "the dead march." Through the gates of the morning it will come, carrying on one shoulder a sheaf of wheat, and on the other a shock of corn. Children in holiday dress hold up their hands to bless it, and old age goes out to bid it welcome, asking that it come in, and by the altars of God rest a while. Come in, oh day, fragrant with a thousand memories, and borne down under the weight of innumerable mercies, and tell to our thankful hearts how great is the goodness of God. An aged Christian man in Massachusetts died not long ago, and instead of the flowers usually put on the bier, there was laid upon his coffin a sheaf of wheat, fully ripe. Beautifully significant! I wish that on the remains of this harvest year we might place on Thanksgiving Day a sheaf of prayer, a sheaf of thanksgiving, a sheaf of joy fully ripe! Emblems of joy and gratitude are never so appropriate as when they express our feelings on Thanksgiving Day.

THIS HUMAN CASTLE OF LIFE

**T**HIS human race of ours has much to be thankful for. Sometimes I fear as if even the best of us do not sufficiently realize the goodness of God. Take this single fact: the adaptation of the world to our comfort and happiness. The sixth day of creation had arrived. The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep; the eagle the air; the lion the field; but where was the sceptre which should rule all? A new style of being was created. Heaven and earth were represented in his nature. His body from the earth beneath; his soul from the Heaven above. The one reminding him of his origin, the other speaking of his destiny—himself the connecting link between the animal creation and angelic intelligence. In him a strange commingling of the temporal and eternal, the finite and the infinite, dust and glory. The earth for his floor, and heaven for his roof; God for his Father; eternity for his life time. The Christian anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims, "Fearfully and wonderfully made!" No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no color so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, no handiwork so divine. So quietly and mysteriously does the human body perform its functions, that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered; and although anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it. Whether we consider the human body as a whole, or individual portions of it, the mind is dazed at the marvels revealed.

THE MECHANISM OF THE HAND

**T**AKE alone the hand, and what a wondrous instrument it is! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids, and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. In it the white marble of Pentelicon mines dreamed itself away into immortal sculpture. It reigns in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea; it snatches the fire from heaven; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all the cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as your own hand. Mighty hand! The instrument that can bring us honor, illumine our name; or, by one stroke or action, bring us into eternal disgrace. In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good. Not a finger too much, which truth you never realize until an accident temporarily deprives you of the use of one. Marvelous creation and arrangement! We do not, by one-tenth, appreciate our blessings, because God is so good to us that we think we are entitled to all He gives us.

WONDERS OF OUR PHYSICAL BEING

**C**ONSIDER the eye, which, in its Daguerrean gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the body, with fourteen thousand different adaptations; these one hundred thousand glands; these two hundred million pores; this mysterious heart contracting four thousand times every hour, two hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through it every sixty seconds; this chemical process of digestion; this laboratory, beyond the understanding of the most skillful philosophy; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave; this factory of life, whose wheels, and spindles, and bands are God-directed; this human voice, capable, as has been estimated, of producing seventeen trillions, five hundred and ninety-two billions, one hundred and eighty-six millions, forty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds. If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization we would be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men and women who have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

REASONS FOR A THANKSGIVING

**L**OOK at our mental constitution. Behold the lavish benevolence of God in powers of perception, or the faculty you have of transporting this outside world into your own mind—gathering into your brain the majesty of the storm, and the splendors of the daydawn, and lifting into your mind the ocean as easily as you might put a glass of water to your lips. Watch the law of association, or the mysterious linking together of all you ever thought, or knew, or felt, and then giving you the power to take hold of the clewline, and draw through your mind the long train with indescribable velocity—one thought starting up a hundred, and this again a thousand—as the chirp of one bird sometimes wakes a whole forest of voices, or the thrum of one string will rouse an orchestra. Watch your memory—that sheaf-binder that goes forth to gather the harvest of the past, and bring it into the present. Your power and velocity of thought—thought of the swift wing and the lightning foot; thought that outspeeds the star, and circles through the heavens, and weighs worlds, and, from poising amid wheeling constellations, comes down to count the blossoms in a tuft of mignonette, then starts again to try the fathoming of the bottomless, and the scaling of the insurmountable, to be swallowed up in the incomprehensible, and lost in God? How beyond our human comprehension seems God's greatness! Our deepest thanksgivings are indeed inadequate.

THE MAJESTY OF A HUMAN BEING

**I**N reason and understanding, man is alone. The ox surpasses him in strength, the antelope in speed, the hound in keenness of nostril, the eagle in far-reaching sight, the rabbit in quickness of hearing, the honey-bee in delicacy of tongue, the spider in fineness of touch. Man's power, therefore, consisteth not in what he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how strong a wrestler he can throw—for in these respects the ox, the ostrich, and the hyena are his superior—but by his reason he comes forth to rule all; through his ingenious contrivance to outrun, outlift, outwrestle, outsee, outhear, outdo. At his all-conquering decree, the forest that had stood for ages steps aside to let him build his cabin and cultivate his farm. The sea which raved and foamed upon the race has become a crystal pathway for commerce to march on. The thunder-cloud that slept lazily above the mountain is made to come down and carry mail-bags. Man, dissatisfied with his slowness of advancement, shouted to the Water and the Fire, "Come and lift!" "Come and draw!" "Come and help!" And they answered, "Ay, ay, we come"; and they joined hands—the fire and the water—and the shuttles fly, and the rail-train rattles on, and the steamship comes coughing, panting, flaming across the deep. He elevates the telescope to the heavens, and, as easily as through the stethoscope the physician hears the movement of the lung, the astronomer catches the pulsation of distant systems of worlds throbbing with life. He takes the microscope and discovers that there are hundreds of thousands of animalcula living, moving, working, dying within a circle that could be covered with the point of a pin—animals to which a rain-drop would be an ocean, a rose-leaf a hemisphere, and the flash of a fire-fly lasting enough to give them light to several generations.

AND YET WE SOMETIMES GRUMBLE

**Y**OU see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate; music for the ear; beauty for the eye; aroma for the nostril; kindred for our affections; poetry for our taste; religion for our soul. We are put in a garden, and told that from all the trees we may eat except here and there one. He gives the sun to shine on us, and the waters to refresh us, and food to strengthen us; and the herbs yield medicine when we are sick, and the forests lumber when we build a house, or cross the water in a ship. The rocks are transported for our foundation; and metals upturned for our currency; and wild beasts must give us covering; and the mountains must be tunneled to let us pass; and the fish of the sea come up in our net; and the birds of the air drop at the flash of our guns; and the cattle on a thousand hills come down to give us meat. For us the peach-orchards bend down their fruit, and the vineyards their purple clusters. To feed and refresh our intellect, ten thousand wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth, and air, and deep, analogies and antitheses; all colors and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; conflagrations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the "Grand March" of an Omnipotent God in the storm.

GOOD CHEER FOR THANKSGIVING

**A**ND so in this magnificent world of ours, made for us that we might be happy and righteous, I wish you Thanksgiving cheer—good cheer for the national health. Pestilence, that in other years has come to drive out its thousand hearsees to our cemeteries, has not visited our nation. It is a glorious thing to be well. How strange that we should keep our health when one breath from a marsh, or the sting of an insect, or the slipping of a foot, or the falling of a tree-branch might fatally assault our life! Regularly the lungs work, and their motion seems to be a spirit within us panting after its immortality. Our sight fails not, though the air is so full of objects which by one touch could break out the soul's window.

I wish you good cheer for the national harvest. Our reaping-machines never swathed thicker rye, and the corn-husker's peg never ripped out fuller ear, and mow-poles never bent down under sweeter hay, and windmill's hopper never shook out larger wheat. Long trains of white-covered wagons have brought the wealth down to the great thoroughfares. The garner are full, the store-houses are overcrowded, the canals are blocked with freights pressing down to the markets. The cars rumble all through the darkness, and whistle up the flagmen at dead of night to let the Western harvests come down to feed the mouths of the great cities. A race of kings has taken possession of this land—King Cotton, King Corn, King Wheat, King Grass, King Coal.

I wish you good cheer for civil and religious liberty. No official spy watches our entrance here, nor does an armed soldier interfere with the honest utterance of truth. We stand today with our arms free to work, and our tongues free to speak. The Bible—it is all unclasped. The pulpit—there is no chain round about it. There is no snapping of musketry in the street. Blessed be God that to-day we are free men, with the prospect and determination of always being free. No established religion; Jew and Gentile, Arminian and Calvinist, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Protestant and Roman Catholic—all on the same footing, working forward to one great aim, one great purpose, one great end.

**T**HEREFORE, let us all, at this coming Thanksgiving time—and at all times—praise the Lord! From the store-houses and offices of our great cities, from Lowell factories, and off from Western prairies, up from Pennsylvania coal-mines, and out from Oregon forests, and in from the whale-ships of New London and Cape Ann, and wherever God's light shines, and God's rain descends, and God's mercy broods, let Thanksgiving arise in this the year of our Lord 1891, the fairest year in all our national history. It rejoices me to greet you—by pen if not by hand. I wish I might pour into all your homes a horn of plenty, a horn filled with health, happiness and Thanksgiving!

*T. De Witt Talmage*

Dr. Talmage

— TO —  
The Readers  
of the JOURNAL.

May I ask you to carefully read the announcement contained on the last (outside) cover page of this issue?

I feel quite sure that you will be greatly interested.

*T. De Witt Talmage*



This man is trying to joke his wife about her cooking ability.

He says the household will suffer from dyspepsia. It's a poor joke.

Americans eat too much rich food, without taking advantage of natural antidotes to overcome the bad effects.

Nobody wants to diet. It is a natural desire to want to enjoy the good things in this world.

Read what a prominent New Yorker writes; he had been troubled with gouty rheumatism and its attendant painful symptoms for eighteen months:

"I have subjected myself for months to the severest rules of diet recommended for such conditions, and used almost all the remedies recommended for gout and rheumatism, without any benefit, until I heard of your imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salts, which I used faithfully for six weeks, dieting for the first three weeks and afterwards eating almost anything I desired. All the gouty and rheumatic symptoms left me after the fourth week, and my general health and spirits have become excellent once again. Your Carlsbad Sprudel Salts deserve the widest publicity, and I take great pleasure in bringing this fact to your notice."

You try them to-day. Price, 75 cts. The genuine have the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on the bottle.

A sample bottle mailed upon receipt of 35 cents in postage stamps.

The Daylight

Not quite a matchless light, for you do require a match to light it; but the process of applying the match is matchless and no mistake. In short, our easy lighting device is an unsurpassed advantage.



Send for our A B C book on Lamps.

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Because, though a little thing whose usefulness is hidden, it secures freedom from annoyance, works easily and surely, causes no accidents, and leads to general happiness at home.

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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.

**H**OW many of you have said words that you would have given all you possessed to have taken back? Words that were hard words; that were bitter, and words that caused pain to come to somebody else. Sometimes you are so thoughtless that you forget these words, and the little hurt which comes within the lute of your friendship is a mystery to you until, if you are wise, you ask what is the matter, and then, as friend to friend, the story is told and the reconciliation is effected. Sometimes the impulse comes to you to write the unkind words. Don't do it, my dear girl. Even when you say them, they burn and burn in, making a great, deep scar that all the love can never take out; but when you write them they are there before your friend to be taken out and looked over, to be analyzed and wondered at, and make unhappy.

THE PEN WITH THE STING

**I**SOMETIMES wish that a great many people thought like the old monk, that the pen was an instrument of His Satanic Majesty, for there are so many unkind words written with it, and so few kind ones. And now, just when I am talking about this, just as if it were between you and me, when the inclination comes to find fault with your friend, when you think of the little meanness that she has shown you, or anger of which she has made you the victim, get away off by yourself where there is not a bit of paper, pen or ink, and sit down and think of the kind things she has done for you; of the courtesies she has shown you; of the good deeds in which you and she have worked together, and take a vow—a solemn vow—to yourself, not to write or say a word until that time comes which settles all things. Time is the great consoler; for, after all, it makes everything right; it brings back to us all the kind words; it throws at us in jest all the merry ones, and there is only one thing we do not want it to bring back—the harsh words written or said. Somebody may have written a letter—somebody you cared for. There it is in your hands, the black and white words, the cruel words; the words that are neither explanatory nor considerate, and you look at it and wonder. Now, take that letter, my friend, tie it about with a rose-colored ribbon, put it away some place; say nothing at all about it; and if ever you want to have that something known as revenge, show your friend that letter the day you do her some kind action. But no! Better still, never show her the letter; never tell her you got the letter, and she is less than a woman if every kind word you speak and every kind thought you have for her doesn't burn her like coals of fire, because she thinks, after all, you must have loved much to forgive so easily. That's the best thing after all—forgiving.

WHEN YOU GO A VISITING

**F**IRST of all you want to learn not to stay too long. There is such a thing, you know, as wearing one's welcome out, and you certainly do not wish to do that. Then, having discovered exactly the hours at which the meals are served, you should be on time, and if breakfast is at half past seven and you have always had it at nine, you must still get up when the call-bell rings and be downstairs at half past seven, looking bright and hungry; and, above all other things, you must not mention that you have been in the habit of breakfasting at a later hour. If you have friends in the same place and they should come to see you and—we will put it that way—have forgotten to ask for your hostess, suggest to them that you will go and ask her if she would not like to meet them. Insist upon this courtesy to her, or else do not return the call made, and ignore any further visits. Then if it's a house where only one maid is kept, take care of your own bedroom so that you will give as little trouble as possible. If some little festivity should be gotten up in your honor turn in and, putting your hand to the wheel, give all the help you possibly can both before and after the party. Try and not talk about any subject that is very personal and which will make any one uncomfortable; and, if your hosts should be rude enough to get into any controversy before you, keep quite quiet, or, what is still better, if you possibly can, leave the room, and later on refuse to discuss the matter with anybody. When you go away carry nothing but pleasant recollections with you, and forget every family jar and every family secret that you may have heard. Then, indeed, will you always be a welcome visitor, and you will hear some day that your hostess says of you, "I like Dorothy to visit me for she is such a comfortable girl; and my husband and the children are as glad to have her as I am. Never a servant makes a complaint of her causing any trouble, and each one of them is more than glad to do something for her. We say, 'How do you do' to her with pleasure, and 'Good-bye,' with regret." Now that's what everyone of you wants to have said about you when you go a visiting.

IN BUYING A NEW HAT

**I** LIKE a new hat. I am still enough of a girl for that, and I like to see the girls in their pretty new hats; but I want to say this to them: Don't get a hat that is too fine for your frocks. Don't spend all your money in elaborate laces and plumes and jets, when a simple little turban, made of cloth like your frock, or a black felt suited in shape to your face, and trimmed with a wing or two, or some loops of ribbon, will not only be becoming, but will stand the winter's wear, and, by being brushed often, look almost as good as new. Let me tell you of my experience and let me teach you something. Once I bought a very gorgeous pink bonnet. I ought to have spent the money on something else, but it seemed to me as if I must have that bonnet. It was tried on and was horribly unbecoming; but the milliner said, "Wait until you see it at night, then its color will come out!" The color did. It was a yellowish-pink, that would have required the complexion of a peach to have worn it. Back I went to the milliner—because I believed in people—and I said, "Change me the bonnet"; and they said, "You know we can't change you the bonnet. We had too much trouble to get rid of that bonnet, so few people find it becoming." I went home, and I offered that bonnet to every one I knew. Eventually one woman was discovered who said it was becoming to her, though as I have never seen it on her to this day I have my doubts as to whether it really was becoming or not. However, that winter I wore the plainest of bonnets, one that looked as if it had been intended for my grandmother; but I took a certain amount of joy in it as a penance, and I tell my story so that other girls may not make the same mistake that I did, and get a bonnet that is too fine for most times and occasions.

A FEW WORDS ON GOSSIPING

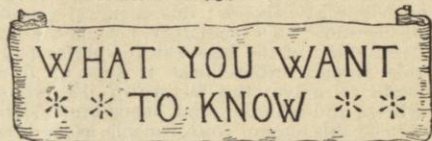
**A** GIRL has written this to me: "Is gossiping a sin? I am quite positive you will say 'Yes.' But how would we know with whom we were associating if we did not hear of them? And we cannot speak good of people when we know they have done wrong." I had to stop after I read this to think for a minute. Is there any need for you to say anything? Can't you remember that there are always times when, if speech is silver, silence is gold? And what right have you to sit and judge people about whose temptations you do not know, and in whose places you cannot put yourself? Long, long ago the neighbor who was good to you in your illness, who came to you in your sorrow or in your joy, and discussed how the flowers grew, how the baby's clothes were made, how the chickens trotted around, how the bride looked and all the innocent talk of the day, was called a "Godsibb," or gossip, meaning a "God neighbor." You see how the word has degenerated, and simple, pure, honest gossip has become evil speaking and slandering. There is no harm in admiring the pretty gown that your neighbor wears; but there is more than harm, there is scandal in wondering in a mysterious way how she can afford to get it. There is no harm in hoping that some boy, who is perhaps not just what his mother would wish him to be, may grow better; but there is harm in suggesting by knowing looks and innuendoes, that his petty sins are dreadful vices. I think, after all, it is much better to say nothing disagreeable, and not to repeat what you are unfortunate enough to hear. Wicked gossip is as sinful as it is vulgar, and it has driven many and many a soul to despair. This is my answer to your question, and I think if you will look in your Bible you will find that the future holds little that is good for the scandal-monger, and to-day the gossip has become the most wicked of people.

NOT THE COLOR OF THE ROSE

**A** GIRL wrote to me the other day, and she said that she had gotten into the habit of listening to some "rose-colored stories" told her by young men, and how should she stop it. Well, of course she should never have allowed it to begin; but now, poor heart, that she has learned to listen without shame to words that she ought not to hear, the best thing she can do is to stop it. It won't be easy, and it will certainly lose her the so-called friendship of the men who have told her the stories. In fact, I don't know but that she would do better if she simply refused to see them, if she cut them when she met them, and, if possible, she stayed away from the places where they were apt to be. She may have to give up some pleasures because of this; but if she wants to succeed in making herself again the pure white lily that a young girl should be, she must use desperate remedies to kill desperate evils. Don't, for one minute, believe you can make a man respect you if you have once gained his contempt. The only way for you to do this is to ignore him entirely and fully, and to let him see that though through ignorance you let him insult you, and now, that you know that, you don't wish to look at him. Little familiarities, that are encouraged, bring the great ones; and no girl can be more careful of her own sweet dignity than a flower is of its bud, or a dove of its white wings.

WIT-OR IMPERTINENCE?

**N**OBODY denies that it is delightful to be bright, to be able to make clever speeches; but it sometimes is just as dangerous to be brilliant as it is to be stupid. The girl who can always give a witty answer, who can always make a remark that is suited to the occasion is the girl who is apt to be very much applauded, and the consequence is she begins to think she can say anything she pleases, and that the world about her will believe that she is to be praised always. Then she grows to mistake impertinence for wit. Her heart hardens a little and she does not hesitate to make a jest of somebody's misfortune, to see fun in misery, and to count old age as a special butt for her sharp tongue. She does not do this intentionally, and, as the time always comes when she is sorry for it, I want to give her a little word of advice. It is very hard to resist the bright thought—that is, to resist giving words to it; but it is a great deal better not to say anything for which you will be sorry after. In so many homes the bright members of the family get into the habit of chaffing the other ones; and father and, too often, mother will laugh. Many a laugh will provoke a shower of tears. Now, the time is going to come when that chaffing will degenerate into a daily rudeness, when the shy girl will grow shyer and less fond of her sister, and when the boy who happens to be a little awkward and a little bashful will be happiest when his sister is away from home. Here comes the warning. Before you say what seems to you brilliant, think out which it is—wit or impertinence?



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

**D. E.**—What is known as "goose-flesh," usually results from a low condition of the system, and is really a slight chill. If you have such attacks often, it would be wisest for you to consult a physician.

**CLARISSA**—If the lawn party is in the evening it would be quite proper to retain the arm of your escort while you are walking around; but, if it is in the daytime, I would not advise your taking his arm at all.

**FAY**—It is never in good taste for a young man, or anybody else, to make cutting remarks, no matter whether people provoke them or not. It is in very bad taste for two people to leave a reception and go out to take a walk.

**H. S.**—I believe that in the Jewish as well as the Catholic church, there is an objection to first cousins marrying, but I am not sufficiently informed on the subject to be able to give you the amount of knowledge you desire about it.

**EDWINA**—You will have to decide for yourself whether the man who has proposed to you really loves you or not. A white wedding gown will be in perfectly good taste for a woman of thirty. The bridegroom buys the bride's bouquet and pays the clergyman.

**INQUIRER**—As there is no international copyright, I think a book can be translated from the German without any application being made to the author, though I must confess I think it would be more courteous to ask the favor; address any author care of his publisher, and it is pretty sure to reach him.

**C. W.**—When any one admires your gown, or says that you have done anything well, it is only necessary for you to answer, "I am glad that you are pleased." The only way you can find out if you can make any money from the work you mention is to try it. No one knows what she can do until the shoulder is put to the wheel, and the requisite push given.

**MADLINE**—I have said a great many times that I do not think it advisable for a young woman to give her photograph to a man friend, unless he is engaged to be married to her. You must have permitted the young man to be very familiar with you, else he would not take for granted that he could kiss you good-night. If your parents do not wish you to associate with the man it is wisest to act as they advise.

**BELL H.**—No answer is necessary to a wedding announcement, unless, indeed, the bride is a personal friend, in which case a personal letter wishing her all happiness would be considerate and friendly. If cards stating the reception day are sent with the announcement of the marriage, then, of course, you call on that day; or, if you are not living in the same city, you send visiting cards so that they will arrive at the proper time.

**LORENA**—I cannot tell you how very much I disapprove of young girls being familiar with, or receiving attentions from married men. No girl can do this and retain the respect of those whom she cares for, or even of strangers. As for speaking to men in a light way about their wives, the only word that fully describes that is vulgar. This is a subject upon which I grow so indignant that it is wisest for me only to say just this much to you.

**O. C. D.**—If you have time it is wisest to write a letter of thanks for each wedding present as it is received; if not, it is quite proper to write them after your return from your wedding trip. The bride must write all these letters. Announcement cards are sent out as soon after the marriage as is possible, and with them may go the cards announcing where the bride and groom will be after their return, and at what time they will receive their friends.

**A SUBSCRIBER**—A hostess should not make her usual round of calls when she has a visitor; instead she should let her friends know who is with her, appoint a special afternoon to be at home, and let them call, so that her visitor becomes acquainted with them. When a letter of introduction is presented to you by a gentleman it would be in best taste to invite him to your house, and after that to get your brothers to show him some special courtesy.

**S. E.**—Thank you very, very much for the kind words that you have written to me. Every expression of liking of my talks with my girls more than pleases me, and encourages me to keep on doing the very best I can, hoping always to make one girl happy at least. The best book of etiquette is that great one of the world. It is there one sees how the best-bred people behave themselves, and nowhere else can you so thoroughly learn just what you should do.

**IGNORANCE**—Give a letter of introduction to the person who is to present it, and then, as you wish it to receive special attention, write to your friend and say what you have done. The proper way to deliver a letter of introduction is to send it by messenger with your card, having your address upon it; or, if you prefer, a little note may be written stating exactly how long you will be in the city. Observe great care in giving letters of introduction, and be sure always to date them.

**WILD ROSE**—It is certainly not wise for a girl of fifteen to engage herself in marriage. It is probable that before she is twenty her views may change and she may regret having taken such a step. People who have quick tempers must learn to control them. The mere possession of one is not an excuse for—as you say—"flying in a passion." Flying in a passion is at once vulgar and undesirable—vulgar because a gentleman is supposed to have educated himself above such rudeness. It is undesirable because ill temper makes people ugly, contracting the eyes, causing wrinkles about the mouth, and giving an expression to the face that is certainly not beautiful. Make your plaid cloth gown without any contrasting decoration, unless it should be a dark-blue velvet collar and cuffs to match.

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COATS TO BE WORN THIS SEASON

By Isabel A. Mallon



NE young woman said to another "I cannot just tell you how it is she always looks well—but she does. Quite irrespective of her skirt being plain and well brushed, and her hat simple, there's nothing about her that seems to me would give her such a positive air of good style."

"Yes," said the other one, very knowingly, "I will tell you what it is. She always wears a well-fitting coat. The waist of her coat is where her own waist is. The shoulders are neither ridiculously padded nor made foolishly narrow; and the sleeves, while they are high enough to be becoming, are not high enough to be an object of jest. Her coat may not have one particle of trimming upon it, but it suits her figure and gives the air of style, that you talk about, to an otherwise perfectly simple get-up."

I listened for a moment or two to this conversation, and I wondered whether the young woman who gave the answer was telling the truth; and then I saw the girl they were talking about and came to the conclusion that a plain cashmere gown, little bonnet or a hat as is most becoming, and a cloth coat made and trimmed to perfection, did constitute the most stylish get-up for the girl of to-day. That the tailors know this, is proved by the fact that more than ever before are they showing very beautiful cloths woven in odd ways and developed in all the fashionable colors.

THE FASHIONABLE SHADES

A CURIOUS shade of cinnamon is developed in a smooth surface cloth, as is a sapphire-blue, and that peculiarly rich shade of brown which the old-time Quakers wore



THIS WINTER'S STYLISH COAT (Illus. No. 1)

when they were persecuted in the years now happily of the past. Dark blues, golden-browns, olive, asparagus, billiard-green, Cleopatra red, and the various gobelin shades are also noted in the plain surfaced stuffs. For wraps, a ridged material is shown which has the raised portion made of hair sufficiently long, in some instances, to look like fur. This is noted especially in the cinnamon-brown, where the ridges are a shade darker; in sapphire-blue with bluish ridges upon it, and in very light brown with two-inch stripes of the hair upon it. For a long wrap, trimmed with fur matching the hair stripes, this material would be in very good taste.

A VERY STYLISH COAT

THE French blue cloth, which is going to be so popular this season and which is so generally becoming to American women, is here developed in a three-quarter length coat. (Illustration No. 1). It is double-breasted, and where each frog would be, is a mink tail elaborately braided about with gold and brown cord. The cuffs are deep and braided, turned back, and have for their finish a mink tail. The collar is in harmony, the mink tails coming down on each side and showing the golden and brown braid arrangement between. Heavy brown gloves, stitched with black, are worn. The hat is a jaunty brown felt one, with an edge finish of brown velvet and gold braid, while its decorations are loops of gold ribbon and brown tips. Of course, this coat could be developed in a much simpler manner than it is, and would be equally pretty, for, as I said in the beginning, it is the fit of the coat that gives the coat its style, and not the trimmings. In dark blue with no decorations whatever, or, if one wished it, a little black braid; in brown, perfectly plain, or else the being outlined with gold cord; in black, with fur cuffs and collar (I mean in inexpensive fur), such coats would be in good taste anywhere.

For general use the all-black coat will be found most desirable, and it can, of course, be worn with a skirt of any color; the season's liking for black being so great that a bodice, jacket or coat of golden-brown, garnet, olive, sapphire and navy-blue, with a skirt of any shade is counted in very good style.

AMONG THE NOVELTIES

AMONG the novelties this season are shown the reversible cloths. These are usually of mode, fawn, or gray, with a light tint on the other side, but each so perfectly finished that the facing is made by the material itself. It is at once a novelty, and, after all, novelties seem to be what women most long for. We all get a little tired of something and want something else. We do, no matter how good we are! We do, no matter how hard we pretend we don't. If you will take my advice, my dear general woman, you will make pretend you have got what you want, and you will find in the end that you are just as happy as if you had. An extremely good picture of reversible cloth, as developed in a jacket, is shown at illustration No. 2. The double-breasted front, of which womankind never tires, is much longer than formerly, the three-quarter length really being reached in the whole coat, the back of which fits the figure closely. The cloth is a beautiful fawn on the outside, and on the inside a light heliotrope which shows in the revers, turned-back cuffs and pocket laps. The buttons are of bone of a brown shade, matching the mink fur that finishes the cuffs and which forms a high collar about the throat. The low hat is of light fawn, faced with brown velvet and having loops of heliotrope ribbon coming from the front, while high loops of them stand at the back, and from among which show aigrettes of dark brown. The black cloth with red on the inside; the dark blue with the same bright color; and the dark blue with its French contrast—that of heliotrope—as well as the very conservative contrast of black and green, are all in vogue. A few are noted of black with white, and are becoming to a few women, but cannot be commended as especially artistic, for the white facings have an inclination to draw your eye to the trimmings, when—as every artist in dressmaking knows—it should rest upon the whole garment and its effect, rather than one special part.

FANCY MATERIALS FOR GOWNS

THE fancy cloth materials for gowns ought to suit all tastes, for they can be as quiet as the proverbial mouse, or as loud as the raging bull. The very large checks in brown, yellow and mixed brown; in heliotrope, black and a mixed design that seems as if the heliotrope had rushed into the black; in light gray, smoke and black, diagonally crossed by hairy, wavy lines, will undoubtedly be greatly in vogue this year. Women have discovered that by making skirts to fit as well as do their bodices, that even the plaids are not impossible. Too much cannot be said of the beauty of the heliotrope, black, and the mixed plaid just described, when trimmed with black fur, or black velvet, or made, indeed, with a black velvet coat, thus achieving a very rich visiting costume. For general wear, a brown serge in wide and narrow broken diagonal stripes, will be found useful, and can, of course, be made as simply or as elaborately as may be wished for. A yellow ground with stripes of black cord upon it, is advised for wraps and for dress trimmings. It certainly is a novelty, but one may doubt its being a popular novelty. The ragged-robins' blue is introduced in a diagonal stripe with black, having white dots upon it as a contrast. But, to plagiarize Mr. Rudyard Kipling, all this talk about dress is another story; so the coats must be returned to.

A GOWN OF GOOD STYLE

A BLACK serge gown is one that can always be commended. It is ladylike and suited to most occasions, while by a perfect fit it can be made to have that air that we call stylish, because we can find no better, good style. A French skirt of black serge with a long skirted jacket will be good form for early autumn wear, and later on a fur cape, a large fur muff and a fur-trimmed bonnet, will make Mademoiselle look as chic as the fashion plate she admires. The serge skirted coats, with the plain skirts, are favored.



THE DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET (Illus. No. 2)

A VERY ELABORATE COAT

GRAY cloth is used for making this coat, which has its outlines regularly defined with straight rows of gray and silver mixed cord. (Illustration No. 3). Its waistcoat is decorated with black velvet appliqué, the designs of which are outlined with gold. The collar is a turned-over one with alternate rows of black and gold, and has an edge of black lynx. The velvet fronts are also defined with black lynx, and the sleeves, slightly full on the shoulders, have the braid trimming and cuffs of lynx. The hat is a small turban of black velvet trimmed with silver ribbon, a small white bird just in front and a gold passementerie marking the edge. This combination of gold and silver with another braid seems curious, but it is an essentially new one. Properly applied, it is very effective, but great care must be shown in arranging it. This coat is rather more elaborate than any of the others



AN ELABORATE BUT PRETTY COAT (Illus. No. 3)

shown, and will, for that reason, be dedicated especially to receptions, places of amusement, and for visiting.

A NEW COLOR

A VERY bright, somewhat glaring blue, which is called—pretily enough—imperial, is liked in broadcloth, just why nobody knows, but it is invariably trimmed with a long-haired fur—mink or silver-fox being given the preference. The color itself is, it must be confessed, rather trying; but there is a richness about it that is wonderfully attractive. Fur is undoubtedly the decoration best suited to it, but gold braid can be used in conjunction with the fur, and a most artistic effect will result. An imitation of mink may be gotten that is sufficiently like the real, to be used for a foot trimming, and for collar and cuffs. Silver-fox is not advised when the real fur is used; and some women, who admire this, know just how costly it is. A very smart gown of imperial-blue has the French skirt, i. e., the one which fits closely in front and is laid in plaits at the back, and has a short train; the front and sides are finished with a broad band of mink. The bodice is a deep basque with a piping of mink outlining it. The high collar is overlaid by a whole mink, whose bright eyes are imitation sapphires. The muff is of mink, and the hat—a plateau one—is decorated with mink tails and heads. A less elaborate dress is one made of pale gray broadcloth; across the front are set medallions of silver braid, with squares of chinchilla set just in the centre. The close-fitting jacket has collar, cuffs and hood—a very small one—of that fur; and the bonnet is finished with a narrow band of the soft, silvery fur.

A FASHIONABLE COMBINATION

WOMEN who are deft with their fingers can easily, indeed inexpensively, obtain the most fashionable decoration for either jacket or skirt: that is, one formed of fur or velvet, and outlined as elaborately as one pleases, with gold, silver or copper soutache. Very finely cut jet, showing diamonds, ovals, and the various geometrical designs, are fancied in black velvet, with heavy lace as an appliqué decoration. The old-fashioned coarse black silk lace is very much used on black velvet, and then finely-cut jets are systematically placed upon it. Entire skirts of lace like this are laid over the deep velvet skirts of long jackets, making them look very elaborate.

THE LAST WORD

YOU see I always have to have it, and this time it is just this: No matter of what material your coat may be made, have it fit well, no matter if it is a cashmere or whether it is a very gorgeous velvet one. Whether it is making you look like a queen in brocade, or whether it is just the jaunty pretty cloth, it is nothing unless it fits. And if you want a word of advice about one part of your coat that is very apt to lack the style you desire, I will just give you a line from a poet who didn't know what a good dressmaker he was. He was talking about the coat of his lady love, and he said:

"It fits like a glove on her shoulder."

When you have got that done, you won't find the rest of it so very, very hard, and you will think that poets are practical men.

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DRESS NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

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.



HERE can be no doubt that bands of fur will obtain as much during the coming season as they have in the past. Fur is generally becoming, and the quantity of it used may be regulated either by the good taste of the wearer or the depth of her purse. She may have simply a collar and sleeve finish, or she may have in addition a foot border that extends across the front and over each side breadth of her skirt. The fluffy furs are, of course, much more becoming than the flat ones, and, except when the wearer is a clear brunette, black, or dark-brown furs should be given the preference. The very light grays or creams are only becoming to women whose skins are rosy and whose hair and eyes are dark. Between you and me, for making a street dress look pretty an expensive fur is not necessary, and although I am prone to say, do not buy imitations of anything, even here I do not mean that you should buy imitations. I only mean there are different grades of the furs themselves, and that while I do not commend the very cheapest, which usually comes out in fluffy bunches, still there is a medium which is not expensive, which is quite as becoming, and which will make your gown look as smart as the more costly furs.

AN economical girl, who goes to concerts and the opera a great deal during the winter, has taken her summer gown and made it answer all purposes for her evening toilette. It is a white cloth made with a smooth-fitting skirt, and a jacket basque with a waistcoat inserted. She has put a bordering of black fur across the front and the sides, covered the silk waistcoat with frills of white chiffon, then made a collar and lapels cut down into narrow revers of black fur, and this outlines the neck and each side of the waistcoat. The sleeves have deep cuffs of the black fur. The bonnet is of white velvet, with three small black birds in front, and is tied under the chin with black ribbon velvet. Black gloves are worn, and a black feather fan is carried. By this arrangement the combination known as the "magpie" is achieved at a very slight expense.

FOR winter wear the printed delaines or challies with light grounds and having flower designs upon them, are made into fitted blouses, trimmed prettily either with lace, ribbon or smocking, as is most suited to the design. These bodices are prettiest when made up over a silk or silk-faced lining, and they may, of course, be worn with dark skirts that have outworn their original basques.

WHAT is called the "curled darling" of the general woman is no longer a long-haired dog, or a ringletted baby, but, instead, is the feather boa that goes about her throat. Very many prefer the small boated just in front with a coquettish ribbon bow. This gives almost as much warmth as a fur collar, and is very light in weight; it is most fashionable in black, brown, cream and white; the cream and white being reserved for evenings.

A REALLY useful apron is one made of white Victoria lawn, quite full and reaching almost to the edge of the skirt. It is finished with hem-stitching and a cluster of tucks. The bib is laid in plaits and flares out, pinning rather far up on each side. The belt which hides the joining of the bib to the apron, is a pointed girdle with ends that tie in the back. This is an apron that is as good for the artist as it is for the housewife, and, prettily enough, it is named after that Sister Dora who did such good work among the sick and the poor. For very hard work it might be developed in linen or printed cotton of any kind.

YOU and I are prone to think that people who have titles don't do very much in the way of work. However, this theory has been upset by the education given to the daughters of the Princesses of Wales, who are adepts in all that housekeepers should know. The Princess Christian, whose daughter, the Princess Louise, was married last July, designed the brocade which formed the gown she wore at the wedding; it showed the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland and the thistle of Scotland, embossed upon it, and was woven in English looms. She also designed and presented to her daughter a very lovely brocade which shows clusters of lilies tied with blue ribbons on a pale creamy ground. Certainly when one realizes that Princess Christian is an admirable mother and wife, that she fulfills her duties at home and in society, and yet finds time for other work, it is suggestive that it would not be a bad thing if some women who do not wear titles would imitate her example.

A VERY pretty brooch, that is not very expensive, is made of two moonstone hearts joined together at the top with a true-lover's-knot of burnished gold.

THE new capes, whether they are attached to coats or not, are very much deeper than those worn lately. They are high on the shoulder, have a rolling collar, button invisibly down the front and are usually lined with plaid silk, the colors being decidedly bright.

A VERY pretty bonnet intended for evening wear is made of silvery-gray crepe and has in front and at the back gray birds whose wings are tipped with diamonds; the ties are of black velvet ribbon. One says diamonds for it is difficult to imagine they are anything else. By-the-by, I hope you don't make the too general mistake of calling these stones "dimonds"? Just remember that there are three syllables in the word, although the second one is slightly slurred, and that they should be called "di-a-monds."

THE newest veils have on them what is known as the "skeleton" chenille dot; that is, when the moon is in full it is shown in an outline, and crescent and stars are wrought out in the same way. This design is really much more becoming than the solid spots would be.

A PICTURESQUE black felt hat has a soft crown made of two plaid silk handkerchiefs; yellow and blue, a very dark shade, being the colors most conspicuous; the brim, which is not very wide, is turned up slightly to the front and fastened to place under yellow and dark-blue wings.

AS it nears the time for the baby to be one year old, and you are fortunate enough to have a baby who is a girl, every one of her relations is expected to present her with a silver teaspoon with her name upon it. If she is fortunate enough to have twelve teaspoons given her, next year she must have the dessert spoons, the next year the tablespoons, for the next three years forks, and after that they can begin to supply her with napery. Some uncle, whose tastes are artistic, will, it is to be hoped, present her with a quaint old Dutch chest, in which the belongings that will constitute part of her trousseau are to be laid away in lavender and other sweet-smelling herbs until the day when the fairy prince comes to claim his own.

FOR your small girl, that is, the one of six or seven years old, and who is going to wear a double-breasted red cloth coat this winter, get a very large red felt hat, turn it up so that it is three-cornered, and put a black ribbon rosette at the corner to the left, for she must wear it as did the gentlemen of old, not with the point to the front, but with the point to the back and the other two corners at each side, for in this way they were able to take it up and make the profound bow that was demanded from them when good manners were in vogue.

NOWADAYS, when milk is a fashionable drink at luncheon, or at afternoon teas or at suppers, the hostess who likes the milk to look dainty will serve it in tall, thin glasses—not goblets—and have shaken over the top a fall of nutmeg; this is the more desirable in that it will help to quiet the nerves among the people who are the most nervous in the world. There is no reason why whatever we offer may not be dainty and attractive, and even a bit of bread and butter, properly cut and laid on a pretty plate, offered with a hospitality that cannot be doubted, is more desirable than ices and salads, sweets and patés brought to one in a muss. It is the old story of the "dinner of herbs and love thereof."

THE stock, or ribbon finish, for the throat is worn by women who find high collars becoming, the only change being that a velvet rather than a gros-grain ribbon is selected. One end is fastened under eyes on the left side and then passes around the neck over the collar; the other end is finished by a loop which hooks on it. A black velvet stock, or a black ribbon one may be worn with a gown of any color, or one having any decorations. The stock being an entirely independent neck finish.

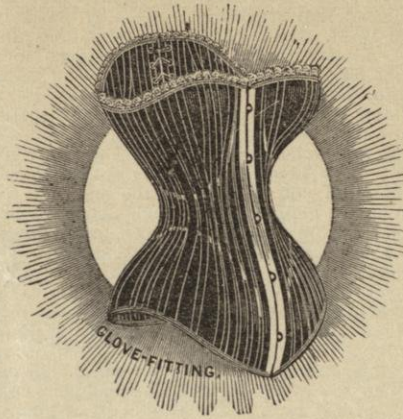
ONE of the prettiest of the new handkerchiefs has a centre of fine linen lawn, with a cipher embroidered upon it. Outside this comes a row of fine Valenciennes insertion, then a band of the lawn and then a full frill of deep lace that matches this. The little trifle is one that could be easily made at home, and, like the famous one of Desdemona's, it suggests that "there is magic in the web of it."

THE pretty soft feather boa in gray or fawn is very much liked just at present; the reason these shades are chosen is that many a time a black boa is undesirable, a white one is trying and soils very easily, while the gray or fawn are not so trying to the complexion, and do not so quickly show the marks of usage.

A FASHION that is only permissible to women who figures are very slender, is that which shows tiny velvet rosettes put where the buttons ought to be. While these are absolutely rosettes, still they are made of very narrow velvet ribbon and slightly flattened.

HOUSEKEEPERS who are giving pretty luncheons, if they want to have their ices shaped and colored in the latest fashion, choose them of a light creamy shade, and have them formed to represent a mushroom. The effect is very pretty and one does not feel that there is any danger whatever of being poisoned by them.

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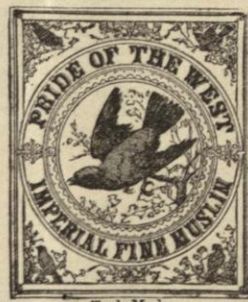
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SOME OF THE NEW WINTER FASHIONS

By Isabel A. Mallon

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JUST what might be called the new winter fashions have a decided suggestion about them of being the spring ones, made, perhaps, a little different, and having, it may be, a touch here and a touch there that make them seem

not quite alike. The materials fancied for the winter are the very heavy ones: cloths with shaggy hair over them; heavy serges with figures wrought out upon them, and plaid serges in dull colors and made rich with braid passementerie, are all in greater favor for street wear than either silk or velvet. Velvet will again be used very extensively as a decoration, but the combinations, or rather contrasts, are decidedly different from those of last season. On golden-brown, a vivid green velvet forms a band at the foot; the trimming on the bodice, the cuffs, and the small bonnet are of the green velvet; on dark blue, a deep dull Egyptian-red is used for the decoration, while on mode brown is preferred, and on dark heliotrope a rather vivid blue. The wise woman among these is the one who selects that gown in which the contrast is least tiresome, and, oddly enough, that will be the golden-brown

green velvet, and a lavender trimmed with blue velvet, each being in good taste and fashionable. The bodices worn with these skirts are usually elaborate not only as to their sleeves, but as to their decorations, a soft or flat waistcoat, fancy buttons or a flat trimming of gold or silver being upon them. To know just how to make the skirt is one-half the style desired.

DESIGN FOR THE FRENCH SKIRT

THE material used must, of course, be double-width, and it must be graded to suit the height of the person who is wearing it. If, for instance, the skirt is forty-one inches in front, the back will probably be forty-seven, though, of course, it may be longer by adding the length to the back and gradually rounding it off toward the front. The material is folded over where it is marked as No. I. It comes down leaving two selvages where it is marked No. II, and then the curving out of the skirt is cut as pictured. In the back are two selvages, marked No. III, and these are seamed together leaving the necessary placket hole. The dotted lines from the waist to the feet represent the triple box-plaits, and the short-shaped V's are the gores cut out to make the skirt fit smoothly.

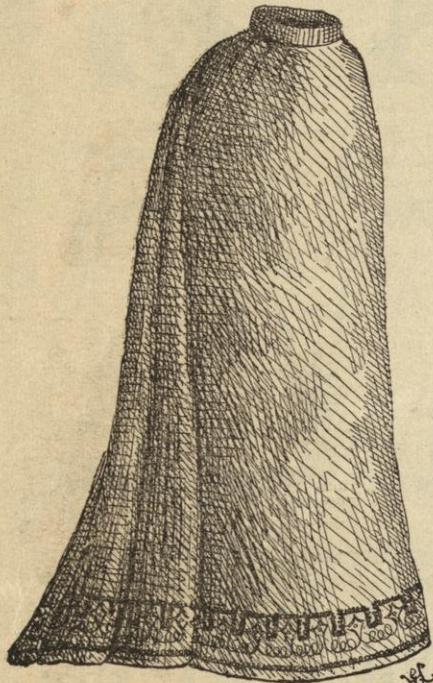
Now the general woman who has not known just how to make a plain skirt, who has envied the woman who could get a one-seam skirt from the modiste, ought by this design to be able to achieve the much-desired and well-fitting skirt herself. The objection occasionally made to their being a little long in the back is one that need no longer interfere with the woman who does not ride in her chaise, for the single-seam skirt can be cut off until it is as far from the dust as any walking skirt should be, and yet it will retain its beauty of shape and comfort of fit.

AN OLD FASHION REVIVED

ONE scarcely knows whether to call the polonaise costume an old fashion revived, or an old fashion improved; however, it is certainly a pretty fashion, and one that will be worn alike by those who are slender as well as those who are thinking a little bit of the extra pound of flesh. For women who cannot stand absolutely plain skirts, the polonaise, with its few wrinkles, is to be commended. It does not look well made up in a plaid; nor can I advise it developed in fancy suitings, but it comes out best in plain colors and looks most picturesque if one is slender, and it seems to tone down the size if one is too stout. A polonaise costume, however, must be without suspicion in the shape of wrinkles, and if you are making it yourself, you must get some kindly sister to pull it in place until there are no wrinkles, and to drape it so that it will look as if Old Dame Fashion herself had intended it should be just that way.

THE EGYPTIAN-RED GOWN

THERE seems to be a little doubt as to what is really Egyptian-red, and flaring bright colors, deep cardinals and pinkish-browns have all had that name given them. The Egyptian-red is a combination of dullness and brightness. It sounds odd, but that is the best way it can be described. It is dull, so dull that a woman who cannot usually wear red finds this possible; but it has a marvelous touch of brightness when the sun happens to strike it, and even then it is in harmony with a woman who has announced every season that she never could wear red. It is shown in ladies' cloths, in cashmeres, in suitings, and, of course, in velvet. A velvet polonaise gown of Egyptian suiting, with a tiny bonnet to match, and decorations with bands of gold, being counted one of the most elegant of visiting costumes shown by famous dressmakers. However we cannot all of us walk around in velvet and gold, and yet we can find becoming cashmeres and ribbons that are not so expensive and in which we may be just as happy.

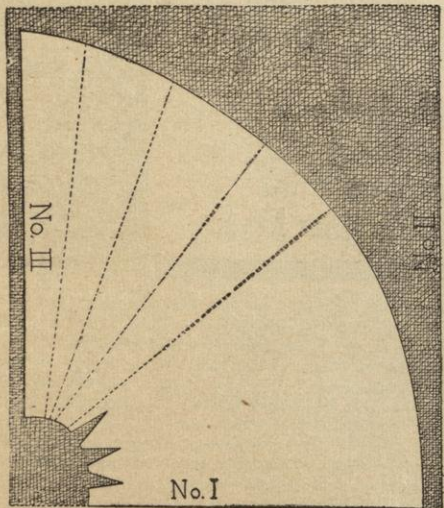


THE FRENCH SKIRT (Illus. No. 1)

trimmed with green. The lavender and blue is very smart, but it is much better suited to a French rather than an English, or an American woman.

THE SKIRT MOST PREFERRED

EVERYBODY knows that a gown is ruined unless the skirt is cut just right and hangs to perfection. The skirt which has been given a decided vogue for nearly a year, will be again worn during this season, and as it is specially adapted for the heavy materials, the reason for its popularity is quickly understood. Dame Fashion never makes anything popular that is not sensible. At illustration No. 1, is shown what is known as the French skirt,



SHOWING PLAN OF MAKING THE SKIRT

which has only one seam in it, and that is at the back. It is made up of heavy chevrot in brown and white, the effect being brown, a lightish shade, while for a border trimming a decoration in the architectural style, of light brown and golden braid, is noticed. Such a skirt has a slight train, but it may or may not be possessed of that dignity, as is desired. A black serge, trimmed elaborately with black braid; a dark blue broadcloth, trimmed with black braid; a brown skirt, trimmed with

CASHMERE IN A POLONAISE GOWN

EGYPTIAN-RED cashmere is used for making this very graceful and artistic gown. (Illustration No. 2). The back is the usual princess and the front is only opened at the top to permit the points of the bodice to go under it, and it then fastens on one side under long ribbons of black velvet caught at the top with a black jet buckle. The bodice is draped high across on one's shoulder, its folds completely concealing the closing which runs from one shoulder across to the other side. The sleeves are moderately high, shaping in at the elbows and fitting the arms. They are without trimming. Such a gown would be pretty developed in black, with a steel ribbon and a steel buckle; in brown with a green velvet ribbon and a gold buckle, or in white with a white ribbon and a white buckle. The collar is a high one with a tiny fold of lisse finishing it. To make the gown more elaborate, cover the collar with passementerie matching the buckle, and have cuffs of passementerie.

DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT RIGHT?

WHEN the pretty little Greuze hat came into fashion last spring it was intended that it should be worn almost square on the head, just as the shepherdesses of the famous painter chose to assume theirs. But no! the young women of the Nineteenth Century decided that they knew better, and they cocked it further back until it looked—well, it had a semi-boyish, semi-rakish air that certainly was not picturesque.



A WELL-SELECTED HAT (Ills. No. 3)

The putting on of a bonnet properly is more than an art. Who has not seen a bonnet on the back of the head, giving to the wearer an air of absolute dissipation? And, again, a bonnet perched well forward on the face gives a savage air, decidedly suggestive of an inclination to fight. What would the gallant cavalier be without his hat? And would it look well if he put it on after the manner of the quiet Quaker?

When the three-cornered hat came out in its glory not one woman in ten put it on her head right. Each assumed it with the point forward. Now, it should be worn with the point at the back and one at each side, for when the courtly old gentlemen to whom they belonged raised their hats, they caught them from the sides so that they might make the most profound and sweeping bow. The three-cornered hat is again in vogue, but now Mademoiselle knows just how she should assume it, and she shows you how with a pretty satisfied look in this picture. (Illustration No. 3). The hat itself is a very fine felt, bent the required shape, and having its edge bound with a narrow feather trimming. The entire color of the chapeau being golden-brown. Standing up from the back is a bunch of brown tips from which spring out brown aigrettes. This is worn as the Duc de Grammont wore his, and as all noble gentlemen put on theirs, and certainly the girl of to-day doesn't know so little of the history of dress that she is not delighted at wearing her hat just as she should—properly placed over a pretty fluff of hair and over a smiling face—glad that she looks nice and in that way make somebody else glad.



THE POLONAISE GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

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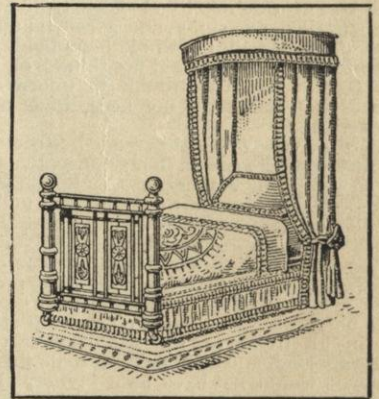
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## DOMESTIC HELPS AND CULINARY HINTS

Helpful Suggestions from Experienced Minds

## BUGBEARS OF THE KITCHEN

BY KATE UPSON CLARK



It never seems to occur to a large class of people that the getting of extra meals in private houses, where only one or two servants are kept, or, worse still, where the patient mistress and her family carry the whole burden, is a matter of any special importance. These individuals "drop in" to dinner "under the impression that the family dine at six"; when in reality, they finished their meal at that hour, and a fresh dinner has to be devised from the broken fragments—seemingly on such occasions even fewer and more unsightly than usual—for the late comer, who has been injudiciously invited, either because of blood relationship, or close intimacy on some other score, to come to dinner at any time without announcing himself.

Or a guest stopping at a friend's house undertakes—at too late an hour to go and return between meals—a long shopping or calling trip, and calmly remarks as she sets out, "I cannot get back in time for luncheon—or dinner—but never mind! I shall not want anything but bread and butter," as though any humane hostess would allow a guest to partake of such a meal, in the weary condition in which she must inevitably return!

But the worst offenders in this regard are the visitors from a distance. These cannot always avoid arriving at unseasonable hours, but they can usually get a luncheon or dinner *en route*, instead of compelling their hostess to get it for them at an inconvenient hour. When necessity forces them to seek this favor from her, it is surely pardonable. Otherwise, there is no excuse for it. In either case, explicit word should be sent to the expectant hostess, as to the condition of affairs. Such word would put an end to numerous and considerable inconveniences.

Many and many a time has a whole family waited an hour beyond their usual time for dinner for some "Cousin Sarah," who "was coming at seven," and it was not known whether or not she would have dined.

"Cousin Sarah" arrives, and is breezily "sorry" that the family have not dined. She had an excellent meal in the buffet-car just before alighting. "So careless in me not to tell you, dear, that I was going to get my dinner on the train!"

She goes upstairs to her room to refresh herself, while the tired and cross family sit down to their belated meal; the cook and waitress, who do not like to have their evening curtailed, are sulky, and a general air of discomfort pervades a whole household, just because "cousin Sarah did not think," or was too lazy to take the trouble to inform her friends that she should not need dinner upon her arrival.

It is all very well to beg your hostess "not to make any change in her arrangements on account of your coming." Any housekeeper cannot allow a guest to go hungry to bed, neither can she set before her the bread-and-molasses, or similar delicacy dear to the juvenile heart, which may have been her children's highly-enjoyed supper. It is the proper view to take of the situation that your hostess and her family must, more or less, alter their routine of living on account of your visit. They are glad, and even anxious to do this, or else you would not have been invited. But, on the other hand, you must make the change as easy and agreeable for them as possible.

Hard as is the inconsiderateness of guests in regard to extra meals in the city, however, it is doubly hard to bear in the country. In the city, every family that entertains at all, is usually provided with one or two servants, and more help is easily attainable. In the country, it is often impossible to get any one to assist in carrying unusual burdens. Yet even here, patient housewives are frequently summoned to prepare extra meals for beloved relatives and friends, often unnecessarily, as the event proves, yet seldom without great embarrassment and weariness to themselves.

Many a country housekeeper has been taxed to her wit's end by the sudden appearance of an unfed visitor at an hour when the family meal was long over. Only those housekeepers with little or no "help" and fewer facilities can appreciate what this means; whereas, a little forethought and consideration might, in many a case, make the visitor ten times more welcome.

"Why did you take that long ride across the country in order to reach our house?" asked a surprised hostess, as she welcomed a guest at an unexpected hour.

"I found," was the reply, "that the only available train brought me to your village at two o'clock, and that I could get no dinner *en route*. I would not oblige you to prepare an extra meal for me, so I dined at A——, and drove over from there."

"Well, I wish that all who come here were as thoughtful!" exclaimed the hostess, touched into unburdening her heart. "The getting of extra dinners for the people who come on that two o'clock train almost wear out the housekeepers of this town."

There is a way to make visits, as well as a way to entertain. The most popular guests are those who take the pains to show that they understand the feelings of a hostess. They write to her beforehand just how and when they are coming, and whether fed or unfed. They try, so far as they can, to conform to the customs of the family. Especially do they try to make as few as possible those bugbears of the kitchen—extra meals.

## DISHERS FOR A LIBERAL TABLE

BY A. CASSIGNOL

(Chef of Hotel Albemarle, London)



A LIBERAL and well-filled table is a pleasure, and it is also a luxury. To gratify one's taste means an expenditure of money. The following receipts are, on that line, delicious but expensive and intended only for those who can gratify their tastes.

## MUTTON CUTLETS WITH MUSHROOMS

CUT the best end of a neck of mutton in neat cutlets, trim them, and beat them out with a wet knife; brush them over with some good salad oil, and broil them over a clear fire. Serve them *en couronne* round a purée of mushrooms, with some good Espagnole sauce round, but not over, them.

PURÉE OF MUSHROOMS—Wash well, dry, and chop finely one pint of good mushrooms, and set them on with about one ounce of butter. Let them cook at the side of the stove eight or ten minutes, and add two tablespoonfuls of fresh bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, and a good spoonful of brown sauce. Bring it to the boil, mix in a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, and use.

## FILLET OF BEEF WITH TOMATOES

TRIM a piece of fillet of beef—about four pounds—lard it and tie it up neatly; roast it, carefully basting it occasionally, allowing twenty minutes for each pound of meat. When cooked, remove the strings and serve.

TOMATOES FOR GARNISH—Peel and skin the tomatoes, removing the seeds; lay the slices in a well-buttered baking tin, with pepper, salt, and a few drops of lemon juice; lay a buttered paper over them, and cook in a moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes; then dish around the beef sprinkled with finely-chopped chives.

SAUCE RAIFORT—Mix one tablespoonful of finely-grated horseradish with three of good cream, one teaspoonful of mustard, the same of good vinegar. A little salt and pounded sugar to taste. Hand round in a sauce-boat with the beef.

## SWEET-BREADS A LA SOUBISE

SOAK two large sweet-breads in cold water for an hour, then blanch them in boiling water, then drop them again into cold water, to harden them. Drain and lard them (by drawing thin strips of fat bacon with a larding needle through them about one inch apart). Line a pan with slices of fat bacon, with one carrot, one onion, two cloves, bay-leaves, parsley, lemon peel, salt and pepper; put the sweet-breads in this with two tablespoonfuls of stock, cover with a lid, or buttered paper, and simmer for nearly an hour; serve garnished with croutons—small squares of bread fried in butter until brown—and this sauce.

SOUBISE SAUCE—Mince two onions and boil in plenty of water and a little sugar; drain well, and simmer in two ounces of butter until quite tender; then add a cupful of Béchamel sauce, and boil until you have all the consistency of thick cream, stirring over a hot fire. Béchamel sauce is made by bringing a tablespoonful of butter to a boil, adding the same of flour, a carrot, parsley, onion, pepper and salt, and a cupful of stock (veal). Simmer until the sauce thickens, strain, and add a gill of cream. Stir well and serve.

## FILLETS OF MACKEREL WITH HACHEE SAUCE

CUT a fresh mackerel in pieces about three inches square, or less; flatten them with a wet knife, and place in a buttered pan; season with pepper, salt, and a little lemon juice; cover with a buttered paper, and bake ten minutes; place on a hot dish and surround with Hachée sauce, which is made by mixing a spoonful each of minced mushrooms, small onions and parsley, in a cup of vinegar, with cayenne pepper; heat until the vinegar is nearly dried up, then add four tablespoonfuls of stock, and two chopped mushrooms. Boil gently and skim, then add a tablespoonful of capers, and two chopped gherkins; simmer until it is as thick as rich cream, and add a wine-glass of sherry wine. Stir thoroughly and serve.

## GROUSE AU CRESSON

PICK, singe and truss the birds, tying a piece of slitted fat bacon over the breast of each; roast for fifteen minutes, and serve garnished with watercress and fried bread-crumbs. Serve with bread sauce and gravy.

WATERCRESS GARNISH—Pick and well-wash the cress, dry it thoroughly and season with a little oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

FRIED BREAD-CRUMBS—Lay some finely-grated bread-crumbs in a baking-dish in the oven, with a good lump of butter. Stir them occasionally and serve when the butter is all absorbed and the crumbs crisped and a golden-brown.

BREAD SAUCE—Lay a shallot or small onion stuck with a clove, in half a pint of new milk; bring it to the boil, then throw in one ounce of butter and two ounces freshly made bread-crumbs; boil it for quarter of an hour, add a couple of spoonfuls of cream, boil it again, add white pepper and salt, and serve.

## JUNKET AND SCALDED CREAM

HEAT a quart of new milk till lukewarm, and pour it into a glass or china bowl; add a tablespoonful of rennet and set it aside till cold and stiff. Serve with Devonshire scalded cream (or whipped cream will do) piled on it and sprinkled with vanilla sugar.

NOTE—M. Cassignol is, in the opinion of the best epicureans of London and Paris, one of the foremost of modern chefs. He is at present Chef of the Hotel Albemarle, of London.—THE EDITOR.

## HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY

BY EDNA WARWICK



SEVEN-TENTHS of the carving of a turkey depends on beginning properly. The first consideration is your chair. As the truly artistic carver never stands up, you should be sure the chair is high enough to bring your elbows at least to the level of the table.

Then as to the tools: a good broad-bladed carver and a strong two-pronged fork are necessities; but a small, sharp-pointed game carver may be found very useful in separating the joints; and to reach the dressing a large silver spoon is needed.

Having the fowl before you on its back, with the neck toward your left hand, first insert the fork in the breast, about midway between each end of the turkey; this will be far enough back not to interfere with the carving of large slices of the white meat. Now, holding the knife firmly with the right hand, the forefinger extending over the back of the blade, sever the drumstick from the second-joint at one cut. This is a much neater method than to first separate the whole leg from the body. The next cut is between the thigh and the body down to the back, then through the skin around to the leg-joint; the thigh may then be easily removed. To loosen the side-bone insert the point of the knife be-

tween it and the back-bone, and give the blade a sharp twist outwards; another way is to put the fork into the side of the fowl away from you, turn the breast toward you, and then separate the side-bone by a cut from the pope's nose forward.

Reverse the turkey to remove the other joints and second side-bone. A sharp stroke across the back divides the pope's nose, and another firm stroke is usually sufficient to divide the back from the breast, if desired; the breast may then be turned and split in two from the inside. Some, in fact many good carvers, however, prefer to cut the meat from the breast and leave the skeleton intact. The first thin slice from the breast carries with it the wing, which separates at the shoulder. It will be found easier to slice the white meat if the wish-bone, which may be easily located, is first removed.

But to know how to separate the turkey into portions is not the whole of the art. Good serving is as essential a part as good carving, but many who have mastered the first process make a sad bungle of the second. A cardinal mistake, although a very frequent one, is to carve almost the entire fowl before commencing to serve. The pile of warm plates should be placed conveniently at your left hand, and the first one should be filled and removed as soon as you have separated one or two joints. If you continue thus, placing upon a plate with a little dressing, each portion as soon as separated from the turkey, the table will be more quickly served, and you will not be embarrassed, in your carving, by a very full platter.



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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.



**W**e are near the great festival for which, in the old days, the housekeeper busied herself for many weeks. Time was when each member of the family was supposed to have on Thanksgiving Day a new suit of clothes, and so much of the cutting and making was done at home that it was a heavy drain upon the time and strength of the housekeeper, who was expected to provide for the holiday three substantial meals that included dishes from everything the abundant harvest yielded. Who that can remember twenty-five or thirty years back does not recall the store closets filled with pies, tarts, preserves, cakes and fruits, and the pantries overflowing with meat, poultry, vegetables, etc.? To-day all this is changed: the clothing question is done away with, and the meals are much simpler, particularly the breakfast and tea. Still, it is a day of family gatherings and feasting, and it is to be hoped that it will always be. A few suggestions as to some of the things to be done for and on that day seem, therefore, to be in order.

**GETTING READY FOR THANKSGIVING**

**I**t will save a deal of trouble if the house be put in good order about a week before Thanksgiving Day. The rooms should be all swept and dusted and the windows washed; and if there be any soiled places on the paint, such spots should be wiped off. The beds in the guest chambers should be opened, beaten and aired. Bear in mind that they should not be made up for your visitors' use until a day or two before the guests arrive, as it is dangerous to sleep in a bed that has been made up for some time. If the room be closed and not heated the sheets become damp. The chill brought on by sleeping in such a bed has been the cause of much sickness and many deaths. If the house be put in order in this manner and be dusted properly throughout the week, there will be no great amount of care to be given it on Thanksgiving Day.

See that you have table linen and towels in plenty and that the tablecloth and napkins are properly washed and ironed. There are few things more pleasing or effective than a fine, white, damask tablecloth, if the laundry work be well done.

Mince-meat improves with age. Make it as early in the month as possible. When making the Thanksgiving pies, add to every two quarts of the prepared mince-meat one pound of candied fruit—cherries, apricots and pineapple, all cut fine; also a tumbler of crab-apple or quince jelly.

Bake the pies five or six days before Thanksgiving and warm them before using, reserving one for such guests as may prefer it cold.

**SILVER, GLASS AND CHINAWARE**

**N**OTHING is more annoying than to find at the last moment that one has not enough of the articles necessary to set a table and serve a dinner properly. When a demand for an extra number of dishes is made, it is often found that many have been broken and the fact not reported. It is well to go through the closets and inspect and count the china and glassware, and, if there be a shortage anywhere, replenish the set. Examine the silver to see if it needs a cleaning. The number of dishes required will, of course, depend upon the number of courses you serve. You should have a set of plates for each course. The soup and dinner plates can be used only once, but those of smaller size can be washed and used the second and the third time, if necessary. If there be but one servant—or, indeed, none—to wait upon the table, there should be silver enough to set the table for all the courses. Tumblers are generally used for water; so extensively, indeed, that one rarely sees a table set with goblets. For mineral waters there come beautifully-shaped glasses, which are almost as much of a necessity as the common water glasses.

**GLASSWARE SUPERCEDING SILVER**

**G**LASS has largely taken the place of silver on some of the most elegant tables, many housekeepers collecting and prizing cut-glass as they would jewels; but the woman of moderate means and good taste will find it possible to set her table with a plain, clear glass of dainty and elegant shapes which will add brilliancy to the entire table-service. Water-bottles, or carafes, as they are commonly called, are much used and are a great convenience. Individual salt-cellars are again used instead of the salt-shakers which were so popular for many years. These salt-cellars come in glass, dainty china and silver. A small silver salt spoon is placed by each one. The china and silver are by all odds the most effective on the table. Pepper bottles of odd designs are placed by the salt. Castors are not in favor.

**HOW TO SELECT THE TURKEY**

**I**N this country only is the turkey found in a wild state. It is very fitting, therefore, that in the Thanksgiving dinner it should be the principal dish. When served it should fulfill Brillat-Savarin's description of one he killed and cooked in Connecticut about one hundred years ago. He says, "It was charming to look upon, delightful to the smell and delicious to the taste." Such results are not obtained without care. The turkey must be wisely chosen, well cooked and properly served. It should be short and plump, the meat white, with some fat, the legs black and smooth; and if there be spurs they should be short. The end of the breast-bone should be flexible, more like gristle than bone. A turkey that is long in proportion to its size, and has dark or bluish flesh, may be tender, but certainly will not be finely flavored and juicy. A dry-picked turkey will be found to have a much better flavor than a scalded one. All poultry that is dry-picked costs a few cents a pound more than the scalded, but is well worth the extra price.

**WHAT TO SERVE WITH THE TURKEY**

**T**HERE are some things that are understood by most people to be necessary adjuncts of the roast turkey, among them being giblet sauce, cranberry sauce, celery, and certain kinds of vegetables.

For a change one might have mushroom or chestnut sauce and currant jelly. The celery might be cut into pieces about three inches long and then be cut into narrow strips, placed in iced water for two or three hours, and then served on a bed of ice. Here are some combinations of vegetables that will be appropriate to serve with roast turkey or chicken:

Plain boiled potatoes, squash, cauliflower with white sauce.

Potato balls or cubes, with parsley butter, escalloped tomatoes, spaghetti with Bechamel sauce.

Plain boiled potatoes, escalloped sweet potatoes, mashed turnips, French peas.

Casserole of potatoes, creamed onions, Lima beans in white sauce.

Stewed celery with cream or Bechamel sauce, mashed potatoes, squash.

Escalloped cauliflower, potato timbale, vegetables à la jardinière.

Plain boiled potatoes, squash, cauliflower with white sauce.

Potatoes, boiled onions in cream sauce, glazed sweet potatoes.

Macedoine of vegetables, potato croquettes, macaroni with brown sauce.

**WHEN AND HOW TO SERVE SOME THINGS**

**C**ELERY should be scraped and washed and then put in iced water, to be made crisp, at least an hour before it goes on the table. It is now served in long, flat glass dishes. It should be put on the table with the meat and the other vegetables, and is to be removed before the dessert is served.

Olives are put on broken ice in a rather deep glass or fancy dish, and some pieces of ice are laid upon them. This dish is placed on the table before the guests take their seats, and is not removed during the dinner.

Cranberry sauce or fruit jelly, to be eaten with meat, is placed on the table before the guests go in, and removed with the meat.

Confectionery, candied cherries, preserved ginger and salted almonds are arranged in little fancy dishes and placed on the table when it is set, and are not removed until the guests have left the table.

**PREPARE YOUR ALMONDS AT HOME**

**S**ALTED almonds prepared at home always seem better than those purchased at the confectioners', perhaps because they are usually fresher. One only needs to blanch them, and to each half-pint add one tablespoonful of melted butter and a teaspoonful of fine salt; stir well, and then spread the nuts in a shallow cake-pan, baking in a rather cool oven until the almonds become brown (about twenty minutes); then take from the oven and spread on a platter to cool. Surely, when the operation is so simple it is wise to prepare one's almonds oneself.

If pickles be used they should be placed on the table when it is set, and removed with the meat and vegetables.

Vegetable salads, such as lettuce, celery, tomatoes, or any cooked or uncooked vegetables, make the most suitable course to serve before the dessert. The salad may be composed of a single vegetable, or several may be combined. Use either French or mayonnaise dressing.

Crackers and cheese are sometimes served with the salad, but more often they are the last thing after the dessert.

Strong coffee is served in small cups after dessert. Sugar and cream are offered with it, but seldom used.

**A WORD ABOUT EFFERVESCENT WATERS**

**M**INERAL waters are served throughout the dinner, beginning after the meat and vegetables have been passed. They should be very cold. Have the bottles opened in the kitchen. A napkin should be folded around the bottle, which should be taken to the table immediately. In warm weather a little ice in a glass of effervescent water is a great addition. Of first-class grocers and druggists one can get for a small fraction of a dollar a patent wood-and-rubber stopple which is of much value where any effervescent water is frequently used. A glass dish filled with broken ice is pretty and convenient on the table. It can be used either for common water and for the mineral glasses.

**CHOOSING A DINNER AND TEA-SET**

**T**O turn now to another subject, a young housekeeper asks to be advised about selecting a dinner and tea-set. If a decorated set be wanted, take one having soft tints, because people soon get weary of seeing pronounced colors or patterns. I have just gone through one of our best stores and taken special pains to examine the goods of medium price. One can get sets for seven and eight dollars, but I should not advise buying anything cheaper than a fifteen-dollar set.

An English set of one hundred and fifty pieces, decorated in blue, and very pretty, cost \$15.00. Another English set, in bluish-gray, was \$20.00, while a third, in autumnal tints, could be purchased for \$25.00. A Minton set of one hundred and thirty-six pieces, basket-pattern border, and decorated in a lovely shade of blue, cost \$25.00. This is a particularly desirable set and always in stock.

American china in colored decorations I found were about the same price as the English. Some pretty styles in Copeland ware, one hundred pieces in a set, cost \$35.00. Plain white French china sets of one hundred and thirty pieces, cost about \$35.00. The quality and prices rise rapidly until sets costing hundreds of dollars are reached.

**MANY THINGS TO BE CONSIDERED**

**I**N making a choice from the great variety displayed there are several things to consider. For instance, what price can you afford to pay? Is the style one that will be lasting, and are the goods durable? It often happens that the decoration of a cheap set is much more dainty than that of some of the more expensive kinds.

The English and American wares are thick, and do not chip or break easily; but when they do chip the broken part soon becomes dark. The glaze on these wares cracks readily when exposed to a high temperature. In a dinner set one does not notice particularly that the ware is thick; but thickness in the cups and saucers is disagreeably noticeable, especially in the English wares. Then, too, unless one get a "stock pattern" it will often be difficult and expensive to replace a broken piece. The dealers intend to carry a pattern five years; after that one cannot feel sure of replacing a broken piece without much delay and expense. Plain white French china can always be replaced; the glaze does not crack when exposed to a high temperature; if chipped, the broken part does not become discolored; the ware is in good shapes; the cups and saucers are delicate and pretty, so that a full set of the china is desirable, which, to my mind, is not the case with the English or American wares.

**ROLLED EDGES MAKE PLATES STRONGER**

**I**N buying the French china it is wise to get plates with rolled edges. I have a set of Haviland which has been in constant use for many years. All the plates, except the tea, have the rolled edges. The tea plates soon got badly nicked, but the other plates show no sign of wear.

It seems to me, all things considered, that the French china is the most satisfactory, unless there is to be rather rough handling, when I would advise the purchase of the English or American productions. In that case I would further advise that only a dinner set be bought and that something more dainty be taken for the tea and breakfast table.

Odd cups and saucers are quite proper and give variety and brightness to the table. Odd dessert and salad plates, also, are to be preferred to the regulation sets. The dessert plates and cups and saucers that may be picked up here and there in one's travels are constant reminders of pleasant experiences.

**USE OF BREAD AND BUTTER PLATES**

**A** SUBSCRIBER asks how and when she shall use some bread and butter plates that were given her. They may be used at all the meals, but are particularly suited for breakfast, luncheon and tea. They are placed at the left of the regular plate. When the butter and bread are passed you put them on this plate, dispensing with the small butter plate. These little plates are a great help in keeping the tablecloth clean. They come in several sizes and tasteful patterns, and cost from three to thirty dollars per dozen.

**HOW TO CLEAN AND CARE FOR SILVER**

**O**NE lady inquires about polishing silver-ware that has become much tarnished, and another writes that her napkin-rings of good silver turn black inside, and whitening will not remove the stain. After reading these letters I looked at my own napkin-rings and found that one of them—sterling silver—was rather black inside. I wet whitening with diluted ammonia water and rubbed for some time, but made little impression. Then I wet the whitening with undiluted ammonia water, and, after much rubbing, removed all the tarnish. It was evident that the inside of the ring had been neglected too long a time. Wetting the whitening in diluted household ammonia will usually cause all tarnish to disappear. I do not like to use it very strong on plated-ware. Coal gas and foul air tarnish silver. It is well to keep your ware in Canton-flannel, but do not put it in bags made of ordinary flannel, because the sulphur in that cloth quickly blackens the metal.

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This Department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is inclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

**GERANIUMS FOR WINTER-BLOOMING**  
**ARE THE OLD OR THE YOUNG PLANTS BEST AS IN-DOOR BLOOMERS?**



HERE constantly come to me inquiries as to the merits of young or old Geraniums for winter-blooming. It seems to be the general opinion that a young plant will bloom best, and give the greatest satisfaction; and I notice articles, in many of the floral magazines, in which young plants are advised for this purpose. This advice generally comes from

some correspondent, and I wonder that the editor admits it, because he must know, if he knows anything about the matter, that it is not good advice. The fact is that old plants, in a healthy condition, are far preferable to young plants for winter-blooming, as any one can satisfy herself by practical test. A young Geranium will have but one or two branches during the first months of its existence, unless cut back and made to send out more branches; and if this is done, the plant will have to have several months given it in which to attain much size, and this constant cutting back to force it to become bushy and compact will interfere with its flowering. It therefore naturally follows that if a plant has but a branch or two, it has very little flowering surface; and as flowers are produced only on the ends of each branch, and only a cluster at a time, a plant of this kind will give very few flowers. Take an old plant, which has been pinched in and properly trained until it is covered with branches, and you can expect a great many flowers from it as each branch will bear them. In such a plant there are a dozen or more flowering points where there are but one or two—generally but one—in a young plant which has no pinching back. Study the habits of the Geranium, and you will see the force and truthfulness of this argument in favor of old plants at once. Young plants may make a more rapid growth than old ones, and bear larger clusters of flowers; but with most of us it is quantity that we aim at, and the quality of bloom on old plants is seldom inferior to that on young ones. The individual flowers will be as large and fine, if there are not, as many of them.

It seems to be a general impression that old plants are not likely to be vigorous and healthy. This is wrong. I have had Geraniums five, six and seven years' old, which were quite as strong and vigorous as six-months-old ones. They might not make the same rank growth, it is true, but they grew well, had fine foliage, and were wonderful bloomers. In spring of each year they were put out on the veranda, cut back at least half, and kept as nearly dormant as possible until September. In order to accomplish this, they were given just enough water to keep them from drying up, and no fertilizer. In September they were re-potted, more water given, and, as soon as growth began, fertilizers were applied, and in a short time new branches started all over the plants; or, more accurately speaking, branches which had started during the summer, but had not made much growth, began to develop, and by the first of December the plants were covered with bloom. By proper training an old plant can be made to have twenty, thirty or more branches; and as each branch, as a general thing, will bear flowers, the superiority of such a plant over one growing in a straight stalk, as most young Geraniums do, will be readily understood and admitted. One reason why so many dealers in plants advise young ones for winter blooming is, that they want to sell young plants each spring. If they were to recommend old plants for this purpose, the young ones would be kept over, and many sales lost. It takes at least a year to make a Geranium into a fine plant, and on this account it will be readily understood that it is impossible to get much returns from it florally while it is under training.

**PROTECTING GREENHOUSE PLANTS**

PLANTS in the greenhouse should be shaded in some way. Some apply lime-wash to the glass. This can be thrown on with a sprinkler, and it answers all purposes well, but it is quite difficult to remove it when there is no longer need of shading the plants. I prefer to use thin cotton cloth—the kind known as "cheese cloth"—is about what is wanted—stretching it across the rafters. If wires are used, the cloth can be fastened to rings which slip up and down the wires, and in this manner it is easy to drop the screens in cloudy days, or after the sun has shifted. Cloth enough to shade a good-sized greenhouse will cost but little, and it can be used for several seasons if taken care of in the fall.

**BEGONIAS FOR SITTING-ROOM CULTURE**

SO many requests come for me to name the best varieties of Begonias for the window, that I give a list of the most desirable kinds:

**Paul Braunt**—A Begonia that grows in fine, bushy tree form, increasing in size and number of leaves very rapidly. On account of its free growth and easy culture it is bound to become popular. It is of very heavy texture and a deep olive-green. The bloom is borne in the greatest abundance on long, graceful stems, and is of two forms (as seen in the *Rubra*), a part being very large and of a peculiar rose shade; the smaller forms being rose and white, the petals quite transparent; continues in bloom from November to May, and is a handsome plant at any season of the year.

**Wettsteinii**—This fine novelty is in the direct line of *Rubra*, so well and favorably known. The leaf is more ornamental, being peculiarly indented, and a lovely shaded coloring, dark marbled green, shading lighter with a line of scarlet at the edge. The flower is quite similar to *Rubra*, but is a brighter shade.

**M. de Lesseps**—A decided improvement on *Argentea guttata*, the leaf being four times the size seen in that variety, while the silky texture is the same, and it is beautifully spotted with silver. A very strong free growing variety that will succeed with any ordinary care, growing rapidly, and sending out quantities of leaves.

**Mad. Lionet (Subpeltate)**—The ground color of the leaf is a rosy-bronze, distinctly overlaid with a silvery-metallic lustre, the entire surface covered with crimson pile; the best red-leaf Begonia on the list, being very brilliant in color. The stem is bright red; also the under side of the leaf. The flowers are bright pink, and borne in profusion. Leaf measurement, 6 x 10 inches, elegantly pointed.

**Gloire de Jouv (Subpeltate)**—The form of the leaf and habit of growth are similar to the old *Nigricans*; in this the color is a soft olive-green, slightly dotted silver and covered with soft, glistening pile; the bloom, which is of fine size and substance (similar to *Rex* bloom), is of a beautiful shade of pink, making a most beautiful combination of colors; leaf 4 x 9 inches.

**Argyrostigma picta**—A handsome, compact-growing variety. Leaves smooth and glossy, a silvery-green, dotted white, and shape and size of the *Rubra* leaves; flowers lemon-white, produced in corymbs. A magnificent pot plant.

**Argentea guttata**—A cross between *Olbia* and *Alba picta*. This variety has the silvery blotches of *Alba picta*, and the form and beauty of *Olbia*. Purple-bronze leaves, oblong in shape, with silvery markings. White flowers on the tips of the stems. Very fine for house culture.

**Carriieri**—A clean, bright grower, thriving under the roughest treatment and always producing a profusion of beautiful pure white bloom in clusters, but freest in the winter.

**Feastii**—A low spreading Begonia, with circular leaves, red beneath and dark, glossy green above, and of heavy texture; after the style of *Sanguinea*, save shape of leaf and being still dwarfier. Very pretty and ornamental.

**Gloire de sceaux**—It is quite distinct from any known variety, and is a wonderful flower producer in the winter months. The bloom is borne in large compact tresses and the florets are large and perfect in outline. Color, a most delightful shade of pink. Foliage, a dark bronzy-plum color, with rich metallic lustre. The very perfection of a beautiful pot-plant. Habit and foliage all that could be desired.

**Semperflorens gigantia rosea**—One of the best Begonias. The following are its strong points: It is vigorous and erect growing; one of the strongest. It has a very large flower of a clear, definite cardinal-red, the bud only exceeded in beauty by the open flower, which is borne on strong, thick stems. The leaves are smooth and glossy and attached closely to the main stem; both leaf and stem quite upright growing, and forming a shrubby round plant. It flowers continually from October to May, and is, withal, one of the most satisfactory plants in the whole family.

**Semperflorens Amelia Braunt**—A wonderful free-growing Begonia, of sterling worth and great beauty. This has the habit of frequently blooming at the junction of the ribs of the leaf, and impart a novel appearance when exhibiting this peculiar character. However, this peculiarity is not fixed, for, like the other varieties, it also flowers from the axil of the leaf. The plant is very compact in growth, forming a dense, well-proportioned bush. Flowers, carmine-rose, and produced in great abundance during the winter and spring months.

Begonias are well worth cultivating. They are, in many respects among our most beautiful flowers—picturesque, free-blooming and not difficult to raise, if only care is bestowed.

**SOME OF THE NEW PLANTS**

AMONG the newest plants is the *Anthemis coronina*, destined to be more generally known—when more extensively grown—as the "Double Yellow Daisy." It is a decided acquisition, both as a bedder and a pot-plant. Its flowers

are about the size of a silver quarter-of-a-dollar, very double, and of the richest shade of golden-yellow. They literally cover the plant when it is well grown. For massing, in beds, it is one of the most valuable plants of recent introduction. For the windows it is extremely fine, its rich color brightening up darker hues like a burst of sunshine. Try it.

**The "Gem" Achillea**—This is a new variety of the old *Achillea alba*, and a great improvement of that form. The flowers are a pure white, very double and borne in wonderful profusion all through the summer. It is a perennial of extreme hardiness. On this account, as well as because of its color, it is well adopted to cemetery use. It is of low, spreading habit of growth, and soon covers a large surface. It is fine for cutting, as its flowers last a long time. If used in cemeteries with *Phlox subulata*, the effect of white and pink is very fine.

**Coreopsis lanceolata**—This variety of the favorite old *Coreopsis*, or *Calliopsis*—florists differ as to the proper name of the plant known under both these titles—is sure to create a furore among those who are fond of yellow flowers. The blossoms are of an intensely bright shade of yellow. They are borne on slender stems from ten to fifteen inches long, and the effect of hundreds of them, poised over the delicate foliage like a flock of golden butterflies about to alight, is most charming. The foliage is of a rich green, and grows in a dense mass. Its richness of color is retained until the coming of frost. The flower-stems are thrown well above it. Each flower is as large as a silver dollar. They are invaluable for cutting, their long stems giving them a graceful effect.

The older varieties of *Coreopsis* are annuals. This one is a perennial. It is perfectly hardy. To secure the best effect from it, it should be allowed to grow in large clumps, scattered about in the border, or in large beds on the lawn, where its innumerable blossoms give an effect of wonderful brightness and beauty, combined with airy grace. If you want a fine combination of gorgeous color, plant it about some strong roots of *Salvia splendens*. The velvety scarlet of the latter harmonizes well with the golden yellow of this *Coreopsis*, and the contrast brings out the richness of both in the highest degree.

**Florists' Pinks**—These Pinks are of dwarf habit than the green-house carnation, but their flowers are quite as large and very beautiful, and they are perfectly hardy. Every one who loves the carnation of the green-house—and who does not?—ought to have some of these plant in the gardens to cut from during the summer. They have that delightful clove-fragrance peculiar to the carnation family. They come in various shades of maroon, carmine and rose, laced and banded on a white ground.

**A PRETTY WINTER BLOOMER**

AS a winter bloomer, the Freesia has, of late years, become very popular, its pretty flowers being in great demand for bouquets and table decorations. It is a native of the Cape of Good Hope.

It was brought to England many years ago, and for some unaccountable reason it seemed to drop out of sight, but some searcher after floral novelties found out that such a plant had been brought to that country, and after a time it was found, and the result is that it has speedily become one of our most popular flowers. In 1878 the variety called *alba* was exhibited before the Royal Horticultural Society, in London, and the present interest in the Freesia dates from that event. It is related to the *Irid* family, which comprises the Iris, Gladiolus, Crocus, Tigridia and several others of similar habit.

For winter blooming in the greenhouse, conservatory or sitting-room, it is sure to become one of our most popular plants, for it is easy of culture, and has both beauty and fragrance. In color the flowers are a cream-white, with an orange blotch on each of the lower divisions of the perianth. In shape, they somewhat resemble the gladiolus, or, perhaps, bear a closer resemblance to some varieties of the lily, but they are very much smaller than either of these flowers. They average an inch and a half or two inches in length, and are borne in spikes which are depressed at the extremity of the stalks. The flowers stand upright, or nearly so, on this horizontal portion of the stalk. So peculiar is the habit, in this respect, that those who see the plant for the first time think, quite naturally, that the upper portion of the flower-stalk on which the flowers are produced, has met with some accident which came near breaking it, after which, or from which, it has never fully recovered. The foliage is sparse and grass-like. All the beauty of the plant is in its flowers. They have a rich, fruity fragrance, and a half-dozen of them will fill a room with delightful odors. They are excellent for cutting because of their lasting qualities.

The plants are easily raised in pots, using a light, turfy soil, or a mixture of loam and leafmold. Plant six or eight bulbs in a six or seven-inch pot. While growing, before blooming, do not give much heat. Water moderately. After blooming give more heat, and expose the plants to the sun in order to fully ripen the bulbs. After the foliage turns yellow, do not take the bulbs from the pot. Let them remain in the soil, and withhold water till it gets dry. Then set the pots aside, and let them alone until September or October. Then take the bulbs out of the soil and repot, and start them into growth for another season's blooming.



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- 1 Bulb Belgian Hyacinth, lovely spikes of blue flowers.
- 1 Bulb Glory of the Snow, superb blue and white.
- 1 Bulb Star of Bethlehem, (Ornithogalum) grand.
- 1 Bulb Winter Aconite, large golden yellow and our SUPERB FALL CATALOGUE of Bulbs and Plants for Fall Planting and Winter Blooming, together with a sample copy of the Mayflower, and large colored plate of premium flowers. If you have already received Catalogue and Mayflower, say so and we will send something else instead. The above 10 fine bulbs (which is our "Gem Collection" worth \$1) may all be planted in pots for winter blooming, or in the garden. Every one will bloom splendidly and for winter flowers there is nothing finer. We send them for only 30 cents to introduce our superior Bulbs. Get your neighbors to order with you. We will mail 4 of these Gem Collections for \$1. Order at once, as this offer may not appear again. Also by mail postpaid: 12 Fine Mixed Tulips for 35c., 6 Fine Mixed Hyacinths for 50c., 12 Mixed Narcissus, 50c.; 25 Fine Mixed Crocus for 20cts.

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# FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

Miss E. F. H.—Sorry, but I cannot tell the name of the plants of which you send seeds.

Mrs. J. A. E.—I would apply, for worms on your Petunia, a weak solution of kellebore.

E. A. D.—Peat is a soil composed of vegetable matter, mostly roots, and is found in swampy places.

Mrs. A. R. S.—No doubt the ants injure your Peony. Try scattering powdered borax about the plant.

Mrs. E. S. J.—This plant is not adapted to house cultivation. It sometimes blooms in the window, but cannot be depended on.

Mrs. T. R. L.—Your "variegated Japonica" is *Euonymus variegata*. It is not even a relative of the Camellia. It is grown for its foliage.

H. H. S.—I think the article to which you refer on the culture of Azaleas answered all your questions fully. I do not know what a "Chinese Bell" is.

INQUIRER—It would take more space than I have at my disposal to answer your question fully. Get a book in which the subject is treated at length.

Mrs. A. M.—I am wholly unacquainted with the conditions under which flowers would be obliged to grow in Arizona. Consult some one who has been there.

Mrs. E. A. C.—The plant you ask about is *Balsam impatiens*. It is not absolutely necessary to graft a Lemon tree, but it often expedites its bearing to do so.

C. A. D.—The flowers ought not to close the first day. They generally remain open two or three days. Cuttings of the plants named can be rooted in clear sand.

Mrs. T.—Peter Henderson, or Hinze's white for white, and Century for scarlet. Grace Wilder is a good variety. Carnations and Verbenas do not winter well in cellar.

MISS GRACE E. SENDEBLING wants the address of Grace I. Senderling. She has something of interest to communicate. Write to G. E. S., at Ashford, Nebraska.

Mrs. J. A. P.—I do not know the plant by the name you give it. I would advise you to take the descriptions of the florist you name with several grains of allowance.

Mrs. J. N.—If you have forty varieties of Begonia, and the leaves on only one variety curl, it is safe to infer that there is something wrong with the roots of the plant. Examine and see.

Mrs. C. A. W., Cincinnati, Iowa—It would take more time than I have at my disposal to answer satisfactorily the questions you ask. Buy a book on flowers and study up for yourself.

M. M.—I do not know what to advise regarding your Rose, as I am not familiar with the conditions under which it is growing. For lice on Rose bushes I would use a solution of sulpho-tobacco soap.

If Mrs. J. C. W. will observe the foliage of her Rose, she can easily decide whether it is a hybrid or not. The leaf of the hybrid Rose is composed of five leaflets, while the leaf of the common Rose is composed of seven leaflets—so says Mrs. E. K. J.

A. C. H.—These plants require a deep pot in order to do well, as they like to send their roots down, rather than out. Give them a light, porous loam, drain the pots well, and water freely. Shower daily to keep the foliage clean. They do better out of sun than in it.

Mrs. C. P. W. says—"I find the easiest way to make kerosene emulsion is to dissolve the sulpho-tobacco soap in boiling water; then stir in about one tablespoonful of kerosene to the gallon of water. I use this occasionally to sprinkle all the flowers in my pit."

Mrs. F. A. J.—I would use the bed "back of the house," where the plants can have partial shade. If you do not mind the extra expense, I would advise buying strong, young plants in April, as in this way you can get choicer colors and be sure of what you are getting.

Mrs. C. M. B.—If there are webs on your Rose, be quite sure the red spider is at work. Clear water should be applied daily, liberally, throwing it up forcibly against the lower side of leaves. Put Chrysanthemums in cellar after blooming. The Hibiscus is subject to attacks of spider.

C. E. G.—The variety sent is *Japonica revolutum*. It is inclined to grow in a sort of climbing way, and must be cut back from time to time until it forms a bush. Keep pinching back till you have forced as many branches to grow as are necessary to make it shrubby and compact.

H. M. R.—Carnations do best in a temperature of 55°. They like sun, and moderate supply of water. Roses like a temperature of about 60°, with plenty of sun, and moderate moisture at roots. Shower daily, and keep the air you can without having it strike directly on the plants before becoming warm.

Mrs. S. C. S.—Perhaps the fact that you re-potted your Begonias so late in the season explains why they have not bloomed. If they have plenty of fresh, rich soil, and considerable root room, they will not be likely to bloom very well at first, as the conditions are favorable to development of branches rather than of flowers.

Mrs. R.—I think you can find *Linum* catalogued in Henderson's, McGregor Brothers, or Saul's lists. I would start new plants of *Ivy Geranium*. I would cut back the two-year-old flowering Geranium, and keep the plants as nearly at a standstill during the early part of summer. In September, re-pot and start into growth.

"ADA"—I would not bother with Crocus seed. The bulbs can be bought so cheaply, of blooming size, that the amateur can hardly afford to go to the trouble of growing these plants from seed. It would take them two or three years to become large enough to bloom, and perhaps more. I would advise keeping all kinds of plants intended for winter-blooming in pots during the summer.

M. B.—I think you will find *Celastrus scandens*. (Bittersweet) just the vine you want. It is a rapid grower, takes care of itself if you provide something for it to climb on, and is never troubled by worms or insects. It has a very pretty foliage, and bears a great profusion of bright, red berries. For covering the arbor, I would advise the good old Morning-glory. I think your *Ivy* is troubled by scale. Apply kerosene emulsion.

Miss E. E. P.—I would advise growing the Heliotrope from cuttings, as you are sure of getting a plant like that from which the cutting was taken, while seedlings may be worthless. In taking up plants which have grown in the open ground, I would disturb the roots as little as possible. The *Hoya* requires a moderately rich soil, somewhat coarse and lumpy, good drainage, plenty of water, warmth, and not too much root room. It does not like to be disturbed.

Mrs. J. L. W.—I always advise throwing away bulbs which have been forced. They are lacking in vitality, and seldom give a good crop of flowers the second season, and cannot be depended on for any. Do you mean Roses for out or indoor culture—hardy or tender ones? I would prefer two-year-old plants for either purpose. For out-door culture, the three best hardy ones are, perhaps, General Jacquemont, Paul Neyron and Victor Verdier, though there are so many most desirable kinds that it is impossible to say which the three best really are. That depends altogether on the taste of the owner. If you mean Teas, I would suggest *Perle des jardins*, Meteor and Sunset.

Mrs. T. B. R. says—"As I have never seen my way of making manure water, for flowers, in the JOURNAL, I would like to tell you about it. You know we are so apt to think our way is the best. I take a tin cloth or a little sack (the little sacks that salt comes in are just the thing), put the manure in dry, tie it up and put it in my can, or a bucket, and pour hot water over it. I let it set until it looks as strong as tea, and then water my flowers. One sack full of manure will make several cans of water. It is very little trouble, and nothing unpleasant about it. Could you see my window now you would think, I believe, that I have some success with flowers. I would like to describe it to you, but I have not time to help fill your waste-basket."

THE WONDERFUL

# A. B. CHASE PIANO.

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Imparts a brilliant TRANSPARENCY TO THE SKIN, FLESH, and COLOR.

removes all pimples, freckles, and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND FANCY GOODS DEALERS.

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arises from various causes, but principally it may be attributed to early neglect or the indiscriminate use of tooth powders and pastes, which give a momentary whiteness to the teeth while they corrode the enamel. The timely use of that delicate aromatic tooth-wash,

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Persons with weak lungs—those who are constantly catching cold—should wear an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER over the chest and another between the shoulder blades during cold weather. Remember they always strengthen and never weaken the part to which they are applied. Do not be deceived by imagining any other plaster like them—they are not—may look it, but looks deceive. Insist always on having ALLCOCK'S, the only reliable plaster.

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Bin direct on receipt of price. To hold 25 lbs.,  
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and get a Set of Silver Knives  
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Springs through the Garden of the Gods to  
Manitou is most charming, and to ride in a  
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now completed), is truly wonderful.

SECURE YOUR TICKETS VIA THE  
**GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.**  
**B. ST. JOHN, JNO. SEBASTIAN,**  
Gen'l Manager. G. T. & P. Agt.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

## HINTS ON PICTURE HANGING

BY GERTRUDE FULLERTON



ANY good things are spoiled  
by their bad arrangement:  
—a good picture is one  
thing; a good picture in  
an unsuitable position is  
another. Different per-  
sons possess different  
tastes of course, and many  
may have ideas of their  
own as to the hanging of pictures. And again,  
all rooms are not alike. But here are a few  
hints gathered from artists and picture-dealers,  
which can be carried into effect by any one  
and in any room.

First of all, the pictures: Let them be  
framed appropriately. When one looks at a  
picture his first exclamation should not be,  
"What a pretty frame!" but rather, "What a  
pretty picture!" Pictures, not frames, are  
ornaments to a room and a delight to the eye.  
Many pictures are spoiled by their frames.  
Quiet pictures require quiet frames. Avoid  
heavy and clumsy frames, and let the gilt on  
oil-painting frames be dark, not light. Better  
to underframe a picture than that it should be  
overframed. It is a dealer's dodge to catch  
the inexperienced eye with gorgeous frames.  
Oil-paintings should have gilt frames. Etch-  
ings and engravings should be framed in natural  
wood. Oak is the best. Don't have any oxidized  
silver on the inner rim of the frame. If you  
want to have any ornamentation on the frame,  
put a small gold band on the outer edge.

Some oil-paintings are covered with glass.  
This is to preserve the canvas. But it is bet-  
ter to avoid glass. One sees one's reflection in  
it, and this spoils the best painting. The idea  
originated in London, Turner's paintings  
began to deteriorate under the baneful influ-  
ence of the air of that city, and glass was put  
on them to preserve them. The custom drifted  
over here, but it is not altogether desirable.  
As to arrangement: If possible, don't mix  
up oils, water-colors, etchings and engrav-  
ings. Oil-paintings suffer by the too close  
juxtaposition of etchings or engravings. A  
good idea is to put oil-paintings on one side  
of the room, and pictures in black and white  
on the other. By this arrangement the eye  
will not be hurt by a mixture.

The direction and quality of light is vital to  
many pictures, as color is a property of light.  
A picture of the Sphinx, for instance, painted  
in the blaze of Egyptian sunlight, must be  
very different in effect when hung in a Lon-  
don gallery and seen through its murky atmos-  
phere. Many of the old masters apprecia-  
ted this difficulty and painted their pictures  
by lamp-light, as effects produced under such  
circumstances stood the test of any and every  
light better.

It is not easy to find out the best position  
for a picture. Some Parisian artists write  
under their signatures, "Light right and  
south," or, "Left and north." The best way  
is to try them around and judge by the effect  
they produce in the different lights. A paint-  
ing is sometimes killed by the light in which  
it is hung.

Never put a sombre-colored picture in the  
shade. Put it where the light will fall upon  
it. Between two windows place pictures with  
light backgrounds that will stand out the  
more prominent by reason of their dark sur-  
roundings. Hang the big pictures first, in  
suitable positions, and group with smaller ones  
in two rows in between. Be careful that the  
pictures do not conflict in color. Use your own  
taste in this. It is impossible to give any brief  
rule on the subject. Hang the pictures on a  
level with the eye, unless they be, as some are,  
pictures which should be looked up to. Place  
small pictures in corners and alcoves. Over  
doors place large and unimportant canvases,  
anything that looks well. Water-colors may  
be hung on the same wall with oils when  
framed in gold, but not when framed in white.  
White margins on etchings and engravings  
don't go well with oils. The main light  
should be on the picture. Anything white  
outside distracts the eye.

The wall-paper should be taken into consid-  
eration also, both as regards the pictures and  
their frames. Oil-paintings look best on a warm-  
colored wall-paper, such as drab or maroon.  
The paper should not be too light to reflect  
light, nor too dark to absorb it. It is cheaper  
to make your wall-paper harmonize with your  
pictures than to buy pictures to suit the paper.

Out in the hallway place any upright pic-  
tures. On the stairway, place your pictures in  
rows of two, sloping with the stairs and  
arranged so as to allow of their being seen  
well while going up or down.

In all places let the eye be rested by a little  
variety in color, subject and size of the pic-  
tures.

There is no conventional mode of hanging  
pictures. So widely do canvases differ in  
color, light, etc., and so different is the arrange-  
ment of rooms, that it is not possible to set  
forth any rules. Each picture is one of two  
things. It is either light or dark. The lighter  
the picture the darker the background and  
surroundings. The darker the picture the more  
light. Put light and luminous pictures between  
the two windows in the front of the room.  
Put sombre pictures where the full light  
streams in at the window. As near as pos-  
sible, place the picture in the same light in  
which it was painted.

Take into consideration the prevailing color  
of the room, wall-paper and furniture. Then  
buy a good picture and place it in the best po-  
sition. In almost every case a picture will  
suggest its own frame.

It is a pity to spoil a good picture by placing  
it in an unsuitable position, such as in a bad  
light, or in too close juxtaposition to pictures  
which do not harmonize with it.

\*\*\* Many students in the great schools of Munich  
partially provide for their expenses by painting small  
panels in oil. These are eagerly seized by exporters,  
brought to this country, framed and sold very low.  
The Premium Department of THE LADIES' HOME  
JOURNAL has imported a quantity. Write for particulars.

## THE PORTLAND.



LATEST  
DESIGN  
IN PLATE.

## A WORK OF ART.

THE UNABRIDGED ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE JUST  
PUBLISHED OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. SPOONS, FORKS,  
KNIVES, ETC., CAN BE SEEN AT THE STORE OF EVERY  
FIRST-CLASS JEWELER OR DEALER IN STERLING SILVER  
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THE "1847" GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR  
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY, WHICH PROVES CONCLUSIVELY  
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"Rogers" GOODS, SEE THAT EVERY ARTICLE IS STAMPED



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## "PILLSBURY'S BEST" FLOUR

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Makes Whiter Bread  
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THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR MANUFACTURED.

For Sale by all  
First-class Grocers.



Use Only  
**BROWN'S  
FRENCH  
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on your  
BOOTS & SHOES.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

## Pinless Clothes Line

The only line ever invented that holds the clothes with-  
out pins; a perfect success; patent recently issued;  
sold only by AGENTS to whom the exclusive right  
is given; on receipt of 50 cents we will send a sample  
line by mail; also, circulars, price-list and terms to  
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### Did you ever enjoy the luxury

of a charming household paper that comes  
every week, at \$1.00 a year? There is but one  
—the HOUSEKEEPER'S WEEKLY; and it is  
a paper that is giving women everywhere a  
new sensation.

### Marion Harland's "Home Talks"

every week. Send 25c. for ten weeks' trial.  
\$5. And if you are so fixed that you could do  
some moderately-paying work for us at your  
home, compiling lists, addressing, etc., please  
say so, naming this paper. NO FREE SAMPLES.

HOUSEKEEPER'S WEEKLY, 29 N. 7th Street, PHILADA.

## WHEN YOU BUY A WATCH,

You can have the benefit of our  
21 years' experience in business  
in the wholesale centre of the  
watch and jewelry trade  
of this continent.

**45,000 WATCHES**  
are now in  
use which contain  
Stem-winding At-  
tachments of our  
manufacture.

We have the endorse-  
ment of the Waltham,  
the Elgin, the Howard,  
the Rockford and the  
Columbus Watch Co's.

We can save you  
money. Write us, or if  
possible, call on us.

**HENRY ABBOTT & CO., 14 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.**

## FOR YOU

Mr. PARMELEE sold in three  
days, 116 Copper Coins for  
\$6,915; 29 Silver Coins for  
\$4,713; 4 Gold Coins for  
\$1760. And we can prove  
that others have done nearly as well.

Coin Collecting Pays Big.

If you have any Old Coins or proofs coined  
before 1878, save them, as they may be worth  
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Agents Wanted. Sample Holder sent on receipt of 15c.

Holds a Broom either end  
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make 100 per cent.  
selling them. Every wo-  
man wants 2 or 3; Hotels  
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14 Holders sent  
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Circulars free.

Over 250,000 sold.  
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## NEW PROCESS DOG BISCUIT

is entirely different from all others. Does  
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ence to other brands, and it costs no more.

It contains pound for pound twice the nutri-  
tive qualities of any other brand. Send for free book on  
management of dogs in health and disease. Retail price  
10c. per lb. (Freight extra.) Samples sent by mail for 5c.

**BIRD FOOD CO., No. 400 N. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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PROF. RICE'S SELF-TEACHING  
SYSTEM. All can learn music without  
the aid of a teacher. Rapid, correct.

Established 12 years. Notes, chords,  
TAUGHT. accompaniments, thorough bass laws,  
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**G. S. RICE MUSIC CO., 243 State Street, Chicago.**

## We sell direct to Families

And make it easy for you to buy of us no matter where you live.  
The Marchal & Smith Piano is one of the Finest Pianos in the World,  
reliable as a Government bond, and is used in the homes of our best  
people everywhere.

OUR PRICES RANGE FROM

### PIANOS, | ORGANS,

\$180 to \$1500 | \$35 to \$500

By selling direct to families we avoid those useless and wasteful expen-  
ses which compel agents to sell an inferior instrument or to charge you  
double what we ask.

**OUR OFFER** We will send you a piano or an organ on approval, and if it does not suit you we will  
take it back and pay freights both ways. Send for our catalogue and list of Bankers,  
Merchants, Clergymen and others who have bought of us, some of whom you may know.

**THE MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO.,**  
ESTAB. 1859. 235 EAST 21st ST., NEW YORK. INCOR. 1877.



# DOUGHERTY'S NEW ENGLAND CONDENSED



## MINCE MEAT THE ORIGINAL

and only Complete and Satisfactory Condensed Mince Meat in the Market. Cheap Substitutes and Crude Imitations are offered with the aim to profit by the popularity of the New England. Do not be deceived but always insist on the New England Brand. The best made. **SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.**

# CHINA AND GLASS

Our magnificent assortment of Table and Ornamental China, Cut Glass, Etc., should be of interest to any intending purchaser, and 53 years continuous business in this city guarantees our reliability. Mail orders solicited.

# BURLEY & Co.

77, 79 & 81 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

# VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA



CAP'EN CUTTLE.

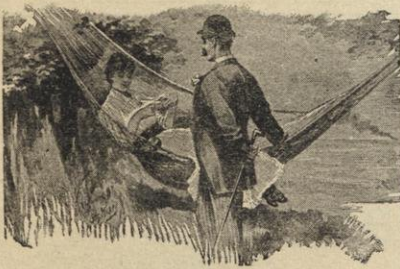
"Best & Goes Farthest."  
"Cap'en Cuttle Knows a good thing, I tell ye; and when He hails a better Drink than VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA He'll make a note On it."

### 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.

Ask your grocer for VAN HOUTEN'S and take no substitute. If not obtainable enclose 25cts. 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.



HE.—"I didn't know that you got letters now from anyone but me."  
SHE.—"This is only a circular letter, dear, with a sample of 'Stilboma.'"  
HE.—"And what is 'Stilboma.'?"  
SHE.—"It is a prepared chamois skin that will polish gold, silver, brass, steel, nickel and all such things without scratching them or soiling your hands. All the swell ladies from Cleveland in the hotel have it here and use it at home."

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.

## THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

### A NOVELTY IN HOME ART

By MARY FRANCES



OW that women are almost universally interested in art-work of various kinds, it may not be amiss to call attention to lace-painting, which is a very attractive novelty. It is especially pleasing to beginners, for the reason that it requires but little time and slight artistic ability, while the result is beautiful and effective. One has the lines of the design already worked out, and the background—so often a source of difficulty—may be left untouched by color, or may be tinted, simply to harmonize with the flowers chosen.

The first thing required is the lace. This should be chosen with special care, as a bold and striking design is necessary in order that the paint may have a good foundation. Plate Valenciennes, Nottingham, Spanish and Fedora laces all take paint very well, and when the coloring is artistically done their inferior quality can not be detected.

Any art store will furnish the other requisites. The brushes necessary are a large hog's-hair brush for the large flowers, a smaller one for the small flowers and one of camel's-hair for the veining and tracing; besides these a china palette with divisions, or shallow saucers to hold the water-colors, are the only things needful. Water-colors are chosen for this work because they are always more pleasing and satisfactory for delicate materials, and, when mixed with Chinese white to give them body, are used exactly as we use oils. If any difficulty is found in making the paint go on smoothly, it needs only to be diluted with gum-water, made by dissolving one-half ounce of gum-arabic in a pint of tepid water. This serves also to keep the colors from spreading.

With these materials at hand you begin by stretching the lace over a board, previously covered with three or four thicknesses of soft cloth; care should be taken to fasten the lace firmly, so that it will present an even surface. Then moisten the brush with the paint, rubbing it round and round over the design; pay particular attention to the general effect, and but little to light and shade, massing of color and the other niceties of the art of painting. When the work is finished, leave it in the sun to dry, unless time is an object, in which case a fine piece of cloth laid over the lace, and pressed with a hot iron, gives nearly as satisfactory a result. With the drying of the paint, we have learned all the secrets of lace-painting, which, after all, requires, as has already been said, little manual skill, though some taste is to be exercised, principally in the matter of coloring.

If we are guided by the tinting of the natural blossoms, we are not likely to err, and pretty lace effects can be made from purple and gold, silver and blue, etc. One should always bear in mind that lace is of an airy, filmy texture, and, to harmonize with it, there should be no gaudy coloring, no brightly-hued flowers suggestive of heaviness, but rather the faint, delicate tints that accentuate the daintiness of the lace. Nottingham pillow-shams and spreads have been made to bloom with beauty when the flower designs were tinted with water-colors, and the same may be said of ball-dresses, window-curtains, toilet sets, tidies, lamp-shades and the one hundred and one things whose chief beauty is borrowed from the use of lace.

A very pretty toilet scarf is made of three lengths of yellow ribbon and two of plate Valenciennes insertion, sewed together after the daisy pattern of the insertion has been painted with chrome-yellow for the petals, vandyke-brown for the centres and olive-green for leaves and stems. For a finish, edging of the same pattern, decorated in a similar manner, will give ample practice in the art of lace-painting.

### A UNIQUE CALENDAR

By MISS GREENLEAF

BEST of all the Christmas gifts which came to me last season, so dainty and novel, is a certain calendar hanging on the wall just above the low box-lounge. It may be as new to most of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL readers as it was to me, and I will "pass on" the idea.

The three hundred and sixty-five pages of thin, white paper, cut square and glued together at the top and sides, block-fashion, in the usual manner, are fastened on a large piece of card-board, gilded and decorated with fancy lettering; a loop of yellow satin ribbon to hang it up by. Each slip of paper bears the proper date and day, from January 1st to December 31st, and on each is a verse or prose sentence selected by a friend from some favorite author, copied in that friend's own handwriting, and signed in the left-hand corner with his or her initials. There are over fifty friends represented in my calendar, including several little children, who wanted to have a finger in the pie.

Several weeks before Christmas the friend who planned this charming gift, having had the three hundred and sixty-five slips cut and properly printed, or type-written, distributed them among my friends, who wrote the wish or thought that appealed to them, returning the slips to headquarters, where they were collected and placed in the proper order and fastened to the decorated background. And so, at Christmas time this unique and lovely greeting came to gladden my heart, and each day, as I read the autograph selection, the spirit of an absent friend seems very near, and my heart is made glad by the successful result of a most loving conspiracy. I gladly contribute this hint for the coming Christmas. It is simple and yet has in it the elements of a gift serving as a continuous reminder of the donor.

## "In the Wash"

That's where your delicate handkerchiefs come to be "more hole-y than righteous"—certainly not in the show-like service required of them—more or less true of all things washed.

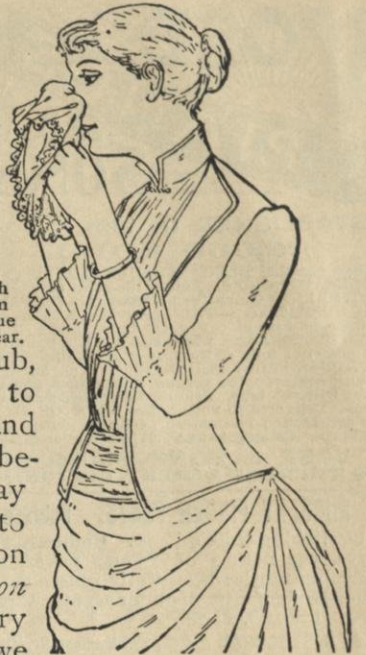
Give two equally delicate handkerchiefs equal service for one year.

Wash one with soap—usual way—the other with *Pearline* without rubbing, as directed on each package—wash the one you value most with *Pearline*—it will be far the best at the end of the year. The old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, is slow work, poor work, slow death to women—quick death to fine things, and renders coarse things useless long before their time. *Pearline* does away with all this. Costs but five cents to try it; directions for easy washing on every package; *easy for you, easy on things washed.* We can't make you try *Pearline*—you would thank us if we could. Millions are grateful for its help. Envious soap makers try to imitate it—borrowed brains are cheap—and so are their productions.

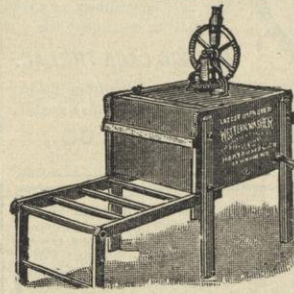
## Send it back

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, and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, do the honest thing—send it back.

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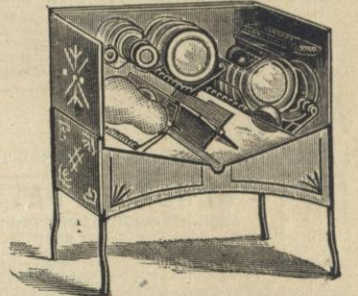
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## A GOOD COMPOST FOR ROSES

THE very best soil for roses is what is known by gardeners as rich hazel loam, of a moderately firm texture; and where this can be procured, even at considerable extra trouble and expense, I would advise getting it by all means. Cut it from three to nine inches thick, according to quality, using a sharp spade. Where it can be procured in the form of old sod, clear of trees (decaying leaf-mold is absolutely harmful to Roses, so steer clear of it) it is so much the more valuable.

In soil as described above, the roots of grass will have formed a dense fibre all through it, sometimes ten or twelve inches deep. Where such is the case, I would prefer to take the full depth; and if at that depth I found some yellow clay, I would add some of it to the compost. Having selected the soil to use, the next thing to do is to look about for some well decomposed cow-manure. This, if possible, should be at least one year old. If this is obtainable, begin your compost heap. To every eight or nine loads of soil add one load of manure, and so continue till enough is collected for the season's use. Where the soil is inclined to be heavy, add one-tenth good sharp sand as you go along. Let it lie a few days to get settled. If it is inclined to heat—let it—so much the better, as that process helps to liberate the gases in the whole. Turn it over and beat it up well with digging forks, or some similar implement, to make it fine. If it is not considered rich enough, add a little pure ground bone, as it goes into the houses.

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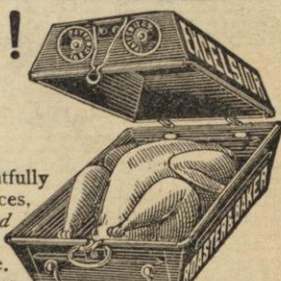
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Adjustable Six Baths in one. Restorer known. Wholesale and Retail. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Send for Circulars. **E. J. KNOWLTON,** Ann Arbor, Mich.

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To reduce our stock of music we will send by mail, postpaid, 70 pieces full-sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles (with calls), etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., for 20c. Little Annie Rooney and 600 songs, words and music, 30c. Satisfaction given or money refunded. 500 pieces of violin music, 50c. Q. L. HATHAWAY, 339 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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**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.

**MAUD**—Certainly a young man should not address you as "Dear," after an acquaintance of a few weeks.

**INQUIRER**—"Gulmpe" is a French word, and the best explanation that can be given of its pronunciation is "gump."

**A. M. R.**—If the gentleman has refused two of your invitations, I do not think I should give him an opportunity to decline a third.

**A SUBSCRIBER**—A little borax or ammonia thrown in the water in which you wash your face, will tend to make it look less greasy.

**A. L. B.**—By simply addressing your letter to Wellesley College, inclosing a stamp and asking for a catalogue, one will undoubtedly be sent you.

**G. E. R.**—I cannot advise dyeing gloves, as I have never seen any that did not show they were dyed and were not absolutely undesirable looking.

**B. F. E.**—No answer is required to an "at home" invitation. However, if you are not to go, it is in good taste to call on your hostess within ten days.

**VERA**—A brooch shaped like a heart, and formed of enameled forget-me-nots, is pretty and inexpensive, and will make a suitable birthday present.

**JUNE J.**—The quotation, "The grave of all things hath its violet" is from the poem called "The Prologue," by Owen Meredith, whose real name is Lord Lytton.

**A. Q.**—Either pale blue, rose or brown will decorate your cream better than pale lavender, which, no matter how delicate it may be, does have a slightly funereal and dull look.

**MRS. J. H.**—In calling on the visitor of your friend, you leave two of your husband's cards and one of your own for your hostess, and one of your husband's cards and one of your own for the visitor.

**F. M. C.**—As you do not know what the spot is on your cream cashmere, I would suggest your submitting it to a professional cleaner, who will probably remove it for a small sum, and remove it effectually.

**GEORGIE**—There is no more fashionable way to arrange your back hair as it is too heavy to braid in fine plaits, and then to pin it close round and round your head. Have a slight bang, and curl it very softly.

**M. S.**—As you know the young man is engaged to be married it is foolish in you to accept such pronounced attentions from him, especially when the people in the same town with you do not know of his engagement.

**BESSIE B.**—A gentleman should not be invited to join a party where he will be put under any expense, unless it should be something gotten up by men, and where it is understood that each one must pay his share.

**E. S.**—Though our friends may say pleasant things about us that are repeated to us, it is not necessary for us to thank them for what they have said, unless their compliments are brought up in some conversation before them.

**MARY R.**—The felt hats that have soft crowns of velvet, are again worn; a binding is not necessary, though occasionally a sparkling jet or jeweled one is noted. It is, however, in better taste to have the soft, pliable edge shirred.

**IGNORANCE**—Louise de la Ramé is the name of the writer who calls herself "Ouida." She lives about two miles from Florence; her father was French, her mother English, I believe. Miss Braddon is Mrs. Maxwell; she married her publisher.

**BARBARA**—Dark blue, the various gray shades, especially those having blue in the gray, brown and black, will be in vogue this season. Black cloths—and by that I mean Henrietta cloths—suitings or broadcloth, will have a greater vogue than before.

**SUBSCRIBER**—To use your unframed photographs as decorations I would suggest that you fasten them on the wall with small tacks, and stick them here, there and everywhere, where they will show to advantage and give your room an air of individuality.

**L. W.**—It is not necessary to return a holiday present as if it were an obligation rather than a gift; but it is proper to write a note of thanks for it. When a gentleman is visiting at your house, one of the men of the family can show him his room. Vels are not worn in the evening.

**M. W.**—As your forehead is very high, I would suggest having your hair cut in a pointed bang; not a sharply-pointed one, but one which rounds up the side and which will not require curling, as from your description I should not think frizzes or curled hair would suit your face.

**N. H.**—When a man friend has brought you home, thank him for it, and say that you hope you will have the pleasure of seeing him soon again. A lady takes a gentleman's arm. A simple and polite mode of introduction is to say, "Miss Brown, will you permit me to introduce Mr. Jones."

**J. W. G. W.**—I said that neither lace nor ribbon should be worn with mourning, and by mourning, I mean crape. As you are not wearing moss, as you are only wearing black, you can assume anything you wish, provided it is black, but you should not use paper with a mourning edge.

**IDA M.**—As your hair is so very oily it would be wise to wash it about every two weeks in hot water, in which a lump of borax has been thrown. Brush it not only regularly, but see that your brushes are perfectly clean. In this way the great amount of oil will be brushed out, and a good gloss given it.

**ELIZABETH L.**—Don't let the little worries of life trouble you; as somebody cleverly says, "they are not worth a wrinkle." And that is what they really cause. The petty troubles thought about and made much of, will result in their bringing a group of close wrinkles about your eyes, and deep, disagreeable ones about your mouth.

**R. L. I.**—Black in wool, silk or brocade will obtain during the coming season; black and blue, black and green, black and heliotrope being favored contrasts, though the all-black gown will have most favor given it. Braid, velvet, and tinsel passementerie are liked for trimmings. Coarse, rich laces, appliquéd against velvet make a most elaborate decoration.

**MRS. F. A. D.**—Your black camel's-hair will make a very good traveling gown, and with it you can wear a black silk plaited blouse, drawn in at the waist with a black belt. This will easily go under a wrap, and when you lay aside your wrap it will be pretty and becoming. Instead of a bonnet, wear a rough felt hat, the Alpine shape, with a little wing on one side.

**A HARD WORKER**—I would suggest, as you suffer so from insomnia, that you try a simple remedy. Just before bedtime take a hot, not a tepid, bath, and then rub yourself thoroughly. You will be surprised to find how soon, after a night or two, you will go to sleep. But remember that as Rome was not built in a day, neither can the bad habit of insomnia be overcome at once.

**M. M. H.**—With light-brown hair, black eyes and a fair complexion, you would belong to the type called a bruno-blond; this type is fortunate in finding almost all colors becoming to it. Your figured challie would make a very pretty matinee, and it could be trimmed with heliotrope ribbons to match the flower upon it. For winter wear I should advise that a matinee be lined.

**MOLLY**—The young man who insists upon kissing you against your will, and claims that it is an English custom, is simply showing how little he knows about English customs, and it would seem as if he thought you were equally ignorant of good taste. Certainly, if you do not want to let him kiss you it is more than rude for him to do it, and you ought, as a sensible girl, to stop it.

**M. H. M.**—The custom of having a bride-elect pay formal visits to all her acquaintances and friends has fallen into disuse, and she is not even expected to send her card by messenger. The invitations to her wedding being sufficient courtesy from her. There is no obligation for the bride to give a present to the bridegroom, though it is sometimes done. The gifts to the bride's maids are usually sent to them.

**SHAMROCK**—The thinness of which you complain in your throat will be more easily remedied by regular massage than any other treatment; if you will give it a thorough rubbing every morning and every evening for ten minutes, and keep this up persistently, a decided improvement will be noticed. For inflamed gums use a few drops of listerine in the water which you use to wash your mouth.

**MRS. K.**—The gilt trimming put upon your gown could not have been the very best, else, out of the air and hung up in a dark place it would not have changed color. I do not think the color can be restored to it. If you ever have any other gilt trimming just remember, in putting it away, to lay pieces of colored tissue-paper between it and the folds of the garment, and when you take it out you will find it as fresh as possible.

**I. Y.**—You cannot invite your friend to dine or drink tea with you when she is visiting at another house, without extending your invitation to her hostess. If the people whom she is visiting are ones whom you do not care to number among your friends, then, after her departure, while you should be polite to them, it is not necessary for you to visit them. It is a most pronounced slight to ask a visitor without asking her hostess.

**IGNORAMUS**—An interesting way to read English history would be to take up Agnes Strickland's "History of the Queens of England," and read it in conjunction with Macaulay's "History of England." Thackeray's "Four Georges," "The Virginians," "Henry Esmond," and Whyte Melville's "Four Maries," will be found a little lighter reading, and yet will be interesting and will give you a great deal of information.

**E. K.**—I think you ought to do what you will do best; and if your school-teacher thinks you will make a successful teacher next year, I should advise your taking that in preference to becoming a dressmaker, which trade you have yet to learn. As for marrying I should give that no thought until the man appeared, and then that question will have to be decided by yourself; a stranger could not possibly settle it for you.

**MRS. G. B.**—A married lady cannot be either bride-maid or maid-of-honor to her friend. The maid-of-honor is to escort the bride in, but is going out the best-man gives her his arm. At a church wedding the ushers enter first, the bridemaids follow, then comes the maid-of-honor, then the bride on her father's arm, the bridegroom and best-man awaiting her at the altar. In coming out the order is simply reversed.

**MRS. W. H. M.**—At an informal reception the hat may be worn; at a formal one in the afternoon a bonnet is in best taste; and at a formal one at night full dress should be worn, and this, of course, does not permit the bonnet. Have your luncheon table set before the reception begins, and let the people go in as they desire. In a sleeping car one's dress may be removed in the dressing-room, but it is wisest to bring it back and hang it on the side of your berth.

**MARY**—If you have refused to be introduced to the man, and a friend, not knowing this, brings him up and introduces him, do not make a scene, but bow politely, and afterwards when you see him, manage to look in a different direction. I certainly cannot recommend any young girl playing kissing games. With gray eyes, brown hair, and "an ordinary complexion," as you call it, almost any color would be becoming to you, especially dark blue and the warm browns.

**ALICE M.**—I should think, as you suffer so from rheumatism, it would be wisest for you to wear the red woven garments that are sold and specially advised for that. For night-gowns I would suggest red flannel. Perhaps you had better have a pair of drawers, the causes of rheumatism is the wearing too heavy garments in the house, and those that are not warm enough when one goes outside. I have lightened my underwear, and always choose for cold days a very heavy outside wrap.

**E. L. Y., AND OTHERS**—After trying many receipts for making a rose jar, I have found that the simplest is the best. This is my formula: Spread out the rose leaves until they are dry and then throw them into the jar, sprinkling a little fresh salt on each layer; about every week throw in a tablespoonful of pure alcohol, and see that the jar is closed until it is fully packed and the real rose odor comes from it. After that the outer lid may stay off and the perforated one permit the perfume to go through the room.

**INQUIRER**—A very dainty way to make a flannel petticoat is to have the edge finished with a row of satin ribbon, the same shade; the ribbon, by-the-by, must be put upon the flannel itself. Below this should come a row of lace insertion, then a row of ribbon, and then a rill of lace. In the stores where a specialty is made of fine lingerie, such a skirt costs a dollar; at home three dollars and eighty-five cents was all the money spent; but, of course, a deal of time was devoted to the dainty garment, which formed part of a tresseau.

**M. E. K.**—When people express their pleasure at being introduced to you, simply say "Thank you." If writing to a man, address him as "Dear Mr. Smith." The simplest letter of introduction would be after the following formula:—"Dear Mrs. Brown—This will be presented to you by my friend, Miss Smith, who is going to be in your city for about a month. Any courtesy you can show her will be very much appreciated by me. With kind regards to Mr. Brown, and love for yourself, I am, Yours very cordially, "ALICE JONES."

**T. A. K.**—A tea-gown or a wrapper should not, under any circumstances, be worn in the dining room or at a hotel. A simple wool frock would be in good taste to wear to breakfast. With your cloth traveling dress wear a Tyrolean hat of felt, the same color, that has just a little wing on one side. With your blue dress wear tan-colored gloves. The somewhat long, narrow traveling bags continue in vogue. Neither rich nor lace are in good taste in a traveling dress. If you feel that you must have a finish at the neck and wrists let a fold of linen or pliqué outline them. A small dotted veil, either blue or black, may be worn with a blue suit.

**BONNIE**—If you are out driving with a man friend and it is growing late, there would be no impropriety whatever in your suggesting to him that it is time to return home. There is no reason in the world why you should think out an elaborate method of doing this; just simply state the fact. A lady does not rise when a gentleman is introduced to her. If there is no servant waiting on the table and the dish is passed to you, it is quite proper and the most courteous thing for you to pass it to your neighbor. It is not polite to leave a portion of each dish served to you, indeed it is very discourteous, for it gives the hostess the impression that you are not satisfied with what she has offered to you.

**M. M.**—When a gentleman is introduced to you, begin a little conversation about some neutral subject—the weather, the pleasant time you are having, or something equally without the pale of personality. If, after meeting you two or three times, this gentleman should ask permission to come and see you, it is in your province to give him permission, in a cordial way, that means you will be glad to see him, or else to make it so faint that he will understand that you do not care for his visit. If he offers you any courtesies, such as taking you driving, or to some place of amusement, if you wish to go, say "Thank you, you are very kind; and if you don't wish to go, say "Thank you, but I do not think I can arrange it." Put your linen away in colored tissue-paper, and it will keep white much longer than if it were simply put away without this covering. The pillow slip for the baby, made with a hem, tucks and drawn-work as you describe, ought to be very pretty.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

**Full Dress Suits TO ORDER**

From \$25 to \$40

Equal in fabric, style, workmanship, fit and finish, to \$75 and \$100 suits of leading houses.

Why this is possible: We are the only Tailoring house in the U. S. making a specialty of Full Dress Garments and have every facility for producing at lowest possible cost. It is well known that Tailors regard the Dress Suit a mere incident in their business and accordingly charge prices greatly out of proportion to prices charged under brisk competition for business suits.

The Dress Suit is to-day an Absolute Necessity to gentlemen attending Weddings, Receptions, Parties, etc. It is not only the Correct Dress on such occasions but often other forms are absolutely prohibited. Every gentleman should own a Dress Suit.

Comparatively few cloths are suitable for Dress Garments. Samples of these we mail free on application with samples of trimmings and complete instructions for self measurement. No one need be discouraged at the self-measurement requirement for our system is very simple.

Our Customers Risk Nothing. Garments may be returned to us for any cause and when so returned, we obligate ourselves to pay all Express charges. We are general tailors and can furnish by mail samples of any style of goods desired. For particulars and samples address (enclosing 6 cts. for postage) **KAHN TAILORING CO., 14 E. Washington St., BOX T, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

**CANFIELD FABRICS**

A production from Rubber and Stockinet, by processes and machinery exclusively our own. Perfectly impervious to water, highly absorbent, soft as kid, elastic and pliable, and readily cleansed by washing.

From the Canfield Fabric are manufactured the popular

**Canfield Specialties**

1. The Canfield Seamless Dress Shield. The only reliable dress shield in the world. 25c.
2. The Canfield Diaper. The only article of its kind that affords perfect protection without harmful results. 65c.
3. The Canfield Bib. The only bib that is thoroughly waterproof, with highly absorbent qualities. 25c.
4. The Canfield Crib and Bed Sheets. The only waterproof sheet that is free from objectionable features. 1.25

The Fabric and Specialties are for sale by all first-class Dry Goods Stores, or sent by mail on receipt of above prices.

Any lady furnishing her address, and stating where this advertisement was seen, will receive by return mail a set of miniature samples of The Canfield Specialties.

Address **GANFIELD RUBBER CO., The Times Building, NEW YORK CITY.**

Prettiest novelties and birthday gifts for young people, are these **Bangle Pins**, with any name engraved, made of rolled gold plate or solid silver (warranted). Price, 50c. postpaid; clubs of 5, \$2.00. H. F. LELAND, Engraver, Worcester, Mass.

**\$10 PACANINI VIOLIN for \$3.50.**

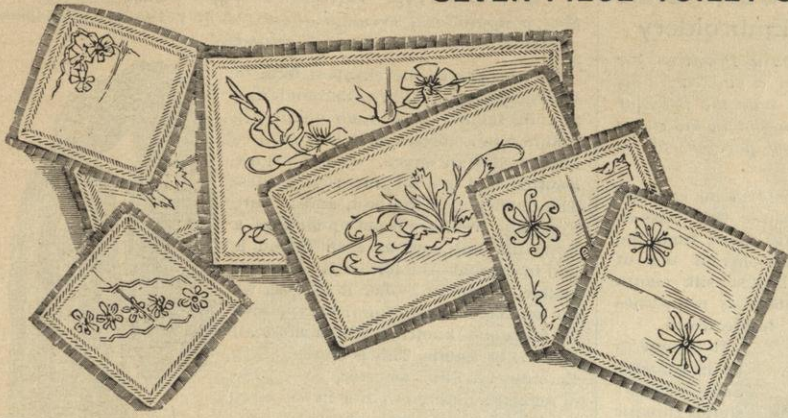
A beautiful Violin, fine tone and finish, Italian strings, fine pegs, ivory and silvered frog, in violin box. Instruction book, 558 pieces music all for \$3.50. Satisfaction or money refunded. A better outfit cannot be purchased elsewhere for \$10. Order at once. Address, **G. H. W. Bates & Co., Importers, 74 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.**







**SEVEN-PIECE TOILET-SET**



Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 55 cents per set, postpaid.

The material is Linen Momicloth, with Damask border, fringed and of good quality. Two of the mats measure 9 x 14 and 7 x 12 inches, respectively; one pair measures 8 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches; another pair 7 1/2 inches square. They are all stamped ready for embroidering. We can especially recommend this set, which is offered as a Premium for a small Club, and at a very low price. The goods are made to our order in Europe, and have thus far proven very satisfactory, and we have sent out many thousands of them.

Price, 55 cents for the set, including postage. We do not break the sets.

**BUREAU-SCARF, SIDE-BOARD COVER or TABLE-SCARFS Nos. 15 and 20**



**No. 15**  
Either of these Linens is available for use in a variety of ways, and to suit the taste or necessities of the purchaser, both are stamped ready for embroidering.

**No. 15.**—Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 60 cents, postpaid.

Size 16 x 50 inches. Knotted fringe four inches deep. Double Damask border, drawn and knotted insertion.

**No. 20.**—Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers and 15 cents additional. Price, 80 cents, postpaid.

Measures 16 x 70 inches, 20 inches longer than No. 15. Knotted fringe, drawn and knotted insertion, Damask border.

**DAMASK LINEN SPLASHER, No. 10**

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.



This Splasher measures 20 x 34 inches, two-inch fringe; drawn and knotted insertion. Two-inch Damask border; stamped ready for embroidering.

Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

**DAMASK LINEN TIDY, No. 5**

Sent, postpaid, for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 40 cents, postpaid.



This Tidy measures 16 x 32 inches. Drawn and knotted insertion. One and one-half inch Damask border; knotted fringe four inches deep; stamped ready for embroidering.

Price, 40 cents, postpaid.

The Tidy No. 5, and Splasher No. 10, when ordered together, can be secured, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 80 cents, postpaid.

These Linens—Nos. 5, 10, 15 and 20—are new, fresh goods. The quality is excellent and they are uniform in character and design.

Imported for our use and stamped to our order. It is the most popular set of Linens we have ever used.

**BUREAU-SCARF, No. 3363**

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 2 Subscribers and 75 cents additional. Postage and Packing, 10 cents extra. Price, \$1.60, postpaid.



The handsomest Bureau-Scarf we have ever offered. 72 inches long, 15 inches wide. Linen momic, damask border, knotted fringe, drawn and knotted insertion at each end. Ends stamped for embroidering. A very elegant linen, new in pattern and design.

Price, \$1.60, postpaid.

**STAMPED MUSLIN APRONS**



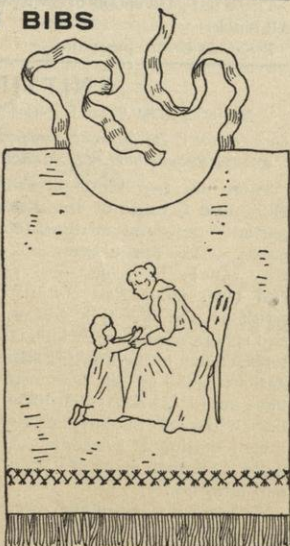
Three, sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 20 cents each, postpaid.

These Aprons measure 30 inches across the bottom, and are 30 inches long. Good quality of bleached muslin. Hemmed at the bottom and stamped ready for outlining in wash-cotton or fast-color silk.

Price, 20 cents each, postpaid, or, \$1.00 for one half-dozen, including cost of postage and packing.

**LINEN BIBS**

One-half dozen Bibs given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 5 cents extra. Price, 75 cents per half-dozen, postpaid.



Made of Butcher's Linen. Fringed across the bottom. Border of knotted insertion. Stamped ready for embroidering. Price, 15 cents each, postpaid, or 75 cents per half-dozen, postpaid.

In purchasing these Bibs, most persons would probably desire to order them in dozens—or, at least, one-half dozen at a time. We can supply them in this way at a very low price.

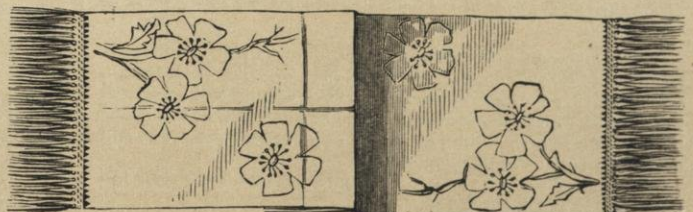
For one dozen Bibs, \$1.35, postpaid. For one-half dozen, 75 cents. Less than half dozen, 15 cents each. All postpaid.

**BUREAU-SCARF AND WASHSTAND-COVER, No. 10 B**

The Pair given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra. Price, 50-inch scarf, 35 cents; 70-inch, 55 cents, postpaid.

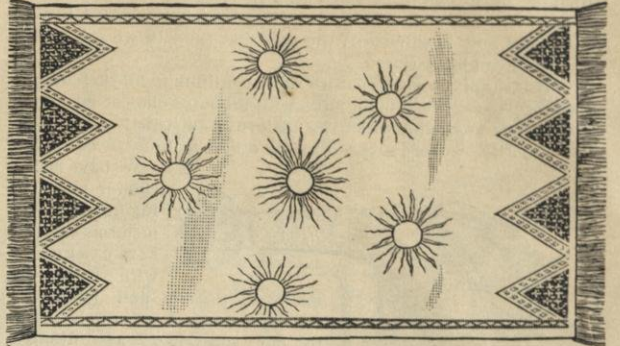
This butcher-linen Bureau-Scarf and Washstand-Cover are the cheapest linens we have ever offered. The Bureau-Scarf is 70 inches long; the cover for a Washstand, 50 inches long. Both have knotted fringe at the ends, and are stamped ready for embroidering. In ordering, specify "Number 10 B."

Price, 50-inch, 35 cents; 70-inch, 55 cents, postpaid.



**TRAY-CLOTH, No. 3365**

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.

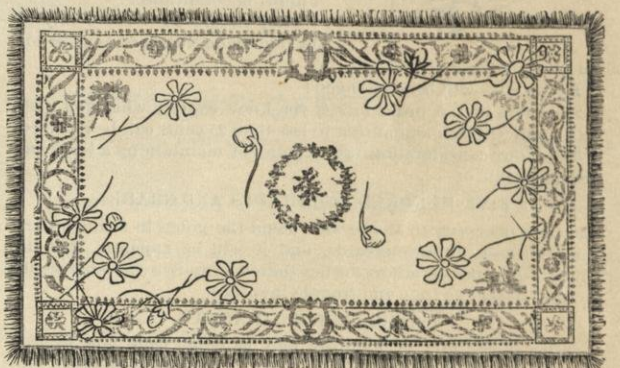


Beautiful quality of linen, damask border, drawn and knotted insertion at both ends, and deep knotted fringe. Stamped throughout in conventional designs for embroidering. This pattern is new, and will be a decided success.

Price, 65 cents, postpaid.

**TRAY-CLOTH, OR CARVING-CLOTH, No. 308**

Given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and Packing, 5 cents extra. Price, 60 cents each, postpaid.



This cloth is of fine linen crepe or momic, of a handsome quality, unusually regular and even as to the texture, without the lumps and "riding" threads which so often disfigure crepe. The border is of damask, 3 1/2 inches wide.

We can furnish this cloth stamped either for a Tray or a Carving Cloth.

Price, 60 cents each, postpaid.

**HEMSTITCHED PILLOW-CASES**

A pair sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.10 per pair, postpaid.

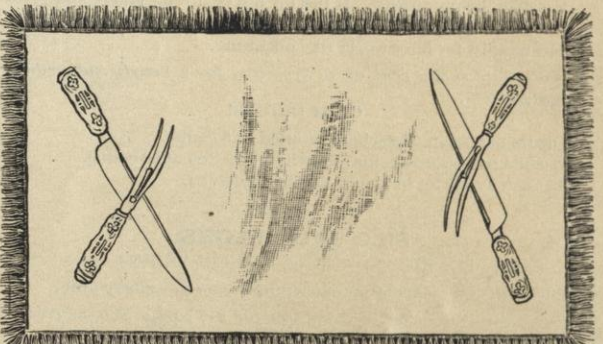


These are the most desirable Pillow-cases we have ever offered. Made of a fine quality of material, they have a hemstitched border and are stamped ready for embroidering. They measure 35 x 22 inches. Something new.

Price, \$1.10 per pair, postpaid.

**TRAY AND CARVING-CLOTH, NO. 100**

A pair (one of each) sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, for the pair, 50 cents, postpaid. We sell them only in pairs.



These Cloths measure 20 x 30 inches. Good quality of butcher linen; two-inch fringe. Stamped for embroidering. We sell them only in pairs.

Price, 50 cents, postpaid, for the pair.

**OUTFIT FOR MARKING LINENS**

It contains: A bottle of Stafford's New Indelible Ink, and a nickel-plated Linen-Stretcher; 4 Alphabets of Rubber Type, and 1 set of Figures; 1 Metal Type-holder; 1 shell Marking-Ink; Pad and Tweezers.

Price of Outfit complete, 60 cents.

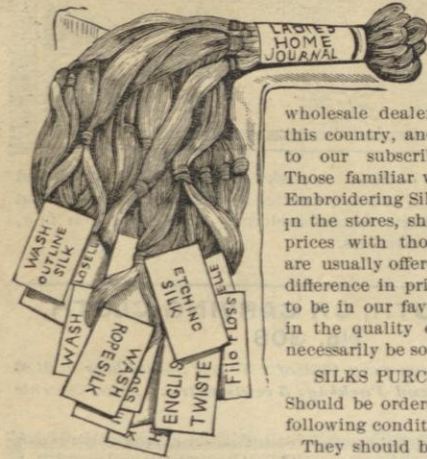
Price of the Stamping Outfit, 40 cents; Marking-Ink and Stretcher, 25 cents, all postpaid.



**FAST COLOR EMBROIDERING SILKS**

We assume it to be unnecessary to call special attention to a fact which has in the last three years been thoroughly demonstrated to the satisfaction of such of our subscribers as are interested in silk embroidery and needlework; the fact that the silk we use is the best which can be procured.

We wish simply to state that we shall continue to fill such orders as we receive for Wash-Color Silks with the same class of goods we have always used, and which we believe to be equal and, in the great majority of cases, superior to any others manufactured.



We have facilities for purchasing these goods on terms equally advantageous with the largest wholesale dealers and jobbers in this country, and we supply them to our subscribers accordingly. Those familiar with the prices of Embroidering Silks, as they are sold in the stores, should compare our prices with those at which silks are usually offered. We think any difference in price will be found to be in our favor; any difference in the quality of the goods must necessarily be so.

**SILKS PURCHASED OF US**

Should be ordered only under the following conditions:

They should be selected only by our Shade Numbers, as shown in

our Sample Book.

No silks will be exchanged!

Therefore do not order unless you know exactly what you wish. NO CASH ORDER amounting to less than 25 cents can be received.

Take into consideration the expense of maintaining a large and complete line of

**FIVE HUNDRED (500) SHADES AND GRADES,**

the time necessary to shade and blend the goods in filling orders, and the cost of sample cards, and it will be apparent that the margin of profit on orders for less than twenty-five (25) cents would not pay us for the time and trouble involved.

**IN SELECTING SHADES**

Order them only by numbers and as taken from our Sample Book, which is complete and accurate. The price of the Book, including postage, is five cents. (Considerably less than it costs to make).

Do not send goods to be matched. Don't attempt descriptions of colors and blendings. The Sample Book is all you will need.

**ROPE SILK**

**FULL-LENGTH SKEINS**

The heaviest thread employed in embroidery—now so well known as to hardly require an explanation—is an exceedingly heavy, rather loose-twisted silk, probably the most popular and effective goods used to-day in Art Needlework.

Eighteen skeins sent as a Premium for 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each.

**CASH ORDERS**

5 cents per skein.  
50 cents per dozen skeins.  
No Cash Order for less than 25 cents received.

**ETCHING OR OUTLINE SILK**

**FULL-LENGTH SKEINS**

Of the character of ordinary embroidering silk, except that it is about half the size (thickness); has a harder twist, and a gloss and absence of "fuzz."

Twenty-four skeins sent as a Premium for 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each.

**CASH ORDERS**

4 cents per skein (elsewhere retailed at 5 cents).  
40 cents per dozen skeins (elsewhere retailed at 50 cents).  
No Cash Order for less than 25 cents received.

**ENGLISH TWISTED HEAVY EMBROIDERY**

**FULL-LENGTH SKEINS**

A coarse, heavy thread. It lies up heavy on the goods and gives a fine effect, especially on plush, woolen or other heavy materials. It can be split for finer work, like outlining.

Twenty-four skeins sent as a Premium for 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each.

**CASH ORDERS**

4 cents per skein (elsewhere retailed at 5 cents).  
40 cents per dozen skeins (elsewhere retailed at 50 cents).  
No Cash Order for less than 25 cents received.

**FILO SILK FLOSS**

**SIX STRANDS, FULL-LENGTH SKEINS**

Slack twisted goods of an exceedingly smooth, glossy fibre.

Twelve skeins sent as a Premium for 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each.

**CASH ORDERS**

6 cents per skein (elsewhere retailed at 7 cents).  
60 cents per dozen skeins (elsewhere retailed at 75 cents).  
No Cash Order for less than 25 cents received.

WE PAY POSTAGE ON ALL SKEIN SILKS.

The above four Silks are dyed in Fast Colors which will resist the action of soap and water and sunlight more effectually than other dyes. All are full-length skeins.

**REGULAR SKEIN EMBROIDERY**

Regular dye, many of the shades (notably olives, greens, yellows, pinks, etc.) are not wash colors. They are, however, the best goods made in regular dye, and the skeins will be found to run full in measurement.

Eighty-five skeins sent as a Premium for 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each.

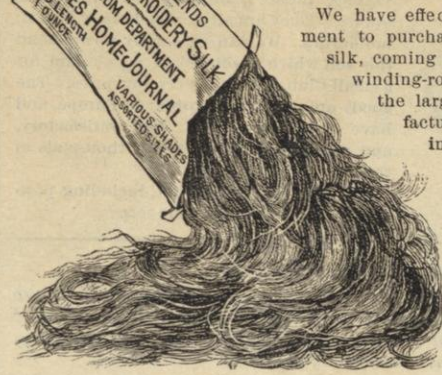
Price, 25 cents for 30 skeins. Goods of this quality ordinarily retail at 12 cents per dozen. Never less than 10 cents. Short length, slack twisted, poor half-cotton silks sell for what they will bring, and the price at which inferior qualities can be purchased at wholesale, permits of a retailer selling at almost any reduced price, and still deriving a very considerable profit.

One hundred skeins (4 bunches) 85 cents. No Cash Order for less than 25 cents received.

WE PAY POSTAGE ON ALL SKEIN SILKS.

**FACTORY ENDS OF EMBROIDERY SILK**  
**Rope Silk, Filoselle and Plain Embroidery**

One full ounce sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, postpaid, for 50 cents, just half the price of Skein Embroidery Silk as sold in the stores at retail. A half-ounce package for 25 cents, postpaid.



We have effected an arrangement to purchase this class of silk, coming direct from the winding-rooms of one of the largest silk manufacturing companies in the world.

It is sent to us in assorted colors; not simply three or four shades of red, green, blue and yellow, but all the desirable olives, delicate pinks, blues,

etc., coming haphazard from a line of 250 colors.

It is in odd lengths, but none shorter than one yard; not in a tangled mass, but loosely thrown together, so that

**EVERY YARD CAN BE USED**

The quality of the Silk we can unhesitatingly recommend. Price, one ounce, 50 cents; half-ounce, 25 cents, postpaid.

**WASTE SEWING SILK**

One ounce sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Three Months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price 25 cents per ounce, postpaid.

EXPLANATORY, SHOWING WHAT WASTE SILK IS—Waste Silk is simply the short pieces (5 to 20 yards each) that accumulate in a large spool-silk factory.

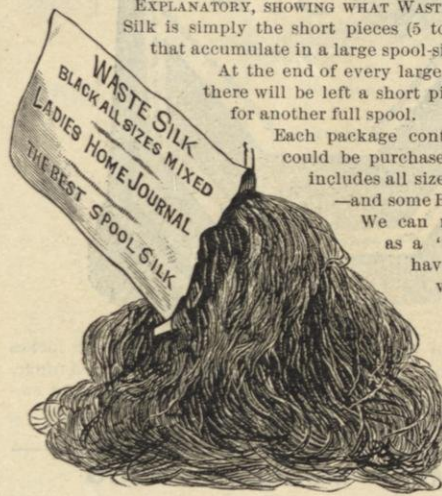
At the end of every large hank or bobbin there will be left a short piece, not enough for another full spool.

Each package contains more than could be purchased for \$1.00, and includes all sizes from 000 to E—and some Buttonhole Twist.

We can recommend this as a "Good thing to have in the house," where it will be thoroughly appreciated.

We can furnish this Waste Sewing Silk in Black only. We have no colors.

Price, 25 cents per ounce, postpaid.



**LADIES' SPOOL-SILK CASKET**

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

These Caskets are compact and convenient receptacles for holding spools, and will keep your silk free from dust and dirt, and are always ready for use.

The Silk is of a grade which is particularly preferred by the dressmakers in the large cities. Each spool bears a guarantee band, placed there for us by the manufacturers, authorizing any dry goods merchant to redeem, with a full spool, any spool of this silk found to have any knot or imperfection, or to be deficient in length, even though it be partly used.

The Caskets are well made and partitioned, have spaces for each spool; also one for twist. They contain six spools, fifty yards silk: one spool O, two of A, two of B and one of D.

Three ten-yard spools of Twist for buttonholes and hand sewing. All black. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.



**KNITTING SILK**

**MADE FROM THE LONG FIBRE OF REELED COCOONS**

One Ounce (2 Balls), sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 35 cents per ball, postpaid.

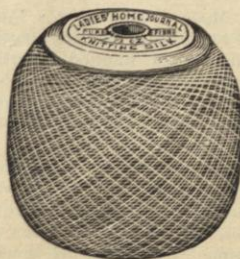
There are two kinds of Knitting Silk. One is made of the refuse of partially unwound or imperfect cocoons. The fibres—being so short they cannot be reeled—are carded and then spun like cotton. The result is the dead, lustreless, soft and spongy appearance which characterizes much of the knitting silk sold. Articles made of this poor stuff will have but little lustre (what little they have will soon disappear), and with a little handling will become dull and faded, as though made of cotton, and will soon get all out of shape, and wear out.

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We offer this as the cheapest form of buying the best quality of Embroidering Silk in skeins. The same quality, as sold in retail stores, would cost from 95 cents to \$1.00 an ounce. The colors are assorted, and are all fine rich shades. The quality is of the best, and is pure fibre silk. We have it put up for us at a large silk mill, and as each thread is laid in straight—the full length—we are enabled to buy and offer it low—as we do not have to pay for the expensive skeining and knotting, which must all be done by hand. This is regular Skein Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, but of regular lengths, only it is in one large hank, and not in small knotted skeins.

We shall positively refuse to assort any particular colors or shades, and shall send it out assorted, just as received from the factory.

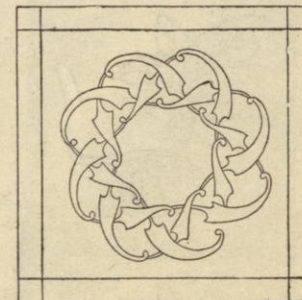
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One dozen of these Doilies sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.25 per dozen, postpaid.



They are of Linen, of an excellent quality, hemstitched with a one-inch hem. They are stamped ready for embroidering, and the designs used are those which were published in our "Art Needlework" page in the August, 1891, number. These designs are original and cannot be elsewhere obtained. The prettiest, most delicate things imaginable; just the thing to set off a handsome finger-bowl.

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Price, \$1.25 per dozen, postpaid.

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These Doilies are of a nice quality of linen, with damask border and centre. They are fringed and are stamped ready for embroidering, the designs being those shown in our "Art Needlework" page, in the June 1891, number. These designs are original and cannot be elsewhere obtained. Notice the small Club for which we send them, and the low price, 85 cents per dozen, postpaid.

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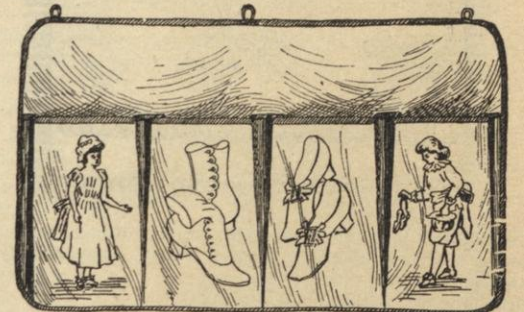
In measurement the Tidies are 12 x 17 inches.

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Price, 25 cents each, postpaid.

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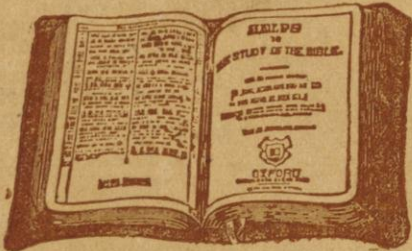


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*T. De Witt Talmage*

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