

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1890.

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APRIL.

Bright, jocund April comes to us to-day,
Laden with flower-bells, bursts of songs and showers;
A violet fragrance hovers o'er the way,
While children frolic in her golden hours;
Brooks, too, glance by, all sparkling in the sun,
Glad that ice fetters to the wings are flung.

The violet loves her, and the bloodroot white
With pink arbutus, soon will be ablow;
Then youths and maidens, in intense delight,
Will linger 'neath the moonlight's witching glow;
While Boreas slinks away, with sullen sigh,
As lovely, flower-crowned April passes by.

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The Ladies Home Journal

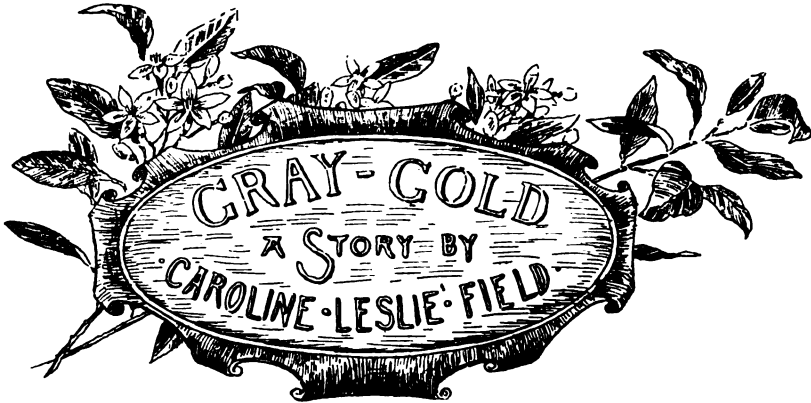
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NE bright September morning, a small, very neat old lady might have been seen busily engaged in locking the outer door of a house in the somewhat retired village of Bilbury. The house, small and neat, like its mistress, looked primly forth across

a tiny door-yard, gay with such hardy and brilliant blooms as had refused to yield to incipient frosts. On the steps sat a big, gray cat, the slits in his cold, green eyes dilated, even beyond their early morning wont, with evident wonder and dismay. Clearly that door had not been locked from the outside within the utmost stretch of his memory. What could it mean?

That it meant something serious was evident, for, when his mistress turned from her rather protracted wrestle with the door, her sweet, puckered old face expressed a mixture of anticipation and regret, slightly tinged with timid awe, but, withal, dominated by an evident determination to carry her point, whatever it might be, which must have struck any bystander capable of being amused or touched. Big Tom was capable of neither; he could only disapprove. Some people and some cats are very much alike.

The old lady felt her pet's mental attitude, as evidenced by his bodily one. She slipped the shiny, worn key beneath the mat (every family in Bilbury was in the habit of secreting its door-key under its door-mat, and every other family knew it), took up a black leather satchel that stood waiting beside her, and turned, apologetically, to the man of the house:—

"Tommy," she said, stroking his rough, gray head in a deprecating way, "I'm sorry ter leave ye,—I'm proper sorry ter leave ye,—but Isaac an' me alwus said we'd go, an'—an' I will!"

The hand that had sought to pacify Tom was suddenly withdrawn, to seek a pocket-handkerchief, yet, even while its owner dried her eyes, her little pointed chin took on a doubly resolved pucker.

"There's meat an' milk in the shed for ye, Tommy, plenty on't; an' I'll be back again Thursday evenin', if nothin' happens. If ye want anything more, there's that old rat in the cellar; ye ha'n't caught him yet. Good-bye, Tommy."

But Tommy would not say good-bye. He shook his tail, and turned off in a huff; while the old lady, thus given the cold shoulder, turned away too, and went slowly out at the white gate and down the street. It was early; if any of the neighbors were stirring, they were all in the kitchen end of their houses. No one noticed or spoke to her till she reached the dingy, little flag station from which, three times a day, stray passengers could be conveyed to the junction, five miles away, there to make such connection as they might with trains on the main line. The station-master, a man with just enough regular employment to prevent his doing much of anything, opened his dull eyes almost as widely as the cat had done.

"Goin' ter the city, Mis' Fosdick—all alone?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady with reserve, "I be."

The man continued to eye her, steadily and doubtfully, while he handed out a ticket and she paid for it. The withered hand, in its black mitt, never trembled; but, as it touched his, in making the exchange, he felt it strangely cold.

"Rather an unexpected start, aint it?" he queried cheerfully, shifting the bright silver pieces she had given him from one dirty palm to the other.

"No, sir," she answered, as quietly as before, "I've been expectin' to go for some time."

She turned away, and he dropped the money into a drawer; but his face still wore its doubtful look, and, presently, as he stood beside her on the platform, while the short freight-train with its red caboose steamed slowly up, he ventured one last remark:

"Lemme see, Mis' Fosdick, ye ha'n't never travelled on the cars afore, have ye?"

His tone said, "Hadn't you better think twice before you do it this time?" But the answer came as quietly as before:—

"No, Mr. Stephens, I never have. Good mornin' sir." And she stepped toward the train, which was coming to a stand still in compliance with the request conveyed by a very dilapidated flag.

He could but help her up the high, awkward steps and hand her satchel after her; but the look of doubt intensified to one of disapproval as the red caboose disappeared among the pines at the river bend, and he shook his head as much as Tom had shaken his tail.

"Jake's folks don't know it, I'll bet a cent. What in time's set the old woman out ter sneak off that way?"

Meantime the old woman, sitting on the hard, shiny cushions of the jerky car, was old no longer. She was young Lucy Ives, the prettiest girl in Bilbury, and she was setting forth along the brightest pathway that ever opened before a willing woman's feet. No, she was not Lucy Ives either; she was Lucy Fosdick, now; for was not handsome Isaac Fosdick sitting there beside her? And had not Parson Babbitt pronounced them man and wife two hours ago? There was her new black satchel under the seat, and there was a certain little hair-trunk somewhere on top with the driver. Ike and he had stowed it away carefully, and they were rolling along the river road to Bickford as fast as Bill Hankin's best team could take them; the woods and fields looked greener and more sunshiny than she ever remembered to have seen them before, and a glad, new life, with all the thunder-heads of possible trouble or care below its wide horizon line, lay stretching out before them.

On and on. The coach jounced a good deal; could it be that she was getting tired already? To-o-ot—to-o-ot—toot—toot! Lucy Fosdick sat up and rubbed her eyes. Alas! the cheeks she touched were wrinkled ones, and the hands were thin and wrinkled too. Ike was no longer beside her. Bill Hankin's, and his fast team, had long since been out-trotted by Time, and a shrieking iron horse was whirling one lone, old woman along to the great, strange, bewildering city.

Whirling it seemed to her, when, after a long, tedious wait at the junction, she took her place in the crowded car, though it was slow enough, even for a way train.

It was late afternoon when the train drew heavily into the great, echoing station, wherein, to her poor old ears, which had only known sweet, country sounds for fifty

years, pandemonium seemed to have broken loose, and, with one accord, to be charging down upon her.

"It's all differ'n't," she murmured, making her weary way along the interminable platform, "an' Isick aint here. I most wish I hadn't a come." For a moment the little black bonnet drooped; but it was lifted again with a tremulous, quaint defiance.

"He allus said he would, an' I will!" And grasping the satchel tightly, as though to stay herself upon the contact with something that had outlasted change, she looked up, with a determined air, into the strange, eager faces of twenty clamorous hack men. One of them slipped out from behind the bar and took the satchel from her hand.

"You want to go somewheres, don't you, mum? Where do you want to go?"

"Be you the stage-driver?" she queried innocently. The man's eyes twinkled, but he answered, gravely enough: "Well, yes, I drive a kind of a stage. Whereabouts did you want to go?"

"Is—the Astor House stan'in' yet?" She looked wistfully and beseechingly up at him, as if mutely beseeching him not to say no. The man, without clearly understand-

ing why, was touched, or, as he put it to himself, felt "all kind of queer like."

"Oh, yes, mum!" he replied with suspicious cheerfulness, "that'll stan' as long as New York does, I reckon. But it's a terrible long ways down town; had'n't you better go some wheres nearer?"

"No, I must go there. I'm dretful glad I kin," she added, huskily. "I ain't been in the city this fifty years, you see, an' there's a deal gone since then. I didn't know but that might ha' gone too."

There were tears of relief in the anxious eyes as she sank back upon the soft cushions of the carriage. Now that the strain of uncertainty was over she felt strangely weak. She scarcely stirred during all the long drive down town. Even her eyes grew tired of watching the endless rows of buildings and the seething crowd of faces that hemmed her in on every side.

"It's no use," she thought at last, closing them wearily. "It's all terrible strange. Everythin''s differ'n't, an' I don't seem to care for 'em now Isick aint here."

It was a very feeble, tired old lady that the kindly driver set down at last on the steps of the Astor House. He said a few words, privately, to the porter who took her satchel, guided her to the ladies' parlor, and summoned a chambermaid.

"This old lady wants a room," he said to

the latter, passing on the hackman's information, "an' I guess you'd better see to her a little. She seems pretty well played out."

"Give me No. 45, if ye can," put in the old lady, eagerly. "I've had that room afore," she hastened to add, seeing the look of surprise on their faces. "Played out" she certainly was. She could scarcely climb the broad, low stairs, and walked so wearily along the corridor that the good-natured chambermaid was fain to offer her arm for support.

"Are ye goin' to put me in No. 45?" queried the sweet old voice, tremulously, as they went past door after door, along a way which began to seem strangely familiar, like places which one has seen in dreams.

"No, ma'am, not 45," replied the girl, cheerily, "that's taken. Forty-seven is the number." And she displayed the shiny tag depending from the big brass key which the clerk had given her.

"Oh!" said the old lady in meek disappointment. "I'm sorry fer that! I was in hopes I could have the same room ag'in. It's only for this once, ye know, an' Isick an' me had it afore; fifty year ago."

"I'm sorry too, then," said the plump chambermaid, sympathizingly. "But it was taken yesterday. There's a young couple in it. I guess they ain't been married very long; an' she's as pretty as a picter. You'll see her goin' in and comin' out, I shouldn't



wonder. Your room's right opposite." "As pooty as a picter," repeated the old lady, musingly. "That's what Isick said I was. Ye wouldn't b'lieve now, that my hair was bright yaller on't, would ye?" as the girl thoughtfully and kindly removed the queer little black bonnet from the tired head.

"I don't know," replied the other, dubiously eyeing the thin, gray hair she had uncovered; and, then—for there was something about this curious little old woman which touched her unwittingly—she added softly, "The truest things is hardest to believe sometimes, an' your hair's fine an' pretty now."

"Thank ye, dear," said the old lady. "Ye're proper good to me. Now I'll just set here an' rest a spell. You can call me when tea's ready, if ye like. An' just leave the door open. Maybe the young lady'll come out by'embye." "As pooty as a picter,—as pooty as a picter," she repeated softly to herself, rocking quietly back and forth in her chair, while the chambermaid's retiring footsteps echoed more and more faintly along the corridor. And then, somehow, the world and its troubles faded gently from her, and the old country lady sat there, fast asleep, amid the whirl and roar of the unheeding city.

When she woke it was dark; the gas was lighted in the corridor; and in the opposite

an' her an' Isick, till my own head 's like to turn with hearin' it."

The bride looked up at her husband, and he looked down at her. They were so young and so happy that this story of the poor, old, lonely woman who had known and outlived a like happiness, touched them deeply.

"Go, dear," said the young man, gently. "You can help her if any one can." And so the Vision, quitting his arm, floated softly through the opposite doorway and appeared at the old lady's bedside.

The bride of fifty years—old and wrinkled, and gray—looked up into the blooming face of the bride of a week, and faintly smiled.

"As pooty as a picter," she said softly.

"That's what Isick said. He's gone to get me a posy. You've got a posy, too." And her tired eyes wandered admiringly to the roses in the young girl's belt. Then a troubled look crept over the withered face.

"They can't give me 45," she said, sadly. "I don't no as I'd ha' come if I'd knowed



doorway—the doorway of No. 45—there stood a Vision! Golden-haired, blue-eyed, in soft, clinging robes of gray—she seemed to be gazing back, across the chasm of fifty years, upon herself as she had stood once in that self-same doorway, waiting for Isaac to come and take her down to tea. Quick steps sounded near and nearer. A young man, tall and strong as ever Isaac had been, came along the corridor, and the Vision brightened at his approach. He held out for her acceptance a bunch of delicate, fresh rosebuds, and she fastened them at her belt.

Then they locked the door of 45, turning the same key, perhaps, which Isaac and she had turned half a century before, and passed slowly on, together, out of sight.

When the plump chambermaid came to summon her charge to tea, she found the door closed, and within a little, old lady, sitting alone in the dark, whose face looked withered and pale when the light once more fell upon it from the gas-jet in the hall.

"I guess I don't care much for tea, after all," she said, wearily. "I'd rather go to bed. Would you mind unlockin' the carpet-bag, dear, an' gettin' out my things? I feel all queer-like, somehow, an' my feet's so numb an' cold it don't seem's if I could stan' up long enough ter undress."

Two hours later, when the golden-haired bride and her husband came back, Marcia, the chambermaid, stayed them at the door.

"I hate ter bother ye, ma'am," she said, "but the poor old body opposite is like ter be down sick, I'm afraid, an' not a soul in the house belongin' to her. By all I can make out, she come here, fifty years ago, on her weddin'-tower, an' she's here ag'in now, because 'Isick,' whoever he was, said they'd keep their golden weddin' here. But he'd ha' done better if he'd held his tongue till the time came, for now he's dead an' cleared out, an' left her ter keep it all alone, poor thing! Not that there's much danger of her doin' it, neither, fer she looks more like a funner' than a weddin' here, this minute. Ye see she wanted 45, because they had it then, an' findin' it ockerped, an' you an' him so like her an' Isick, has kind of upset her, an' her mind's a little wanderin'." Maybe if you come in, and spoke to her, it'd do some good, fer she does nothin' but talk about you an' him,

that. Isick alwers said we'd have it ag'in, an' so I'd gott'er reck'nin' on't. Isick's comin' back directly," she said—her mind beginning to wander once more—"an' then he'll see to it. He's gone to get me a posy." And again the eyes sought the roses. The young bride bent over and kissed the old one, without a word; then she took the flowers hastily from her belt, laid them softly into the cold, thin hands that seemed to lie strangely helpless, and went back to her husband with her bright eyes full of tears.

"Jack," she said, coaxingly, when she had told him all, "would you mind very much lettin' her have our room?"

"Mind!" exclaimed Jack. "I feel as if we'd been trying to cheat the old lady out of her rights. What's a two-days' occupancy in the face of a fifty years' claim? Of course she shall have it, get her right in here. I'll help if you like. Only, Dot, take warning! Don't you go to cuttin' any such capers, fifty years hence, when I'm—elsewhere."

For all answer Dot bestowed upon him a hug that might have insured his being "elsewhere" pretty speedily had her muscle only equaled her good will, and went back to the opposite room. Marcia was watching her charge with solemn eyes.

"I think we'd best get a doctor to her, ma'am. It's my belief she's had a stroke. She acted dreadful helpless when I was puttin' her to bed; an' just see here!" And the girl gently lifted one of the cold, quiet hands. It lay limply in hers, and fell heavily down again as she relinquished it. The patient face had become more pinched and pale even in the few moments of Dot's absence, but the eyes met hers expectantly as she came to the bedside.

"Forty-five is all ready for you now," said the little bride, "and my Jack will carry you over. It was a mistake our havin' it; this is our room."

"Are ye sure, dear?" What a light came into the dim eyes! "I thought there must ha' been a mistake somehow. Where's Isick?"

"You must let us take care of you a little while. Isaac isn't here now; but I think—he'll come—before very long." How the sweet young voice trembled!

"Oh, yes, he'll come. He's only gone to get me a posy. I think I'll go to my own room now, if you please, dear."

To her own room she went, carried in Jack Hazard's strong arms. They had turned the gas down low, and placed the little hair-trunk where her eyes could most easily rest upon it. She noted all with a happy face, and then closed her eyes and lay quite still and quiet.

The doctor, when he came, ratified Marcia's verdict. "She has had one shock, and may very likely have another. If she has any relatives they had better be sent for."

"Her relatives is all needles in haystacks," put in Marcia, tersely, "an' there's no sharps among 'em, neither, I'll be bound, or they wouldn't ha' let the poor old creatur' run this rig! I guess you'd as good call me a relative. I'll take care of her to-night, anyhow. Nancy'll take my place."

"What name did she enter in the book?" queried the doctor, gravely, though his eyes twinkled.

"Book!" repeated Marcia, scornfully. "There ain't no name entered her head but 'Isick,' let alone enterin' the book."

The doctor turned a little more decidedly toward Mrs. Hazard.

"Have you made any search?" he began; but again Marcia cut him short:

"Search? Good Peter, yes, searched everything. There ain't no name about her without it's tattooed on her somewhere. There's just a ticket with Bilbury on't, an' those brass nail letters on her trunk."

The doctor directed his scrutiny to the article indicated. Fifty years of quiet attic repose and moths had noticeably thinned the hair of the quaint receptacle. It was bald, so to speak. But the three big letters, picked out in brass-headed nails upon its cover, gleamed defiance to time under the slender gas jet.

"I. N. F."

"I's fer Isick; I know that much," said Marcia, decidedly. "That name's be'n well drummed inter my head. But what N. F. stands fer—without it's New Foundland—beats my powers."

"N. is for Newton, probably," said the doctor. "Isaac Newton. But that doesn't tell much. Well, I must go. I'll call again in the morning, madam," he added, bowing to the pretty bride, with evident approbation. "The patient's in good hands, I see." And with a different, but not unappreciative nod to Marcia, he quitted the room.

Marcia's eyes followed him admiringly. "It takes a medical man, or a lawyer, don't it?" she said. "I never once thought of Isick Newton—fer all I've read about him, too. He was the feller that found out things tumbled if ye let go on 'em. Well, t'other Isick's found it out, too, by this time, I shouldn't wonder. His plan's tumbled bad. He'd better ha' held on. However, he didn't, an' I've got Mrs. Isick ter see to. It's a queer world! You'd best go to bed, yourself, ma'am."

Mr. Poole, the Bilbury station-master, pacing his lonely platform, at an early hour next morning, found his stroll suddenly arrested

(Concluded on page 29.)

Spring Medicine

"For a first-class spring medicine my wife and I both think very highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla. We both took it last spring. It did us a great deal of good and we felt better through the hot weather than ever before. It cured my wife of sick headache, and relieved me of a dizzy, tired feeling. We shall certainly take Hood's Sarsaparilla again this spring." J. H. PEARCE, Supt. Granite Railway Co., Concord, N. H.

WILLIAM H. CLOUGH, Tilton, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Overcomes that extreme tired feeling caused by change of climate, season, or life. Its peculiar toning, purifying, and vitalizing qualities are soon felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease and giving quick, healthy action to every organ. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and rouses the liver and kidneys. Thousands who have taken it with benefit, testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong." Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"A year ago I suffered from indigestion, had terrible headaches, very little appetite; in fact, seemed completely broken down. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I began to improve, and now I have a good appetite, and my health is excellent compared to what it was. I am better in spirit, am not troubled with cold feet or hands, and am entirely cured of indigestion." MINNIE MANNING, Newburgh, Orange County, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

If you make up your mind to try Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other.

"In one store the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's Sarsaparilla. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was, I had taken it, was perfectly satisfied with it, and did not want any other." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston, Mass.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring tonic, and I recommend it to all who have that miserable tired feeling." C. FARMELEK, 239 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Spring Medicine

Is a necessity with nearly everybody. During the winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, as a consequence of close confinement in poorly ventilated tenements, stores and workshops, or too high living. Therefore when the milder weather comes, the blood is unable to sustain the various organs of the body which need additional strength, and the consequence is "that tired feeling," biliousness, sick headache, possibly dyspepsia or the appearance of some blood disorder. So popular has

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Become at this season that it is now generally admitted to be the **Standard Spring Medicine**. It thoroughly purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, overcomes that tired feeling, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and imparts to the whole body a feeling of health and strength. Try it this spring.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well known vegetable remedies, in such a peculiar manner as to derive the full medicinal value of each. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, all humors, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, general debility, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaints.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. To-day he is sound and well, notwithstanding it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J. CHRISTIAN, Illinois, Ill.

"My wife suffered from sick headache and neuralgia. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she was much relieved." W. R. BABB, Washington, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has a record of cures of Scrofula and other, blood diseases never equalled by any other preparation. The most severe cases yield to this remedy when others have failed to have the slightest effect. Hereditary scrofula, which clings to the blood with the greatest tenacity, is cured by this peculiar medicine. Its many remarkable cures have won for Hood's Sarsaparilla the title of "The greatest blood-purifier ever discovered."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CABLLE, Nauvright, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has had remarkable success in curing dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, and similar troubles. It gently but surely tones the stomach and digestive organs, creates a good appetite, cures sick headache, overcomes drowsy feeling and mental depression. It also acts upon the kidneys and liver, rousing these important organs to healthy action. Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year took Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. STONAN, Milton, Mass.

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AN ASCENSION LILY.

By LEE C. HARRY.

THROUGH the winters cold it rested In its bed of soft, dark earth. Waiting patient for the sunshine Which would call it into birth.

Then, like love to life, the spring time Brought glad messages of bloom, And the flower sprang forth gladly From its deep and silent tomb.

Grew in slender, graceful beauty, Stem of green and buds close sheathed; Waiting that mysterious summons Which on Easter morn is breathed:

Christ has risen! every blossom Opens to the sun's embrace, Freighting all the air with perfume, Filling all the world with grace.

For the tall Ascension Lily From its chalice of snow, Whispers of the Resurrection And the season's ebb and flow.

So it is that round their altars Priests entwine its sacred flowers, And the little children love them, While the maidens in their bowers

Sigh and murmur, softly smiling, "Farewell winter's snow and rain— Soon the summer shall be with us— Lo, the Lilies bloom again!"

For the Easter joy-bells' clangor Wakes the Lilies into bloom— Bringing with them sun and spring time, Risen from the winter's tomb!

HOW TO ACT BEFORE THE CAMERA.

ADVICE FROM A VETERAN PHOTOGRAPHER.

By A. BOGARDUS.



N standing "behind a camera" for upwards of forty years, my experience with all kinds of people has been somewhat extensive. After the parents their children, and then again, the grand children. Three generations with all the changes of time and

growth. From the little "tot," just old enough to have a "will" or a "won't" of its own—when it required great skill and diplomacy on the part of parent as well as operator to get even a passable picture—to the aged grand parent in his dotage, all these have passed before and through my camera.

From this experience, some advice, well observed, may be beneficial to some in getting a successful picture.

Most important of all is that you go only to an operator of acknowledged skill and taste, and one who shows taste in his productions. It is not well to suppose that every man who has a camera can make a picture. He may make an impression, but it is a picture you desire. There is as much difference in operators as there is between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse.

As you go to the sky-light do not tell the operator "you had just as soon go to the dentist." He has heard that remark until it has become a by-word in the profession. Do not tell him you "know it will not be good and you are sure it will look horrid"; such conclusions in advance will only discourage him. Try and show your good humor by telling him you expect something nice, and, if he is possessed of any manly feelings, he will do his best from the encouragement he receives from his sitter.

If you wish a certain pose, tell him, and get his opinion on that pose. Let him use his taste in the matter, if he has any, and if he has none, don't go to him.

Dress as you are accustomed to do, and as your friends see you. Many ladies are inclined to overdress when getting a picture; that is, they dress for effect, and it generally results in so much damage to the picture. Do not disguise yourself either in dress or in the mode of wearing the hair. A gentleman once spoke to me in regard to making a picture of his wife. She came at the appointed time. I had never seen her before. The picture was delivered in due time, and was a success in execution. He gave me his opinion as follows:—"Your execution is well done, but it has no value to me as her hair was arranged as I had never seen it before, and as I never wish to see it again."

The time was when the photographer required certain colors in dress to produce good effects. Now, with experience and the improvements in chemicals, these restrictions are removed. He can photograph white as well as black. The capable artist prides himself on his ability to show the most delicate and elaborate lace-work on the bridal dress.

With these restrictions no longer necessary, I would say—wear your most becoming dress. Blue and pink will photograph white. Purple will appear many shades lighter than it is in reality.

Red and deep yellow appear black, or nearly so.

Strong contrasts in dress or trimmings will give a gaudy effect.

Subdued and quiet colors make the neat picture. For example see the pictures of nuns, or the lovely pictures of Quaker ladies.

The operator of taste will not fill your picture with accessories or sky-light furniture. One of the famous New York photographers in making the picture of a titled foreigner who was very homely, put in so much furniture that her face was the least prominent object in the picture. Perhaps in this instance, it was well as the eye caught everything rather than her face.

Women do, and should, study to be graceful in bearing at all times, and this accomplishment will come in good stead when having a picture made. A very stiff person will say "Now all my pictures look stiff," and while she is telling you, her arms are straight at her side and her fingers rigid. The operator sees in an instant that the case is hopeless. The next sitter is graceful in every movement, and, if he is wise, he will not attempt to improve on perfection. Ordinarily the effort of a plain person to assume the look and pose of a tragedienne, only makes the picture ridiculous. Be yourself, and do not attempt to be a Ristori or a Modjeska.

There is an old saying "Fine feathers make fine birds," which may be true; but, unfortunately, a handsome face does not always accompany fine clothes. A lady in elegant and costly dress expects a picture equal to her standing in wealthy society. But the camera does not discriminate; it copies the face before it, and the lady is disappointed. Her friends will (aside) laugh that she should have expected anything different. The lady plainly yet neatly dressed will oftentimes make a prettier picture than Mrs. Lofty in all her finery.

Again, as to impression: Look as you always do. The attempt to put on an extraordinary expression for the occasion, has spoiled many a picture. The instantaneous plate is a grand thing in the hands of the operator of judgment; he can snap the shutter when he sees the natural expression, and before his siter has assumed an expression for the occasion. This is desirable, and, to the person of good sense, is satisfactory.

Remember, the photographer is not to make your looks; he is to copy your looks. He will endeavor to execute it to the best advantage; but it must be as you are, and not as you would like to be. I once made the pictures of one of our venerable judges and his wife. The proofs of the judge were satisfactory, but the wife thought her looks too old. The judge said, "Mother, it is very perfect; if you had expected a pretty picture you should have commenced thirty years ago."

Complaints by women of their pictures being "too old" are numerous. I only remember one where the complaint was "too young."

I cannot conclude these few words of advice to women, when sitting for their portraits, better than by saying briefly:

- Dress simply and becomingly; Act in your natural manner; Be yourself; Then, if the operator be a good one, you will get a satisfactory picture.

SUNSET ON THE BOSPHORUS.

By MARY J. HOLMES.



UP the Nile, where the stars which look down upon the empty tombs of the Pharaohs shine with so great a brilliancy that one can ally gorges by their light, I have seen sunsets so gorgeous that even the yellow sands of the great desert seemed all aglow with the colors of crimson and gold shooting up from the western sky to the zenith like the auroras near the North Cape. But never have I seen a sunset like the one on the Bosphorus, which comes back to me now more vividly than anything else which I saw in the strange oriental city of Constantinople, half Asiatic and half European. We were standing on the deck of the Behera, which was to take us to Athens. The city was still shrouded in the gloom of a wintry sky, for it was February, and the wind blew sharp and chill from the Black Sea to the Marmora, through the Bosphorus on which we were sailing. But it was our last look at a place we might never see again, and we staid outside in the cold, watching as far as we could see it, the muddy Golden Horn and the long bridge which crosses it. Then, with a thought of the coming night and the tossing sea which we were entering, glancing at the clouds above us, where rifts of light began to show themselves, followed by patches of blue and salmon, which increased in size and intensity until at last there was spread out around us the grandest panorama of sunset coloring it has ever been our fortune to witness.

In front, to the west, the sun was going down—dying, as the old Egyptians used to think, and, in dying, unveiling its face for a farewell look at the world it was leaving. But it was behind us, on the city that the glory lay—the gorgeous, golden light, falling on the grand palaces of the Sultan and on the gilded dome of St. Sophia, which, from its height of 180 feet, looked like a great ball of fire, and shed its brilliancy upon the windows below until they, too, blazed in the reflection, as if all the many lamps and candles inside the huge building had been lighted for a gala night. Beyond St. Sophia the minarets of the mosque of Sultan Achmed and of Suleiman, the Magnificent, cut the sky, bathed in the crimson sunshine which shone through the tall cypress trees and upon the old Seraglio, and tinged the water below its walls with a hue like blood.

And now the heavens were all aglow, and as the rainbow colors deepened and the windows of Scutari came into view, the whole city looked as if watch-fires had been kindled on all its hills in honor of some great victory, and that behind each pane of glass in palace and humbler dwelling a candle had been placed. Even the stolid sailors working at the ropes paused a moment in their work to look at that magnificent picture, which soon began to fade, for the sun had gone down and with its going the domes and minarets lost their bright coloring—the candles went out behind the window panes, and the tall cypress trees looked black against the old Seraglio over which darkness was gathering so fast; Stamboul, Galata, and Scutari were lost in the twilight; the fires went out upon the hills; the night wind blew cold across the deck; the blue Bosphorus was behind us; we were on the sea of Marmora, and that glorious sunset was gone forever.

AN EVIL OF AMERICAN DAUGHTERS.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



BEAUTIFUL young lady asked me recently if I liked her new hat as well as one she had been wearing previously.

Truth compelled me to say that I did not.

"Neither do I, and it is all mamma's fault," she exclaimed, while an irritated expression dashed all the beauty from her face as a whirlwind of dust covers the beauty of a rose tree.

"You never saw such a woman as mamma is to shop with," she continued. "The very first thing I try on, she exclaims 'Oh, that looks lovely on you,' and she never can discriminate and choose, and so I buy the first one I look at, and after I get home I find I do not like it at all. I told mamma to-day how I despised this hat, and that it was all her fault!"

"What did she reply?" I asked. "Oh, she said she was always in fault—for my misfortunes according to my way of looking at, and then she had an injured air, and, of course, it was no use talking about it, so I came away."

"Has it ever occurred to you," I inquired, "to stop and analyze your mother's feelings and motives toward you? You are her only daughter, and she has always worshipped you. You are always beautiful in her sight. She can only wish to please you, and to save you trouble. She can have no desire to annoy or disappoint you. From your cradle to the present day she has had no wish but for your happiness and success. Night after night she has been broken of her sleep to watch and care for you. It was the proudest hour of her life when she saw you developing into a beautiful young woman. What do you suppose can be her feelings now when she hears you speak such sharp, sarcastic or selfish words as you have just related to me? How poorly repaid must she find her life of devotion, how inexpressible must be her sense of disappointment!"

"I never thought of that before," said the young lady soberly.

I begin to think that the average American daughter "Never thought of that."

Last summer a friend of mine occupied a room at a fashionable seashore resort, next to one used as a parlor by one of the belles of the season, and her mother.

My friend had first observed the two ladies in the dining-room, and on the verandas, where the mother's devotion to her beautiful daughter was marked and noticeable. An indifference to this devotion and an occasional expression of petulance marred the beauty of the daughter's face in the eyes of my friend. Had this beauty become absolute ugliness when she heard the young lady's manner of speech to her parent through the thin walls which separated the two rooms?

"I have been so worried about you, dear," said the loving mother one day when the daughter returned from an unusually long equestrian excursion. "I was so afraid something had happened to you."

"I wish you would not make such a fool of yourself," was the hateful daughter's reply. "I guess I know enough to take care of myself if I am out of your sight."

"Do take this shawl, dear; it is so damp on the veranda," urged the mother as the daughter went out of the room later in the day.

"You attend to your business and I will attend to mine," was the reply of the belle as she slammed the door behind her.

A few moments later she was dispensing smiles to a circle of butterfly adorers, not one of whom would have sacrificed an hour of comfort or pleasure for her sake, while the mother, who would have died for her, was left with the memory of her cruel, unfeeling words to keep her company.

A remarkably handsome and gifted young lady sought my acquaintance some two years ago, to consult me in regard to the professional use of her talents.

Young, beautiful and gifted, she attracted me strongly, and the acquaintance continued, at my request. Her mother called upon me and with tears in her eyes thanked me for my interest in her beautiful darling, who was an only child. But before the acquaintance was many weeks' old, its death blow was struck for me; and my interest and admiration merged into amazement and disgust at the daughter's disrespectful treatment of her doting parent.

She contradicted her mother's statements on almost every subject; interrupted her in conversation without an apology, and showed such ill-humor over trifles, that I felt called upon to rebuke her. Whereupon the mother begged me to overlook the "dear child's petulance, as she was not well!"

A foreign lady of good birth and breeding, who has for a year past been in our country, expressed herself to me recently upon this subject—

"The disrespect which children of all ages show their parents in America shocks a foreigner more than any other one thing in your land, unless it is the way men spit upon stairways and in public conveyances," she said. "I never could have believed it true if I had not seen and heard these things myself. I have met scores of your best families intimately; I have traveled extensively, and I have passed two summer seasons at the best resorts, and everywhere it is the same! American children are impudent and bad mannered, and the way our American daughters treat their mothers, is especially shocking to a foreigner. I have found the gentle respectful, devoted daughter to be the exception, not the rule, in America."

I could not dispute the lady's statement, for I had been too frequently pained by this same observation myself.

I have seen mothers who have sacrificed youth, appearance, health and comfort in the effort to save money to educate and dress their daughters, browbeaten, crushed and virtually ignored by their daughters in return for it all.

The American girl is taught that she is a young princess from her cradle to the altar. It is a great misfortune when she forgets that the mother of a princess must be a queen, or queen regent, and should be so treated.

I am always sorry when I see a young mother trying to save her little daughter trouble by anticipating every wish, and waiting upon her. As a rule, such daughters grow up to think it their right to be waited on, and to regard their mothers as upper servants. They seldom appreciate what is done for them, but are quick to resent any neglect.

On the contrary, children who are taught to wait upon their parents, and who are brought up to regard the parents as their superiors, are almost invariably respectful and grateful in the home circle.

Let a mother ask a child to do all sorts of errands for her, and no matter how busy the child is kept, if the mother expresses gratitude and appreciation, the child feels repaid and finds a delight in the thought of relieving the parent's cares. While a child, that is courteously waited on, almost invariably becomes a petty tyrant and exactor. They take it as their right, and have no comprehension of the sacrifices made for them.

If every one of us devoted a life of fifty years' duration to a mother, we could scarcely more than repay for the soul, brain and body strain we caused her the first ten years of our lives. Of course I am speaking of the true, good mother. I know there are exceptions to the rule—there are cruel, heartless and unnatural mothers. I have known mothers who were jealous of their own daughters. I know a mother who lives in luxury and uses all her income in frivolous dressing and pleasures, while her fair, fragile daughter works in a dusty office all day long. But, as a rule, the American mother is loving, devoted and self-sacrificing and self-effacing, and she needs to assert herself and to command more respect from her too often unappreciative and thoughtless daughter, who must herself become a mother in order to comprehend the great wrong she has committed to her own.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S COSTLY MISTAKE.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to have a great fondness for pearls. She has taken care that all her daughters shall have fine pearl necklaces. One of her first purchases after the birth of each, has been two or three pearls, and every year until their marriage she has added a pearl or two to her stock until the necklace she required was ready. In this quiet, economical way she has been enabled to make up a rope of pearls for each of the Princesses, and those who have seen the necklaces at court, say that the daughters are, so far as pearls go, well supplied with jewelry. Thereby hangs a tale. Some years ago her Majesty bought from a well-known London jeweler three very beautiful pearls, the united cost of which was not far short of five hundred pounds. A little while after the purchase had been made the merchant was surprised to receive a letter from a lady at court, which read: "The Queen wishes very much to know whether pearls will burn." The reply to this somewhat tartly scientific inquiry was an assurance that if her Majesty wished to oxygenize pearls for her amusement she would find that they would burn in an ordinary fire. The rejoinder brought the secret to light. The Queen had placed the pearls on her writing-desk, wrapped in a piece of tissue paper. As she was writing one morning she used the tissue paper to wipe her pen, and then threw it into the fire. The pearls, all unobserved, went with it. The ashes of the grate were searched for them in vain. They had been destroyed so utterly as to leave no trace. The Queen with her own hand had cast three splendid jewels, worth more than the average income of her middle-class subjects, into the blaze.



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LIFE IN A

CHURCH CHOIR

By Aline Osgood.



Every church choir there is, as a rule, one feminine member who honestly believes herself the possessor of an unusual voice, and longs for wider fields in which to exercise it. The possessor of this voice is usually a girl of sterling good sense,

who, were she not convinced that she is an embryo Patti or Cary, lacking only their opportunities, would content herself in her village life and corner. But this idea once started in her mind, every morsel of praise which she receives takes an exaggerated form, and the simplest compliment may be the means of concluding her before-wavering determination that she will try her fortune in a larger city. It is to such girls as these that this article is addressed, and, as the material here printed is from the writer's own experience, it may perhaps be freighted with some practical value.

To begin with, as in the ancient recipe, first be sure that you possess the voice that you think you do, and then be assured—and never forget it—that just as surely as water will find its level, a truly good voice and genuine musical instinct will find companions, cultivation and opportunity. It is certain.

I wish I might say that the one great requirement for obtaining a position in a city choir, is a voice. But, unfortunately, I cannot. Influence, youth, a pretty or intelligent face, taste in dress, and a good address will each and all have their value in this, as in other pursuits and professions. All of the latter, however, are of only the slightest importance in comparison with the power wielded by the first of them—influence. In different cities its powers are differently limited; while, on the one hand, in some it is of almost no value at all, in others it is of equal, and sometimes even of greater importance than the voice itself.

As an illustration of the first of these, let me give my own experience when in search of my first choir position. From some source, perhaps from the newspapers, or from some of my friends it may be, I learned that there was a vacancy at the Old South Church in Boston, and determined to apply for the position. My father was a Deacon in a Baptist church, in one of the suburbs of Boston. He was unwilling that I should sing in a church of any other denomination, and, at first, so was I. But the desire for increased opportunities and education was too strong to be resisted, so I prevailed upon him to take me to town to try my luck. On one of the days when the organist was at the church we started, going directly there. I told him what I wanted. An odd little smile was on his face as he looked at me—for I was very slight and delicate in appearance—but after asking me what my experience in choir singing had been, he sent me up into the loft to sing. My voice pleased my listener, I was engaged, and was given the position of soprano in a church famous for its choir and music. But that was in Boston, the one city in this country, I fancy, where a person entirely unknown, yet possessed of genuine talent or ability, is sure to receive encouragement, assistance and opportunity.

The best way for our young vocalist to obtain, in an average city, a choir position depends in great measure on the character of the place; but a fairly good rule is to make acquaintance with the principal local music dealers. The choir leaders of the different churches—in many cases these are also the organists—when in want of a voice will go directly to the music shops, in order to secure it; so in this way the dealers know of the vacancies which may exist. And let me say here that the frequency of such vacancies depends very much upon the tempers and dispositions of the members of the choir and music committees. As soon as she hears of any such vacancy, the applicant must at once learn the days in which trials of voices will be made, and present herself on the first of them. The rest depends on her voice and method and on her judges' taste. Should these three agree, her acceptance is secured. If she is so fortunate as to entirely suit the organist, her chances of retention are more than good. He is master of the situation, and on his likes and dislikes, moods and tempers, rests her future success or failure.

Rehearsals may be frequent or seldom, they may be at agreeable hours or at disagreeable ones, and they may be pleasant or unpleasant; all of these things will depend upon the other engagements of the all-powerful organist. If he is very much occupied with other affairs, he will manage with very little practicing, but if he is a man of few engagements, the choir is likely to be called upon for frequent rehearsals.

Some one has asked how voices are judged by choir leaders, and whether women have any advantage over men in obtaining choir positions. The latter question is by far the

more easily answered. I think they have not. Most leaders know the quality and kind of voice that they are in need of, and if they are in quest of a tenor, basso or baritone and find what they want, they are quite as likely—and perhaps even more so—to accept it as they are to take the same quality of voice under the opposite circumstances. Usually a voice is what is wanted, and that is all that is demanded.

But how are voices judged? Let me remind you again that the choir leader, or organist, whichever be master, is all powerful. If he admires what are popularly known as "roarers," though you may sing like an angel as far as sweetness and delicacy of tone are concerned, he does not like that kind of voice, and, what is far more fatal to you, he will not have it. If things are reversed, he is still the autocrat.

Now, when the position is secured, what salary will our vocalist receive? A soprano, in an average city, will be paid, as a beginner, anywhere from \$200 to \$300 per annum. As she becomes better known, and is in more thorough command of her voice, she will average from \$500 to \$800. Boston pays about \$200 per annum better to choir singers than any other city in my knowledge. Several sopranos there receive yearly salaries of \$1000 and \$1200, and a few \$1500.

A woman with a good contralto voice will begin at an annual salary of \$200 which, if she is successful, may rise to an average \$300. There are two churches in Philadelphia, I believe, which pay their contraltos \$400; but this, in cities outside of Boston, which as with sopranos averages about \$200 higher, is unusual. And even a genuine alto, that rarest of things in these days, will command but from \$300 to \$400 per annum. The Hub, of course, does better than this, by adding \$200, but even with this addition, none of these salaries appear precisely extravagant, or to admit of much luxury in living, and salaries are rarely increased. Should a rival church make an offer for a voice, if the first church is desirous of retaining it, the rival's price is overbid, and the voice retained.

But this is the only reason, of which I have knowledge, for increasing salaries. However, it must be remembered that this salary is paid for singing only at two services, and for attendance at one or two rehearsals a week. All the rest of the singer's time is her own to dispose of as she pleases. Proves she an apt pupil to her new master, he will send to her for instruction, scholars whom he has not the time to teach. Or she may secure engagements to sing at different church concerts, or, laying aside her music may take to sewing, painting, decorating, or any of the many ways in which girls are able to earn a living. No work must be undertaken which will in any way conflict with the choir singing, for this, remember, is the reason for her existence. She is first and before all else a singer; that is her profession. Let this never be forgotten.

There is one popular phase of this subject of which I wish to speak. It is the belief that in order to sing sacred music with proper feeling, the singer must be a person of deep religious feeling. It is not in the least degree requisite; any more than is it necessary that she or he should be a member of the same denomination as the church in which they sing. Singing of sacred music becomes an art, when it begins to be a profession.

Another delusion which obtains quite widely is the one which thinks the step from choral to operatic singing is but a short one. In reality it is so great as to be absolutely unattainable. Choir singers may rise to the concert, but rarely to the operatic stage. I am surprised that such a delusion has an hold at all on sensible people, for the reason that it is so utterly illogical. What singer of sacred music is there, who sings as she should, who can render the runs, trills and little quirks of voice necessary in operatic singing, without completely changing her method? Church music requires a calm, steady, pure and sustained voice and style—operatic, precisely the reverse. The concert stage, as I have said, is sometimes in the line of advance from the choir, but the operatic, seldom. All this of course applies only to women who use a pure style in their singing.

And I wish too, to say a word against the supposed benefit derived from training voices in chorus choirs. I say supposed advisedly, for this benefit as far as I can see is absolutely non-existent. Aside from that, a quartette is the fittest exponent of sacred music; there, each voice adds its quota to form a perfect, harmonious entirety; anything more spoils the effect, just as surely as chorus singing will ruin a good voice.

And now arises the question, which it is almost impossible to answer satisfactorily. What are the essentials of a good voice, and how can such a voice be recognized? One might reply to the first part—strength, sweetness, purity, timbre, delicacy, trueness, and dozens of other qualities without having fully answered the question. A good voice will command recognition for itself and its powers, simply for the reason that it is good. And that it has this quality can be told quite as speedily by its hearers as that it has not.

I must touch on a necessary but disagreeable point of my subject—the temptations which may beset young girls who enter upon this life. Of one thing rest assured, they are no more numerous or more dangerous than

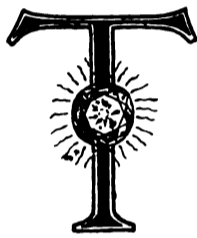
those which will confront a woman earning her living in any other trade or profession. And they can be avoided and are avoided simply by doing what is right, tolerating no familiarities, and exercising care in the choice of friends. Any girl who has been reared with a knowledge of what is good, and who has the moral character to practice it, is as safe here as she could be in her own home.

Before we leave this subject let us look at two things which will have great influence on the young chorister's future happiness. These are the pleasures and the vexations which she will encounter. The latter, I grieve to say, unless she be a "soul musician" who will find her chief pleasure in her music, greatly outweigh the former. Quarrels in the choir, from within and without; jealousy, which will be aroused by the interest the choir master will surely take in some one voice, and which he will display by giving to that voice all the show work; frequent, and possibly disagreeable, rehearsals, and the thousand and one little annoyances which must necessarily arise when half a dozen people are closely connected in any enterprise; all of these will weaken her determination to persevere in her work. But, on the other hand, a sensible girl will discover many bright spots in the life. Praise from members of the congregation, appreciation from those from whom it is due, and the knowledge that her best talent is being educated and strengthened, will help to turn the scale.

In conclusion, let me sum up:—If you possess a really good voice, the desire to improve it, and the determination to persevere in your work against all obstacles, and if your home does not provide what you need, then go to a good-sized town or city; secure a knowledge of the vacancies arising in any of the churches in that city where you would wish to sing and then make your application. At your examination and trial, then and always behave with good nature and common sense, and the chances are greatly in favor of your future success.

MR. BEECHER'S LOVE OF GEMS.

BY SALLIE JOY WHITE.



Own jewels merely for the sake of wearing them to attest to one's wealth, is vulgar; but to own them because of their own beauty and intrinsic worth, and because to possess them is a pleasure and qualification of a fine artistic sense, that is the true spirit of the gem lover and connoisseur.

This was the way in which Henry Ward Beecher loved them, and some of the letters that he wrote to Mr. Remick, the Boston gem connoisseur, concerning certain stones, are the best exponent of his real feeling towards them. One of them is regarding a sapphire ring which Mr. Remick had sent him while he was at the Twin Mountain House.

"CARROLL, N. H., August 9, 1879.

"Dear Sir:—Ought I to thank you for making me the envy of every person in the house? Is it fair to set forth a friend in such rare jewels as to make all his acquaintances jealous? Is he to be thanked who obliges another to think, night and day, of robbers, to hide his treasures and to worry, and suspect, and fear, lest the enemy should steal his precious thing? Well, it is not quite so bad with me as all that. I found my ring awaiting me. Many thanks. It is excessively admired, and the setting is perfect. I am wearing it now and it carries summer with it. There is no night here now, it carries light with it wherever it goes.

"Very truly yours,"

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

The ring that called forth this enthusiastic letter is now worn by Ellen Terry, the actress, and is among her most valued possessions. Mr. Beecher gave it to her one day when she and Henry Irving were dining with him at his Brooklyn home, after a morning at Plymouth Church where they had been to hear him preach. Miss Terry admired the ring, and he drew it from his finger and presented it to her. Miss Terry was in ecstasies. "Why, Mrs. Beecher, does he mean it?" she cried in delight, turning to her hostess. On being assured that the gift was made in good faith, she put it on her finger, and wears it still in memory of a pleasant day and a well beloved friend, who is, alas! no more.

Here is another letter about a sapphire, which, by the way, was a favorite stone with Mr. Beecher:

"BROOKLYN, March 10, 1881.

"My Dear Sir:—More than two weeks ago, I committed to your hands an opalescent ruby, or sapphire, whichever it is, to be set in a ring. My eyes are growing dim with longing for it. I do not altogether blame you for keeping it,—as it is a delight to look upon—but if you can comfort yourself with some other stone, and will give me to see again my beauty, I will mark the day of its coming with a white stone! Yours, in lapidarian sympathy,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Again, he writes at a later date—

"October 20, 1882.

"My Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find check for \$325. What is money compared to a section cut from the heavens? Who has a fine sapphire ought to be a good man, for he carries a symbol of the Holy City. Bishops in the Catholic Church wear sapphire rings. This is the best argument I have ever heard in favor of apostolic succession in the Catholic Church. A few arguments of that kind would stagger my Protestant faith, though I have serious doubts whether Peter ever wore one, or Paul ever knew what it was. With kind remembrances, yours very truly,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Here is another full of characteristic touches—

"January 29th, 1881.

"Dear Sir:—Will you look over your books of two summers ago, and find the cost of ring and setting of my solid sun or yellow diamond? I ask, in behalf of Schuman, who had the large ring which now contains this flaming beauty set, Would you not like to be stoned to death, like St. Stephen, if only they threw diamond stones, and not larger than hazel nuts? Yours,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

This stoning to death with gems seems to be a favorite conceit with him. In a letter written on the 12th of March, 1885, he says—

"My Dear Sir:—As to that moonstone, though it is not so large as a mountain, so it will require less faith to say "Be thou removed and cast into"—my pocket. I leave for a three weeks southern trip, on next Monday. It will be a good thing for luck if received before then. Can you send it by mail? I could render myself a cheerful martyr like St. Stephen, provided I might pick out the stones wherewith to be stoned. Yours,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

In a burst of enthusiastic delight over a moonstone which he had received, he writes—"My moonstone is fit to head a nail in the gate of Pearl."

One more will suffice out of the many which might be printed—

"February 8th, 1884.

"Dear Sir:—Please find check for amount of the opal ring and the moonstone ring. They suited the respective parties exactly. The opal goes to my son's mother-in-law. I think old maids and mothers-in-law are in general the very saints of the earth. I looked to see you after the lecture and to have a shake of the hand with Mrs. Remick. But neither of you regarded the ceremony as 'any great shakes,' and decamped hastily.

"Yours, in the bonds of rainbows and opals,"

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

William Hunt, the artist, and Mr. Beecher used often to meet at Mr. Remick's, and each was fond of pointing out new gem beauties to the other.

One day while Mr. Beecher was looking over the contents of the safe, he came across a bit of chalcodony.

"Ah!" said he, "do you know you've got a piece of the gate of Heaven here? If you know a fellow who isn't likely to see Paradise soon just bestow this on him to carry as a glimpse of comfort and heavenly beauty."

A little while after Hunt lounged in—"Here" said Mr. Remick, "is a piece of the gate of Heaven. Beecher says so."

"How does he know?" was the reply. "Oh," said Mr. Remick, "he lives nearer there than you or I, and I believe he is in sight of it most of the time. He told me to give it to somebody that wasn't sure to see it in a hurry, so I'll hand it over to you."

Little did either dream how near the recipient was to the entrance of Paradise. It was but a few weeks after that the sad accident occurred which lost to America one of her greatest artists! But before his death he had chosen a mounting for his bit of chalcodony, and sent it to his favorite sister, Miss Jane Hunt, who still wears it as an amulet.

HOW ZULU WOMEN SEW.

BY W. P. POND.

THE skill of the Zulu of South Africa in sewing fur is a household word in South Africa, and some of the other tribes can compete with them. The needle employed is widely different from that used by the American needlewoman. In the first place, it has no eye; in the second, it is like a skewer, pointed at one end and thick at the other. The Zulu woman is never without them, and carries them in an elaborately-decorated sheath of raw hide. The thread is not of cotton, but is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made from the sinews in the neck of a giraffe. It is stiff, inelastic, with a great tendency to "kink" and tangle itself up with anything near it. Before being used it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft, and is then beaten between two smooth stones, which causes it to separate into filaments, which can thus be obtained of any strength and thickness. Thus, the seamstress has a considerable amount of labor before she commences with the real work in hand. This done, she squats on the ground (for no native stands to work, or do anything else, who can possibly help it) and, taking her needle, bores two holes in the edges of the rug or garment on which she is working. The thread is then pushed through with the butt of the needle, drawn tight, and two more holes are made with a like result, the skewer progressing very slowly compared with an American needlewoman, but fast enough for a country where time is of no value whatever. The skin upon which the seamstress is working is damped with water before she commences; and as the damp thread and hide dry out it brings the work very closely together. This is carefully attended to, and the work is not allowed to get dry until finished, when the seamstress lays it flat upon the ground, pulling it this way and that, and mixing and arranging the hair for several hours, until the skin being generally dry, it is impossible to find the joint or hem with the naked eye when looking at the fur side of the garment. The stitches are very small, and, when dry, lie very flat, and a number of curious designs are worked out in various skins, which, when finished, look like the perfect skin of a single animal, which must have been the Joseph of the animal tribe, to judge from the colors in its coat. I should imagine that an hour's work of a modern sewing-machine would be about equal in bulk to the work of two hundred Zulu women for the same time; but their work would be done with a degree of efficacy no machine can ever approach.



PART VI.

There is not much risk in saying that there was at least no handsomer or better-looking young fellow at that time between Bath and Boothbay, than Mr. Matthew Morse. He was known all up and down the river. The Morses were an old Kennebec-country family, and had owned among them, first and last, enough island and other property to have made a small township. They were plain people, and the present representatives held to primitive ways of occupation and living. Matthew's father, old Captain Zenas, was retired now upon his little peninsular farm. Matthew helped him, in odd ways and times, but had his own independent craft. He was a boatman, from beginning to end of all that a boat needs or is good for. He had served an apprenticeship in a building-yard at Bath, and knew how to put a boat together, from keel to gunnel, from deck to spindle. And wherever any sort of a boat could go, up and down the river, his small cuts and intricate channels, or along these torn and jagged Atlantic shores, Matthew Morse could take her. He built row-boats and dories, and sold them for the pleasure or use of holiday comers or busy residents; he had a trim little yacht of his own construction in which he carried pleasure parties up and down along shore, to and from Squirrel and Mouse, and the other frequented summer resorts, around Bald Head to Harpswell, out to Damaris cove and around Monhegan, up to Wiscasset, or even to Penobscot Bay and Castine. In the winter, he did house-carpentering, made and mended; he hauled in wood; he helped house-ice, feeding the elevator, sliding it over the long trams into the great storage buildings, whence the companies contract to take supplies. He also read and studied, building up, as well as he could, upon the foundation of a fair New England school education; and he revelled in stories of a great outside world—as he thought it—that he would go forth into some time, not realizing how outside and free he was at this very time, himself. While old Captain Zenas lived, his place was here. Afterward—but he was too good a son to dwell much upon that afterward. Beside employment, he had amusement; trust Matthew Morse for that. He was wanted at every gathering, where sledge or skates could carry him, or anybody else; and by his energy and social indefatigability, fairly held together as a neighborhood, a population scattered here and there over a fifteen-mile area of snow and ice. There was nothing, apparently, that Matt Morse could not accomplish; the only point to find fault with was his own absolute persuasion of the fact. He was master of all the little world he knew; perhaps it was time, in the order of his training as a human being, that he should be shown another. A more difficult one would do him good; would rouse into evidence some greater, but, as yet, dormant elements of his nature.

When Matthew Morse first saw Jane Gregory, the further world rolled open suddenly before him. Not that he knew or feared its inaccessibility; he saw it, as the prince in the fairy tale saw the enchanted island through the clear, invisible wall of adamant. It looked beautiful and strange to him; there was something in its aspect, different, he knew not how, but with a wonderful charm, from what he had seen met before. A composure, that did not answer, in the fashion of ordinary girlhood, to that first quick noting in a man's admiring look—or his look that had fair cause and chance to be admiring—that did not meet with any shiest challenge or demurest readiness or most covert curiosity the masculine scrutiny and gauge, but was simply and exactly what it had been the moment before, and would be the moment after; this showed in her, and surprised him, with a certain sense of new conditions to be met, a higher order of companionship to be won. If it was not love at first sight with Matthew Morse, it was stimulation to see more, a sudden fascination of the possible.

Two things he learned within the half hour of their meeting, which gave him the courage of an open opportunity. She had said, "there can't be anything for me," when he had offered her the looking-over of the mail; and no girl would have said that who had the keen personal interest anywhere which is always expectation. He had asked questions of Aunt Kreehey; and had found out that she was not really of the city family,



but just invited with them—a "kind of friendly help"—Aunt Kreehey guessed. So she was not one of the unreachable maidens of mirage with whose fitting summer presence came those perilous visions in mountain and sea mists, bewildering reflections of a life whose reality is far away beyond a safe, prohibited horizon.

It was growing late in the season; he had but a few positive engagements on hand; he resolved that after this week, which he hoped would end them, he would make no more, unless at Leeport. Aunt Kreehey would be sure to want him; when she had boarders, or the uncle Lishe house was let, she always had plenty of plans for her visitors, if they did not make them for themselves.

He went in and out, with his free, careless grace, among them; he got readily into talk with Dr. Griffith; that gentleman soon found out what he could do for them, and secured him and his yacht for two or three sailing excursions that should only wait their own convenient day. "After this week," Matthew said, "there would be nothing else."

"He is a handsome creature," Margaret said, as he swung off one morning with easy stride, and disappeared with rapid springs down the broken rocks into the cove. "A fine physique," said Dr. Griffith, "and a fine nature otherwise. I think, if it were all developed. Remarkable, anyway, in his present place and occupation. He leaves a certain spectrum of bright impression when he vanishes. You don't often see just such coloring."

It was true; eyes the hue of a new, ripe hazelnut, but with a flash and sparkle like light on a brown, rippling brook; hair sun-browned and lawn-tipped, tossed back from a clear, square forehead, that showed fair-skinned where the hat had shaded it; cheeks and throat ruddy like the warm side of a dusky, mellow pear; even, white teeth that made his smile splendid; and a way of catching and transmitting a gleam and shine of continual cheer and pleasure, that left its trail upon the sense, as Dr. Griffith said, when he was gone; one would say he could but make his welcome where he came, and add zest to any playday party.

But somehow Jane Gregory felt that he was going to interrupt them all. She thought she liked the still times best. It was beautiful in those days before the yachting was to begin. Miss Rickstack was afraid of a rowboat, and she was absolutely happy with the children; so Margaret and her brother took Jane with them on delicious little cruises, when they seemed to lose themselves in pleasant bends and channels, and to penetrate into mysterious windings and distances of the water world. Whole afternoons they spent thus upon the river, finding out

new pictures and pretty nooks; landing often in still places where they could fancy no one had ever set foot before; gathering wild vines of glossy leafage that crept about the woodland soil, or filling tiny baskets with the red partridge berries for Rick and Alice, and making addition to their housekeeping array in acorn cups of chosen nuts and beauty. Some of these Mrs. Sunderland paired with minutest daintiness, like fairy decoration, with buds and bells of little, lowly, hiding things that bloom almost invisible, with tips of crimson mosses, or smallest fern-fringes. Miss Rickstack had packed a fair-sized trunk, less with her own wardrobe than with surprises for the children, in the toys of olden time that Alice had lamented leaving; and the pats of butter and the little loaves of cake were forthcoming almost daily now, in rivalry of Aunt Kreehey's bountiful supplies.

One evening they had gone up and around Butts Island, a green knoll alone in the midst of a wide open, where sometimes a tired yoke of oxen was turned to pasture after a heavy season of summer work. They had climbed to the highest point of rock, and sat there in the falling dusk, watching the first stars come out over the water, and the distant south light flash its safety-fire across the far-down rail; they could hear the amphion of three sand beaches, calling to each other through the coming night, as the surf curled crisply up their sides and shattering itself softly fell back with a long whisper to the sea. And then they had rowed home in the early darkness, the phosphorescent water parting in sparkles under their bow, and dripping like pale electric fire from each lift of the oars.

Dr. Griffith knew the shore-marks and the way; he never undertook anything he was not prepared for; it was a delight to trust to such sure guidance, and the kindly care with which he watched and arranged their comfort, was such a thing to share in! It was this sharing that made the charm for Jane. It was such privilege, and yet could be so meekly, simply taken.

They did not talk a great deal; the intercourse was but the deeper for the silence; and when there was speech it was of something, like the night and the light and the water, to be remembered and dwelt in when the time itself had passed.

"How grand and sweet the wilderness is!" said Margaret, as they drifted down the strong current where oars were not needed, under the overhanging walls of a deep cut, fringed and draped from water edge to summit, with beautiful wood growths. They could only see them as a cloud, in the dimness, but the breath of them mingled with the clean water smell, and the stir of boughs in the wind helped out the music of the breaking ripples.

"I wonder if the Wilderness of the Fasting was not some such place, and not a great, bare, burned-out desert of hunger and thirst, I wonder if He had not forgotten to be bodily hungry and thirsty, where everything was so full of the word He said men live by!"

"He went there to be tempted,—it says," said Jane, with gentle doubt wistful to be dispelled. "He went for what awaited him—as we all go, as He went up afterward to Jerusalem," said Dr. Griffith. "And both times, you see, He went up, and with a prelude of rejoicing. It is in the highest, sweetest places of our nature that we are tempted, and that we suffer."

"Always?" asked Jane. "I thought it was so often in the mean and low." "The mean and low are the degradations; and it is only the high that can be profaned. It is the glory of the human that it is tempted."

"But vice is positive," said Margaret. "It is not always virtue perverted, or in disguise. With a drunkenness, and all brutality."

"Ah, but which way do they witness? Of something in themselves great and beautiful—exaltations, affections—such as only the possible celestial can mistake for its very good. Satan is a fallen angel."

They came out into the dawning light of a fair rising moon. Neither spoke again, until Margaret said, a little lightly, as if the thought and silence were oppressive.

"Looking-glass inversions, Hans; that is like what you mean, I think. How much we have found out in that nonsense story!" "Because it isn't nonsense," answered John. "I begin to doubt if anything ever is."

"That reminds me," spoke Jane suddenly. "Rick said such a queer wise thing one day to Alice, Mrs. Sunderland. It was after you had put away some book that you thought

silly. 'Alice,' he said, 'I can tell you one thing. There isn't a single bit—of trash—in the bible!'

"A very good postulate to start from," said Rick's uncle, laughing. "When we have got at a little of the truth in everything, we shall be saved a great many of our troublesome arguments about the authenticities of scriptures."

"I have heard people talk of it as trash, if they didn't call it so," said Jane. "It is a book which answers to what a man brings to it, as his own face answers to him in the water," said Dr. Griffith.

"Is that all? Must we bring all that we are to find?" the query came disappointedly.

"The answer is larger than the question, or it is no answer at all. And as to bringing—who knows, but for the answering, what he does bring? A man's face is the thing in all the world that he cannot see directly," said Dr. Griffith.

Jane thought how good it was to bring asking to such queries, and she said, "Thank you" she said gently, as one who had received a gift. If she had known how glad Dr. Griffith was that he could give to her!

"I am going to take Miss Gregory off for a long walk," said Dr. Griffith, one morning, later. "As a prescription. She sits about too much, with the children.—Don't disclaim; I know you like it; but I want you to take something—for your good—whether you like it or not."

"I am taking everything for my good, just now, I think," said Jane, and her quiet face glowed.

Margaret Sunderland wished for a moment in one of her accessions of responsibility, that she were sure of that. She wished she were as sure as usual of Dr. John's infallibility.

As the two went across the field path together, they met Matt Morse coming to the house. He had in his hand a cluster of late wild things; the strawberry leaves of dark green enamel that grow low in the wet wood-edges; the tip of a maple branch that was set among them like a red rose spray; a single tender feather of the princess pine standing up beside it; a bit of trailing, delicate-leaved vine looped round and dropping over all. He held it out to Jane. "There isn't very much now," he said; but what there is, is pretty."

"You are very kind," said Jane, and took it; but she did not say "thank you," with the sweet clearness of deliberate meaning that Dr. Griffith knew. A glimpse at her side face showed the doctor that she blushed, and that a constrained hesitation was upon her. What ailed her ordinary frankness? Something in Matt's look struck him also. He wondered if he himself were in the way. Would these two rather have gone on that long ridge walk together?

Might there be a knight's move that would be required of him presently—one square off, and two squares down?

This walk was his, at any rate; it could not be helped now; and Jane had certainly looked glad. He would be as fair to himself as to another; and then—he could be generous,—if he were sure that it would be generous to Jane.

It brought his own thought to a focus; he knew now, if he had not known before, what he would do, if he could do it in his own undoubted right.

So they went up the ridge together; a fair world about them; the same pleasant things in the same path way for the two; a moment ago an unspoken union between them, that only waited interpretation to fuse what was as



yet separate in but half analyzed happiness, to conscious, acknowledged, authorized joy; it had been like day-dawn without a cloud; but now a mist had rolled over; it was not sure that there could come a visible sunrise.

(Continued on page 82.)

A PROPHECY.

By CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

My little girl with eyes so blue
And such bewitching tresses,
And lips so soft and rosy, too,
That smile at my caresses,

So kind you are—so good and pure—
With not a soul to hate you,
That, darling, I am very sure
Your happiest years await you.

For, though you're sitting on my knee,
A tiny winsome maidie,
'Tis plain that some day you will be
A very sweet old lady.

HOW TO MOVE EASILY AND WELL.

By Mrs. M. P. HANDY.



UNDOUBTEDLY moving, by reason of the trouble and discomfort which it occasions, deserves to be classed among the minor miseries of life.

Shifting one's lares and penates is not a pleasant process, and not unfrequently the best advice which can be given to persons contemplating such a step is Bunch's celebrated "Advice to those about to commit matrimony: Don't!" But there are times when a change of habitation is expedient, not to say necessary, and, in such case, very much of the discomfort and annoyance may be prevented by careful management.

If your house is leased, there is much more to be considered. Look at the neighborhood, not only in front but in the rear, lest some disagreeable alley make life unpleasant for you both by day and night.

When all these matters are settled satisfactorily, the actual work of moving will begin. If possible, arrange that your lease of the new house shall begin a few days before that of the old one terminates, so that you may have time to prepare your new home for the reception of your furniture.

In cities, where there is no such institution as the first of May in New York, when half the population, "swings corners," so to speak, this may easily be managed, and is really true economy, even though it entail the paying of double rent.

The first thing sent to the new house should be a stock of coal. The range and furnace should be examined and good fires should be kept burning for at least twenty-four hours before moving in.

The fire insurance on furniture, etc., cannot be transferred from one house to another until the goods have been actually moved; but when the work is done, have this attended to immediately.

no hauling is to be done after nightfall, for moving by night is much more wearing, both to you and to your household goods, than by day. A competent person should be at the new house in readiness to receive everything as it arrives, and the family, in counsel, should agree beforehand on the disposition of each room, so that the beds may be set up, the mattresses and springs put on them, and all heavy articles placed just where they are to remain.

Have enough food cooked, and packed in baskets, to last while moving, and send the kitchen furniture early in the day. Let the cook go ahead, to receive it, in order that it may be arranged before nightfall, and a good breakfast be possible the next morning.

A great deal of trouble may be saved by getting ready to move plenty of time beforehand. Clothing should be packed in trunks and bureau drawers; pictures taken down and dusted; books packed in boxes; the china, not in daily use, packed, etc., etc.

China and glassware should be packed either in barrels or in moderate size cases, strong enough to hold together well. Wrap in newspapers and pack with straw or hay, well pushed in around the sides of the case, so as to prevent all possibility of jarring.

Burlaps is, now, the great packing medium, and comparatively little boxing is done by even professionals.

If your moving is to be done by rail, it is always cheaper to charter a car, if possible, to go all the way through without change, in which case no more packing will be required than for an ordinary dray.

Neither books nor china should be unpacked until the bookcases, on the one hand, and the china press on the other, are all ready for their reception. Then they can be put into place at once, first washing the china; and the packing cases gotten out of the way.

Under the best of circumstances moving is a nuisance, but with method and management it need be but little worse than a thorough house cleaning.

HOW BEAUTY IS OFTEN HAD.

By ANNIE M. HALE, M. D.



BEAUTY of face or figure is of short duration where good health is missing. The young girl in the glory and pride of her first sweet youth, does not accept this truth.

The doctor says you are only anemic, and perhaps you rather like delicacy and pallor. But you are only twenty. Does fifteen seem so very long ago? Believe me, the next five years will pass far more quickly than the last five, and at twenty-five you will care just as much to be fair and beautiful as you do now.

Women, on the other hand, were dependent for their charms upon roundness and color, and when these departed—as it was assumed they were sure to do—beauty too was gone.

What, now, is essential in order that physical beauty shall not be lost with the twenties? Simply to see to it that every function of the body shall be properly performed, and that, not by fits and starts, but constantly.

But some physques, you say, resist unsanitary influences better than others. Very true. But pray do not presume upon it, and, on the other hand, if you are naturally delicate, you should care all the more wisely and faithfully for your health.

Then there are certain diatheses which must not be left out of account. Some ancestor has handed down consumption, or rheumatism, to his unlucky descendant.

First, last and all the time every one of its parts must have ample room in which to work. They must not be handicapped in any way.

Is it not properly housed and sheltered from adverse influences. There must be no intermission in its supply of force. If must, to be wisely tended, be intelligently studied. No ignorant pretender must be allowed to put forth his unscientific finger to alter its workings.

And, believe me, the more we know of it, the greater will be our admiration, the more come to think it almost sacrilege to treat it with rudeness or neglect.

It is the masterpiece of the Great Inventor, and dare we say how much of Himself he has put into its creation?

SOME HOUSECLEANING HINTS

OLD TO SOME, BUT NEW TO MANY.

WHO does not dread the inevitable housecleaning? And yet the coming of the troublesome fly warns us that the time is at hand when the house needs renovation.

As the fly comes in, stoves go out, and we almost forget the summer annoyance in the charm of putting them up, and the comfort they give.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that if stoves are blackened when entirely cold the operation does not need repetition for a long time, and if the zinc under them is cleaned before it is put down, instead of afterward, the work is easier.

Unless rooms are very much used, carpets need not be taken up oftener than once a year. A thorough sweeping, followed by wiping them with a cloth wrung from clear water, will remove the dust quite thoroughly.

If you have painting and calcimining to be done, the spring is decidedly your best time. Hard finished walls may be washed with soap-suds and wiped dry.

All grained work should be washed with cold tea and wiped with a soft flannel cloth. For windows and picture frames soft flannel cloths with soap-suds, and after wiping dry, polish with charmois leather, is far better than anything else.

Furniture covered with plush or velvet should be first washed with a clean cloth, brushed, and all dust washed off with a damp cloth. A soft cloth is best for satin-covered furniture.

There are many new-fangled ways, but as a housekeeper for nearly fifty years, I can speak for the long tried practices, which have stood the test of time and change, and always proved satisfactory.

Let me suggest that the top of the house is the place to begin the housecleaning, and, in each room, closets and drawers should first be put in order.

If the work needs any repairs, they should be made before the cleaning begins. If one or two rooms at a time are put in order the discomfort experienced by the family during the renovation will be comparatively little.

It is rarely necessary to turn the whole house upside down all at once; but when this must be done, let an army of workers shorten the agony as much as possible.

Yet it pays to go through it all, if done as it ought to be. The contrast is so blissful! For this never grudge the misery, as it is only temporary.

G. I. H.



Your Life

Is in danger while your blood is impure. Gross food, careless personal habits, and various exposures render miners, loggers, hunters, and most frontiersmen peculiarly subject to eruptive and other blood diseases.

The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A powerful alternative, this medicine cleanses the blood through the natural channels, and speedily effects a cure.

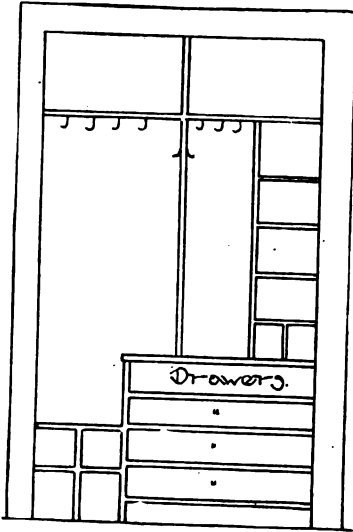
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$6 a bottle.

SERVICEABLE CLOSETS.

By LOUIS H. GIBSON.

CLOSETS help to make housekeeping easier. The lady who lived in a six-room house, in which there was only one closet, said that the memory of that experience called to mind a perpetual state of search through boxes, trunks and even under beds. An architect never received instructions as to plans to be prepared

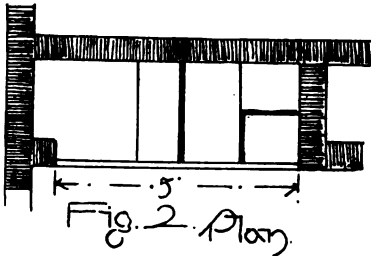
Fig. 1.



for a house in which the matter of closets was not particularly impressed upon his mind by the lady who was to occupy the house.

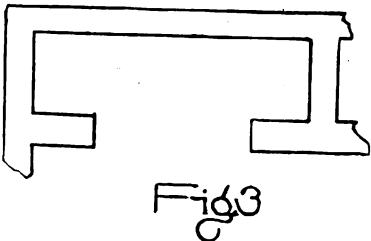
There are closets and closets—those which are fairly convenient and others which are simply better than nothing. The writer has it in mind that closets have never received the thought that is due them. The idea in house planning has been more to provide closets in a general way than to provide particular closet conveniences. The ordinary closet in a good house is, more often than otherwise, a shallow receptacle with a shelf at the top, hooks under it and a door in front which conceals the confusion which is inherent to such an arrangement. A closet as ordinarily arranged, filled with hanging skirts and its mixture of male and female attire; its upper shelf crowded with bonnet boxes and, may be bedding, for immediate use; on the floor a shoe bag and, perchance something on the floor is not unusual.

All this may be different. The confusion may be avoided and at the same time the labor of the housekeeper lightened. How is this to be done? By giving the same careful thought and skilled attention to the planning and construction of closets that is given to labor-sav-



ing devices in workshops and factories. The same quality of mind which will devise a molding machine which will save the labor of six or eight men in a foundry, could do a great deal for the housekeeper if employed in that direction. The improvement in the design and construction of desks which are in use in modern offices, shows as clearly a possible advance which may be made for the convenience of office workers when a high grade of talent is employed looking to their comfort and convenience.

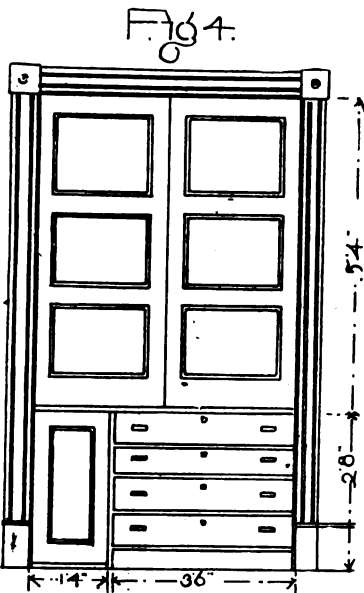
As much may be done in the improvement of closets as has been done in the design of desks, and from the construction of the latter many ideas, looking to the improvement of closets, may be derived. What is wanted is



"places to put things." This is the idea in the construction of the modern desk. There is nothing which may come to it which has not been considered. There are provided many receptacles, drawers of all sizes and kinds, properly divided. Closets should be considered in the same way.

Without the remuneration which may be expected for the invention of labor-saving devices in other lines, the writer has given some thought to the planning and construction of closets with a view of lightening the labor of the housekeeper. In the illustrations which are given are suggestions which apply to the ordinary form of a wide, shallow closet, one

which is four to five feet long and twenty to twenty-two inches deep from the outside of the door. It has been the thought to do away with hooks as far as possible. Actresses and others, who carry large wardrobes with them,



pack expensive costumes in trays which are set into trunks, and we all know how beautiful and fresh they appear. This idea is used in the construction of the closets which are here described and illustrated. In Fig. 1, a

OLD DOBBIN

BY WILLIAM L. KEESE.

I see old Dobbin through the fence; how weak he looks, and old; His hair is falling off in spots, he feels the damp and cold; He hangs his head, his step is slow—'tis plain enough to see His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.

He shall not work another jot—not that he would complain— But from this hour he ne'er shall know the touch of whip or rein. Of all the horses on the farm he's been the very best; I should have thought of it before; but now he shall have rest.

I call to my mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in— Whew! how he kicked and pranced and plunged—'was doubtful which would win; But I was young, as well as he, and would not be denied; And since, he's been as safe a nag as man would wish to ride.



But never lacked in spirit, nor in steadiness, nor speed; Many's the time his willing feet have answered urgent need. When every moment was a gain to fleeting human breath, He knew what precious minutes meant—and so defeated death.

Then, in my happy courting days, he knew the very night That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight. He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair; He seemed to say, 'twill not be long before I take you there!

Then on my wedding-day he stood with others at the church; No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch— One face, one form, that day of days, was all that I could see; I did not think of Dobbin then, whate'er he thought of me.

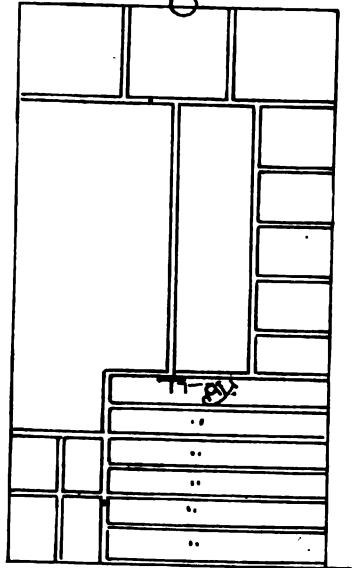
And when the years had brought their grief and I learned joy's reverse, He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearse. I cannot say that he divined how lonely was my lot; But since, he has not been the same—I know that I have not!

And so thro' gladness and thro' grief old Dobbin has been near; No wonder that he looks so old, when I have grown so sere. I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men— 'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached three score and ten!

So while I live his failing life shall naught but comfort know; Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er feel rein or blow. The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free, Shall all be his—a poor return for all he's been, to me!

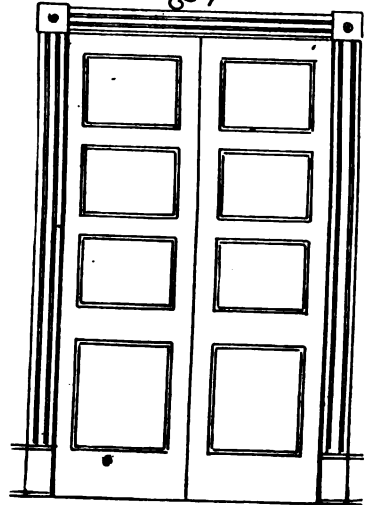
this instance the idea is to use well made paper or straw-board trays for the dresses. They are of the same general character as those used in packing dresses when they come from the dressmaker, though of more substantial construction. Fig. 5 is a still different arrangement for a closet in which the number of trays

Fig. 6.



is reduced and the hooks placed nearer the floor. There are very few articles of male or female attire which may not be cared for in a better way in a shallow drawer or tray than by suspending from hooks or any device which may be attached thereto. This is as true of gentlemen's clothing as that which belongs to

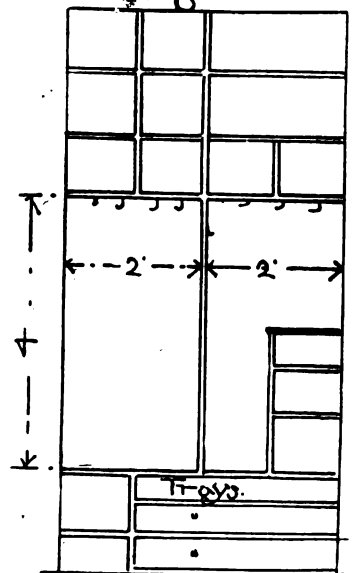
Fig. 7.



ladies. It is true, however, that there are certain articles, such as night clothes, ordinary dresses, etc., which are more conveniently suspended from hooks.

The external appearance of one of these closets is not to be overlooked. In the case of Fig. 4, if the wood were nicely finished and

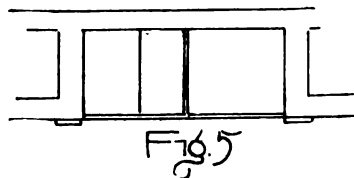
Fig. 8.



the doors and drawers trimmed with good hardware of brass, the appearance would be very beautiful indeed.

There are many important details in connection with closet construction which must be neglected at this time for want of space.

row of drawers is shown. They are six inches deep, forty-two inches long, four in number. The space at the left is divided into receptacles seven inches wide, presumably for shoes. Above the drawers, on the right, are other receptacles for the nameless and numberless articles which go into a closet. This latter series of receptacles could be divided, as indicated in Fig. 2, so that they would only extend back one-half the depth of the closet, there being another series of receptacles at the back which are reached from the side. Thus there would be twice the number of receptacles in this particular part of the closet that is shown in Fig. 1.



These rear receptacles could be used for storing articles which were not in every-day use. Hooks are shown in the upper part of the closet, though it is the belief of the writer that they can be largely dispensed with. The upper shelf is so high that it would only be used for storing such articles as were not in regular use. Fig. 2 is a floor plan of this closet.

Fig. 3 is the floor plan of the ordinary closet of this size which is provided only with the shelf and hooks. Fig. 4 is an elevation showing the front of Fig. 1 when the doors are closed. The doors above the drawers open independent of one another and of the small door at one side. The drawers may be opened independent of the doors.

Fig. 6 is a front of another arrangement for a closet. One not so long and about the same depth as the other. The doors come to the floor and inclose the drawer or tray space. In

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Assisted by

EMMA C. HEWITT

And a Corps of Contributing Editors.

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THE EDITORIAL DESK.

The editorial management holds itself responsible for the views expressed on this page ONLY; in the case of all other material, simply for the wisdom of insertion.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.



IX months ago you, my present readers, and I were strangers. To-day, it seems as if I knew you all. As I write these lines to you before the bright fireside of my home, the feeling comes over me as if I were sending you each a personal letter as friend to friend.

You have sent me, by the hundreds, your words of God-speed and kindly assurances. I have not answered them all, because I could not. But the wish was father to the thought to pen each of you a long letter; just as warm and friendly as were yours to me. Some of the words you sent me have become precepts with me. Many of you wrote far better than you knew. You apologized for your style, but if there were any such defects they were unnoticed in the warmth of generous sentiment which breathed forth from your letters.

WHEN WORK IS MADE A PLEASURE.

A number of you have asked me—"How do you like it so far as you have gone?" Splendidly, I assure you. Never was an editor more fortunate in his readers, and never was there one who became so quickly attached to them, as have I to you. Your appreciation, always so kindly expressed, makes it a pleasure for all connected with the JOURNAL to exert their best energies to please you. And to please you fully and thoroughly is not only the desire of myself, but of every one of the bright women who do so much to give life and sparkle to the JOURNAL's pages. And then, I must tell you, confidentially, that no more liberal hand ever held the financial reins of a magazine than the one which modestly hides itself behind the words "The Curtis Publishing Company." Nor do I know of a single magazine publisher more anxious to please his subscribers than this self-same proprietor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. With such generosity at my disposal for your benefit, and the band of over forty clever women always ready and willing to send their best thoughts fresh from their pens to my desk, you see the path is made quite easy for me to make your magazine all that it should be. And thus work ceases to be a labor, and becomes a pleasure. Some of you can hardly think how the JOURNAL can be made better than it is; but you will see how even the best things can be improved—and improved in exactly the way you most wish.

CAN A MAN UNDERSTAND WOMAN'S WANTS?

I know it has been said—and perhaps it may have slyly crept into your own thoughts when you learned that a man was to edit your favorite home journal—that woman's wants are understood only by woman. To an old philosopher the statement has been credited that "no man ever born understood woman." But I can hardly believe that woman is such a peculiar creature—in fact, I know from your own many kind words to me that you are not. Some women may be hard to understand, but these have up to this time not been added to our subscription list. And then, you must know that I do not depend upon myself to please you or to know what are your greatest wants. With such bright, noble and experienced women as comprise the JOURNAL's working staff, would it not be a wonder if I failed instead of a surprise if I succeeded to meet your every want? What editor could be more fortunate in his associates than he who can look for counsel to such women as Kate Tannatt, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Whitney, Louisa Knapp, Ruth Ashmore, Felicia Holt, Emma

Hooper, Kate Upson Clark, Mary Knapp, and the score of other women whose minds and hands are ever ready to tell what is best for woman's happiness and improvement? They know, even if I do not, and their counsels are my laws. So, like the phonograph, I am only the mouthpiece of hearts and minds of your own sex behind me.

A BOND OF COMMON SYMPATHY.

And here in this little corner of the JOURNAL each month, I want to come into cordial fellowship and relations with you. I would never have you feel that you are distant from me. And when I say this, I voice the sentiment of all the JOURNAL's staff. We want to make of you a large family circle, home-like and congenial, gathered each month around one common fireside. True, it is a large circle—over a half million of us now!—but it is not too large. There are plenty of chairs left for more, and as the circle grows larger let us feel that we grow in mutual confidence and sympathy. This world is a very small piece of earth after all. It is astonishing how small it is, and what a bright spot it is, when heart responds to heart, and mind seems to answer mind. We want you to feel a sense of proprietorship in the JOURNAL, just as if you owned a part of it. And you do, for that matter. By your subscription, you engage us to furnish your literature for a year, and thus you become our employer. In a great many journals there is no channel through which the reader can talk to the editor. I do not want it so. There is no reason at all why there should not be the most cordial and familiar relations between us. I know that type looks cold and stiff, but words make type, and in our words there will always be a warmth of sympathetic fellowship which asks you to draw near to us.

AROUND ONE COMMON FIRESIDE.

It is true we have not the entire womanhood of America for our readers. But the half million we have are the kindest and best women to be found in this or any other land. Taken collectively or individually, we feel a personal interest in each one of you, and just so far as it is possible for us, we want to be suggestive and helpful to you. The little trials that discourage you are in our lives as well as in yours. The same worries that come to you come to us. We are all of a common humanity, born of one common Father, all living as well as we can, with common hopes and ambitions. Why, then, should we not be helpful one to another? I want you to look upon us as if we actually came in person to your home once a month for a quiet chat at your table or by your fireside. And just as you would talk to us if we were in your home, tell us when we fail to meet some want in your daily life. Or, likewise as you would ask us many questions, tell us what you want to know, and ten chances to one we may be able to help you in suggestion or advice.

WE WANT TO FILL YOUR HOME.

While it is perhaps more especially to those upon whose head rests the glorious crown of womanhood that we appeal in our literature, we do not want to forget the smallest member of your home. For the little tots yet in the early sunrise of their lives, we want to furnish their lullabies which in memory they will carry through their lives. In the melting of their characters, in the unfolding of their lives, in the development of their souls, we ask a share by the counsel we shall gather from every part of this country for the guidance and help of the mother. To the child in whose mind reason has begun sway, we want to be a part educator. We want to join in their gleeful laugh, their innocent mirth, and be at their side when their faces are wreathed in childish glee or wet with tears. To the growing sons and daughters of your family, we ask a place as counselor. We want the girls of our land to excel in every quality of mind and heart that is good, refined and ennobling. We want them to be gentle, and kind, and affectionate. We want the boys to be inspired with the courage that comes of a pure mind and a sterling character. We want them to grow up men in every sense of the word, fit companions for true womanhood. And thus, we would fill your home. Can we do it? Bear with us, and you shall see.

FOR THE AMERICAN GIRL OF TO-DAY.

Our most present anxiety is for the budding womanhood of America, for upon their shoulders rest the future of our country. To make them not alone the equals, but the peers of the young women of any country is our great desire. No wish has been so uppermost in our minds than that by some method we might place in the hands of all our girls the chance of carving their own future at our expense. For a long time many minds were kept busy trying to solve the problem of ways and means. At last, the solution came, and already our plan is known to many of our readers. We want to educate as many of our girls as will let us do so. The times are developing smart women. Our girls must know much to be able to cope with the future. A bright mind is rapidly becoming the most refulgent jewel in woman's crown. Beauty of face and figure are no longer able to cope with plain features and a bright intellect. The men who make the best husbands are more and more looking for bright wives rather than for beautiful ones. It is upon the threshold of this new order of things that we are permitted to offer assistance to girls. A college education need no longer be withheld from our daughters because the family purse is scant and cannot bear the expense. To every mother in our land, we would say: Let us educate your daughter for you. We want to do it, and hold out the hand of ready willingness. We will pay all the cost—the one great obstacle which heretofore has stood in the way of your doing what we now will do for you.

A LIFE-TIME CHANCE FOR GIRLS.

On page 31 of this number of the JOURNAL, we tell you how your daughter can secure a free education at any college in the land which she may select. If she wishes to go to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, or would prefer some college perhaps nearer to her home, it makes no difference to us. Our offer holds good for any college in the land. Perhaps you will say "But my daughter can never get enough subscriptions." How do you know until she tries? Our greatest successes come to us when least expected, and this may be the chance of your daughter's life-time. Every girl has an equal opportunity, your daughter as well as your neighbor's. Let her try for it. She has nothing to lose, and everything to gain, as we will tell you more in detail, if you will write to us. She loses no time, wastes no energies, for if she fails to win an education, we give back to her for herself a part of every dollar she has sent to us. All her friends, and your friends, can work for her, and all goes to her credit. It is worth trying for. The result may mean the shaping of your daughter's entire future life. It may make of her the woman your heart wishes her to be.

WHAT MEN LIKE IN WOMEN.

Before I shall have occupied the space allotted to me to talk in this familiar way with you, I want to answer a question which comes to me from one of the JOURNAL sisters. She asks: "What are the qualities in women which men most admire?" I will tell you:

There is a certain something, which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one great possession and they are what men like in women.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman.

They like a pleasant appearance.

They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them.

They like the courtesy of the fireside.

They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition.

They like an ability to talk well and a knowledge of the virtue of silence.

They like a motherliness big enough to understand the wants of the older, as well as the younger boys.

They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil of every human being.

They like sympathy—which means a willing ear for the tale of sorrow or gladness.

They like a knowing how to grow old gracefully.

They like knowledge of how to dress well, which, by-the-by, doesn't mean conspicuously. Men are most attracted by good material, plain draperies and quiet colors; not by showy colors or designs.

They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain.

They like a companion—a woman who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them, who is interested in their lives and their plans and in their hopes, who knows how to give a cheering word, or to listen quietly and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling.

They may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but a man shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in a woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it.

They like women to be affectionate—there never was a man yet, no matter how stern, no matter how cold, no matter how repulsive as far as his own feelings were concerned, who did not like a loving squeeze of the hand, or a tender kiss from the woman nearest to him.

These are some of the things that men like in women.

WHAT WOMEN LIKE IN MEN.

But some one will say: Now, reverse things, and tell us what women most admire in men. Let me try and tell you.

Women, I think, like manly, not lady-like men.

They like honesty of purpose and consideration.

They like men who believe in women.

They like their opinions to be thought of some value.

They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe and do it with an amount of consideration that is a mental and a physical bracer-up.

They like a man who can take hold of the baby, convince it of his power and get it to sleep after they have been worrying with it, and walking with it until their eyes are tired and they feel as if they had no brains.

They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit, and who is properly indignant at any article written against women.

They like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of candy, the latest new magazine, or the latest puzzle sold on the street, that will do more than its duty in entertaining everybody for the whole evening.

They like a man who is the master of the situation—that is, who has brain enough to help a woman to decide what is the best thing to do under any circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize when one of the fairer sex is slightly stubborn that persuasion is more powerful than all the argument in the world.

They like a man who likes them—who doesn't scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in their truth, and who, best of all, knows that the love promised is given him.

That's the sort of a man a woman likes, and her every sigh of satisfaction as his virtues are mentioned is a little prayer that says, "God bless him."

A MAN'S IDEA OF A GOOD WIFE.

By ALLAN ERIC.

THERE can be no other correct way of putting it than to say that marriage is simply a lottery. If a man gets the right kind of a woman for a wife, his marriage will be a success; otherwise it will be a failure. The same with a woman. If the man she marries is the right kind of a man, her marriage will be a success—otherwise a failure. But I write as a married man, and so I will not attempt to speak for the other sex.

By the term "right kind of a woman," I can best make myself understood by taking my own married life as an example.

I have been married but little more than two years. My income was, at the time of my marriage, small. Our marriage was not one of those long-protracted bargains, or compromises, the result of a long-drawn-out and threadbare courtship. We were married in less than a year after we first met—and here is where the "lottery" comes in. You can't tell any more about a woman before you are married to her, than you can judge of the quality of a pudding without eating of it. It is not necessary to eat the whole of a pudding in order to judge of its quality; no more is it necessary to know a woman a lifetime in order to ascertain whether she is going to do for a life-companion.

We began married life by boarding, taking a suit of prettily furnished rooms. This we did for over a year, and then, my income having increased, we set up housekeeping in a modest, though pretty way. And housekeeping we shall always be, so long as we both shall live. My income is entirely from my pen, and averages something like \$1200 a year.

Here is what I call the right kind of a woman for a man to marry:—

I turn over, with the exception of what I require for my current incidental expenses, all money and checks, the latter endorsed, to my wife, with the certain knowledge that the money is handled and disposed of in the most careful and judicious manner. My wife, although intellectual—I regard domestic ability as one sign of intellectuality—cares entirely for our home and we do not keep a girl. Ergo, our home is always just as it should be cared for: by a wife's hands. She has the entire charge of all the expenditures of our domestic economy. Not a cent is wasted, nor is a dollar injudiciously spent.

My wife acquaints me with all the details necessary; and, free from actual buying and paying out, I am left to devote my mind to my work without interruption, and thus to produce the best results. I keep my wife informed as to the progress and character of my work, as well as of the future financial prospects resulting from it. I tell her of all, and keep back nothing, for what concerns me concerns her, and she has as much right to know of it as I have. She tells me how the state of our finances is, and thus we are each able to gauge our actions by the other; and so our income is kept up to a point that causes no worry on our part, while our expenditures never equal or exceed our income.

But let none of my readers suppose for a moment that our union is a mere partnership formed for business purposes only.

Let me take one day, for example—for one day is much like any other in our home. I have never yet left the house in the morning without kissing my wife. We have never yet parted for the day with a cross word or angry feelings. My wife follows me to the door every morning, and watches me out of sight. At night she watches at the window for my return, and in the summer usually meets me at the station. I have never yet returned home after a busy day's work with my pen, and what brains I have been endowed with, and been greeted with anything but a smile and a kiss from my wife. She is never fretful, never downcast, never anything but womanly, wifely and helpful.

I find the table set for tea, always just so neatly and carefully. While I do not lay such great stress on having my meals at a certain time as some men do, my wife is seldom late with either breakfast or tea. She is one of the very best of cooks, all her dishes are flavored to perfection, are served daintily and delicately, are scarcely ever over-done and never under-done. All these little things help to keep a man good natured. In short my home is always cheerful, and never did I see a woman try so hard, in every way, incessantly, to be a good, faithful and devoted wife as mine does. I am not writing this article for the sole purpose of eulogizing my wife, but to show what makes home truly happy.

Our little parlor is always neat and cheerful, and the dining-room is carefully arranged. Books and papers, the choicest books and the best magazines are always about, showing that they are always welcome and not unused in our home. I never neglect to bring my wife each evening such daily and other papers as I think she will like. I never remain out beyond my usual hour of coming home without sending my wife word where I have gone, and what called me away, and I never miss an evening at home unless compelled to do so on account of urgent and pressing business. I never speak a cross or a fretful word to my wife without afterward telling her I am sorry.

Nightly after tea we have our little confidential talks, and we converse while at the table; but after tea we talk over our future prospects, our hopes and aspirations, failures and successes. She tells me of all the little interesting events and incidents of the day as they have happened in her home life, and I tell her of the events of the day in the city, the people I have seen and talked with, the latest news, and so on. Often we go out for a walk after tea, and sometimes go to the public library. Often also, we go to an evening concert or other entertainment; but I am compelled, in order to keep up with my work, to write much evenings at home. But my wife is always near me, where I can look up at her and behold her who makes my life happy and my home a perfect paradise.

She is what I call the "right kind of a wife."



To the innumerable readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL I send greeting. There are many things to be said and said right away. With the utmost freedom I shall say them. Please to gather under the light of my evening lamp, and let us look over all the matters pertaining to your prosperity and happiness.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THOSE who were so unfortunate as to have been born and brought up in the city know nothing about that chapter in a boy's history of which I speak.

HIDING EGGS FOR EASTER.

About a month before Easter there comes to the farmhouse a scarcity of eggs. The farmer's wife begins to abuse the weasels and the cats as the probable cause of the paucity. The feline tribe are assaulted with many a harsh "Scat!" on the suspicion of their fondness for omelets in the raw. Custards fail from the table. The Dominick hens are denounced as not worth their mush. Meanwhile, the boys stand round the corner in a broad grin at what is the discomfiture of the rest of the family.

The truth must be told that the boys, in anticipation of Easter, have, in some hole in the mow, or some barrel in the wagon-house, been hiding eggs. If the youngsters understand their business, they will compromise the matter, and see that at least a small supply goes to the house every day. Too great greed on the part of the boy will discover the whole plot, and the charge will be made: "De Witt, I believe you are hiding the eggs!" Forthwith the boy is collared and compelled to disgorge his possessions.

Now, there is nothing more trying to a boy than, after great care in accumulating these shelly resources, to have to place them in a basket and bring them forth to the light two weeks before Easter. Boys, therefore, manage with skill and dexterity. About this time of the year you see them lurking much about the barrack and the hay-loft. You see them crawling out from stacks of straw and walking away rapidly with their hands behind them. They look very innocent, for I have noticed that the look of innocence in boys is proportionate to the amount of mischief with which they are stuffed. They seem to be determined to risk their lives on mow-poles where the hay is thin. They come out from under the stable floor in a despicable state of toilet, and cannot give any excuse for their depreciation of apparel. Hens flutter off the nest with an unusual squawk, for the boys cannot wait any longer for the slow process of laying, and hens have no business to stand in the way of Easter. The most tedious hours of my boyhood were spent in waiting for a hen to get off her nest. No use to scare her off, for then she will get mad, and just as like as not take the egg with her. Indeed, I think the boy is excusable for his haste if his brother has a dozen eggs and he has only eleven.

EASTER IN THE OLD FARMHOUSE.

AT this season of the year the hens are melancholy. They want to hatch, but how can they? They have the requisite disposition, and the capacity, and the feathers, and the nest, and everything but the eggs. With that deficit, they sometimes sit obstinately and defy the boy's approaches. Many a boy has felt the sharp bill of old Dominick strike the back of his hand, inflicting a wound that would have roused the whole farmhouse to see what the matter was had it not been that the boy wanted to excite no suspicion as to the nature of his expedition. Immediately over the hen's head comes the boy's cap, and there is a scatteration of feathers all over the hay-mow, and the boy is victor.

But at last the evening before Easter comes. While the old people are on the piazza the children come in with the accumulated treasures of many weeks, and put down the baskets. Eggs, large and small, white-shelled and brown, Cochinchinas and Burrampooters. The character of the hens is vindicated. The cat may now lie in the sun without being kicked by false suspicions. The surprised exclamation of parents more than compensates the boys for the strategy of long concealment. The meanest thing in the world is for father and mother not to look surprised in such circumstances.

EGGS OF OUR WORDLY SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

IT sometimes happens that, in the agitation of bringing the eggs into the household harbor, the boy drops the hat or the basket, and the whole enterprise is shipwrecked. From our own experience, it is very difficult to pick up eggs after you have once dropped them. You have found the same experience in your life. Your hens laid a whole nestful of golden eggs on Wall street. You had gathered them up. You were bringing them in. You expected a world of congratulations, but just the day before the consummation something adverse ran against you, and you dropped the basket, and the eggs broke. Wise man were you if, instead of sitting down to cry or attempting to gather up the spilled yolks, you built new nests and invited a new laying.

It is sometimes found on Easter morning that the eggs have been kept too long. The

boy's intentions were good enough, but the enterprise had been too protracted, and the casting out of the dozen was sudden and precipitate. Indeed, that is the trouble with some older boys I wot of. They keep their money, or their brain, or their influence hidden till it rots. They are not willing to come forth day by day on a humble mission, doing what little good they may, but are keeping themselves hidden till some great Easter-day of triumph, and then they will astonish the Church and the world; but they find that faculties too long hidden are faculties ruined. Better for an egg to have succeeded in making one plain cake for a poor man's table than to have failed in making a banquet for the House of Lords.

That was a glad time when on Easter morning the eggs went into the saucepan, and came out striped, and spotted, and blue, and yellow, and the entire digestive capacity of the children was tested. You have never had anything so good to eat since. You found the eggs. You hid them. They were your contribution to the table. Since then you have seen eggs scrambled, eggs poached, eggs in omelet, eggs boiled, eggs done on one side, and eggs in nog, but you shall never find anything like the flavor of those eggs on that Easter morning in boyhood.

THE CITY BOY'S EASTER.

AS for the boys in town! Easter comes to them on stilts, and they buy their eggs out of a store. There is no room for a boy to swing round. There is no good place in town to fly the kite, or trundle a hoop, or even shout without people throwing up their windows to see who is killed. The holidays are robbed of half their life because some wiseacre will persist in telling him who Santa Claus is, while yet he is hanging up his first pair of stockings. Here the boy pays half-a-dollar for a bottle of perfume as big as his finger, when, out of town, for nothing but the trouble of breathing it, he may smell a country full of new-mown hay and wild honeysuckle. In a painted bath-tub he takes his Saturday bath, careful lest he hit his head against the spigot, while in the meadow-brook the boys plunge in wild glee, and pluck up health and long life from the pebbly bottom. Oh, the joy of the Spring day, when, after long teasing of mother to let you take off your shoes, you dash out on the cool grass barefoot, or down the road, the dust curling about the instep in warm enjoyment, and, henceforth, for months, there shall be no shoes to tie or blacken.

Let us send the boys out into the country every year for an airing. If their grandfather and grandmother be yet alive, they will give them a good time. They will learn in a little while the mysteries of the hay-mow, how to drive oxen and how to keep Easter. They will take the old people back to the time when they themselves were young. There will be for the grandson an extra cake in each oven. And grandfather and grandmother will sit and watch the prodigy, and wonder if any other family ever had such grandchildren. It will be a good thing when the evenings are short and the old folk's eyesight is somewhat dim, if you can set up in their house for a little while one or two of these lights of childhood. For the time the aches and pains of old age will be gone, and they will feel as lithe and merry as when sixty years ago they themselves rummaged barrack and mow, and wagonhouse, hiding eggs for Easter.

THE historic and old-time cradle is dead, and buried in the rubbish of the garret. A baby of five months, filled with modern notions, would spurn to be rocked in the awkward and rustic thing. The baby spits the "Alexandra feeding-bottle" out of its mouth, and protests against the old-fashioned cradle, giving emphasis to its utterances by throwing down a rattle that cost seven dollars, and the "baby-basket" with all its treasures of ivory hair-brushes and "Meen Lun." Not with voice, but by violence of gesture and kicks and squirms, it says: "What! You going to put me in that old cradle? Where is the nurse? My patience! What does mother mean? Get me a 'patented self-rocker'!"

THE CRADLE OF MY BOYHOOD.

NOW, the "patented self-rockers," no doubt, have their proper use; but go up with me into the garret of your old homestead, and ex-hume the cradle that you, a good while ago, slept in. The rockers are somewhat rough as though a farmer's plane had fashioned them, and the sides just high enough for a child to learn to walk by. What a homely thing, take it all in all! Yes, but do not depreciate it. We were all rocked in that. For about fifteen years that cradle was going much of the time. When the older child was taken out, a smaller child was put in. The crackle of the rockers is pleasant yet in my ears. There I took my first lesson in music as

mother sang to me. I have heard what you would call far better singing since then, but none that so thoroughly touched me. She never got five thousand dollars per night for singing three songs at the Academy, with two or three encores grudgingly thrown in; but without pay she sometimes sang all night, and came out whenever encored, though she had only two little ears for an audience. It was a low, subdued tone that sings to me yet across over fifty years.

You see the edge of that rocker, worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting or sewing on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn, I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired and the ankle very sore; but I do not think she stopped for that. When such a cradle as that got going, it kept on for years.

Scarlet-fever came in the door, and we all had it; and, oh, how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should lie in it, for sickness, you know, makes babies of us all. But after a while we surrendered it to Charlie. He was too old to lie in it, but he seemed so very, very sick; and with him in the cradle it was "Rock!" "Rock!" "Rock!" But one day, just as long ago as you can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep, there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it. The neighbors came in to do that, and put a flower, fresh out of the garden dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek, and left it white, very white—the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again, and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back; "Bye! bye! bye!" which meant more to me than "Il Trovatore" rendered by opera troupe in the presence of an American audience, all leaning forward and nodding to show how well they understand German.

MOTHER'S FACE AT THE CRADLE.

THERE was a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle that somehow got loose and was taken off. But your infantile mind was most impressed with the face which much of the time hovered over you. Other women sometimes looked in at the child, and said: "That child's hair will be red!" or, "What a peculiar chin!" or, "Do you think that the child will live to grow up?" And although you were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct you knew it was something disagreeable, and you began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered over you! Ah, the benediction of such a face! It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After thirty-five years of rough tumbling on the world's couch, it puts us in the cradle again, and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

Let the old cradle rest in the garret. It has earned its quietus. The hands that shook up its pillows have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with its journey. The face that hovered has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories! Cradle that soothed so many little griefs! Cradle that kindled so many hopes! Cradle that rested so many fatigues! Sleep now thyself, after so many years of putting others to sleep!

THE CHILD OF A MODERN "ROCKER."

ONE of the great wants of the age is the right kind of a cradle and the right kind of a foot to rock it. We are opposed to the usurpation of "patented self-rockers." When I hear a boy calling his grandfather "old daddy," and see the youngster try to slap his mother across the face because she will not let him have ice cream and lemonade in the same stomach, and holding his breath till he gets black in the face, so that to save the child from fits the mother is compelled to give him another dumpling, and he afterwards goes out into the world stubborn, willful, selfish and intractable, I say that boy was brought up in a "patented self-rocker." The old-time mother would have put him down in the old-fashioned cradle, and sung to him

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed;"

and if that did not take the spunk out of him she would have laid him in an inverted position across her lap, with his face downward, and with a rousing spank make him more susceptible to the music.

WISE WORDS TO MOTHERS.

WHEN a mother, who ought to be most interested in training her children for usefulness and heaven, gives her chief time to fixing up her hair, and is worried to death because the curls she bought are not the same shade as the sparsely-settled locks of her own raising; and culturing the dromedarian hump of dry goods on her back till, as she comes into church, a good elder bursts into laughter behind his pocket-handkerchief, making the merriment sound as much like a sneeze as possible; her waking moments employed with discussions about polonaises and verd-de-gris velvets, and *ecru* percale, and fringed guipure, and puffs, and sashes, and rose-de-chine silks and scalloped flounces, her happiness in being admired at balls and parties and receptions, you may know that she has thrown off the care of her children, that they are looking after themselves, that they are being brought up by machinery instead of loving hands—in a word, that there is in her home a "patented self-rocker!"

So far as possible, let all women dress beautifully; so God dresses the meadows and the mountains. Let them wear pearls and diamonds, if they can afford it. God has hung round the neck of His world strings of diamonds, and braided the black locks of the storm with bright ribbons of rainbow. Especially before and right after breakfast, ere they expect to be seen of the world, let them

look neat and attractive for the family's sake. One of the most hideous sights is a slovenly woman at the breakfast-table. Let woman adorn herself. Let her speak on platforms so far as she may have time and ability do so. But let not mothers imagine that there is any new way of successfully training children, or of escaping the old-time self-denial and continuous painstaking.

To be with Talmage

Special To Dr. Talmage's Readers.

In view of the numerous reports being circulated regarding Dr. Talmage's future literary work, I would state to all of Dr. Talmage's readers that this department by him in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will in no wise be affected by any new plans arranged for him in editorial work. Dr. Talmage will continue to write "Under My Study Lamp" each month—we trust for years to come. Editor, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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In the heart of every mother is the desire to give to her daughter the very best opportunity to make herself a cultured and refined woman. In many households the family purse does not permit the dear mother to do just as she would, and so the delights of Vassar, the possibility of Wellesley, or what somebody knows about Smith College, are talked over and each talk ends with a sigh and a fear that "my girl will never get there."

Now, my dear girls, the matter of an education for each and every one of you no longer depends upon the family pocketbook. It is in your own hands. All of you have friends and acquaintances, and once that you are aiming for is known, one friend will get you another friend, an acquaintance will grow interested, and get all her acquaintances, until at the end of the year you gain from THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for the greatest number of subscriptions, at one dollar each, a complete education at Vassar or any other American college. This means all expenses of tuition, board and a complete education in every branch of study.

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You have from now until January 1st next in which to work. Commence now, and see whether you cannot win for yourself an education. Try for it, my dear girls—it's worth while.

THE STORY OF A NECKLACE.

THE pretty Duchess of Life has been photographed in evening dress with a single string of pearls about her neck. There is, somehow, about this string of beads a singularly pure and girlish air, and it is the one necklace that is always in good taste for a young girl. As you clasp the string of pearl beads about your own neck, I wonder how many of you know of the romance connected with those which were first made?

Love, which governs all the world, comes in this story. In the time of Louis XIV., there was a maker of pearl rosaries and necklaces who was famous for the exquisite beauty that he gave them. The ladies came from far and near to buy these wondrous beads, for from no one else could they be gotten. Vainly did his rivals try to imitate the perfect whiteness and polish of the beads manufactured by him. With all his prosperity he was very unhappy, and dreaded to sell his necklaces because of the poison (said to be mercury) with which he used to give them their great beauty. One day his son was astonished to hear him say, as he sold a particularly beautiful pearl rosary, "Infamous man that I am! May this crime be my last!"

Soon after, war was declared between France and Flanders, and the old man was very happy because he thought no more necklaces would be ordered. His only son was about to be married, and the sweet little girl whom he had chosen so pleased the father that he said, "Ask of me anything, for I am glad to have so sweet a daughter." With great glee she answered, "Oh, father, make for me one of those beautiful necklaces, such as only you can make." The unhappy man was speechless with horror and wandered through the woods all night wondering what in the world he would do. When the daytime came he threw himself on a bank beside the water to rest, and there, floating on the top, was an iridescent substance at which he could not help but look; it seemed so like his own pearls. He searched for it and found that the effect was caused by the scales of a small white fish. He collected some, experimented with them, and succeeded in producing with them the whiteness and polish for which he had formerly been forced to use the poison. On the wedding day he clasped around the neck of the beautiful bride the hand-omest string of pearls that he had ever made, and as he kissed her sweet, red lips, he knew that he could be happy for there was not a particle of poison in them. The truth of the story lies in the fact that to this day the method of making pearl beads discovered by Martin Jaquin is still the only one. So you wear about your neck a string of beads like that which delighted the heart of the lovely Ursula, and if you have to thank the man for having invented a necklace free from taint of poison, you must remember that he perhaps would never have made his great discovery if the whim of a woman had not driven him to it.

FAULT FINDING.

Don't get in the habit of it. It's the easiest thing to do and the hardest thing to stop in the wide, wide world. It ruins your temper and spoils the shape of your mouth. Try and see the good rather than the disagreeable in the people and your surroundings. You wouldn't go into a friend's house and find fault with what she does and with what she has and her ways of living; what right have you then to find fault with those who are more than friends to you—the people of your own blood? If there is a grace that we are all stung with it is that of giving praise, and yet it is one with which we ought to lavish. Why should you tell your friend that her bonnet is becoming when you have never said this to your sister? Why should you go out to tea and praise your neighbor's muffins when you have forgotten to tell mother how good her's were? Why should you announce how much Mr. Wilson over the way knows, when father is a great deal better informed man, and it has never entered your little head to whisper quietly to him how much you appreciate his wisdom. You keep your ability to discover faults for the home, while the eye that should look for virtues is closed tightly until you go out. Don't wait until some one has gone from you to tell of their virtues. Don't wait until sister is far away in another land to tell her how helpful, how pretty, or how courteous she is, and don't wait until the weary hands are crossed and the long sleep has come before you make mother know what a beautiful blue are her eyes, how tender is her heart, and how dearly you love her. Tell it all now, now, when the walk through life is hard and the sunshine of praise is yearned for to brighten it, and to warm and encourage the pilgrim by the wayside.

WHEN YOU ARE ENGAGED.

You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquoise, and when it was put there you remembered that the Hindu said: "He who hath a turquoise hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend. He is your sweetheart, your lover it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds you. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party, or in your own home, you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting. He can love you with his whole heart, but he must not make you an object of ridicule. He can think you the most unselfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home. Let him come in and be one of them—there's a dear five minutes when he can speak to you, when he can kiss you on the lips that he knows are only the gates to sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean so much to you both. Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your family affairs, for the secrets of the household do not even belong to the man you are going to marry. Guard yourself in word and in deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the blue ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties and who is called, familiarity.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR FRIENDS.

A girl I know said: "I'm a great one for making friends." It sounded as if she ought to be very happy, but when I had a minute to think I wondered if she were good at keeping them. Making friends is easy to the girl who is bright and happy, whose society gives pleasure and who is genial. But the keeping of them demands more than this. If you want to keep a friend, don't get too intimate with her. Have your own thoughts, and permit her to have hers. Do not demand too much of her in the way of confidence. And do not be too aggressive, wanting to know why she hasn't done this, and why she doesn't think as you do. If you think your friend's style of dress is not beautiful, don't tell her; you only offend her, because deep in her heart she is convinced that she knows a great deal more about it than you do. Do not find fault with your friend's friend, and do not expect to be the only one given a corner in her heart. Be as considerate of her feelings as if she is a stranger, and remember that politeness is an every day garment, and not one intended only for high-days and holidays. To sum it up in one sentence, preserve the courtesy of the beginning if you wish to keep your friendship to the end.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

Don't find fault. Don't contradict people even if you're sure you are right. Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend. Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it. Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you. Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life. Don't believe all the evil you hear. Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd. Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you. Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position. Don't over or under-dress. Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about. Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it. Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief. Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

THE BEST COSMETIC.

The most famous beauty centuries ago was Ninon de l'Enclos who excited the envy of all the ladies of the court by her exquisite complexion, and wonderful were the means compounded in an attempt to get at something that would give the same whiteness to the skin and the same warm blush that made her face so exquisite. She positively refused to tell her secret, and her chemist, for in those days great ladies kept a chemist as they did a jester, was equally silent. It was only after her death, at 90 years of age, that Maitre d'Ouard told what the preparation was that had kept his mistress young and beautiful. She had only used rainwater in bathing her face, but had been particular that she always had the soft water and that her face was given a thorough bath every day.

Now the soft water is to be gotten in every town, and there is no reason why, using this best of cosmetics, your skin should not be perfect. You laugh when you are asked, "Do you know how to wash your face?" But do you? Getting up in the morning and hurrying to get dressed, you throw some water over your face to take the sleep out of your eyes, you wipe it off and think it has had a bath; it has been ill-treated and neglected. This is the right way: Have a basin almost full of water with the chill taken off; bathe your face with both hands, giving it such a bath that the water rolls down from it and the soft towel by which it is dried becomes absolutely wet with use. Dry it thoroughly—that is it's morning bath. At night just before you go to bed, bathe your face in hot water—that is, water as hot as it will stand, wash it with a flannel cloth on which has been rubbed a good soap; after the soapsuds have been removed, finish with a bath of cold water, and you will find that with the simplest and best cosmetics, hot and cold water, your skin will whiten, your flesh will grow firmer, and you will be yourself so much more comfortable that you will wonder why you were ever satisfied with what was really only a dab.

LETTERS TO BETH.

No. V.

SOCIETY FIBS.

MY DEAR BETH:

I am perfectly satisfied with your last letter; it tells me that your progress is all it should be; that you are closely observing persons and things about you; and, also, that you are learning the importance of little things.

Our Scotch relatives have shown you this, and although it may seem trivial at times, the need is greater than the seeming.

I am glad to learn also that your uncle is just as fond of playing games and romping with you as any boy when he is not officially engaged. All professional people place too little stress on that word enjoyment. It is now many years since that famous orator, Wendell Phillips, told us that "the ideal civilization was all wrapped up in that one principle—to work less and enjoy more." When you are a little older you will understand this better, and I will not dwell upon it longer now, but pass on to a statement in your letter which touches my heart.

You say: "I am impressed every day with the absolute truthfulness and sincerity of my uncle's household. Such a thing as a society fib is unknown. I have often heard you say that they were unnecessary and sinful, but few of our friends agreed with you and I put it down as one of your special virtues."

Dear child, there is a little ugly word of three letters which is stronger than fib, but means the same; and the good woman who learned that fact in her home in Scotland, taught her own children that truth and honor were one and the same.

I cannot admit any plea for "society fibs" or falsehoods, since silence is always possible. One need not be disagreeable, offensive or aggressive in order to be truthful. Bluntness and brusqueness are no part of the code of true womanhood, neither is gracious sweetness dependent upon falsehood.

I once stood in a Washington drawing-room when the hostess was receiving many guests who were not personally her friends. She was simply fulfilling her duty as the wife of a prominent public official.

She was polite with all, and ever ready to say something to each one, which might render them comfortable; but not once did she forget the truth due herself. There was an utter absence of the effusive "I am delighted to see you," or the hackneyed "I am so glad you

could join us." At parting, the same courtesy was extended to each, without one departure from the grace and tact necessary on such an occasion. Probably no one in that room, save the immediate family friends, ever observed the care bestowed on each guest and the careful wording of each remark.

This lovely woman maintains that untruthfulness is the basis of half the misery in the world, and in all her intercourse with others she has kept her self-respect and has never lowered her standard of truth. Bessie Gushington, however, insists "that one winter in fashionable society would make any honest girl a perfect hypocrite." Then our fashionable society needs reconstructing, and the missionaries who are now sent abroad should be retained here and set to work at once.

I must still maintain that one can be "true as steel," and yet perfectly well bred. No woman can respect herself who is false to her own soul; and one of the evils of our day is the tendency to evade, prevaricate and exaggerate. A very pretty woman of our acquaintance has become so notorious for her distortion of truth and her misrepresentation of simple facts that many persons avoid her. Much of this is due to a want of proper training in the home. It may be a little vexatious to you when your uncle "picks you up" and insists on a story being told in a simple and exact manner, but you will live to thank him for it, I am quite sure. It is so easy to say "enormous" when we mean simply large; to use "magnificent" for fine; "grand" for pretty; and "elegant" for choice, or rich. These words, with many more, like that much abused word "awfully," are in daily use.

A number of years since, before you lost that dear mother of yours, a kind friend gave her a handsome party gown to make over for you. It was carefully put aside, the good mother saying, "If Beth wears such rich garments in childhood, there will be nothing left for womanhood."

So it is with our speech; if we lightly use strong words for ordinary use, there will be nothing left for important occasions. If we allow daily untruths to be called "society fibs" and flatter ourselves that no sin is there, by committed, we shall find it easy, far too easy, to tell something without fear or shame which should call blushes to the cheeks of every woman who believes in simple, absolute truth.

Deception and falsehood are crimes, and as such should never so much as enter into the thoughts of a good woman.

All the society varnish in the world cannot gloss over a lie, and all the culture of years cannot atone for deliberate deception.

We must be courteous to all, it is a Christian duty; but the most refined courtesy does not demand untruthfulness.

Our American girls are superior in so many respects, let them add to their reputation the gems of honesty and truth. I recognize the difficulty of the task, the hard bonds of environment and custom, and the slippery, easy path of pleasing fictions; but I entreat you, dear Beth, to stand firm, and never, however tempted, to sully your sweet lips with one fib or falsehood. In the highest, broadest and best sense—

"The truth shall make you free."

Faithfully yours,

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

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IN LITERARY CIRCLES

AN HOUR WITH NEW BOOKS.

BY ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

WHEN two men like William Dean Howells and Charles Dudley Warner each put forth a book in the same winter and on parallel lines of thought it is inevitable that comparison should be instituted.

MR. WARNER AND MR. HOWELLS.

TO my mind Mr. Warner's book, "A Little Journey in the World," is finer than "A Hazard of New Fortunes." It is realism, if you will—though I doubt if Mr. Howells would recognize Mr. Warner as a follower of this flag.



IN any one point, as in any other, they put on their hats, a certain trick of speech, or a habit of shrugging the shoulders is as important to him as the way they settle weightier questions of moral or social science.

With Mr. Warner the life of the soul is never lost sight of, whether it grows or shrinks, he studies it, and to do so, follows Mr. Howells' line; he shows the daily life of his people, we go with them through every phase and detail of it, but always with a cultured, generous mind for our guide, which never allows us to forget we are watching an inward drama.

MISS WOOLSON'S LATEST STORY.

QUITE different from either of the two books just mentioned is "Jupiter Lights" by Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson. This cannot be said to be of the Realist school in any degree, for it deals with characters, which never by any chance have felt a breath of common sense blow into their daily lives.

With this conceded the book is clever and strong, like all Miss Woolson's work. The characters, as usual, claim to be purely American, but are all so un-American in type that our only understanding of them is upon the broad basis of humanity rather than the narrower one of nationality.

HENRY M. STANLEY'S LETTERS.

NO more interesting book has appeared this winter than the "Story of Emin's Rescue, as Told by Stanley's Letters." In the preface to it we are informed that the letters were made public at the request of many who believed that as so much interest is now felt in all that pertains to Africa, certain information should be given in cheap form.

MOMENTS WITH THE LATEST BOOKS.

ANOTHER serious work is the study of Walpole which Morley has just brought out in the Twelve English Statesmen series. So far, this is the best number of these admirable studies, perhaps because the time and the subject are both so interesting.

How many of you know that the author of Robert Elsmere wrote a book for children long before she thought of the now extinct fire-brand which made her famous? It is called "Milly and Ollie," and has such a genuine old-fashioned flavor that I advise you to get it, if you can.

Starr's "Hygiene of the Nursery" should be in the hands of every mother. It is so clearly and simply written, and is so carefully prepared that you could not be wrong in depending upon it for advice.

A long list of new works occurs to me, any of which might interest you, but as there is no space for criticism of them, I simply mentioned a few: "A New England Girlhood," Lucy Iarcome, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), "My Mistress, Empress Eugénie," Madame Caréte (Scribner & Welford), "Arne" and "The Fisher Lassie," B. Bjornson.

I have been asked so often for the publishers of Mr. Dixey's "The Trade of Authorship" that I take this opportunity of stating that the book is published by Mr. Dixey at 89 Hicks street, Brooklyn, where all inquiries in regard to it will be answered. Its price is \$1.00.

Adapted to the humblest as well as the grandest style of living, Mr. Alessandro Filippini's great book "The Table, How to Buy Food, How to Cook It, and How to Serve It" is of exceptional practical value. There is given in this splendid book a breakfast, a luncheon and a dinner for every day in the year; over 132 recipes for soups, 300 deserts, 76 ways of cooking eggs, 40 salads, and a wealth of other material impossible to enumerate in this small space.

FORCED LITERARY WORK.

TO make literary work a methodical thing is a mistake. To compel the brain to a task from which it may at the moment revolt is surely a straining of the mental powers both rash and cruel. Mr. Anthony Trollope, in his delightful memoirs, tells us that he did so many words at such an hour every morning without fail; and one cannot help admiring the obstinacy of the mind that could drive itself to get through so arduous a task without any noticeable flagging of the genius anywhere.

THE DUTCHESS.

A STORY FROM LONGFELLOW'S WORKS.

EARLY in the "Autumn," at the close of a "Rainy Day," "Hiawatha" was sitting beside "The Open Window," smoking "The Peace Pipe"; "The Day is Done," he sighed; and when he heard "The Song of the Bell," he went by "The Light of Stars" to "The Chamber over the Gate." "The Two Angels" watched over him, and "Sunrise on the Hills" found him making arrows with which to shoot "The Birds of Passage." "A Shadow" caused him to turn, and before him stood "The Black Knight"; he had come from "The Castle by the Sea" on "The Lover's Errand"; they had a pleasant chat under "The Hemlock Tree."



At "Twilight" they went for supper to "The Wayside Inn," just beyond "The Golden Mile Stone." They were entertained with "The Landlord's Tale" of "The Haunted Chamber," in "The Castle of Vautberg on the Rhine," and how at "Night" they could see "The Ghosts," and "The Phantom Ship" sailing under "The Bridge of Clouds." "The Bell of Atr," hanging in "The Belfry of Bruges," then tolled the "Curfew," and taking "The Road to Hirschan" they went to "Herod's Banquet Hall." On the way over they could hear "The Slave in the Dismal Swamp" beating time with "The Broken Oar," and singing "Nicomodemus at Night." They found a numerous company awaiting them, and after refreshing themselves with "Catawba Wine" from "The Goblet of Life," served by "The Quadrant Girl," they spent a few hours over "The Fire of Driftwood," conversing together. Through "The Open Window" they could see "The Evening Star," and hear "The Singers" chanting "A Hymn to the Night"; and a little later on they were the "Witnesses" of "Paul Revere's Ride." "The Spanish Student," related how, when standing on "The Bridge" one "Night," he heard "The Christmas Bells," and saw "The Meeting" of "Sir Humphrey Gilbert" and "The Nun of Nidaros" under "The Statue over the Cathedral Door"; he heard her say something about "Weariness," and "The Secret of the Sea," and she passed on into "The Cloisters." "Priscilla," in one of her "Moods" while at "The Spinning Wheel," gave an account of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." "The Artist" displayed a sketch of "The Windmill" on "A Farm in the Odenwald." "The Blind Girl of Castel Cuille"—more in "The Spirit of Poetry"—told of "Blind Bartimeus," "Born Blind," "Sir Christopher's Rhyme" was "To My Brooklet." "The Musician's Tale" was about "The Two Maries," who had been killed in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," as the vessel was returning at "Daybreak" from "Outre Mer"; he also told of "The Marriage in Cana" of "Simon Magas and Helen of Tyre." "The Wedding Day" was in the "Aftermath," and "The Harvest Moon" "Shone Brightly." They were married in "The Chapel" near "Giottos Tower," and went "To Italy" for the "Holidays," and from there on "The Sea of Galilee" to "The Inn at Genoa." "An April Day" found them watching "The Launching of the Ship" below "The Light House," near to "The River Rhone." "Evangeline" said—"Three Friends of Mine" saw "The Hanging of the Crane," on an "Afternoon in February" at their home in "Grandpre." "The Young Ruler" told stories of "The Haunted House," and bade them "Beware" of "The Skeleton in Armor." At the conclusion of these tales, "The Old Clock on the Stairs" gave the "Warning" that it was time to retire. "King Robert of Sicily" remarked—There has been "Something Left Undone." They decided, however, to leave that until "To-morrow," when they would meet at "The House of Simon the Pharisee." They would drive all care to "The Four Winds," and find "Consolation" in "The Good Shepherd." As the "Bells of Lynn" sent forth their peals, they could hear "The Slave Singing at Midnight," as they walked in "The Footsteps of Angels" up "The Ladder of St. Augustine" to "The Terrestrial Paradise." And each fell asleep listening to "The Voices of the Night." M. E. E.

WHY SOME WRITERS FAIL.

I THINK that one of the reasons for the non-success of many literary aspirants is in their lack of any motive higher than a mercenary one. They need money and rush into this line, where the competition is so tremendous, without the slightest preparation in culture, style, knowledge of men and things, and sometimes with only a slight knowledge of English grammar and spelling. They say of a story or poem: "I wrote this in a half hour, or as fast as my pen could fly over the page," ignorant of the fact that a trained writer does nothing carelessly; takes time for everything. The best work must have a higher inspiration than the desire to be paid in money. Many writers lack the journalistic instinct, and send manuscripts to precisely the wrong channels. Others are indifferent to the outside of their manuscripts. They insist upon sending them written on both sides of the paper, with pencil, or rolled.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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BY MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP.

correct. Some of the pretty open-work braids are trimmed with purple and yellow pansies.

The disposition of flowers in this season's hats is another triumph of the milliner's art. No stiff bunches or sprays, but laid on loosely in "careless elegance" as though placed there by chance, not by design.

A pretty little black lace capote is in the shape of a child's Dutch cap, with quillings of nonne lace around the edge, and the sole trimming a huge, golden gauze butterfly. A Chantilly barbe forms the ties.

Yet butterflies and fringes of tiny jet pendants with puffings of crepe de Chine, in Spanish red or yellow, make charming little toques.

Fisher-Martin and dome blues, Monaco and azalea pink, glaucal or Bengal rose, Isabella and Manola yellows, tomato, and cedar-red and poplar-green are among the new shades in millinery.

Velvet ribbons come in all the new shades, but black is used on almost all bonnets, a note of black seems to be necessary to give character to these tiny trifles. Nearly all light bonnets have narrow, black velvet ties unless lace is used.

Soft surah, serge and taffeta tartans will trim some of the spring hats.

Gros grain is the standard ribbon; this, with satin cross-bars or narrow, graduated satin, stripes on one edge, is effective. Ribbons are half *faille-mousseline*, the other half gauze, with cross-bars in contrasting color, are among the novelties.

The tartans of the various clans are reproduced in ribbons of various widths for millinery and sashes; the Cluny or Fife and the Victoria are the favorites, being on white grounds.

SOME IMPORTED NEW GOWNS.

The first model in the group-illustration on this page represents a cloth princess dress in resida green, trimmed with bands of velvet of a darker shade, surmounted by a narrow, gold galloon; the sleeves are also of the velvet. This model, so plain yet so graceful and elegant, is beautiful made in cloth of any of the beige, mastic or aubergine shades,

waist; the draperies of the front of the waist are fastened on the left side by a row of very tiny buttons and silk loops; there is a jabot effect in the back, faced with cedar velvet; a narrow scarf of the velvet is draped around the waist, the ends simply crossed in the back; the collar, cuffs and shoulders-traps are of the velvet embroidered in metal threads.

The third is a model of one of the prettiest tea gowns of the season; it is in pale blue brocade, with front and sleeves of plain *mousseline de soie*, same shade, in tiny plaitings striped with gold lace galloon. There is a Valois collar of gold lace held in position by a fine gold wire.

THE NEW "BUFFALO BILL" GOWN.

A NEW imported gown is called the Buffalo, in compliment to Buffalo Bill, no doubt; the skirt draperies, collar, pockets, etc., are finished with a double row of fringe, made by cutting the cloth in narrow strips which are rounded at the end. It is in two shades of cloth. The strips on the edge of the gown, which is of the light shade, have a cord embroidery around them of silk, shade of the dark cloth; and the fringe of dark cloth beneath this is embroidered in like manner with silk like the light shade. This is exceedingly novel and effective. A jacket is worn with this costume, made of the light shade of cloth, embroidered all over the fronts of the plain cuirass, a point of embroidery at the top of the high sleeves and three points in the back, the centre one, the longest reaching to the waist line.

A YOUNG LADY'S BLACK NET DRESS.

A BEAUTIFUL black net dress for a young lady is of very fine mesh *point d'esprit*; a plain skirt simply hemmed at the bottom, very full in the back and with demi-train; waist slightly pointed, back and front, is surrounded by large, flat, jet beads or nail heads, as is also the high neck; short sleeves formed of a double puff of the net; over this is worn a bolero, or Spanish jacket, of jet beads in lattice work, with pendants between, and edged with pendants; with this Isabelle-yellow roses are worn, and a fan of Isabelle-yellow ostrich feathers, with gold handle, is suspended from the shoulder by a gold cord.

A PRETTY CASHMERE GOWN.

A PRETTY cashmere gown is in very pale gray, with border of black velvet oak leaves and acorns, embroidered with gray and silver; the nondescript draperies of the waist and skirt front are all in one piece; the back of skirt is gathered very full to the rounded waist, the gigot sleeves are finished at the wrist with the embroidered oak leaves and acorns; over this is a bolero of black velvet, embroidered with gray and silver.

MORNING AND TRAVELING COSTUMES.

SERVICEABLE gowns for the morning promenade and traveling purposes, are of light-weight cloth or vicuna, with plain round, English skirts, very full in the back and finished with a stitched hem or several rows of stitching. The edge of the foundation skirt beneath has a gathered ruffle of the cloth, pinked on both edges; this is worn with a blouse of washable silk or percale, either dark or light, with tennis belt under a jacket of the cloth, with loose fronts turned back with revers and finished with plain, tailor buttons.

(Continued on opposite page.)

FANCY INDIA SILKS.

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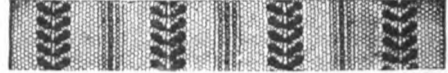
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NEW STYLES IN SPRING MILLINERY.

TOQUES and capotes are as small and hats as large as those worn last season.

Wide brims and flat crowns still appear and there is some variety in shapes although the general effect, when trimmed, is pretty much the same.

Almost every variety of braid ever worn, and some new ones and new combinations are exhibited. Tuscan brims are lined with chip of a darker color; some hats are composed of alternate rows of Milan and Neapolitan braid. Very pretty shapes in Neapolitan have borders and crowns of straw lace; others are composed of straw lace with cap crowns; some in English straw, and French chips are crownless, the crown being formed of velvet or ribbon in the process of trimming.

MATERIALS FOR TRIMMING BONNETS.

FLOWERS predominate for trimming, although feathers and ribbons are still to be seen. It would seem that every variety of flower to be found in the whole realm of nature has been reproduced for the decoration and adornment of the fair daughters of Eve. It would be difficult to say which will be the most popular flower, the choice seems to be determined by the color-effect desired to be produced. Bonnets composed of flowers in wreaths supported by a bow of velvet ribbon or a lace butterfly in front will be much worn. Lace bonnets and lace hats are fashionable, and some new designs are imported especially for them; barbes and laces with equal edges in various widths, very fine delicate laces in Chantilly and Michlin designs, tri-cornered pieces for forming lace aigrettes, etc.

TWO NEW STYLES IN STRAW HATS.

AN English straw hat has an Angelo crown of poppy-red velvet, with roll of the same about it knotted with handkerchief ends on one side; a large poppy placed on the brim in front completes the trimming.

Another hat in brown straw has a crown of green chip and a lining of the same under the brim; this is effectively trimmed with shaded Aubergine roses, and a bow of satin ribbon of the lightest shade of aubergine.



SOME SPRING MILLINERY HINTS.

YELLOW of all shades is very popular this season, and is seen often in contrast with Aubergine; this combination of "purple and gold" is exceedingly pretty if the shades are

with trimming and sleeves of corded silk in a darker shade.

The second model is a very pretty one for any of the new India, China or surah silks, for summer wear; the front of both skirt and waist is cut bias, as is also the back of the

LATEST FASHIONS.

By Mrs. JOHN W. BISHOP.

SPRING JACKETS AND WRAPS.

THE new jackets are considerably longer than those of last season, of equal length all around and either double or single breasted.

One model shown is that of a jacket to be worn *en costume*, or could be made of different material from that of the gown; it has a plain cuirass back, moderately high sleeves, the front crossing diagonally to the left shoulder, where it is fastened under a rosette and innumerable loops of silk cord, same shade, with a little gold intermingled; it is finished with several rows of stitching, and the turban of the same cloth, is finished in the same way, with trimming of cord like that on the jacket.

Fur trimmed pelerines, and even those of fur, will be worn late in the season and, in fact, all summer, for driving and cool evenings at mountain and seaside resorts. Some pretty new designs in shoulder capes are shown in neutral shades of cloth to be worn with any costume or in cloth like the gown. Some are kilt, plaited or gathered to a square, or deep pointed yoke which is richly embroidered or braided; others are made with high shoulders and Stuart collars like the fur pelerines, and finished on the edges with stitching or embroidery in various designs, or alternate folds of two shades of cloth with notched edges. Pretty traveling cloaks are made of light-weight cloth or pongee; these are cut perfectly straight, three yards wide and the length of the dress; they are shaped to the figure by deep plaits at the neck turned toward the centre both back and front, thus forming a box-plait on the shoulders; they are lined with shot silk, have turned-down velvet collar, and are fastened at the neck, with ribbons tied in a bow with long ends, or a cord and tassels.

More dressy pelerines are made of velvet or silk, embroidered all over; some are entirely of passementerie, with fringes of tiny strung crochet beads or grelots. Half tight French jackets of armure silk or sicilienne, with long, square sleeves, are trimmed with Chantilly lace and fine silk crochet ornaments, or very handsome jet passementerie.

FASHIONABLE SUMMER JACKETS.

THE use of light cloth in heliotrope, beige, and mastic shades is a noteworthy feature of the new spring jackets.

One is made of the two medium shades of heliotrope; a close, tight-fitting armor-like cuirass, of the darker shade, is fastened down the front with small, round, silver buttons; over this is a sleeveless jacket of the lighter shade, parting in front to display the jacket beneath; the high sleeves of the darker shade are finished with epaulets of the lighter cloth.

Braiding in elaborate designs, military or arabesque patterns, with a finish of fringe, is seen



on some of the new jackets; a deep pointed or square yoke is simulated with the braid, which is usually in black and gold, and a fringe, of black wool and gold, edges the yoke, the deep pointed epaulets, the fly front and the bottom of the jacket. These are very dressy affairs. Gold braiding or that of other metals alone forms the garniture of some jackets of light

cloth. Many are made of a combination with white cloth, the latter forming the vest and lapel facings.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, LACES, PASSEMENTERIES, ETC.

THERE is an immense variety of tiny galloons and passementerie edgings for jackets and skirts and waist draperies, some of which are very novel and effective. Gold still holds a prominent place, fine jets are as fashionable as ever, and vandykes are good for



another season at least. Narrow jet galloons show a line of color through them in all of the new cloth shades.

Solid bead galloons are revived and some have a narrow, rain fringe attached to one edge. The centipede is a new pattern in jet passementerie. Very narrow, fine, crochet edges, and borderings of grelots in the different metals are a novelty. Beautiful passementeries in beads and bullion come in all the colors of the Scotch tartans.

Graceful patterns in metal passementeries are formed of narrow braid placed on edge; the horse-shoe is one of the designs.

Empire gold bands show a straight line of embroidery through the centre, around which the laurel leaves are twined. The new filet headings are slightly gathered to the edge and finished with plain fringe below; this gives them a heavier and more graceful appearance; some of them have jet pendants or silk grelots scattered over them.

Sewing-silk or twist filet will be much used for sleeves, also for entire dresses. There are gigot sleeves of black passementerie, and boleros of silk as well as of jet. A handsome bordering is in heavy Escorial lace vandykes with a deep twist fringe attached to their edges.

For summer silks, light cashmeres, challies, etc., there is a lovely new trimming called Swiss lace embroidery; it is an effective combination of a very delicate lace, like an imitation of old *point d'Alencon* and guipure embroidery.

A new lace for millinery and dress garniture is called shower of pearls; it is in very fine mesh net with vandyked edge, above which are graduated lines of light dots running up and down. Very few stripes are seen in laces and nets; independent figures are more fashionable.

A pretty dress net is, in fine mesh *point d'esprit*, with large, heavy palm leaves scattered over it. Gold-dotted nets are new, and forty-four-inch net flouncings, embroidered in gold line crystal beads and tinsel, make handsome dress fronts. A new Russian net, with dice-pattern mesh, and Tosca lace, will all be used for summer gowns.

Beautiful scarfs in Mauresque lace, three yards long and a half yard wide, can be utilized in various ways for neckwear.

Some very pretty conceits in veillings are shown; the new ones have extra fine meshes and either very fine chenille dots or tiny pastilles close together, or large, far apart pastilles, rings or crescents.

A novelty is the *gran de beauté*, or beauty-spot net, with pastilles very far apart, which give the effect of the beauty-spots worn by our great grandmothers. Plain, fine mesh nets, with borders of small metal vandykes, are also new.

GOODS FOR DEEP MOURNING.

THAT deep mourning should be plain, however rich it may be, is an undisputed opinion. Very few fabrics are admissible. Henriettas are the standard, than which nothing drapes more beautifully, and nothing is as durable. These, however, are rather heavy for warm weather, and the old-fashioned French bombazine is still shown by our leading houses for summer wear. Silk warp tamise cloth and very fine French cashmere may be worn. These should be heavily trimmed with crape, and a mantle of the same, also trimmed with crape, is usually worn with them.

The very small, flat capote will continue to be worn, the veil stretched tightly across the front and falling to the edge of the dress in the back for the deepest mourning. The length of the veil varies from two yards to four and a half yards, with hem from a quarter to a half-yard deep. It should be of the best English crape for elegant mourning, but for ordinary wear or traveling, a veil of bordered nun's veiling is considered deep mourning.

Our model represents a gown in princess shape, of fine Henrietta, with skirt front and vest of plaited crape; the sides of the skirt are finished at bottom by three milliner's folds of the Henrietta; collars and cuffs of crape, and crape-covered buttons finish the waist.

Another mourning gown, of bombazine, has a plain, round skirt with border of crape covering more than half the depth; there are a corset, sleeves and stand-up collar of crape. Dull kid boots, jewelry of dull black enamel and a handkerchief with deep black border complete the *ensemble*.

FOR LIGHTER MOURNING WEAR.

FOR the second period of mourning there is a wider range of materials and ornaments of dull silk passementerie or of crape passementerie (one of the season's novelties) are admissible. India camel's-hair in fine, soft quality, Sabastopol cloth, silk and wool armure, and armure silk in heavy materials and many novelties in light-weight goods for summer wear; all-wool grenadines in stripes and figures and with crape stripes; iron-frame grenadines with silk warp; all-wool *crepe de chine*; lustreless, crinkled *crepe de chine*, forty-six inches wide; sewing-silk or tafetas grenadine; lustreless India silks; plain black batistes, jaconets and organdies.

WHEN IN HALF-MOURNING.

FOR half-mourning there is a great variety of black and white, and black and gray fabrics, all the newest designs in colored goods being carried out in these effects.—India silks with white figures very far apart; wool challies, with white figures; ginghams in stripes and plaids, gray and black, and gray and white;

chambreys in gray and black with borders, etc. There is a narrower, lighter, crinkled *crepe de chine* than that aforementioned, to be used for blouses, and undersleeve effects, and the fronts of tea gowns as well as for pretty devices for neck wear; plain, severe folds or plaits are more suitable than frillings and shirrings for the latter purpose.

Women of wealth and elegant taste carry these outward signs of grief into the decoration of their apartments; all of their surroundings and belongings must accord with the gloom of a "heart bowed down."

NEW FASHION NOTES.

SAILOR hats will be very fashionable this season; some of the new ones have crowns a little higher than those of last season; silk beaver sailor hats are a fashionable fad and will be worn for the promenade as well as for riding hats.

Paris ladies wear veils a yard and a half long, which are drawn over the face, caught up quite high at the back of the hat or bonnet and have one long end which is passed around the neck and fastened to the left shoulder.

The furore for Spanish fashions, the result of the bull fights in Paris last summer, has by no means subsided; and many of the latest fads in colors, laces, millinery and gowning have come to Paris from beyond the Pyrenees.

The construction of the bodices of new gowns is more complicated and nondescript, and jacket fronts are more oddly adjusted than ever. Princess dresses with Greek draperies will be popular, but the Empire style is by no means superseded, and there is a revival of some of the Directoire features.

Long, undressed, cream-white kid gloves have garlands of flowers in embroidery twining about them like a serpentine bracelet; tiny trails of rose buds, violets, or myosotes.

Tan gloves in light shades are still worn for evening dress. A Paris firm exhibited last summer in tan color alone three hundred distinct shades.

Thanks for information are due to Madame Kate Reiley; Messrs Worthington & Smith; Arnold, Constable & Co., and Aitkens & Son.

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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

By EMMA M. HOOPER.

THE NEWEST SEASONABLE FABRICS.

The mild winter gave the merchants such a poor season that they are hastening to open their spring goods and tempt the expectant buyer to invest as early as possible.

Domestic silks, satines and ginghams are pushing the French goods closely, and being much cheaper, will prove formidable rivals, since they wear as well, and now equal them in finish, coloring and designs.

Among figured goods, trailing vines, stem effects, single flowers, ferns, leaves, gracefully-curved ostrich feathers and outlined scrolls, giving an Oriental or Japanese appearance, abound. Real tartan plaids are simply a "rage" in silk, gingham and woolen fabrics, while the novelty plaids, not following any authentic blue-and-green, red-and-black, etc., combination, are seen in all dress-goods and ribbons.

NEW COLORS AND SHADES.

LAVENDER shades are promising a "run," which is apt to be a short one, as the color is too trying to be a continued favorite. Gray is very choice; old-rose in high favor; brown, as usual, in steady demand; green, a firm stand-by, and grayish-blue very stylish.

The palest of yellow is called gluten, then paille, or straw, ebénier, blé-d'or, and old-straw. Melon and toreador are very deep shades of orange. Among the blues are matelat and marine, Edison, Niagara, ciel, empire, dome, Danube, Skobelev, serpent, royal, Dresden and porcelain. In gray we find slate, silver, steel, monette, pigeon, dove, fawn and elephant.

THE embroïdered 45-inch flouncing now has a hemstitched hem in preference to round or pointed scallops, and on the handsomest designs the work covers about a third only of the width. Three bands above a hem, upright sprays, single and appliqué leaves, cording and tucks, vandyke figures, bands of insertion separated by tucks—all with a deep hemstitched hem—are on Swiss muslin, or nainsook, at 60 cents to \$2 a yard.

NEW VEILINGS AND CHALLIES.

VEILINGS in light shades have one edge scalloped or hemstitched; darker shades have woven borders, like satin ribbon. The first-named are in "robes," and the latter are rare at any dry-goods house, though first-class modistes import them for wealthy customers.

French, or all-wool, challies are of plain colors, bordered with stripes or flowers, or have floral designs similar to those described for French satines, showing stems, leaves, scrolls and flowers in old-rose, black, pale green, lavender and red effects. These are about 30 inches wide, and from 50 to 75 cents.

INDIA silks are 20 to 27 inches in width, and cost from 30 cents to \$2.25—the latter having black grounds, satin stripes and floral designs. The plain Indias are 49 to 90 cents, and white comes in dress patterns of fifteen and sixteen yards for \$8.50 to \$14, for summer-evening and bridal toilettes.

NEXT SUMMER'S BLACK GOODS.

SILK-WARP mohairs and cristalette are charming for summer gowns. The latter has a sparkle in its weave, smooth surface, and is ornamented with a hemstitched hem and rows of the stitching over the rest of the goods. The mohairs are plain or brocaded with flowers or geometrical designs.

Wool mohairs are brocaded with high-lustre flowers; and Sicilian is a wiry material, rather coarse in weave, that shakes the dust splendidly. These fabrics are 42 to 44 inches wide and \$1 to \$1.50.

Some veilings have a border of dull and satin-finished stripes; others a hem and rows above hemstitched.

Wool mohairs are brocaded with high-lustre flowers; and Sicilian is a wiry material, rather coarse in weave, that shakes the dust splendidly. These fabrics are 42 to 44 inches wide and \$1 to \$1.50.

There is a kind of an armure surah, in black only, at \$1 to \$1.50, called Bouclée, which, for a dress, is stylish, durable and well appearing as long as it lasts.

NOVELTIES IN WOOLEN GOODS.

GENUINE tartan plaids show the colors of the various clans, and may be divided into two classes—those having red effects, or blue and green. These are 42 to 54 inches, and cost \$1.25 to \$2 in good materials.

Shepherds' checks in black and white are very fashionable again. Pin-head checks, stripes, and bordered goods show gray and black, green and brown, blue and tan, and many dashes of yellow to enliven it all.

All of the above are 42 to 44 inches, and from 85 cents to \$1.50. Of course, some of the high novelties, especially in the bordered designs, are \$2.50 to \$4, and some lovely English tweeds, in invisible checks, are \$2.25.

French "robe" dresses are of the finest of cashmere or camel's-hair, with a silk brocade panel and narrow trimming to match. The price of these exquisite creations are from \$50 to \$90.

New tennis flannels are in checks, plaids and stripes—the latter of silk or satin—at 49 to 75 cents. French flannels and their imitations for wrappers have solid or shaded stripes, single flowers, ferns, leaves, scrolls, or a vandyke border.

WHITE COTTON AND EMBROIDERED FABRICS. The embroïdered 45-inch flouncing now has a hemstitched hem in preference to round or pointed scallops, and on the handsomest designs the work covers about a third only of the width.

THE embroïdered 45-inch flouncing now has a hemstitched hem in preference to round or pointed scallops, and on the handsomest designs the work covers about a third only of the width. Three bands above a hem, upright sprays, single and appliqué leaves, cording and tucks, vandyke figures, bands of insertion separated by tucks—all with a deep hemstitched hem—are on Swiss muslin, or nainsook, at 60 cents to \$2 a yard.

Chambéry and batiste dress patterns have four and one-half yards of embroïdered skirting, and nine yards of the plain goods, for each gown, which costs from \$15 to \$40.

THE materials from which we make these garments include some fine imported corsewreves, worsteds, flannels, broadcloths, kerseys, jersey cloth, whip-plushes, velvets, etc., etc. Many of these are suitable for making suits and dresses. We will mail you our catalogue, together with a 48-inch linen tape measure, complete measurement blanks and FORTY SAMPLES of the cloths and silks of which we make the garments, to select from. We invite readers of the Journal to send for it.

THE pale, evening tints are selected with the embroïder on the skirting and alone one selvedge, three-inches wide, in a color on a white ground, or, more frequently, in white on a light ground, though some very novel patterns have black mingled with a color on an écu foundation, hemstitched hem, vandyke shapes, and much open-work or broad hemstitching with the graceful embroïder.

Black and white striped surahs for old ladies and second mourning, are 50 to 75 cents. The genuine tartan plaid surahs are \$1.25 to \$1.50, and French novelty plaids and blocks, crossed by satin stripes of one to three colors, are \$1 to \$1.25.

Wash surahs, of American make, are in white and light-colored stripes, warranted to wash, 22 inches wide, and cost \$1 to \$1.25.

The imported ones are \$1.50, and come in dark checks, that are excellent for traveling wear, while the lighter ones are for ladies' and children's dresses and blouses.

Plain surah may be had from 59 cents to \$1; but a merchant cannot recommend a quality below 75 cents for any purpose.

There is a kind of an armure surah, in black only, at \$1 to \$1.50, called Bouclée, which, for a dress, is stylish, durable and well appearing as long as it lasts.



Whenever you visit the shops in town, Looking for Braid to bind your gown, Secure the Clasp, wherever found, That holds the Roll on which is wound The Braid that is known the world around.



Every known shade can be matched in surah; hence its immense consumption, as it is used for gowns, combination, blouses, trimmings, fancy work and underwear. One domestic silk manufacturer carries a color-card of two hundred shades.

Satin duchesse at \$1 answers for lining net dresses far better than ordinary satin at 50 cents; and if a woman wishing a good, wear-forever black dress is brave enough to wear something rather out of style, she will select a satin rhadamé.

If Faille Française is of a good quality, having a double-silk face, it is a good purchase; but if under \$1.50 per yard it cannot be of pure silk, owing to the quantity necessary to give a double face.

Peau de soie is a dull-finished satin that does not take here. It is fashionable in Paris, and fits itself beautifully to the form, being flexible, but the surface is not becoming, and the fabric soon shines. Like faille it may be had for 80 cents to \$4.

Bengaline is rated with silks, though it is only a silk-and-linen poplin, figured and plain, costing from 85 cents to \$4, and is only suitable for persons of unlimited means, as it spots, cockles and wears shabby in a short time.

The loveliest shades are now brought out in velvet for trimming and millinery, for \$1 to \$1.50 per yard. In ribbons, the chief novelties are tartan and novelty plaids, gauze and open effects, and wider widths than formerly. Sashes of laid answer for a dress or hat-scarf. Double-faced satin ribbons are used, once more.

NEW STYLES IN COTTON FABRICS.

FRENCH ginghams range from 40 to 60 cents; Scotch, 25 to 40 cents, and American, 12 to 25 cents. All are of the same width—27 to 32 inches. Some of the French ginghams show a brocade resembling satin flowers; the others are in the same designs as the Scotch and American goods—in plaids, plain and shaded stripes, wide and narrow, single blocks holding a flower, small checks, chambéry and debeige grounds, flowers over chine stripes, dividing lines of black, bourette and imitation lace stripes. Borders run along one selvedge in stripes and flowers, and the most impossible colors are indistinctly shaded to form an harmonious whole.

Percales show stripes in shaded or plain effects, light colors divided by a tiny black line, single flowers or leaves, moons, vines, wreaths, twined stems, diamonds, rings, daisies, cross-bars, checks and plaids on white or light grounds at 15 to 30 cents, and are in

delightfully clean-looking patterns for ladies' wrappers, shirt-waists and morning-gowns, girls' dresses, and boys' waists. American satines are 15 to 25 cents; French ones are 33 and 40 cents—except the rich Persian patterns, which are only to be had in exclusive stores, and cost 60 cents. All are thirty inches wide, and will dry-clean beautifully, as well as wash, if one knows just how to do it, which was told in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL last summer. The designs are about the same in foreign and domestic goods, and the sheen and finish of the latter have much improved.

Plaids, checks, all sizes and combinations of stripes, vines, small and large flowers, having many leaves and long stems, white designs on all grounds, black figures on a colored foundation and vice versa, vines trailing around stripes, batiste grounds, dull and satin-finished stripes, pea-spots in satin, apparently, dotting the surface left between one or two-toned floral designs. Old-rose is very prominent; also pale green, the China blues, gray and Eiffel red, and yellow is mixed everywhere. There are more dark and medium grounds than usual, and the figures are of fewer shades than formerly. The Oriental, or Persian effects, are rich in palm leaves, fan-shaped figures, shawl stripes and all-over arabesques, rivaling the lovely coloring of cashmere roll shawls. If any of the background shows, it is of a neutral, dark tint. Some lovely gray grounds are covered with Persian scrolls in white and lighter gray, outlined with gray.

Toile du nord is a fine domestic gingham, 27 inches wide, and 15 to 18 cents a yard. This comes in broken stripes, wide and narrow; checks and plaids; also with a border of darker checks or lines along one selvedge, and in ten plain colors.

Knock-about cloth is a cotton material having a nap face (27 inches and 15 cents), which makes it resemble flannel. It is for tennis and children's dresses, blouses, etc., and may be had in fine and wide stripes, alternating with white.

Cotton India silks are new—27 inches and 15 to 20 cents. This fabric has a silk-twisted warp, giving it a thin, silky feeling, with printed figures of Oriental scrolls of one color, single leaves or flowers, stripes and vines—all on a white ground. It serves a variety of purposes, as it is suitable for dresses, scarfs, window-curtains, long sash and vestibule lengths, and bed-room draperies.

Cashmere ombre is an English satine having a lusterless or cashmere ground, with shaded designs, giving the ombre, or shaded, effect. It is the same width and price as French satines and a trifle heavier.

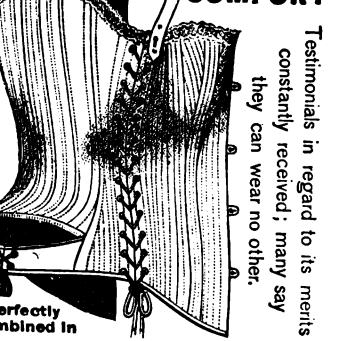


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SOME INEXPENSIVE SUITS FOR GIRLS.

By RUTH ASHMORE.



THE woman who spends the most money on her dresses does not always have either the most fashionable or the most becoming, for something more than money is required for a becoming suit. And that is?

A thought as to where it is to be worn and whether it is suited to the age and style of the wearer. The French, the people who best understand the art of dress, never fail to consider these questions, and to them is due the fashion of wearing woolen, the really suitable material for all times during the day.

You have, perhaps, but one nice suit, and that a silk—it is not in good taste to wear silk in the morning, or to walk in it—so that, unless you have a carriage at your command, your silk dress is useless save for formal visits or the evening—you are obliged to wear last season's gown, which the silk one was supposed to supplant; but the cashmere or serge is not too much dress for any time and is always allowable, if it is becoming, for evening entertainments that do not demand full dress.

A BECOMING SUIT FOR BRUNETTES.

YOU are a brunette; a pretty girl, about the average size. You have not much money to spend, but you want a suit, and that means a dress, a wrap and a bonnet in harmony. First, think out your color: you choose gray, a clear shade. For this select a double-width material, because being so wide it cuts to better advantage and is cheaper in the end. You know that heliotrope is fashionable with gray and so, for a bit of decoration, you get enough for a collar and girdle. When your dress is finished the skirt is the received length, that is, it comes far enough over your shoes in front



to keep you from looking awkward, and it is a little shorter in the back so that it will not collect dust. Over the plain foundation the cashmere is draped, long and slightly wrinkled in front while at the sides and back it is laid in plaits at the top, that are not, however, caught down but allowed to fall in their own artistic manner. They have been carefully pressed once, and this leaves just the semblance of their outline. The basque is rather short, and pointed at the back and front. From one shoulder a full strip of the material is drawn over in surplice fashion fastening at the side. The collar is a high one of heliotrope velvet, and the girdle is also of the velvet, but instead of fastening at the back or front it is brought around to the side and is then put under a velvet rosette. Your sleeves are fashionably full at the top, but do not look extreme. You have wisely made a very full skirt, and so you look at material with a sad smile. Have not enough for a coat? Well, then, have a yoke cape: get a little more velvet, it is not an expensive quality, and use it for the collar and yoke; from it hang the two full capes that form a small wrap and which are really warm enough for Spring days. Tie them in front with long ribbons of gray gros-grain, that soft quality that does not muss with use. Your hat? As you wear your hair low, choose a toque of gray straw drape the brim with heliotrope velvet and have a bunch of violets pressed together in a rosette fashion, put slightly to one side above the velvet. Your gloves are grey undressed kid, and you can look at them with pleasure, inasmuch as they will stand cleaning and appear better after it than any other shade. Now you are dressed in good taste, becomingly and at but slight expense.

WHAT IS BEST SUITED FOR BLONDES.

A SUIT to be worn by a blonde? A suit that will have much wear and must withstand the dust? There is one fashionable material, one that was dear to our grandmothers, but which to-day is in vogue, that not only scorns but casts aside dust. And that is alpaca. Black will be most becoming and on the warmest or coolest day look best. You expect to wear it without an outer wrap, then you need a coat instead of an ordinary basque. Let the skirt be as simple as possible, it will then look most stylish and be easier to keep in order. Have it a kilt, the plaits not too fine, but caught at intervals with tapes underneath. The coat gives it an especially stylish air. Make that after the fashion known as Louis Quatorze—a medium length coat that fits perfectly in the back, has loose jacket fronts that flare away, and a vest all buttoned down before. Finish all the edges of the coat with a tiny cord covered with the alpaca, and make the waistcoat of it, overlaying it with black passmenterie so smoothly sewn on that it makes it seem like

a brocade. Do not make the mistake of getting jet; what you want is the braid passmenterie. The high collar of the vest coming as it does above the rolling one of the jacket, may be decorated in the same way; the rather wide coat-sleeves should have their cuffs trimmed with it, and the pocket laps should be in harmony. At the back, a little distance below the waist line, set three large crocheted buttons on each side, and similar buttons, only for decoration, should be on each side of the jacket fronts. Wear a black, fancy straw bonnet, with a monture of green leaves enframing it, and loop the narrow black velvet ties under your chin. Your gloves may be black or tan, and your parasol black with a fancy wood handle. You can smile at yourself in the mirror, because you look stylish, but your dress is one that will stand a great deal of wear, endure even daily wear, and come out of it looking almost as good as new.

FOR GIRLS OF FAIR COMPLEXIONS.

ONE of the beauties; a girl with brown hair, blue eyes and rather fair complexion. Be wise then, and choose neither a very dark or very light color. As you want a cloth dress, suppose you get one of the fine plaids in blue and white—the very fine shepherd's plaid. The material is a light-weight, smoothly-finished cloth, and if you can spare the money, make it up on a silk foundation. You do not need an expensive silk for this purpose, and your cloth dress will always seem nicer for having it. The skirt has a long, plain tablier that is apparently fastened to the side by rows of small, brown velvet buttons, six in a group, and then a small space, when six more come in, soldier fashion, to do their duty. Loops of fine, brown cord simulate button-holes. The sides and back are quite plain, the full folds falling in an unbroken line. The basque is a position that fits, as cloth always should, with great precision. It is short and pointed in front, arched over the hips, and has the usual position back, on which are set two rows of the tiny buttons. The closing is done with these small buttons, and there is no decoration whatever unless the high, velvet collar may be counted one. The sleeves are coat shape, and, while fitting the arms closely, are not tight. A row of buttons on the outer side of each, a row reaching nearly to the elbow, are their trimmings. You look well in this because you are a good figure that elaborate bodice decorations would only hide, while this well-cut, well-fitting bodice serves to show it to the best advantage. Your hat must have the new rosette trimming. It should be a spoon-shaped turban of brown straw; two strips of velvet, one brown, the other cream, are drawn forward from the back and held under three rosettes made of velvet cut on the bias: one is of emerald green, another of brown and another of cream. Have your last season's parasol, with its pretty handle freshly covered with brown silk, and wear walking gloves of dark tan, those with the seams overlapping and which have four large buttons. As they run very large, you can get them a quarter of a size smaller than you generally wear, and even they will be an easy fit—a something so desirable in a glove!

A DRESS FOR EVENING WEAR.

FOR evening wear nothing can be daintier than a dress of nun's veiling in a faint blue, lilac, old rose, or dove gray; that is, when one does not care to wear white. Make your dress with a simple skirt and put all your



ingenuity to work to devise a becoming bodice. One to be recommended is to be worn with a plain full skirt; it is laid in fine plaits at the neck that are drawn into a V shape at the waist, adding to its small and long appearance. The collar is a toly frill of fine

lace, falling over the bodice so that the throat shows; a jabot of the same kind of lace is arranged down the front, concealing the closing. The sleeves are very high on the shoulders and very full. They are drawn in with shirrings just below the elbow, and



have deep cuffs of white moire, finished with frills of lace that fall well over the hands and tend to make them look smaller. A folded sash of white moire is laid about the waist, outlining the point shape; then it is arranged at the back in loops and ends, the last reaching quite to the skirt edge. Expensive? Not at all. Why these light stuffs do not need to be of as fine a quality as those intended for street wear, for in a house or evening dress, effect rather than richness of stuff is to be desired.

SOME LITTLE DETAILS IN DRESS.

ARE you willing to take a little advice about your dress?

Then do not sew the skirt in with the foundation; instead let them join together at the belt, and after that it will be only necessary to tack them together here and there to keep the skirt in place. A prim, rather than a fashionable, look comes when the lining and the outer material are indissolubly wedged, and neither, by the by, wears well.

If you want a basque to set well, always fasten your underneath belt. Do not have it so tight that it will not hook, but remember by its being large enough to bring together easily you save the strain that is otherwise given to the back of the bodice. Usually the fold on double-width material is on the right side; when this is not so, the weave is such that you can easily tell which is right and which is wrong. Do not show your ignorance of the material by trying to hide the fold. Worth, Felix and Doucet are famous for arranging tabliers in such a way that the original fold in the cloth shows right across them.

If you have a silk skirt that has seen its best days, use it for lining; the plainest dress is made elegant by a silk lining and the perfection of its finish.

If you like a basque that fits snugly, have, in addition to the buttons, a set of hooks and eyes arranged in alternate fashion; that is, first a hook and then an eye, so that when they are joined they will not fly apart, and they really prove a great aid in making the buttoning very easy. And do use large hooks and eyes; small ones simply serve to break the fingernails and irritate you.

For any closing that is visible, small buttons are the most fashionable. Large ones, except for decorative purposes, are not in use.

Think over all the little points that tend to make a dress comfortable, if you want to feel at ease in it. Remember that its more ardent friend should be the whisk broom, and so intimate should be their acquaintance, that the one should be able to find on the other every bit of dust, no matter how well it may have hidden itself.

If your dress is suitable to you, to the time and to the place, you will look well in it; for a mind at ease is a sort of mental trimming.

A badly fitting bodice, a skirt that is ill-hung are not calculated to improve one's temper, and you want, of course, to keep that in good condition.

Dress has a great deal to do with making women charming in manner as well as in person. But though on pleasure you may be bent—for choosing a new gown is a pleasure—and though a frugal mind may be necessary, just remember that there is no economy in slazy, narrow stuffs nor in gaudy trimmings. Put your money in the fabric and in its manner of making, and have all your belongings in such harmony that your dress is really a suit.

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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

In planting, it is important to firm the soil tightly about the roots. In selecting a place for the bed, choose a sunny location, fully exposed to a free circulation of air. Keep the ground clean and mellow. Keep down the enemies of the rose using hellebore freely.

I have been asked to give a list of the best varieties. I gave a list of what I considered the best dozen Hybrid Perpetuals last spring; but it seems that some enthusiastic lovers of this most beautiful flower want to extend their collection the present year, and I shall be most happy to give them the benefit of my experience. I think the following list will be found to contain the cream of the catalogues:

- Annie desDiesbach, bright rose color.
- Baroness Rothschild. Pink, with a texture like satin.
- Gen. Jacqueminot. Velvety crimson. One of the best.
- Mme. Alfred Carriere. Flesh, tinged with salmon.
- Mabel Morrison. Pure white.
- Marie Bauman. Carmine. Superb.
- Prince Camille de Rohan. Crimson-maroon.
- Gen. Washington. Soft, rosy-scarlet.
- Jules Margottin. Cherry-red. Fine.
- Paul Neyron. Satiny rose. Very large. Extra fine.
- Magna Charta. Pink, suffused with carmine.
- Maurice Bernardin. Bright crimson. Very desirable.
- Merveille de Lyon. Pure white.
- Alfred Colomb. Crimson, tinged with carmine.
- Captain Christy. Pink, with silvery luster.
- John Hopper. Rose, shaded with carmine. One of the best.
- Coquette des Blancches. White, tinged with flesh.
- American Beauty. Shining rose. Very fragrant.
- Gloire Lyonnaise. Cream-white. Magnificent.
- Mrs. Charles Wood. Rosy crimson.
- Mme. Alfred Roquemont. White, tinted with rose. Fine.
- Ulrich Brunner. Cerise-red. Superb.
- Giant des Batailles. Brilliant crimson. Extra.
- Marshall P. Wilder. Cherry-carmine.
- Victor Verdier. Rich cherry-rose.
- Mrs. John Laing. Exquisite shade of pink.
- Her Majesty. Immense flower. Delicate pink color.
- White Baroness Rothschild. Shell-shaped petals, pure white. Very charming.

SPRING TREATMENT OF ROSES.

ONE of the principal causes of failure with Roses is uncovering them too early. It is seldom advisable to remove the covering before the first of April, and then only a portion of it should be taken off, leaving the remainder about two weeks longer. It will be better, in many cases, to leave it on for a still longer period, should the season be backward. The plants should then be pruned, and the beds receive a good dressing of well-rotted manure, which should be forked into the soil about the roots of the plants.

Hybrid Perpetual and Moss Roses bloom best on strong, new wood; therefore they require to be cut back pretty severely before growth begins. This pruning should be carefully performed, so as to give the plants a symmetrical form. As the plants will attain considerable size in a few years, if properly grown, it is quite essential that a perfect shape should be secured and preserved, and this can not be done without great care in pruning.

The ever-bloomers—Teas, Bourbons and Noisettes—require to be cut back at least one half, and all the weak shoots should be removed. It often happens that some are killed to the ground in localities where they are considered hardy enough to stand the winter. But if the roots are not greatly injured, they will soon send up new shoots from which flowers will be produced freely. Of course, these roses are not hardy enough to stand the winter at the north, therefore these remarks apply only to such latitudes as are mild enough to make it safe to leave them in the open ground.

Climbing Roses should also be pruned in the spring, removing all weak and decayed wood, and as much more as is necessary to keep the plants within proper limits. Baltimore Belle is one of the best climbers, and Queen of the Prairie stands next in desirability.

At the north, May is the best month in which to plant roses. I prefer dormant plants, which have been grown out-of-doors, to those raised in a greenhouse. If pot-grown, it is better to wait till the middle of the month before planting them. This will give them sufficient time to take hold of the soil before the hot, dry weather of summer sets in.

In preparing beds for their reception, it is well to remember that roses do not thrive in a very moist or heavy soil. Therefore, if the ground is wet or heavy it must be well drained before the roses are planted in it.

Roses luxuriate in a deep, rich soil, and produce flowers in the greatest profusion and perfection, both as regards size and color, if this essential requisite is given them. To secure the highest degree of success, the entire bed should be dug over to the depth of two feet at least, and a good supply of well-rotted cow manure thoroughly mixed with the soil. Old chip manure is excellent. In case neither of the fertilizers named are available, use bone meal. All this work should be done as early in the spring as possible, so that the soil may become well settled before planting time arrives.



POLYANTHA ROSE.

The above are Hybrid Perpetuals. Below is a list of Moss Roses: Blanche Moreau. Pure white. John Ingraham. Carmine. Luxembourg. Crimson-scarlet. Glory of Mosses. Rosy-carmine. Exquisite. Henri Martin. Glossy pink, well mossed. John Cranston. Violet-crimson. White Bath. White, in clusters. Finely mossed.

POLYANTHA ROSES.

When the Polyantha or "Fairy" Roses were introduced, we were inclined to look on them in the light of a "novelty" rather than as something really desirable. But the florist saw real merit in them, and took them in hand, and now we have a class of miniature roses which is sure to become very popular for bedding, pot-culture and cut-flower work. Some of the lately introduced varieties are exquisitely lovely. Their flowers are regular in form, double, richly colored, and very sweet, and for profusion of bloom they excel all other kinds. It is nothing unusual to find branches containing twenty or thirty buds and blossoms. In fact, strong plants produce branches each one of which is a complete bouquet in itself. For corsage use they are very fine, the combination of full-blown and half-blown flowers and buds, in all stages of growth, being extremely pleasing.

One of the best varieties is illustrated this month. It gives a good idea of the characteristics of this class. It is the George Pernet variety, and will be found very useful for bedding, good plants being almost covered with flowers all through the season. It is a unique and lovely combination of rose and fawn in color. Other fine varieties are: Mignonette: bright rose, fragrant; blooming in clusters. Mademoiselle Cecile Brunner: Salmon-rose; very sweet. Paquerette: pure white. Perle d'Or: lovely shade of yellow.

ORCHIDS FOR GREENHOUSE CULTURE.

Perhaps the most popular flower of the day is the Orchid, many varieties of which are sold at fabulous prices. Amateurs are beginning to make inquiries about their culture, and I am very glad of this, for there are many kinds which grow well in the ordinary greenhouse, and I would like to see them added to the general collection of plants usually found there, because of their great beauty as well as of their peculiarities, which make them extremely interesting to the lover of the strange and novel among plants.

The nearly universal opinion that all orchids require houses built for their special culture, is rapidly undergoing a change as their habits become better understood. It is now well known that a good many of the finest species in cultivation can be grown successfully in a house used for a general collection of plants. Even some kinds which were formerly considered hot-house plants can be brought to perfection in a house adapted to such plants as the Carnation. Experience has demonstrated that Dendrobium nobile, Wardianum, Pierardi, and Densthorum, a large number of Cypripediums, Cattleyas, Lycastes, Oncidium, Stanhopeas and Epidendrum—among which are some of the finest genera in cultivation—may be grown in the ordinary greenhouse along with a miscellaneous collection of plants. This being the case, I would urge amateurs possessing such houses to invest a few dollars in good plants and experiment with them.

There are two classes of orchids: those which grow in earth, called terrestrial Orchids, and those which grow on trees, rocks, and similar places, called epiphytal Orchids. Most kinds require a long season of rest, specially the epiphytals. All orchids which form what is called pseudo-bulbs must be thoroughly matured before success can be attained. Evergreen kinds which do not form these bulbs require to be kept moist all the time, although they require larger quantities of water while growing than when at rest.

The chief essentials in orchid culture are fresh soil, clean pots, steady temperature and freedom from insects. Dendrobium do about equally well in pots, baskets, or on blocks. The erect growers are probably best adapted for pot-culture, while those of pendulous habit will do better in baskets. Good peat and sphagnum moss are necessary for the growth of this plant in pots, and the best of drainage must be given. All the dendrobium need is a great quantity of water while growing.

Cypripediums are perhaps most useful for cutting from. Most kinds are of easy culture and seldom fail to produce flowers. They require good, open, porous soil, and plenty of root-room. Do not let them get too dry at any time, and be careful not to let water remain in the axil of the leaf, as it induces rot. Do not try many kinds at first. Procure your bulbs of well-known dealers in this class of plants, and ask them to send instructions for their culture along with the bulbs. Learn the habits of a few of the genera before undertaking the cultivation of the orchid on a large scale.

A GOOD FUCHSIA.

The "Storm King" Fuchsia, which has been so extensively advertised during the last two or three years, has failed, in almost every instance, to give satisfaction, because of its extremely weak habit. It has always lacked vitality. As soon as it began to bloom the branches would become weak and slender, and the effort it had to make to produce flowers seemed to rob the plant of nearly all its



THE "STORM KING" FUCHSIA.

strength, and it was impossible to grow a good specimen of it. In fact, I have never yet seen a good plant of this variety outside a greenhouse. But because of its really fine flowers it has met with a wide sale, and most collections include a puny specimen of it from which great things are hoped, but never realized.

A variety having similar flowers and a strong, healthy habit of growth would be sure to meet with a warm welcome from the amateur. Such a variety I believe we have in the Mrs. E. G. Hill, which was introduced last year. It was grown by Mons. Victor Lemoine, of France, the well-known grower of many of our best varieties of geraniums. He does not hesitate to pronounce it the most beautiful and perfect Fuchsia of its class. It has a very short tube; its sepals are of a rich, shining crimson, seldom reflexed, but seeming to enclose the very full white corolla in a four-parted calyx. The flower is very large. Habit of growth, upright, compact and symmetrical. I was greatly pleased with it last summer, and can confidently recommend it as being far superior, in every way, to the much advertised "Storm King."

CINERARIAS.

For amateurs who have a small greenhouse, I would advise the cultivation of the Cineraria, for winter-flowering. Its great variety of rich colors and striking markings, its delicate perfume, wonderful floriferousness, and easy culture ought to make it a general favorite, while the fact is that it is seldom seen outside large greenhouses.

For plants intended to flower next winter, sow seed in May, in shallow pans of light, well-drained soil. Sow on the surface, after which press the soil down lightly to compact it somewhat. Cover with a pane of glass, and shade till germination takes place. Keep warm while this process is going on.

When the seedlings have two leaves, pot them into three-inch pots containing the same soil as that in which the seed was sown. Three parts turfy loam, one part dried and crumbled cow-manure and a liberal sprinkling of sharp sand makes a good compost for this plant. Keep the young plants shaded till well-established. Shift to larger pots as the roots fill the old ones, and give weekly waterings with liquid manure. The last shift should be into seven or eight-inch pots. When frost is expected remove to the greenhouse. The green fly, or aphid, will trouble the plants, if tobacco water or an infusion of sulpho-tobacco soap is not used on them. Syringe the underside of the leaves with it, and let it dry on. Sprinkle tobacco dust over the surface of the soil, also.

ALL ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS IN WINTER.

It is surprising what an effect can be obtained by small means. One bush of scarlet berries will seem to light up a whole corner in a swamp. The bit of brightness prevades everything about it. Have you never seen a woman in black garments, with a frill of white lace at throat and wrists? What sensation did the sight give you? Perhaps you did not stop to analyze it, but I venture the guess that it was a sensation of something lacking. It was not satisfactory. You felt that the effect was not what it ought to be to be pleasant. Let the woman add a scarlet Rose or a Geranium flower to the lace at her throat, and mark the change. That one point of bright and vivid color seemed to make the picture intense and full of life. The proper use of high colors does not consist in a liberal use of them so much as in a use of them with due regard to the laws of harmony, contrast and artistic taste. Used properly, a touch or two produces effects which persons who have given the matter little thought would suppose it impossible to produce without being more extravagant. What one wants to know is, how, where, and how much of them, to use.

We can make our gardens attractive in winter by putting a little thought into the arrangement of them, and I am writing this at this time of the season so that those who would like to carry out some plan of the kind necessary to produce this result can act on it the present spring. Evergreen, of which most gardens have a goodly number already growing, will furnish the background for vivid pictorial effects. The wild Rose, with its scarlet hews, the scarlet-berried Alder, the red and orange Bittersweet, can all be made useful in various ways. The Bittersweet can be trained up a tree standing in front of an evergreen, and allowed to ramble about among the branches to suit itself. Here you will have a combination of effects. The bare branches of the tree will stand out against the evergreen, the snow and the sky, with beauty in every curve of them if you will take the trouble to look for it. Here and there the clusters of ruddy fruit give the idea of flowers. Do you see the picture in your mind's eye? A snow-covered landscape, a mass of sombre green, a cold, blue sky, and outlined against these the bare limbs, with Bittersweet clusters shining here and there, warm, vivid, luminous bits of color, with a sunshine that is more silvery in its winter radiance than it is golden, suffusing everything with its brightness.

BRIGHT SPOTS IN SMALL GARDENS.

If you want something to give a rich effect, try the Sumach. Its bunches of velvety crimson, darkening in tone to almost black, will harmonize well with Arbor Vitis, and be in strong contrast. If you have no evergreens, you can use these shrubs with good effect. The snow will throw them into strong and high relief, and make them effective points of color in the landscape, but the presence of something in dark, low tones of color will heighten the effect. As a general thing, our winter landscapes are in light tones which need something deeper and more subdued to afford a sufficient amount of contrast to make them pleasing and relieve them from monotony. Give a proper balance of high and low tones and brighten them with some vivid color, and your garden will not lack brilliancy in mid-winter. Beauty of one kind it will always have, for the snow is beautiful, and so are the naked branches of any tree or shrub; but the most pleasing beauty is that which gives the eye something positive and decided to look at, either in color or design—something thrown forward against the eye, as it were, and therefore impress on the mind more forcibly than the accessories of the picture. No picture is satisfactory in which everything in it is treated as being of equal importance. There must be a central idea about which other ideas cluster, secondary in importance, and yet helping to bring out the one leading idea more clearly than it could be brought out without them. There must be prominence given to something. This can be done by the use of color in our winter garden. Quite likely it will not be looked at often as a picture, with a regard for its details, but more frequently with regard to its effects as a combination of colors artistically arranged. Let us study this matter.

HOW TO GROW PEONIES.

Peonies seldom bloom the first season after being moved. They are plants which like to be let alone. They do much better in a rather heavy, clayey soil than in light loam. They only ask to be given a well-drained place, and plenty of manure, which ought to be dug in about the roots in the fall. They are short-lived flowers, but large clumps of them scattered about in the border are very effective when they are in full bloom. The plants increase in beauty with age, and it is not at all uncommon to see a plant a dozen years old bearing two hundred flowers. There is a white one in this village which covers a space at least six feet across, sending up hundreds of stalks each spring, and perfectly covered with flowers in June. It is quite a flower show in itself, and many people come from quite a distance each season to see it. Its owner would not part with it for a small fortune. Such a plant is worth having, and any one who is willing to give the proper care and attention and will exercise a little patience can have equally as good ones. The red varieties are very effective when planted along with the white kinds, the two colors contrasting finely. They can be planted in spring or fall. Young plants will probably not bloom for two or three years, as they insist on waiting till they are thoroughly established before they begin work. They believe in thorough preparation for it first.

ARTIFICIAL MANURES FOR POT PLANTS.

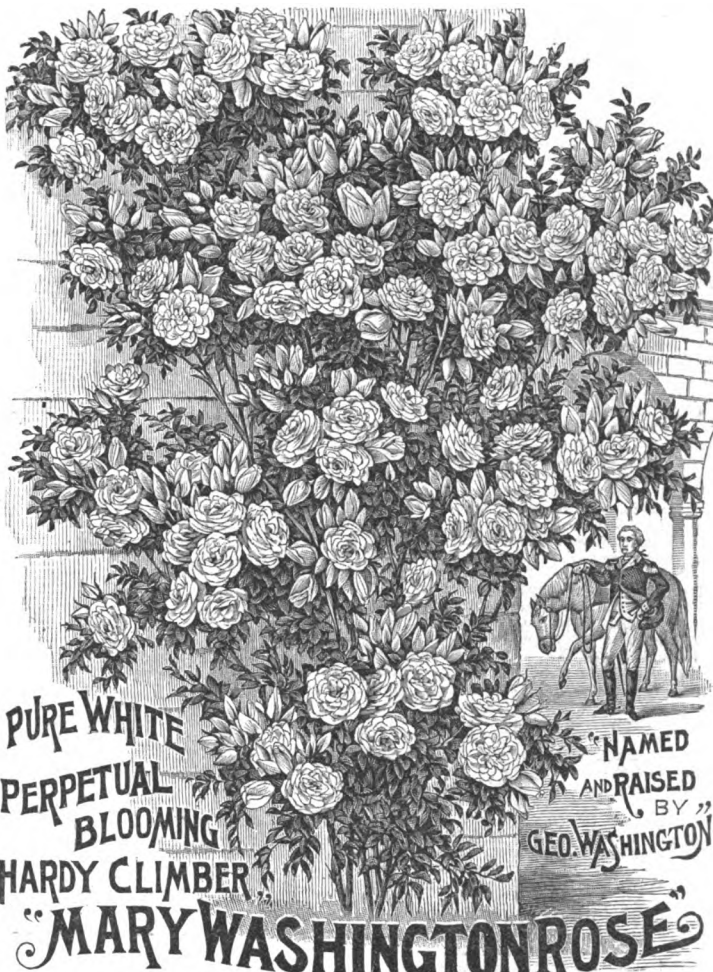
A writer in the Journal of Horticulture advocates the use of artificial manures for pot plants in window and greenhouse, because it is often impossible to procure such kinds as are generally advised. He recognizes the value of liquid manure as obtained from the cow-yard, but considers it not very much superior to artificial kinds when the latter are properly applied. He has found, by careful experiments, that equal quantities of Peruvian guano and the ordinary commercial fertilizer which is so plentiful in the market, can be combined, and made to supply Palms, strong-growing Ferns, Callas, Azaleas, Fuchsias, Begonias, Primroses and Carnations with a food which they will greatly appreciate. Its effects on the plants named is very satisfactory. It imparts to their foliage that deep, rich color which is a sure indication of health. If used at regular intervals, it keeps them in a healthy condition. I presume that he is correct; but I have a decided preference for liquid manure, as prepared according to directions recently given in this paper, because I know it to be safe and effective. But what he says about the impossibility of getting it, in many cases, is true, and those who require a fertilizer of some sort will have to make use of some of the artificial manures. They will do well to try his plan. Experiment carefully. Try it on a few plants, at first, and observe the results. It will be noticed that he does not give the amount to be used. This cannot be done, because artificial manures vary so in strength. You will have to ascertain the quantity to use in a watering-pot of water by trial, being careful to begin with small quantities. He goes on to say this about sickly plants: "Unhealthy plants can often, by the aid of a few doses of nitrate of soda, be quickly brought to a state of perfect health again. But, being very powerful in its action, this must be used in small quantities. A piece about the size of a marble will be enough for a twelve-inch pot. This fertilizer has also the effect of forcing plants on much more quickly than any of the ordinary manures, and is, therefore, valuable in assisting development in those naturally of slow growth."

He also finds that during the summer months, when soft water is difficult to obtain for pot plants, a teaspoonful of the nitrate dissolved in two gallons of water will keep the plants to which it is applied in fine condition; whereas, if hard water is used, without the addition of soda, or some substitute for it, the young growth will assume a brownish tint which is not desirable. There can be no doubt that all kinds of plants are greatly benefited by having frequent changes made in the food applied them. A little observation will soon convince one of this. Persons tire of a sameness of food—why should not plants do the same?

THE IMANTOPHYLLUM.

These beautiful Cape bulbs are closely allied to the Clivia, and belong to the Amaryllid family. They are among the most desirable of this class for room decoration. Yet, they are not often seen in the collections of amateurs because the idea is prevalent that they cannot be depended on for flowers. Judging from my experience, they are much more reliable than any of the Amaryllidæ. My plants produce flowers regularly.

The leaves are thick, leathery in texture, and dark-green in color. They are evergreen, and the plant, like the Agapanthus, seems able to keep on growing all the year round. The bulbs are quite small, but send out a great number of very strong, fleshy roots; therefore the plant must be given considerable pot-room. It likes a soil made up of turfy loam, rotten manure and some sand. The roots are inclined to come to the surface of the soil, but it should not be inferred from their appearing there that the plant requires shifting to a larger pot. Give a semi-weekly application of liquid manure when buds appear. It is propagated by division of the roots. Oblige it to rest somewhat in summer by keeping it rather dry. The flowers last a long time if not kept too warm. They are shaped like those of the Valotta, and are of about the same size, and are borne on stalks about a foot in height, from four to six in a cluster. In color they are a reddish-orange. Old plants will become so large that they require large pots or tubs. When in this condition they are charming plants for the decoration of the greenhouse and conservatory.



PURE WHITE PERPETUAL BLOOMING HARDY CLIMBER "MARY WASHINGTON ROSE" NAMED AND RAISED BY GEO. WASHINGTON

A Seedling Rose raised by George Washington over a hundred years ago, and named after his mother. It can yet be seen growing at his old home—Mt. Vernon—and the Mt. Vernon Guide-book tells all about it. It is now first offered to the public, and aside from the fact that it was raised and named by our first President, it is the most valuable rose in cultivation to-day, and the only Hardy Perpetual Blooming Climber. It is a rapid grower, and commences to bloom early in Spring and continues in the greatest profusion until frost. The flowers are pure snow-white, perfectly double to the centre, and of unsurpassed fragrance, being tinged with the musky fragrance so much admired in olden times. Its buds are as beautiful as the finest tea roses, long and pointed, on long stems, and often in large clusters. One plant will produce more bloom than a score of tea roses, and they can be cut in abundance every day during summer and fall. It is perfectly hardy, and will, in a short time, form a complete arch over a door, window, gate or arbor, and always full of bloom. It is unlike any other rose, and the greatest novelty of the age. Strong plants by mail, post-paid, guaranteed to arrive in good order, 50 cents each; 5 for \$2.00. (When ordering ask for Catalogue, free.) Also the beautiful Manettia Vine (advertised in March number), 40 cents each; 4 for \$1.00. The Wondrous Weather Plant (advertised in February number), seed 25 cents per packet; or for 80 cents we will send Mary Washington Rose, Manettia and Weather Plant.

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VICK'S SEEDS PLANTS

FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1890, the Pioneer Seed Catalogue of America, contains complete list of Vegetables, Flowers, Bulbs, Potatoes and Small Fruits, with descriptions and prices. Same shape and style as proved so satisfactory last year. Many new and elegant illustrations handsome colored plate 8x10 1/2 inches, and frontispiece. Special Cash Prices \$1000.00; see Floral Guide. Every person who owns a foot of land or cultivates a plant should have a copy. Mailed on receipt of 10 cents, which amount may be deducted from first order. A BREDGED CATALOGUE FREE. JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ALL ABOUT FLOWERS.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

(Continued from page 17.)

THE HELIOTROPE.

This charming plant is always admired, and will ever be a favorite in the house as well as garden. Yet it is seldom grown as well as it should be. It requires frequent repotting in a rather strong, loamy soil, into which leaf-mold and sand are mixed. It is a plant that takes kindly to pruning, and should receive frequent cutting back if you would make it bushy and compact, and induce the production of new branches from which to expect flowers.

In house-culture, this plant is often affected with what some denominate "rust." It is caused by a small, mite-like insect that burrows into the young growth of the plant, sucking the sap from it, and causing discoloration of the foliage. Other plants are often troubled in the same way. If they suffer a severe check of growth, or are kept in a very dry air. The remedy consists in two or three immersions in a bath of tobacco water. This is made by pouring hot water over tobacco stems, the refuse from cigar-making, or the commonest tobacco. Half-an-ounce of the latter will be sufficient for a gallon of water. Take the affected plant in your hand, turn upside down, and hold firmly to prevent the ball of earth from slipping out of the pot, and dip the entire plant in the bath for four or five seconds. If plants have received damage from this pest before resorting to this treatment it is well to re-pot into smaller pots, cutting off a large share of the top, and to put them into a warm, moist, shaded place for a few days, till new growth begins.

When the necessary care and cultivation is given; heliotropes are among the best of all window plants, because of their modest beauty, and freedom and constancy of bloom; but they are very susceptible to the deadly effects of coal gas, and a low temperature is certain to result in great injury, if not death. They do not insist on a very high temperature, though they are fond of more warmth than most greenhouse plants, but they do insist on a temperature that is not allowed to drop near the freezing point.

Ordinarily they are grown in shrubby form, but they can be trained as standards, by giving the same treatment advised for chrysanthemums in a former number of this paper.

The principal points to be observed in the culture of the heliotrope are these:—

Never to allow them to become very dry at the roots;

Never to expose them to low temperature;

Never to allow them to become root-bound;

Never to attempt keeping them in a room where there is gas.

Too little water will lead to a drooping of the leaves, and too much cold will bring on general unhealthiness, and when either takes place, a strong cutting back of the plant is necessary. Bright sunlight is essential.

THE ROMAN HYACINTH.

The Roman hyacinth is a single variety, sending up from three to half a dozen flower-stalks from one bulb, while the ordinary hyacinth seldom sends up but one. The Roman variety has smaller flowers, and they are clustered more loosely along the stalks, thus giving them a less formal appearance than the other kind has. They are much more useful for bouquets, on this account. They have the same delightful fragrance which makes the old kind so great a favorite with all who love fragrant flowers. You can have them in white, rose color and light blue. By all means try some next season. You will find them very easy to grow, and certain to bloom, and this cannot always be said of the others.

A WORD FOR NATIVE PLANTS.

Eugenia Chapman Gillette writes as follows:—"Pray encourage the lover of flowers to take home and pet the precious posies of the prairies, fields and woods. No dream of Noisette roses is half so dear to me as the memory of the dear Wisconsin woods, blossoming blue and white in wild violets, and trilliums or "wake-robins." I can see, in my mind's eye, the banks where the Dutchmans' Breeches covered the ground with delicate foliage and more delicate flowers. In a late catalogue from a California florist I notice that the seed of the American cowslip or shooting star is offered. For years I have dreamed about this flower, but have never seen one since I "emigrated" more than two decades ago. All persons love wild flowers. Some for memory's sake, others for the beauty and variety thus obtained. I have in my mind a young Connecticut girl who visited the mountains of New Mexico with a party of which I was a member. This enthusiastic young flower-lover carried home with her to New England a yellow cactus which was given her by the wife of Senator Dorsey. It was rooted in a baking-powder can. I think this plant gave more pleasure than one of the choicest from a city greenhouse. Who knows but it may be the means of introducing a choice variety to the "wild New England shore?" I wish to add my mite in favor of cultivating wild flowers."

Hunting out the haunts and homes of wild-flowers will be found most fascinating work. Let the children try to see how many kinds they can find in the meadows and woods about home. Flower expeditions are quite equal to a picnic, and much more instructive. Get up one weekly, boys and girls.

CACTUS CULTURE.

Mrs. E. W. Grant sends the following instructions regarding the culture of the cactus:—

"Having seen several inquiries in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL about the cactus, I will write a little about my experience. It is very discouraging to care for a plant for a long time without being able to secure flowers from it. I had a large and thrifty plant of night blooming cereus, which had

never blossomed. I asked a florist about it, and he said that I was too good to it, and gave it too much root-room. I put it in a pot just large enough to hold its roots. It had been in quite a large box. I then set it out-of-doors on the grass, where the sun could shine on it all day, and gave it plenty of water at night. In July it was covered with buds. Then I began to water it, with weak liquid manure from the barnyard, every other day. I had eighteen of the most beautiful, white, waxy, fragrant flowers that I ever saw. They measured one foot across. Only four or five flowers were out at a time. Quite a number of buds blasted, for a good many inquisitive people will persist in looking at things with their fingers. After a plant buds it is important that it should be watered regularly, and great care must be taken if the plant is moved, as the heavy buds break off easily."

HELPFUL HINTS.

ANOTHER KEROSENE EMULSION.—David Carpenter, Foxboro, Mass., writes as follows:—"I notice that you speak of a Kerosene Emulsion in a late number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Without doubt the emulsion you give directions for preparing is effective, but I have a method of preparing one which is much simpler and very satisfactory in its results. It is made as follows: Put a teaspoonful of kerosene in a teacup of warm milk. Stir, and the two liquids will unite readily. Syringe your plants with it and it will be sure to remove scale and mealy-bug."

I have not tried Mr. Carpenter's method, but presume it is all that he claims for it. It is certainly a much easier way of preparing an emulsion than that which I have recommended, and I shall try it when I have occasion to fight the enemies named.

FIR-TREE OIL AS AN INSECTICIDE.—Grace I. Senderling speaks a good word for fir-tree oil. She says: "I have used fir-tree oil for mealy-bug. It is less disagreeable than the kerosene mixture you advise. If the directions on each can, or bottle are followed, there is no danger in its use, and it will be found effective."

I have used this insecticide and found it good, but it is too expensive to meet with ready sale.

LILIES OF THE SPRING TIME.

To Several Correspondents:—The following varieties of hardy lilies can be planted in spring. They will probably not bloom the first season, and it is quite as well for them that they should not. They need one season to become established in.

Album. Purest white, blooming in clusters. Three to four feet.

Roseum. A lovely flower, white and bright rose, spotted. Should go with album.

Rubrum. One of the finest of all the Japan section. Bright crimson spotted with white.

Wallacei. A new variety from Japan. Flowers soft sulphur-yellow, spotted with black. Very fine and distinct, and worthy a place in every garden.

Album precox. A most magnificent lily. One of the most desirable. It is a strong grower, and profuse bloomer. Flowers very large. White, tinged with carmine-rose. Very fragrant.

The best effect is secured by planting from four to half-a-dozen bulbs in a clump. Have the soil rich, light and drained, with some clear sand immediately about the bulbs.

A Superb Rose "THE DINSMORE" Should be in every garden that it is not already adorned. It is entirely hardy, enduring our severest winters, of large size, perfect form, deep crimson in color, deliciously fragrant, and blooms continuously during the whole season, so that roses can be gathered from it almost every day from June to October. Remember, it is ever-blooming, hardy as an oak, with the rich crimson color and delicious fragrance of Gen. Jacqueminot. Price, 40 cents each; three for \$1.00; seven for \$2.00; twelve for \$3.00; free by mail. With every order for a single plant or more, will be sent, gratis, our superb catalogue of "Everything for the Garden" (the price of which is 25 cents), together with our new "Essay on Garden Culture of the Rose," on condition that you will say in what paper you saw this advertisement. Club orders for THREE, SEVEN or TWELVE plants can have the catalogue sent, when desired, to the separate address of each member comprising the Club, provided always that the paper is named. PETER HENDERSON & Co. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.

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ORDER NOW. For \$1.00 we will mail one good, strong plant each of the four New Chrysanthemums, Orchid Water Lily, Belgian Pansies. We also offer for 30 cts. 12 pcks of the choicest Flower Seeds, or any of assorted plants, or 6 splendid hardy shrubs, or 12 beautiful named Gladiolus. In ordering mention this paper and ask for SCOTT'S CATALOGUE FOR 1890., fully illustrated, embracing "THE BEST FLOWERS" and is mailed FREE to any address. ROBERT SCOTT & SON, 19th & CATHARINE STS., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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and died. She asks what the trouble was, and if this plant requires much or little water. As she does not give her method of culture I am unable to say what the trouble came from. This plant requires rather more water than a geranium, if potted in same kind of soil. She asks if it is possible to raise good eating oranges and bananas from pot plants. Oranges can be grown in a greenhouse, as can the other plant; but without such a house I would not advise their culture for fruiting purposes. The dwarf orange asked about is not the mandarin.

GERANIUMS FAILING TO BLOOM.—"Pattie" writes: I am in trouble, and want to ask how I shall get out of it. I started my slips in August, and my plants are strong and healthy, but they have failed to give me any flowers. I have done everything I could for them. I have given liquid manure, and waited till the surface was dry before applying more. Plants of geranium from August-started slips are worthless for winter-blooming. I have repeatedly said this. You must start your plants early in the season if you want to get them into shape to give you plenty of flowers in winter. They must be pinched back from time to time to make them compact and bushy, and secure plenty of flowering surface. Plants started in March or April will make quite fine plants by winter, but they will be more satisfactory the following year than they are the first. Those who advise late-started plants for winter either don't know what they are talking about or have had a very exceptional experience. A young geranium will not have branches enough to furnish many flowers, in the first place, and in the second it prefers to make growth during the first four or five months of its existence.

EARTH-WORMS AND AMMONIA.—W. B. S. asks if earth-worms are detrimental to pot-plants, and if ammonia is beneficial. To the first question I would reply that worms are quite sure to injure plants. Lime-water, applied in sufficient quantity to thoroughly saturate the soil, will drive them out or kill them when nothing else will. At least, such has been my experience, and I depend on it as an antidote for worms. The great reason of failure which many complain of lies in the fact that a weak application is made, and in such a small quantity that only the surface of the soil is moistened. Ammonia is of considerable benefit, if not used in too large quantities. A teaspoonful of the liquid to a gallon of water is sufficient, if used twice. I cannot give the information relative to the melon pear.

FERNERY.—A subscriber asks for information about the construction of a fernery, size, and time to fill it, and care required during the winter. The size will depend on amount of money you are willing to put into it. A very small one will cost but little, while one two feet square will cost a good deal more if nicely made. I would advise the latter size, as it will enable you to grow large, fine plants if made about eighteen inches high. The shape may be square, oblong, anything to suit the taste. What you want is a case with tray of zinc to hold the plants, and sides and top of glass, to let light in and retain moisture. It should not be really air-tight, but comparatively so. The tray should be about four inches deep. Use light, fibrous soil from the woods to fill it. Set the fern-roots in it, and water well. After they become established, it will not be necessary to water oftener than once a month, if the case is made tight, as the water which evaporates from the soil will be condensed on the glass and run down it to be again taken into the soil. The winter care is about the same as that required in summer. If you care to go to the expense of constructing a window-box or case, such as I wrote about and illustrated in a number of the JOURNAL for 1889, you will find it much more satisfactory than an ordinary fernery, because of its greater capacity and the use which can be made of ferns and other plants in pots, also of vines, which are not available for the low, square fernery. You can find plenty of young plants in the woods to stock such a case with. It is always best to get small plants, as they take to confinement in a fern-case much easier than old ones do.

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NOTES ON EUROPEAN COOKERY.

By MARY BARRETT BROWN.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SOME POPULAR SOUPS.

BEFORE giving recipes for the various favorite soups mentioned below, I should like to say a word or two respecting the stock which is such an important element in the art of successful soup-making. I am anxious to do this, because there are some who have the idea that, in order to have good, strong stock, a quantity of fresh meat must be used, and the heavy expense which this involves, often deters them from having soup on their table; or, at any rate, renders it only an occasional dainty, whereas it ought to be really our daily dish, being so wholesome, nutritious, and, when properly managed, extremely economical. The plan of stock-making, which I have found to answer most admirably, is the following: Have a good strong stock-pot. I prefer those made of well-tinned iron as they are so easily kept clean—and in the making of stock cleanliness is of the highest importance—and into this throw all the bones, scraps and trimmings from all sorts of meat, game, poultry, etc., either cooked or uncooked; also the rind of ham and bacon after being well scalded and scraped. In fact, nothing that contains even the smallest amount of nourishment, should ever be thrown away as useless, until it has passed through the ordeal of the stock-pot. If it happens sometimes that there is a scarcity of odds of ends, two or three pennyworth of fresh bones can be procured at the butcher's and will answer the purpose splendidly. Cover the contents of the stock-pot with cold water, add a seasoning of salt, and stew very gently on the stove for at least twelve hours. When all the good has been obtained, strain off the liquid into a clean bowl—it must never be allowed to stand over night in a metal vessel—and when quite cold, remove the cake of fat which will probably settle on the top. White stock is made from the bones of poultry, veal, cow-heel, calf's feet and such like; brown stock is made from the remains and bones of beef, game, etc. If thought advisable, the stock may be flavored by adding a few cut-up vegetables or herbs to the other ingredients, but it is generally found better to make it quite plain, then it does for any kind of soup that is required.

CLEAR SOUP A L'ITALIENNE.

Take the requisite quantity of carrots, turnips, celery and onions; cut them up into small pieces and put them—after being well rinsed in cold water and salt, and thoroughly drained—into a saucepan with some strong, clear, white stock; add a pleasant seasoning of salt and a few pepper-corns, and simmer slowly until the flavor is sufficiently extracted from the vegetables. Meanwhile, prepare a savory custard as follows: Break four large fresh eggs into a basin and beat them thoroughly with a fork; add eight large tablespoonfuls of milk, or white stock, a seasoning of salt and cayenne, and a tablespoonful of very finely minced parsley. Continue the beating until the ingredients are well blended and the mixture looks light and frothy; then pour it into a buttered tin, and steam just as gently as possible, until the custard is quite firm. Pierce steaming will entirely spoil it. When done enough, turn the custard out carefully, cut it into tiny dice, and keep it hot. Strain the soup into a hot tureen, drop in the custard dice, and serve quickly.

SOUP A LA CREME.

Take three pounds of peeled potatoes, half a head of fresh, young celery, and one good sized onion; cut them all up small, and put them into a saucepan with a good slice of butter, and a seasoning of salt and white pepper. Cover the saucepan closely and cook the contents very slowly for fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring frequently, so as to prevent their burning or becoming at all discolored, then pour over about two quarts of good white stock, and simmer gently until the vegetables are quite soft. Pass the whole through a fine sieve into another saucepan, patiently pressing through the vegetables with the back of a wooden spoon, add a little more seasoning if requisite, a breakfast cupful of boiling cream, and a large tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Boil up once, pour into a hot tureen, sprinkle the surface with crispy toasted dice, and serve very hot.

A RUSSIAN SOUP.

Chop finely two large Spanish onions and the heart of a firm, fresh cabbage, and put them to fry gently in a saucepan with about two ounces of butter. In about ten minutes, when the vegetables are just slightly colored, sprinkle over them a seasoning of pepper and salt, and two tablespoonfuls of fine sifted flour; add a bunch of mixed herbs, and two quarts of nice brown stock, and stir over the fire until the soup boils, then draw the pan a little on one side and simmer gently until the vegetables are quite soft. While the soup is simmering, make some delicate force-meat with three ounces each of lean beef and lean ham, both finely minced, four ounces of chopped beef suet, a liberal seasoning of salt, pepper, mace and mixed powdered herbs, a

tablespoonful of minced parsley, and some beaten egg. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, and, with the aid of a dusting of flour, form the preparation into a score or more of tiny round balls. Poach these either in boiling water, or fat; drain them very carefully and place them at the bottom of the soup tureen. Pour the boiling soup over, stir round very gently and serve.

SOUP A LA VERSAILLES.

This is a rather more expensive soup, suitable for high days and holidays, but extremely delicious and full of nutriment: Carefully prepare and truss a fowl—one too ancient for roasting will answer the purpose nicely—and lay it in a saucepan with three quarts of white stock; add the usual flavoring vegetables, a seasoning of salt, a blade of mace, a dozen pepper-corns, and a bunch of savory herbs, and boil very gently for one hour. Take up the bird, cut off all the flesh, and return the bones to the saucepan, where they must be allowed to simmer for an hour longer. Chop the meat very finely, pound it in a mortar to a smooth paste, and mix it with a breakfast-cupful of bread-crumbs—which have been soaked in boiling milk and squeezed dry—and a pleasant seasoning of salt, pepper and pounded mace. When the bones have stewed long enough, strain the soup into another saucepan; boil up sharply, add a cupful of boiling cream, and serve, accompanied by toasted dice neatly piled up on a hot napkin or fancy dish-paper.

CELERY SOUP A L'ALLEMANDE.

Chop up finely the white part of four heads of fresh celery and two medium-sized onions, and put them into a sauce pan with two ounces of butter and a breakfast-cupful of clear white stock. Stew over a gentle fire until the vegetables are quite soft, then add three pints more stock and bring to a boil. Draw the sauce pan to one side, stir in four well-beaten eggs and a cupful of warm cream, and continue stirring until the soup becomes the thickness of rich cream, but it must not, on any account, boil after the eggs are added. Serve in the usual manner, with toasted dice, or daintily fried croutons.



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SOUP A LA BRUXELLES.

Soak a teacupful of dried green peas over night in cold water. Next day prepare in the usual way a large carrot, a turnip, half a head of celery and an onion; chop these small and put them into a saucepan with a little salt and pepper, the peas which have been carefully drained, a slice of butter, and a teaspoonful of fine castor sugar, and fry over a moderate fire for eight or ten minutes. Then add two heads of lettuce cut up fine, some chopped tarragon and parsley, two quarts of good, strong white stock, and two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed to a smooth paste with cold water. Boil gently for three-quarters of an hour then thicken with two well-beaten eggs, and stir in a teacupful of thick cream, but do not allow the soup to boil again. Ascertain that the seasoning is correct, pour into a hot tureen, and serve.

GRAVY SOUP WITH PARMESAN CROUTONS.

Put two quarts of rich brown stock into a saucepan, with a large onion cut in two, and each half-stuck with three cloves; a few outer sticks of celery, broken up small; a small carrot cut into pieces, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Boil very gently for about three-quarters of an hour, then strain off the liquid into another saucepan; add two ounces of brown roux, bring to the boil, skim if necessary, and pour into a hot tureen. Have ready at hand some parmesan croutons prepared as follows: Cut some slices of half-an-inch thick from a stale loaf and stamp them out in very small rounds, not more than an inch-and-a-half across; soak these in beaten egg, cover with a thick coating of a savory mixture composed of grated parmesan cheese, finely chopped parsley, minced shallot, salt and cayenne. Press this covering firmly into the croutons, fry them until nicely browned in plenty of boiling beef dripping, then drain thoroughly on a sheet of blotting paper. Drop these dainty little "tit-bits" into the soup just at the last moment, and serve just as hot as possible.

OX-TAIL SOUP.

Prepare in the usual manner about a quart of flavoring vegetables and throw them into cold water until required. Divide a large, fleshy tail into pieces an inch-and-a-half long; trim away the fat, and fry the pieces in boiling fat until colored a rich brown; drain them, and put them into a saucepan with the prepared vegetables, a bunch of savory herbs, a seasoning of salt and pepper, and two quarts of good brown stock. Bring to the boil, then simmer gently from an hour-and-a-half to two hours, by which time the ingredients will be thoroughly soft and well cooked. Remove the pieces of tail and throw them quickly into very cold water. This is done in order to stiffen the fat surrounding each piece and to render its removal easy. Pass the soup, with the vegetables—after removing the herbs—through a sieve into a clean saucepan, add to it the pieces of the tail—entirely freed from fat—and two large tablespoonfuls of brown roux; boil up once, skim carefully, and serve in a hot tureen, accompanied by daintily-fried plain croutons, tastefully arranged on a fancy dish-paper.

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THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

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SPRING VEGETABLES.
By ELIZA R. PARKER.
VARIOUS WAYS OF PREPARING THEM.

THE importance of vegetables as a part of each day's food cannot be too strongly urged, especially at this season of the year, when the appetite naturally tires of rich food, and demands something cooling that will correct the stimulating effect of meat diet.

Of the early vegetables, lettuce and spinach have invaluable properties as blood-purifiers. Asparagus is excellent to strengthen the nerves; while corn-salad, sea-kale, and young beets are said to be valuable appetizers. Dandelions possess great medicinal qualities for all affections of the kidneys, and common marrow dock is said to have an alterative property, forming an excellent diet in scorbutic diseases.

The healthful qualities of the tomato, spring onion, French bean, cress, and okra are all too well known to require any recommendation.

In order to have vegetables acceptable, they should not only be properly cooked, but served with a pleasing variety; and this is a branch of cooking understood but by very few cooks. As, however, it may be readily learned by those who will take the trouble to become familiar with it, we give the following suggestions and recipes for preparing vegetables, from which a selection may be made to suit the tastes of different households.

All vegetables should be cooked in soft water, which has been salted, the proportion of salt being a tablespoonful to a gallon of water. If hard water is used, the addition of half-a-teaspoonful of baking soda to every gallon of water will serve to soften it somewhat. Of course, every housekeeper should know that green vegetables, to be good, should be freshly gathered. If, however, they are wilted, soaking in cold water for an hour or two will restore them somewhat to freshness. When vegetables are to be cooked with salt meat, the meat should always be cooked first, and the vegetables boiled in the water. Red pepper added to the water will be found an improvement to most vegetables, especially cabbage and turnips. A little sugar added to beets, peas, corn, cymplings and tomatoes, will be found to greatly improve the flavor. All vegetables should be served as soon as done, or, at least, removed from the water in which they were cooked.

BOILED SPINACH.

Pick and wash a peck of spinach, put in a pot without water, sprinkle with salt, and let cook half-an-hour. Season with pepper and a large tablespoonful of butter. Take up, pour hot cream over, garnish the top with slices of hard-boiled egg.

CREAMED SPINACH ON TOAST.

Boil half a peck of spinach in a very little salt water for twenty minutes. Drain, cut in pieces with a sharp knife, put in a hot pan with two ounces of butter, set on the back of the stove until the butter melts, add half a teacup of cream, a small spoonful of sugar, and a little grated nutmeg; arrange some buttered slices of toast on a large dish, and spread the spinach thickly over each slice.

SPINACH FRITTERS. [Catherine Owen.]

Boil the spinach until quite tender; drain, press and mince it fine; add half the quantity of grated stale bread, one grate of nutmeg, and a small teaspoonful of sugar; add a gill of cream and as many eggs as will make a thick batter, beating the whites separately; pepper and salt to taste. Drop a little at a time in boiling lard. If it does not form in fritters, add a little more bread crumbs. Drain and serve immediately, or they will fall.

WILTED DANDELIONS.

Cut the roots from half-a-peck of dandelions (they are not fit to eat after they blossom), wash the leaves through several waters, drain and shake dry. Cut fine with a sharp knife. Beat an egg until light, add to it a half-a-cup of thick cream, and stir over the fire until the egg cooks, then add a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the juice of a lemon, with pepper and salt to taste. Put the dandelion leaves in the sauce, and stir over the fire until they are tender. Serve hot.

DRESSED LETTUCE.

Take two large heads of lettuce, remove the outside leaves, and wash in cold water; pull apart, put in a dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour over half-a-cup of melted butter, with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir lightly until mixed. Garnish with cloves.

DUTCHED LETTUCE.

Wash carefully two heads of well-grown lettuce, separate the leaves, and tear in pieces. Cut a large slice of ham in small squares and fry brown, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat one egg until light, add two tablespoonfuls of sour cream, then add it to the ham; stir over the fire one minute until it thickens, and pour, boiling hot, over the lettuce; mix carefully with a fork, and serve at once.

POKE STALKS.

Wash and lay in cold water for one hour; tie in bundles. Put in a kettle of boiling water; add a tablespoonful of salt, and boil three-quarters of an hour, drain, lay on buttered toast, sprinkle with pepper and salt. Cover with melted butter, and serve hot. Poke stalks, when very young and tender, may be used as greens.

CYMLINGS.

Peel and boil. Run through a colander. Season with pepper and salt, cream and butter; cook very slow, until nearly dry.

FRIED CYMLINGS.

Boil, slice, dip in beaten eggs, then in grated crackers, season with salt and pepper; fry in boiling lard until brown.

CYMLING FRITTERS.

Boil and mash, mix in flour batter, to which add sugar to sweeten slightly; fry in butter, sprinkle while hot with sugar and grated nutmeg.

CYMLING PUDDING.

Boil cymplings and mash dry; add milk, butter, eggs, pepper and salt to make as thick as batter. Put in a baking-dish, cover with grated crackers and bits of butter. Bake one hour and serve hot.

STRING BEANS.

String half-a-gallon of young, tender beans, break in pieces an inch long and put in cold water for twenty minutes. Drain off the cold water, and put in a pot with boiling salt water; add a small pinch of soda, let boil an hour or more until perfectly tender, take up, drain, return to the saucepan, season with butter, pepper and salt. Set on the stove, let heat, add a little cream or milk, and allow to boil five minutes.

SOUTHERN SNAP BEANS.

String the beans, break in two and drop in cold water. Put a piece of fat bacon in a pot with boiling water, let boil one hour, put in the beans, boil slowly until well done and cooked very low.

EARLY CABBAGE.

Cut a firm head of summer cabbage in slices, put in a saucepan with boiling water, let boil fifteen minutes, drain off the water, and make a dressing of half-a-pint of vinegar, an ounce of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a teaspoon of made mustard and one tablespoon of salad oil. Set on the fire, let boil, add a teacup of cream and one beaten egg. Mix the cabbage in the hot dressing and boil five minutes.

SEA KALE.

Pick and soak in cold water. Drain and shake. Put in a saucepan with a very little boiling salt water; let simmer, and, when tender, take up, drain, put in a saucepan with a little butter, cream, salt and pepper. Set on the stove to heat. Dish up, pour over melted butter, and lay poached eggs on top.

BOILED ASPARAGUS.

Scrape the stems, tie in bunches, throw in boiling salt water and cook twenty minutes; take up, drain, lay in a hot dish, and dress with melted butter.

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.

Wash and cut the tender stalks into pieces two inches long; put in just enough boiling salt water to cover. When tender, add a cup of new milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a pinch of white pepper. Let boil up once. Have slices of buttered toast in a deep dish, pour the asparagus over, and serve in sauce-plates.

ASPARAGUS IN AMBUSH.

Wash a quart of asparagus tops, boil twenty minutes in salt water, and drain. Cut the tops off eight or ten stale tea rolls, take out the crumbs, and set the crusts, with the tops, in the oven to dry. Put a pint of rich milk on to boil, beat three eggs, and stir in the milk until it thickens, add a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper, take from the fire. Chop the asparagus tops, and add to the milk. Take the rolls from the oven, fill them with the mixture, replace the tops, and serve hot.

ASPARAGUS PUDDING.

Boil the green tops of two bunches of asparagus until tender; cut in small pieces. Put an ounce of butter in a small saucepan, and set on top of the stove; when melted, add four eggs, well beaten, with a cupful of milk and a little salt and pepper. Stir and beat the mixture, adding gradually four tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook smooth; add the asparagus; turn into a well-buttered mould, plunge into a kettle of boiling water, or set in a steamer, and let cook two hours. Serve in a pudding-dish, with cream sauce poured over.

PEAS STEWED WITH LAMB.

Chop a pound of lamb; put it in a saucepan with a pint of green peas and sufficient water to cover (no more). Cook slowly until well done. Season with butter, pepper, salt and half-a-teacup of cream.

FRIED ASPARAGUS.

Scrape and boil two large bunches of asparagus. Take up, drain, mix in egg batter, and fry in boiling lard.

TO BOIL GREEN PEAS.

Shell and put in cold water for ten minutes. Put in boiling salt water and let cook tender. Add a tablespoonful of sugar. Take up, drain, put in a hot dish, and pour over melted butter. Season with pepper and salt.

PUREE OF PEAS.

Wash a pint of green peas in cold water; then put them in a saucepan with boiling water and cook twenty minutes. Have them dry when done. Press through a colander. Boil a pint of milk, add a small onion, three or four cloves and a small sprig of parsley. Rub a tablespoonful of flour and butter each together. Strain the milk over the peas, put back in the saucepan, stir in the butter and flour, and let boil, stirring to prevent sticking. Season with salt and pepper, and serve.

PEA FRITTERS.

Boil a pint of green peas until tender. Mash them while hot, and rub through a colander. Season with pepper, salt and a tablespoonful of butter. Let cool, add the yolks of two well-beaten eggs, a cupful of cream, one teacupful of soda and a half of flour, and half-a-teaspoonful of tartar, sifted several times with the flour. Stir and beat well. When ready to use, beat in the whites of the eggs, and fry, a spoonful at a time, in boiling lard.

BEEF GREENS.

Take young, tender beets. Do not separate the tops and bottoms. Wash well, pick off the inferior leaves, put in boiling salt water, and cook for nearly an hour. Drain and press out all the water; then put into a saucepan with an ounce of butter and a little pepper and salt. Cut into large pieces with a sharp knife, and, when the greens are heated through, put in a hot dish, and serve with vinegar.

FRIED BEETS.

Boil beets in salt water until tender. Remove the skins, cut in thin slices and fry in butter. Dust with pepper and salt. Squeeze over the juice of a lemon.

PICKLED BEETS.

Cut cold, boiled beets in thin slices. Lay them in a large, earthen crock. For each beet put in one slice of onion, one tablespoonful of grated horse-radish, a dozen cloves, half-a-dozen pepper-corns and a blade of mace, and vinegar to cover. Set away for twenty-four hours before using.

EARLY CABBAGE AU GRATIN.

Boil tender in salt water. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, let melt, add a tablespoonful of flour; mix until it boils, add half-a-pint of milk, and stir until it boils; mix in half-a-teaspoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, pour over the cabbage and serve.

STEWED ONIONS.

Take very young, tender onions, cover with cold water and remove the skins. Put them in a saucepan, cover with a little soup stock, and stew slowly half-an-hour. When done, drain and lay in a vegetable dish. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, and fry until brown; then add one tablespoonful of flour, mix well, and add half-a-pint of the water in which the onions were cooked; stir until it boils, add salt and pepper, pour over the onions and serve.

Five cents saved on soap; five dollars loss on rotted clothes. Is that economy? There is not 5 cents difference between the cost of a bar of the poorest soap made and the best, which is, as all know, Dobbins' Electric.

Housewives are invited to send any new or good recipe, home-hint or suggestion for this department to MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.

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PURE HARD SOAP
can be made in a few minutes. Do not forget this! Every housekeeper understands the value of time, and Banner Lye saves it as thousands can testify. Remember, also, that one can of Banner Lye will produce 30 GALLONS of the

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SOME RELIABLE RECIPES.

GATHERED FROM THE NOTE-BOOKS OF EXPERIENCED HOUSE-WIVES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE JOURNAL SISTERS.

PRESERVED ORANGE PEEL.

Weigh the oranges whole, and add sugar cold water, pinch of soda dissolved in water, one teaspoonful vanilla, rolled thin as possible.

MARION HARLAND.

A VERY GOOD SPONGE CAKE.

Four eggs, one cup of flour (sifted), one cup of sugar (granulated), the juice of half a large lemon, or that of a small one; the grated rind of a lemon. Beat the whites of the eggs until they are stiff and dry, then add the sugar, beating well; then add the well-beaten yolks; then the rind and juice of the lemon; then stir in, very lightly, the sifted flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

MRS. STEPHEN DEE.

DAINTY COOKIES.

Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup cold water, pinch of soda dissolved in water, one teaspoonful vanilla, rolled thin as possible.

NUTRITIOUS CORN CAKE.

One and three-quarters cup of Indian meal, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one egg beaten light. Soda dissolved in sour milk, beaten until it foams, and baked in two shallow pans; quick oven.

MRS. NATHAN D.

AUNT BETSEY'S GRAHAM PUDDING.

Two and one-half cups of graham flour, one-half cup of water or milk, one cup of molasses, one egg, a little salt, one heaping teaspoonful soda. Steam two hours. Eat with a sauce.

CORNA'S WHITE CAKE.

One and a half-cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

BLACK CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of buttermilk or sour milk, one cup of raisins or English currants; all kinds of spices to taste; two eggs, one teaspoonful soda; flour enough to make it stiff like cake.

GRAHAM GEMS.

One cupful of graham flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, two-thirds cup of buttermilk, one egg well beaten, scant teaspoonful soda; beat well; grease tins and have them hot when you add the batter. Bake in a quick oven.

SANDWICH CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoon soda, two and a half cups of flour, whites of five eggs.

Take out four tablespoonfuls of the mixture, add one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of raisins; citron, and figs and spice to taste. Bake in square tins. One layer of the dark, two of the light, put together like jelly cake.

M. B. E.

SOME PRACTICAL DISHES.

BEAN SOUP.

One small beef soup-bone, one quart of white beans soaked over night, four medium size onions, two heads of celery, four quarts of water; salt and pepper; simmer all together for five or six hours, then strain through a course sieve. Return to the stove until hot. Serve.

TOMATO SOUP.

One quart of tomatoes fresh or canned equal quantity of water; cook until soft, then strain; butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper, one-half cup of rice well cooked.

BAKED VEAL CUTLET.

One and half pound veal cutlet laid in a well-buttered roasting pan, with a cup of water to prevent burning, over which spread a dressing made as follows: two cupfuls of bread crumbs, two onions chopped fine, two well beaten eggs, butter size of an egg, salt and pepper; mix well, lay a tin cover on top and bake half an hour, remove the lid and allow it to brown.

FRIED OYSTERS.

Lay oysters in linen cloth for two hours; dip them in egg and then in wheat flour; fry brown in lard and bacon; don't float them.

CORN OYSTERS.

One pint of corn, one egg well beaten, one small teacup of flour, one-half gill cream, one teaspoon salt. Fry brown like pan-cakes; to be served with tomato catsup.

RACHEL'S SUET PUDDING.

One cup of chopped suet, one cup of raisins, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda; stir stiff with flour. Steam three hours.

ORANGE CAKE.

Beat the whites of three and the yolks of five eggs, separately. Stir to a cream two cups of sugar, and one-half cup of butter, then add beaten eggs, one-half cup of cold water, two and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, grated rind of one orange and all the juice, except one tablespoonful. Bake in two large square biscuit tins.

Filling for Orange Cake.—Whites of two eggs saved from the cake, one tablespoonful of orange juice, two small cups of pulverized sugar.

FIG CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour; this makes three layers.

Filling.—One pound of figs, one cup of water; stew gently until soft, then chop fine, add two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, spread between layers and frost the top.

Frosting.—White of one egg, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, pulverized sugar stirred in until stiff; do not beat the egg.

LOUISE M. KNIGHT.

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Read the advertisement of the Family Buttonhole Attachment.

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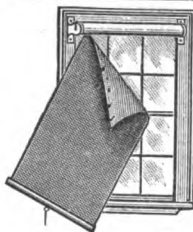
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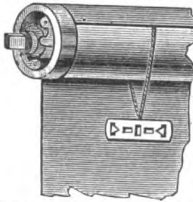
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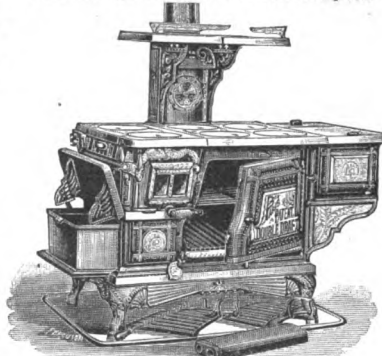


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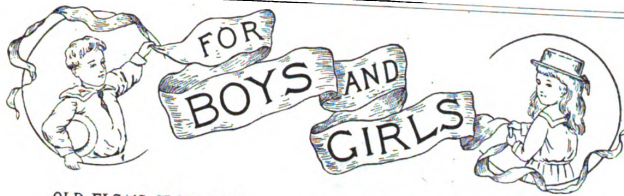
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Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, the honest thing to do is—send it back.

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You can do so easily with our goods. One person in each locality can earn grand wages at work for us. Business pleasant and easy to learn; no experience necessary. Ladies and Gentlemen, young or old, can do well. You can live at home, work part time or all time. One person at work for us writes he made \$875.00 Clear Profit in 26 Days. Others doing as well. No can you. Proof and full particulars free. Do not lose this chance to get into a good business in which you can earn a large sum of money every month. Better write today. THE CLIPPER MFG. CO. (Limited), Cincinnati, O.



OLD ELSA'S CROW SOUP.
ILLUSTRATING A SWEDISH PROVERB.

By MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OLD Elsa, the crows, in her search for food,
Went early abroad through the grove of
beech,
But found no berries in all the wood,
That hung not tauntingly out of reach.

The nuts were not ripe above her head;
Nor had she the strength to beat down one:
The birds were abroad, with wings outspread,
But what could she do without a gun?

Not even the wild plums over the hill
Had taken a tinge of crimson on;
And down by the sluice of the brown old mill
She hunted for cresses—but all were gone.

At length, on a rail she saw a crow,
Preening his feathers with patient care:
"Ah, ha!"—she chuckled—"I'll softly go
And catch him while sitting so careless
there."

But the crow at that moment turned his head,
And away he flew, with his wings a-sail;
"At least it will taste of the bird," she said,
And she boiled in her pot the bit of rail!

HOW IT ALL ENDED.

By H. M. D.



KATY MARSH and
Flora Harwood
went out on the
ocean sailing-
and bound
directly for Paris! To
be sure, their
steamer was only
a wheelbarrow—
and their ocean,
the back yard!
But what of that?
And what is the
use of little girls
having an imagi-
nation if they're
always going to
adopt themselves to
circumstances?—I'd like
to know.

However, it all seemed very real to Katy and
Flora, and as the steamer rocked again and
again in the most alarming way, the little girls
clung to the sides of the vessel, and said
"Whatever in this world shall we do, if we're
drowned?" And, as no one could answer that
question, they prepared themselves for the
worst! But just then the sun came out from
behind a cloud, and Katy said, "The storm is
over and we are saved."

"Yes," answered Flora, "and now we
must sing—don't you know, Katy? Ship-
wrecked crews always sing something."
"Do they? I should think they'd be drying
their clothes."

"O, Katy Marsh! you're so queer. But then
ours wasn't a real shipwreck, you know; we
only came near it; any way, I think it would
be lovely to sing just as we are entering port."
"All right, Flora, go ahead." And Katy, who
generally gave in to Flora, straightened up
the dollies, pinned the silk handkerchief again
on the kitten (for during the storm everybody
and everything had been more or less dis-
turbed), then said, "I'm ready, go on."

Oh, it was just lovely! Even the kitten en-
joyed it, for she purred delightfully as the lit-
tle girls sang airs appropriate to the occasion.
"A Life On the ocean Wave," "Speed My Bark,"
"O'er Waters Blue," "The Breaking
Waves Dashed High" and "Dublin Bay" fol-
lowed each other in quick succession.

"Katy, do you know 'My Father at the
Helm'?"
"No! Is he? I didn't want to play when
any one was around."

"O, Katy Marsh! You'll be the death of me
some day. I mean the poem; it's perfectly
lovely."
"Is it? But what is a hellum?"
"Helm, Katy, don't ever say hellum. A
helm's—a helm! It's a something that always
goes with a ship; I don't know as I can explain
it; a sort of ornament, like a flag-staff, I guess.
Any way, it isn't very important—I know—
But the poem is elegant, and makes me want
to cry."

"Oh-h," said Katy, "I don't believe I'd like
it then. Don't sing it Flora, please; it's ever
so much nicer without fathers and helms. I
think. You know if papa was out here, he'd
say, 'Katy, you'd better go in the house now
and help mamma.' That would be horrible;
we don't want to even think of such things."
"Oh, no indeed! Let's sing—"

"Katy, Katy Marsh; where are you?"
"Oh dear, Flora! That's mamma after all.
It's that old dress to try on, I know."
"Here I am, mamma," and through a hole
in the fence came Katy carrying in her arms
the little gray-and-white kitten. "You don't
want me now, do you, mamma?"
But Mrs. Marsh didn't want her, she had
been wanting her some time. Then, too, she despised
cats, and had said to Katy again and again:
"Never bring one near the house!" So putting
it altogether, Mrs. Marsh was not in a
gentle frame of mind; and what do you sup-

pose she said? "Put down that cat, and come
in this minute!"
Oh, it was dreadful! And little Flora Har-
wood, who was half way through the fence,
went back in an instant to tell her mother all
about it!

Four Katy! It was bad enough to have
mamma act so, right before Flora Harwood;
but to hear her dear, beautiful kitten called
a cat was enough to break her heart, and hers,
she knew, was "breaking all to pieces."

There was Paris just in sight, and every-
thing so lovely; and here was mamma with a
frown, the kitten gone, and a dress to try on!
Was there ever a little girl so tried! "I shall
never get over it—never"—thought Katy;
but the worst was to come. As her mother
finished trying on the dress, baby Ned, who
had a faculty for waking up at the wrong
time on a busy day, began to cry lustily.

Katy well knew what that cry meant for
her: there was no going out now till "that
child" was amused in some way, or up to
sleep again, and it was worse than useless to
expect mamma to take him; so with a most
unhappy heart Katy went into the little bed-
room to quiet her baby brother.

What if at all other times, he was "just too
sweet to live, and the most beautiful baby in the
world?" He was not sweet when he cried,
and not the least bit beautiful; besides it
wasn't very nice to look after a baby when
one would rather look after a kitten!

What if she had called mamma only the
day before, when she promised to make the
dress like Flora's—puffs on the sleeves and
all—"too perfectly lovely." She was far

"Now what can I tell by your meows? I
must say, for a cat, you're pretty."

"Meow, meow."
"Well really now, I believe you know you're
cute and pretty," and Mrs. Marsh took from
her work-basket a ball of knitting-cotton, and
threw it on the floor, for the kitten to play
with, and actually stopped her sewing to watch
a cat! Think of it. Once, at a very funny lit-
tle jump and tumble, she laughed out loud!

"Oh my! what would Katy say if she
heard me? Say I'd lost my senses, I guess.
But this is such dear little thing, I could al-
most like it myself. I wonder if it's hungry.
Come cat, do you want something to eat?"
"Meow."

"Well, meow it is." And out into the
kitchen, and down the cellar-stairs went that
very sensible woman to get some milk for a cat!

But where was Katy all this time? Ah! this
is what happened to Katy: after singing the
pretty lullaby, she started the baby's favorite
"Bye O Baby Bunting," and coming to the
line about the rabbit's skin she changed the
word rabbit to kitten, and began to wonder if
a kitten's skin was as soft as a rabbit's skin,
and if any one had ever tried it, and if it
would hold a baby any way—and, oh, lots of
things! As she wondered she kept singing
over and over "A kitten's skin to wrap our
Baby Bunting in, a kitten's skin to wrap our
Baby Bunting in, wrap our baby—ba—by—
Bunting—ba—by—Bun—ting—in." And Katy
was lost to all around her, and traveling
fast for her chariot speed with silver wheels,
and the driver had on an elegant coat of tor-
toise fur.

On, on they went, almost seeming to fly,
until they stopped at the edge of a lovely grove,
where the softest, sweetest music was playing;
and then driver, chariot and all vanished, and
Katy was walking through the grove.

All around were cats and kittens of every
size and color.
Some were climbing trees; some playing
with fluffy balls; some swinging in
golden swings; some
sleeping on velvet
cushions scattered all
around, while the
most beautiful sight
of all was a throne of
red and gold, upon
which sat Prince
Grimalkin!

At his right stood
the "cat with the
fiddle"; at his left,
three cats were sing-
ing. "Sing, sing, what
shall we sing, The cat's
run away with the
pudding-bag string!"
At the foot of the
throne, were the
"three little kittens"
who once "lost their
mittens," but who
now were them fast-
ened around their
necks with tiny gold-
en chains—oh, it was
all so beautiful! Katy
gave a great "ah-h-h"
right out! Whereupon
all the cats began to
purr, and all the kit-
tens to mew at once!
Then for the first
time Prince Grimalkin
spoke.

"Little girl, why
came you hither, and
what is your name?"
"Katy," was the
trembling answer.
"Katrina, you
mean."

At that all the cats
stopped purring and
all the kittens mew-
ing to look at the lit-
tle girl with a cat's
name!
"Katrina, can you
purr?"
"No," said Katy.
"Can you mew?"
"Oh, no indeed!"
"Then what are
you doing here?" growled Prince Grimalkin.
"Please, sir, I don't know."
"I should say not. Well, well, can you
sing?"
"Oh yes, I love to sing."

"Cats and kittens do you hear that? This
little girl can sing—shall we listen?"
All the cats bowed and all the kittens
noddled.

"Very well, you may sing, Katrina, but re-
member to choose something appropriate, for
if you fail to please us after coming to Cat-
land without an invitation, you shall receive
a whipping for this." And the Prince drew
forth a whip of cat-o'-nine tails, and shook it
threateningly at Katy.

"Purr, purr, purr," went the cats.
"Mew, mew, mew," said all the kittens.
"Silence!" said Prince Grimalkin. "Little
girl, begin."

"Oh, what a funny, faint little voice! Katy
did not feel it was her own, and yet all the
while she heard:
"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no
harm."
I'll sit by the fire and give her some food,
And pussy will love me, because I am
good."

"Fine, fine, very fine," said the Prince, as he
stroked his whiskers and with a satisfied
smile bowed to Katy.

"You have shown excellent taste, and your
voice is very sweet. Had you chosen a song
about the 'little doggie,' or some such thing,
we would all have come to the scratch and
punished you. As it is, we feel you are what
you said in your song—a good little girl."



from lovely now! And Katy wished some-
thing would happen to make mamma put up
her work and pity her poor little girl!

Just then a remembrance of the long days
of last Spring came to her; how, when she was
"so sick with that fever, mamma had been so
good and patient all that weary, long time."
Even Katy's papa, at the last, said "Katy
was getting cross," but mamma hadn't thought
so. Surely her little girl ought to be willing
to help mamma when she could. So almost
before she knew it the angry thoughts had all
gone, and Katy was singing a lullaby to baby
Ned, who, as he listened, forgot to cry and set-
tled himself down to finish his nap.

Now mamma, out in the other room, heard
the sweet voice singing, and then mamma be-
gan to think,
"Poor little girl! It was too bad to have
to leave your place, even to try on a new frock;
and though you came in unwillingly, I cannot
blame you so very much. It was hard, I know,
to give up Flora and the fun in that sudden
way. I ought not to have been so hasty. But,
dear me! I was so tired waiting, and then—
that cat! I never could endure a cat. They're
always in the way."

"Meow, meow," went something right be-
side Mrs. Marsh, and looking down, she saw
the dearest, little kitten in the world! All gray
but the two fore paws, and a spot of snowy
white on the top of its head. "Meow, meow,"
went pussy—and looking up at Mrs. Marsh,
said as plainly as one could wish—"I am not
a cat. I'm a kitten!"

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Katy's mamma,
"and to the very thing Katy had in her arms;
where did you come from?"
"Meow," answered kitty.

And now, if you will promise never to come
here again, you may take this with you, and
go."—And as she descended the throne with the
most beautiful kitten of all in his arms, Katy
felt herself sinking, sinking, and the music
growing fainter, fainter, until it ceased alto-
gether; and there she was in the little bed-
room, and baby Ned was sitting up in his
cradle playing with his rattle!

"Oh, dear me," said Katy, as she rubbed
her eyes, "it was only a dream, after all, and
what will mamma say? I must have slept
an hour!" And Katy went out to see if
mamma was getting supper, when, there in
the kitchen, licking an empty saucer, was her
darling little kitten!

"O mamma! you're just like other mammas
after all, and it was a true dream!"

"Humph!" said her mother, "why am I
different? And what was the dream?" Then
Katy told her all, and though Mrs. Marsh said
"when she finished "It's perfect nonsense from
beginning to end,"—the kitten—staid.

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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.

G. W. and MYRTLE.—Please note what is said at the head of this column in relation to name and address. M. N. H.—The lines "Each heart recalled another name, But all sang Annie Laurie," are from a poem of Bayard Taylor's, called "The Song of the Camp," of which the closing words are—"The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the darest."

G. A. HORTON.—For bleeding of the nose, the old-fashioned remedies of lead-water upon the bridge of the nose and cold keys down the back, have not lost their efficacy, but water hot as it can be borne is a newer and much more efficacious remedy. It should be freely applied to any surface where there seems to be a tendency to hemorrhage.

ELEANOR.—You may safely put alabaster on your "summer baby," if your physician advises wool. Some physicians advise woolen goods being brought into direct contact with the skin of a newborn infant, as being too harsh. Others object to linen dependent somewhat upon the opinion of your physician in this respect.

QUERY.—Let there be no white rubber about your baby. In the preparation of this material there is a certain amount of pernicious drugs introduced, which makes it not wearable for the infant. Plain black rubber alone should enter into the composition of the mouthpieces for the nursing-bottle and the teething-ring. What is termed a "drooling-bib" is an gum-cloth, and is tied about the infant's neck in the same manner as is any other bib. Its professed object is to protect the front of the baby's dress and keep it dry, but its real effect is to increase the drooling.

W. P. T.—Martha Washington's maiden name was Dandridge. When she married George Washington she was Mrs. Curtis.

STRABISMUS.—Nausea is frequently caused by the condition of the eyes, more noticeably incorrect focus. Properly-adjusted glasses will, in many cases, cause a permanent cure of what is known as "chronic sick-headache."

SIXTEEN.—To increase the growth and thickness of your eyebrows, rub common salt into them thoroughly every night before going to bed. Whether it is the effect of the salt, or that of the manipulation and stimulation we do not know, but in some instances eyebrows which were almost invisible became quite well-developed under this treatment.

PATCHWORK.—"Crazy" work is not much in vogue at present. It seems to have had its day. "Kensington" or "open" work, has greatly taken its place, as requiring much less strain on the nerves, and less time and money for more pleasing results.

PLANTS.—All queries in relation to flowers and plants should be forwarded directly to Eben E. Howard, Shiloh, Wis., as he has entire charge of that department.

E. L. O.—Translations from foreign languages into English is not a "working" work. Some years ago, when the work was comparatively new, it was paid well, and the pioneers still receive good prices, but the market is so glutted with translations that the remuneration of all growing girls, times past, the accomplishment given place, in a great degree, to the study of foreign languages. The result is the turning out from our schools of many students who are quite capable of making very creditable translations of foreign authors, and that which was once so rare is now very common. With this change in the supply, the prices have grown to be not nominal.

GEORGE S.—(1) A half-dollar of 1834 possesses no special value. (2) A few cents to the Director of the U.S. Mint, at Philadelphia, for a book on the value of coins.

LENAMAY G.—There is no way of removing rust from black-silk embroidery. Miss B. FRZ.—We could not recommend any special lotion for curling the hair. Ordinary curling-kids are about as good a thing as can be used. They are simply wire covered with cotton wool, and the wire is encased in a thin layer of shellac. They are small at each end, larger in the middle, and can be bent up into shape.

MRS. C. H. T.—In order to clean your black silk worth of soap-bar, use one part of boiling water. This should be thoroughly rinsed, and it should never be cooled on iron as possible, as the more heat there is in the iron the more limp the silk will become.

Miss E. A. C.—We will pay you for all recipes sent to us and accepted. Miss A. W. E., Brooklyn.—(1) Study the different magazines to see the particular class of material most in demand. Then apply your judgment in sending your manuscripts. (2) Do not send more than one article each manuscript that comes to our notice. (3) We use the line quality of our readers, and the distinct feminine penmanship is more desirable than our words, which the masculine generalization is, of course, correct.

MRS. W. N. C.—We propose shortly to cover the subject of "Art for Women" in a series of practical department devoted to the same.

MRS. J. D. G.—The authorship of the "Saxe Holm Stories" has never been definitely settled, but it is generally conceded that they were written by Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.").

L. E. D.—Such advice as you desire cannot be given at a distance. Your best way is to place the matter in the hands of the best tailor in your city. A is best method of making a coat, and judgment in such a case should be made by some one on the ground.

A SINGLES.—Add coffee to the last rinse water. In doing up curtains, under the proper shade is acquired. This will give the creamy tint which is so seldom seen after the first washing.

TO SEVERAL INQUIRERS.—The silk fringe spoken of by Helen Jay in "An Open Confession," is made of ordinary embroidery silk. The price and quantity are mentioned in the article. Use a medium-sized steel needle. Baste up an eighth-of-an-inch hem hole from right to wrong on it. In this with needle, draw one skein of silk through; divide it into two, and draw the end of the skein through the loop to right side. Cut required length, divide the silk in this way the first half to half of the following skein and knot the four rows of these knots make a heavy, rich fringe. Six inches deep. When ordered at a New York or Brooklyn shop it costs two dollars and a half (\$2.50) a yard.

ELLEN JAY.—AN INTERESTED SUBSCRIBER.—Ordinary face-talbe will greatly increase their vigor.

R. S. MAC F.—There should not be occasion for a lady to hold a gentleman's hat on a tap at the opera. The proper place for a man's hat at the theatre is under his chair.

L. C. G.—For a child two years of age, just going into dark dresses, the collar is more appropriate than lace frilled in the neck.

TEACHER.—(1) Many people by mistake congratulate the bride, whereas it is only proper to congratulate the bridegroom. "congratulate" and "felicitate" are not similar terms. Webster so gives in architecture as a profession, we know of none who has an office of her own.

A WESTERN GIRL.—Write to some reliable dealer in lace curtains, giving full details as to size, quality, color and shade, and he will send you all necessary information on the subject.

Mrs. W. E. R.—Fleischman's yeast is manufactured in New York. But as it is only good when entirely fresh, it is not wise to send for it from a distant city. It may be found in all large grocery stores, even in the smaller cities.

JENNIE DALE.—If you do not like "Mother Hubbards" for your little girl, buy one of those little slip patterns, gabielle front, and loose back, tied over with a sash of the dress goods.

BABY.—Silk-warp rubber is always best for infants' wear in every way. You will find that it will far outlast the cotton-warp and will soon pay for the difference in price.

INGENU.—If you are going out into society, for the first time, and are afraid of feeling awkward, the best course you can take is to forget yourself as much as possible and observe the actions of others. An observant person can attend a dinner for the first time without committing any serious blunders, providing she will carefully watch what is done by those around her. If she has two forks at her plate, a moment's observation will tell her the proper time to use each, and so on through the whole course of the dinner.

Mrs. W. R. F.—One of the very best works you can find for your purpose is "Hart's Elocution." It is clear and concise, and gives all the points desired.

ANNA L.—Many lotions are used to whiten the complexion, some of them very simple, such as buttermilk, bran-water, etc., but there really seems to be nothing so good as perfect cleanliness. Hot water, in cold water, clear, and the face then rubbed entirely dry, would seem the very best and simplest treatment. This leaves the flesh firm and the complexion clear.

WRITER.—For elegant correspondence papers should be of such a shape that one folding will bring to the size and shape of envelope.

HINTS AND NOTES.

A LOTION FOR CHAPPED HANDS. I send the JOURNAL sisters a superior lotion for chapped hands and face; good for fever-blisters and sores. Get a druggist to put it up. Rosewater, 2 ozs.; glycerine, 2 ozs.; chlorate of potash, 6 grs. Apply a small quantity at a time; rub well. If you see proper to publish this, do so; given to me by a doctor. I get so many good things from the JOURNAL that I would like to return the favor. BETTIE W. BROWDER.

KID-GLOVES AND COURT-PLASTER.

Kid-gloves will rip despite our best efforts to keep them in good condition. Now, a small rip is in the finger of some one's kid-gloves, and it will not look well if you see it. I would advise you not to sew it, but to take a small piece of court-plaster or surgeon's-plaster (the latter is the better), turn your glove wrong side out and neatly apply the plaster over the rent or rip, first having drawn the rent part of the glove nicely together. Now if this has been neatly done, you cannot perceive where the rip was. If the rip or tear is not a very large one it may be mended in this manner; but if the rip is a large one, it should be nicely sewn and then the court-plaster applied in the manner described. If mended in this way, you will find that your glove will last much longer, as a glove treated in this manner seldom tears out again in the same place. Try it, and see if you are not pleased with the result of your labor. HILDRETH M. HINSLEY.

A WELL-MADE BED.

It is well known that many persons, particularly children, are restless after retiring. In the morning, sheets and bed quilts are askew and the bed in anything but a comfortable condition. And then perhaps the remark is heard "How I wish the bed-clothes were buttoned, or nailed down, or fixed some way so that they would stay where they belong." But the bed if made properly will always stay right. Turn the lower sheet well under at the head of the bed. Turn under a foot at least. It does not make any difference whether the sheet is tucked in at the bottom or not. The strain on it always comes from the head of the bed downward. Per contra the strain on clothes over a sleeper comes from the opposite direction. Hence they need to be well tucked in at the bottom. Tuck in all clothes, both upper and under, along the sides. But the main point is that the under clothes should be well turned in at the top and the upper ones at the bottom. That is the secret of making them stay where they belong, no matter how restless the occupants are. This is the theory and I have often proved it in practice. G. H.

A HOME REMEDY FOR COROUP.

If the child wakes up in the night croupy mix camphor and lard together in proportion of five or six drops of camphor to half teaspoonful of lard, grease throat and chest well and put on a piece of flannel. I have a bib made of red flannel, with ties to fasten around the neck, which keeps the throat warm. If the croupy cough is heard and choking seems imminent, drop a drop or two of common kerosene oil on a lump of sugar and give it. This has proved efficacious in severe cases with me and I have never known it to fail to relieve in a very short time. I have tried the cold compress so frequently, recommended it once and the child was not only not relieved, but the cold developed into lung fever the effects of which was felt for many months, even more than a year, after she recovered from the disease, therefore I may be excused if a prejudice against this method exists in my mind, I think. The remedy which I give is so simple and generally convenient I think it deserves a trial at least. CAREFUL MOTHER

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CHAPTER XIII.

BOTH Rosamond and her mother-in-law found it necessary to pass some days at Lawton Hall before starting for the Continent. Sir John took them down and returned to London by the next train. He did not see anything of the Ackers for several days after that never-to-be-forgotten evening, when he and Phyllida had sat side by side an hour and a half at dinner, and afterwards had sung together the matchless songs of Rubinstein. The sound of her voice, as it had blended with and dominated his own, rang constantly in his ears.

She was an artist in her music, not an amateur; he himself had caught something of her fire and sang as he had never sung before. He would not go to see her, he was strong enough to resist that temptation; but when a note came from Jacob Silvertown asking him to go down to the races on his coach, Lawton weakly yielded to the temptation, knowing that the party was made for Miss Langdon.

The day of the race was one of those perfect June days, when England is at its fairest. Queen June not only paints the moors and valleys with golden gorse and faintly blushing wild rose, but audacious and all conquering in her youth and beauty, she even invades grimy London with her glorious surprises. The dingy city squares are still fresh and verdant with the foliage that May brought to them, and the gardens of the suburban villas are all aglow with roses. There were roses in Phyllida's hands as she took her place on the box seat beside Mr. Silvertown—his roses, which never failed to reach her every morning. The drive down from London was very amusing to Miss Langdon, more amusing than the conversation of her neighbor, Mr. Silvertown, the larger part of whose attention was bestowed on his four dappled grays.

Once arrived at the race grounds and all minor matters were forgotten in the absorbing interest of the race. Mrs. Ackers began making her book. She had great luck, and held frequent consultations with the Colonel's groom, an ex-jockey, who had been on the ground since daylight.

"I back the favorite," she said to Lawton. "I should like to win back that money that I lost at the regatta." The terms of the bet were arranged, and as Mr. Silvertown had left his seat and was at that moment the centre of a group of rather disreputable looking men of that mushroom species that spring up on the race course on the morning of a race, Sir John took his place beside Miss Langdon.

"Which of the candidates are you in favor of, Miss Langdon?" he asked.

"The American," said Phyllida.

"They say she hasn't the ghost of a chance."

"They do not know the man who bred her; he has never yet failed in anything he has undertaken."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, he was at one time in my father's employ."

"In what capacity?"

"Vaquero, or cow boy."

"And now, he goes in for raising race-horses?"

"Oh, yes; he has a very fine establishment, and has done more to improve the stock in our part of the world than anybody."

"I should like to go to the United States. I should like to see the country where you were born."

"Nothing is easier, only do not go before we go home. My father would be glad to see you at the ranch. There is excellent hunting in our neighborhood."

"I hear that you are a capital shot."

"Who has been telling tales about me?"

"Some one that you never saw, my cousin Armydis, the painter. He is here somewhere to-day, we may see him."

Marengo, the American, was a beautiful chestnut filly, with a skin smoother than the finest satin, her delicate legs, straight, slender and tough as steel, seemed hardly large enough to carry her weight. That she was a nervous, high-strung thoroughbred, sensitive, intelligent and full of dash, one saw at the first glance. It was her first race, and the betting men were afraid of her staying power. She had very little backing, save by her owner, and no one but her owner, her jockey, and her compatriot Phyllida, had the least expectation of her coming in ahead. Sangaree, the favorite, a powerful bay gelding, was owned by Shuttle Kardenspin. After three or four false starts, the horses were finally off and the race had begun. Sangaree led for the first heat, the American coming close behind him, all the others being left far behind. As they passed the grand stand the applause was deafening, the sound spurred on the filly, and she quickened her pace, lessening the distance between herself and Sangaree to a few lengths. The excitement became intense. Was it possible that Marengo could overtake the favorite? As they neared the winning-post the cries became a perfect hubbub; the jockeys lashed their straining horses, which seemed to fly over the ground. Round they came with dazzling rapidity, Sangaree leading; his intelligent eyes turned back to see whether his rival was gaining on him. As they passed the carriage next Mr. Silvertown's coach, Phyllida heard a voice ring out above all the noise of panting horses and applauding spectators, "Go on, Marengo!"

The filly recognized her master's voice, and giving herself a sudden shake which almost unseated her jockey, put down her head and ran like the wind, passing the favorite with a great bound, and tearing past the winning-post a length ahead of Sangaree. During the third heat the distance increased and lessened again, but the favorite was unable to retrieve the ground that he had lost, and much to everybody's astonishment Marengo won the race. Her owner seemed little moved by Marengo's victory. He went quietly back to his carriage, and finished the sandwich he had begun just before the start. He drank Marengo's health, and soon after made his way to the telegraph office, and wrote a message, that was transmitted across the Atlantic, and over a private wire to his own home, where his wife read half an hour after the race was over, that the little filly she had raised had won a world-wide reputation. The writing of that dispatch, and the thought of his wife's delight in receiving it, was the chief pleasure that the owner of Marengo felt in her victory.

On the Silvertown coach preparations were being made for luncheon. Phyllida and Sir John went down to the paddock to see the horses for the next race, which were being led about, weighed, weighted and saddled. Some of the horses were all blanketed and stockinged, their great hoods making them look like strange birds of prey.

"You see I was right," said Phyllida. "I hope you took my advice and backed the American, my compatriot."

"Yes, what shall I do with my winnings? They belong to you."

"How do you mean?"

"My mother does not like what she calls gambling, and so, to keep the peace with her, everything that I make goes to some charity or other. All ladies have hobbies. This shall go to yours."

"I should like to found a home for disabled horses. Can you tell me who this gentleman coming towards us is?"

"The very man we were just talking of—Armydis. May I present him to you?"

Armydis had come in search of them with a message that luncheon was served.

"Miss Langdon, let me present Mr. Armydis."

Armydis walked back with them from the paddock. And Phyllida talked with him all the way to the coach, Lawton walking on her other side, silent and abstracted. He was angry with Armydis for his interference, jealous of the quiet manner in which his cousin had usurped the young girl's attention. He felt aggrieved at being treated as a man who can have no possible interest in a beautiful young girl. In the old days before his marriage Armydis would have treated him very differently. Now he was put aside as any other married man might have been. Miss Langdon regarded him in the same light as Colonel Ackers. *Amuleto micux* he would do as well to show her the horses as any other old fellow. He cursed his folly in thinking so much about this girl who had come into his life, and made it more complicated and harder to bear than it was before. He was fettered hand and foot, bound for all time to a woman he no longer loved, and who never had loved him. He had thought and suffered more in the last six months than in all the rest of his life. One by one the illusions he had cherished were lost, and he believed that he now faced for the first time the realities of life. He had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage! He hardly spoke to Phyllida during the rest of the day, and when the time came to drive back to London Armydis had the pleasure of sitting beside her, Sir John having given up his place, and driven back with the Kardenspins.

To nine people out of every ten who met him, Armydis remained an unsolved problem. They either did not make him out at all, or else found him a shy, reserved and quiet person. The acquaintance realized that his tenth

was a rare nature of the broadest sympathy, but, withal, a man incapable of forming many relationships with his kind, because of the very intensity of his affections. He had always taken refuge behind the genial, diffusive character of his cousin. Lawton's friends were, in a secondary manner, his friends, his relations with people of his own station were almost without exception of this triangular order, Sir John always serv-

ing as the apex of the triangle.

In his studio it was a different matter. There he was master. The young men to whom he devoted many hours of every week, revered Armydis with a truly filial affection; his students were all of the poorer class, men who had much ado to keep soul and body together while serving their novitiate to art. His life was very laborious, and sometimes he was sorely tempted to break away from the restraints he had imposed upon himself, and give the reins to those frenzied steeds, the passions, at whose heels so many of the elect of art are dashed to pieces in the flower of their youth, never again to be made whole.

Phyllida, at first prompted by a spirit of coquetry almost unknown to her hitherto, had smiled upon Armydis in order that she might observe the effect upon Sir John. Very soon, however, the artist won her smiles on his own account. In this respect Miss Langdon was one of the tenth people who realized the charm and power of his nature as soon as she came in contact with it. Armydis soon forgot to be embarrassed in the company of the frank, earnest young girl whose simplicity had nothing of gaucherie, whose youth seemed so mellow and tender contrasted to the crudeness of the few young English girls that he knew familiarly. She seemed to him a whole stage in advance of the other women he had known.

She seemed to regard life as one who feared no evil, because unconscious of its existence. Her cousin, Mrs. Ackers, always had the air of throwing herself upon the protection of whatever man she happened to be with, this child of the west asked no protection because she had never felt that she could be in need of it. He felt completely at home with her, while realizing that she was unlike any person who had ever entered his life.

The relationship so quickly formed between these two people admitted of no third influence, it was as complete and definite as the two poles of an electric battery. Sir John had merely introduced them to each other, and that evening each understood the other better than he understood either of them.

It was not until Phyllida was alone in her own room that night, that she was able to think over the events and emotions of the day.

She still kept a journal, in which she faithfully recorded the events of the day, the new people she met, and the impression they made upon her. That night she wrote out at some length descriptions of the race, the people on the coach, and her new acquaintance, Armydis, of whom her journal speaks as follows:

"Have at last seen my pair of foils together again. Charleroi's name is Armydis, he is the cousin of Sir John Lawton, and I find that I named them better than I knew. They are indeed a pair of foils. He is a painter. Promised to go to his studio for tea soon."

In the studio which she had promised to visit, Armydis was pacing up and down and talking aloud to his dog, Ali, who always understood him, he said, infinitely better than any of his other friends. He was reciting poetry at the top of his voice. Suddenly he came to a halt. He had remembered a neglected duty. One of his students was very ill and he had promised to pass the evening in his sick room. He whistled for his dog and the two went out together, and walked the whole distance that lay between his own pleasant quarter of the town, and the shabby suburban district where the young man lived.

He stopped outside a dingy little house with a dusty plat of ground between it and the street, which rejoiced in the title of the garden.

It was a shabby, neglected little garden, redeemed from positive barrenness by one small rose tree, whose tiny branches were laden down with clusters of small white roses. Armydis recognized the plant; he had given it to the sick boy a year ago. He plucked a few of the flowers and went into the house without knocking, he knew that he was expected. In a small, stuffy room, noxious with the smell of medicines, he found the sick boy feverish and wandering. In the chair near the bed dozed a pale woman, weary with watching. Armydis touched her, "Go and lie down for an hour," he said. "I will call you before I go." The woman thanked him, and went into an inner room, where the sound of her heavy breathing was heard almost immediately. Armydis opened the window to let in whatever chance breeze there might be abroad on such a sultry night, and sat down beside the patient. From time to time, when the boy roused himself from the heavy stupor, Armydis bathed his head and turned his pillows. The hour passed, and still he did not arouse the tired mother, but sat patient and watchful through the long hours of the night. It seemed to him that the time would never pass, the loud ticking of the clock and the heavy breathing of the woman grated upon his nerves, he was in constant fear lest these noises should disturb the sufferer, to whom sleep was so important. At last the short night was over, the gray light of the early morning came coldly into the bare room, and the chill of the dawn crept into the air. He drew the coverlet over the restless boy, and wrapped himself in a spare blanket. As the light grew brighter he put out the smoky gas, and moved his chair near the window in order to watch the sun rise. By-and-by the traffic of the streets, which had

been for a short time stilled, began to roll by the house again. The boy had asked several times for milk, and there had been none for him. Armydis secured an empty jug and hailed the first milk-man that passed. Soon after, the sufferer again awoke, and asked for milk; he drank eagerly, and then asked that what was left might be put where it was cool. Armydis went into the kitchen, and found the cupboard where food evidently was kept. It held very little of anything; there was a tea-cupful of flour in the bottom of the barrel, and the tea caddy was empty.

The bareness and poverty of it all brought a sob to the stranger's lips. "There is nothing for them to eat, and that woman never told me!" The bareness and the poverty of the pinched little household were very painful to him. His first impulse was to go to the nearest shop and buy for the widow the necessities she lacked; but the thought that her neighbors and the tradesman himself would know that this was charity, checked it. The sun had now risen, and Armydis called the woman who was still sleeping soundly. She was at first dazed and confused at seeing him there.

"Mr. Armydis, sir, you did wrong not to call me. Have you been here all night?"

"Yes, Mrs. Greene. I was anxious about Joe, and my staying a few hours has saved my coming back again this morning to find out how he passed the night. There is something I want to say to you about—him;" he hesitated and blushed guiltily. "You know he was acting as model for me before he was taken sick, and there is a little money owing him. It is possible that I may not get down again for some days, and I should like to leave it with you."

The widow had seen better days, she came from the Vale of Lawton, and Armydis remembered her a pretty, smartly-dressed woman, who held her head very high according to her neighbors. In the series of disasters which had since befallen her, she had always managed to keep her head above water, and Armydis was sure that this was the first money that she had ever received in charity.

"No, sir," she said. "Let us call a spade a spade, you owe us nothing, and we owe you a great deal; but you have given us so much more than money, that it don't hurt me as much to take it, as it hurts you to give it to me."

Armydis pressed all the money he had about him into her hand, and hurriedly made his escape.

CHAPTER XIV.

She looked so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

The morning after the race, Miss Langdon was told that Mrs. Ackers wished to speak with her immediately, in the stable.

She hastened down stairs impatient at being called away from her music. There was a compact between herself and her cousin, that the morning hours were to be sacred to her books and music. She found Pattie and the Colonel, and the wee groom, Fetlock, surrounding a beautiful black mare, which she had never seen before.

"Have you bought a new horse, Cousin Frank?" she asked, looking over the mare with an experienced eye.

"It's not a real mare at all," said Pattie, "it's a goblin steed; it unlocked the stable door, walked into the stall and put on its own halter without anybody's help."

"What does she mean, Colonel?" said Phyllida, stroking the creature's velvet skin.

"What she says," answered the Colonel. "When Fetlock came into the stable this morning, there she stood in the stall, just as you see her now, with this card tied about her neck."

Phyllida read the words inscribed on the card, "I belong to Phyllida Langdon, and my name is Brisais."

"You darling!" Miss Langdon's arms were about the mare's neck; her rosy cheek laid against the animal's delicate pinkish nose.

"Upon my word you make a very pretty couple," said the Colonel. "She seems to know you already, Phyllida. She would not allow any of the rest of us to take such liberties with her."

"A good circus rider was spoiled in Phyllida," said Mrs. Ackers. "She's a perfect Rarey. I never saw any one who had the power she has over horses."

"And dogs and men as well, eh, Phyllida?" said the Colonel, with one of his sudden roars of laughter, which made Brisais jump and shiver in every nerve of her body.

"Which of you am I to thank?" said Phyllida, looking doubtfully from one to the other.

"Thank me, of course," said Pattie.

"Really, dear? How good you are to me."

"Of course not really. Come, explain the mystery. You and Frank are conspiring to mystify me."

"That is right. Carry the war into the enemy's camp," said Phyllida. "I am very grateful to whoever gave it to me."

They walked towards the house, after seeing Brisais made comfortable in her roomy stall.

"Truly, Phyllida, neither Frank nor I ever saw or heard of the mare before. Where can she have come from?"

It was fortunate that Pattie was stooping over a flower bed, gathering a handful of moss roses, or she might otherwise have seen the burning blush that suddenly suffused her cousin's face. Phyllida had guessed who had sent Brisais.

"I have it!" cried Pattie. "Isn't to-day your birthday?"

"Yes," Phyllida admitted.

"It's your father. He has conspired with Fetlock to give you this surprise. It is just like Uncle Herbert." She went back to the stable to confide her discovery to the Colonel, and charge Fetlock with being party to the conspiracy.

(Continued on next page.)

PHILLIDA---By Maud Howe.

(Continued from page 26.)

Phillida went back to her music, and her clear, fresh voice filled the house like a flood of sunlight.

She was singing one of Moore's familiar old songs, which she had learned from Sir John Lawton:—

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to-day, Were to change by to-morrow, and feet in my arms, Like fairy-gifts fleeting away, Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art.

Outside in the stale London street, the carriage of the Duchess of Maltby was standing before a neighboring house.

That evening Phillida was alone. The Colonel and Mrs. Ackers were dining out. She was glad to be by herself.

"Come and see. Good night and thank you again for Brisais." She held out her hand to him, but he pretended not to see it.

"I have just come from your house," he said. "They told me I should find you here; can you let Fetlock go down to Lawton for a few days?"

"Violets, sir, only a penny a bunch." There was a sharp ring of a coin upon the sidewalk, and a shilling fell at the little valet's feet.

"No matter about the flowers," said a kind voice, and the carriage turned in at the Ackers' gate. Phillida had recognized the horses as soon as they turned the corner, and fled into the house.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Miss Langdon," he began. "But you do not disturb me. I am very glad to see you."

"I had no idea of intruding upon you so unceremoniously," he said, formally—and then was silent, his assumption of indifference breaking lamely down under her frank, delighted eyes.

"What a wonderful evening it is," said Phillida, when he returned from giving the order. "I have been sitting out in the loggia."

"It is my birthday." "So you were born on mid-summer's eve? That is why you are such a fairy. Don't you want to be abroad with the elves to-night?"

"Yes, I should like well to meet Mustard-Seed and Clover-Blossom. If I were a fairy perhaps I could tell why it is that I seem to have met you before; do you ever have that feeling about people?"

"It is not difficult to know me, I believe. I am rather transparent. It is because I have known so very few people, Pattie says."

"It is not quite that. You have never felt the necessity of concealing your feelings, that is all."

"There are no other eyes like them in the world." There was a pause. Miss Langdon's eyes were fixed on the floor.

"I have not yet thanked you for Brisais. I have spent most of the day in her stall, making her acquaintance."

"Brisais?" said Sir John, innocently. "Why, did you not wish me to know that you sent me the only thing I needed to make my enjoyment of London complete?"

"He colored under those clear eyes. She was incomprehensible to him. There was no use in denying his responsibility for the mare, and he said awkwardly:—"

"Good night and good by. I may not see you again before you leave town." Mrs. Ackers tells me you are to be in Brittany this summer. I shall be cruising about there in my yacht; would you be glad to see me if I should turn up some morning at Dounaney?"

"After leaving Miss Langdon, Sir John Lawton drove directly to the house of the Spanish ambassador who was giving a reception, where he knew he should meet the Ackers. He soon made his way to Pattie's side."

"I have just come from your house," he said. "They told me I should find you here; can you let Fetlock go down to Lawton for a few days?"

"Very well, if Nettles will put up with our small establishment." "Nettles will put up with anything that I ask him to. He is the one person in the world in whose fidelity I have real confidence."

"Ingrate," said Pattie. "I think there never was such a spoiled child of fortune as you. Mrs. Kardenspin is here to-night. Have you spoken to her?"

"I have only just come." "She makes herself perfectly ridiculous about you, Jack. Do you really admire the sallow little creature?"

"You have the same flower in your coat that you wore last night. You must have taken great pains to keep it fresh. Who is by way of giving you flowers in these days?"

"Ah, you have answered my question more frankly than I had hoped," she said. "So I was right, it is the little Spaniard?"

He found a letter from his wife awaiting him at home. The sight of her handwriting was a shock to him; for days he had hardly remembered her existence, he had lived solely in the thought of another woman.

And Phillida? How dared she ignore all the barriers that lay between them, and show him her heart, as if they did not exist?

It could only be that she realized, as did he, the vanity of all other ties and affection, that this soul-bond forged for eternity cancelled every other human relationship for both.

And yet he was afraid of compromising her in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of her relations; he was afraid of those silent critics, the servants who waited upon her.

She found a strange groom leading Brisais up and down. "Where is Fetlock?" she asked, testing her saddle girths.

"Ee' ave gone away for a few days, Miss."

Miss Langdon was puzzled by the man's face, which seemed familiar to her. Brisais rubbed her nose confidently against her mistress's shoulder, asking for sugar.

Hyde Park was almost deserted; there were a few riders in the Row, but Phillida met no one that she knew. As she galloped through the fresh morning air, Phillida thought she had never seen Nature more lovely than in this blossoming oasis of London.

"Le beau temps d'amour ne reste pas-toujours," were the words of her song which reached the ears of a horseman who was approaching from behind. The refrain was repeated after every line, with a persistent iteration of an indisputable fact.

Sir John leant from his saddle, and took her hand in his, he bent low, and raised it to his lips, tremulously, reverently, as if he feared to soil its purity by the first kiss of love that had touched her spotless maidenhood.

They did not speak of love and yet each read the other's heart. What they said might have been spoken before a roomful of people; the mere words would have told the listeners nothing, but on their faces was blazoned the old, happy secret.

Best family journal is Woman's Work, Athens, Ga. 4 trial numbers, 10c. and 10 ladies' addresses.

Oh, sweet blindness of love that knows nothing but itself! No past, no future, no doubt, no misgiving, only its own glorious existence! Who would not give the later years of thought and study, with all the experience and wisdom they have brought, to live once again those short moments treasured in every heart, as the golden grains of life, while all the rest of time seems but as gray and worthless chaff.

CHAPTER XV.

"She has a little feeling, She spreads a foolish net, That snarls her own weak footsteps, Not his for whom 'tis set, Pity her!"

Rosamond returned to London for a few days before starting for the Engadine. She found her husband deep in engagements. He was in better spirits than when she left him, but she detected an under-current of excitement which in all his varying moods never left him.

"I wrote you, did I not," he said, "that the Duchess of Maltby had asked me to sing with Mrs. Kardenspin at her next musicale?"

"Then Monday is the only evening?" "It is very short notice for a first invitation," objected Rosamond.

"Not for them, they will be only too glad to come to you at the eleventh hour. Please remember to ask Captain Terris, he called three times while you were away."

"Just as you like. If you prefer I will give a dinner for the Senora at Richmond when I come back. I really must show them some attention."

"No; I would rather have them here," said Rosamond, decidedly. "I will write the notes this evening."

"Don't forget Terris; he always treats me as if I were a Bluebeard. I told him we might be at the opera to-night. Shall we go? You have hardly used the box this season."

"They give Lohengrin. It's the best thing they do this year." Rosamond shook her head. "A quiet evening at home for me," she said. "Lawton Hall has made me very domestic."

(To be continued.)

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(Continued from page 5.)

Jane knew that she had, in a certain way, put herself in a false position; it was something so slight, so inappreciable, that there was no such thing as setting it right; it was irrevocable because of its shadowiness. Oh, why should her embarrassment have made her blush? Why could she not have taken the simple things simply? Why should it seem of consequence to her?—a consequence likely to be interpreted precisely wrong. She was vexed; she was ashamed; so her embarrassment continued.

It was not in her nature to be rude, ungrateful; yet she could have thrown the little bunch of leaves away. Only that would do no good; it would prove nothing, except indeed it might italicize as with false, evasive act, the consciousness that looked like proof already. So she carried it clasped in her left hand that dropped down by her side; and it was as if nettles stung her.

Little things had annoyed her before; things that could not be avoided or contradicted; there had been little looks in Mistress Margaret's face that Jane, with all her love, resented. Mrs. Sunderland was thinking, perhaps—it might be they were all thinking, planning—how something should befall which they were arranging in their own minds was to be good for her—for Jane. And what she was most indignant with, was her own indignation; what she was most bitterly abused by was her own mortification. Of what had she been thinking, that she should be angry that they could think of this? Such a mere remoteness, too; a thing that had had no time to begin to be? What other remoteness, impossibility, was there, that had begun to be in the way for Jane?

It was by no means clear to her, as I make it, writing it down; she would not have let it be. But in her mingled feeling it threatened her with its demand; it drove her to precisely the same conclusion, in a shrinking, momentary perception, that the doctor had come to by an insight a man need not be ashamed to face.

She would think of nothing; she would fear nothing; she would not challenge or mis-doubt herself. She would take this walk with her friend as he had asked her, for her good. After all, there is no reassurance like that which comes in the safety of being suspected of exactly the wrong thing.

It was an air and scene in which all little circumstantial shackles might fall off. The keen, clear wind, tempered with such sunny warmth as only the lingering of the real summer in her sweetest places gives, when she meets the rich, luxurious advance of her Indian sister, and the two reign on together, as they do sometimes, and as they did this year—swept up around them, full of stimulus and fragrance, seeming to lift and bear away whatever might oppress, perplex, or fret; replacing doubt or discomfort with buoyancy and placid strength. Peace and vigor were the elements of the atmosphere; it wrapped the body with a life that penetrated and reinforced the very inmost being. It was all so large, so gracious; one could take in without stint such satisfying that uncontent fell back, rebuked. "How shall He not freely give us all things?" the spirit cried, rejoicing. And nothing seemed impossible to be or to come, when all this was here, a whole horizon flooded and brimmed with ecstasies, to make one transcendent hour for just two human souls.

It was not without knowledge and foresight that Dr. Griffith had spoken—"To do her good." He knew how she had been cramped and limited; he wanted to bring her out into these large places, to see their effect upon her; they would measure her with themselves; how fully would she—could she—receive and hold?

The inland side of the ridge was here a long, rough slope; they went up over crisp, short turf, broken with outcrops of stone, where flat, little juniper bushes spread their blue-green branches and clung; the goldenrods stood up in flaming beauty, every spire an exuberant bloom, of a pluminess and softness such as Jane had never seen before; and the little, pale, starry asters clustered among them, smiling up to their glory, as saying, "we are less—we differ—but we shine, our way, too!"

"I think they talk to each other," Jane said, catching the word of it as she stooped among them and gathered some of the bright and lovely things, which she put with the leaf-cluster. It was not all Matt Morse's now; she was more comfortable with it. There was a good deal of wail language about; Dr. Griffith translated a small syllable from this, that made him more inwardly content.

They came up on the crest; they faced the sea, that swept up so grandly into the bosom of the land, parting the hills into islands, and afar off stretching in its own infinity to the remotest southerly touch of the bending sky.

Backward, they looked among the heights of a green country: opposite shores, eastward, rose in grand inclines; yet they knew that all around and among them ran the strong, deep channels, and that the tides sent up their mighty pulsations between fields and forests, for miles and miles.

"How wonderful it is, the hills and the sea

rushing together like this," said Jane. "I have been on flat beaches, before; then it seemed to come to an end, both ways; the shore had run to a sandy edge, and the sea had come to its long line that it could not cross, but here—why, it is both conquering and making triumph together!"

She seldom said so much; it was the pressure of the fulness upon her; there was that in her which must speak, so borne upon. She gazed out upon the mingled splendor of land and water, in a flush of many colors, indescribably rich and lovely; the deep evergreens holding their summer verdure; the clumps of yellow birches; the scattered oaks and maples, burning in their crimson and orange; the scarlet tongues of vine and shrub, shooting and waving here and there with vivid flashes as of fire; the great, changing, many-hued ocean—opaline under the bright sky and shifting cloud-shadows; all this to the eye, while the sweet, keen breeze carried the strength and joy of it to the very life-centre; how could she but forget everything—herself, most of all—as she stood there, in an amaze of gladness?

Dr. Griffith looked at her; she, in this new environment, was his especial study; yet the same great spell was upon him also; the intense delight was the being in that same wondrous world—really lifted into it and its sublime meanings—in companionship.

"I think you prescribed for more than you knew, Dr. Griffith," Jane said, as presently they walked on again along the cliff. "I think the 'good' reaches further than breath or eyesight."

"It is a poor physician who treats only for the external," Dr. Griffith returned. "I knew pretty well what this would be to you. How far have you ever been in this direction?"

"Not any distance at all. I wasn't sure of the climbing for the children."

"I shall show you new things then; are you surefooted?"

Jane laughed. "I have never been tried very much, you know, off the sidewalks. But I think I have a steady head."

Down at their left, plunged the broken, fissured rocks; at their base curled and hissed the fringing waters; on the other side the slope grew continually more precipitous, as the reef-like promontory reached on south-westerly; the narrow, rutted road was lost in the thick undergrowth and below the impending height; across the lessening strip of land westward, and the thickly shaded shores of the larger, farther island township. They had to cross a high, sharp neck that was little more than a pathway, and part of it a scramble across and between the jags of rock.

Dr. Griffith took her hand at perilous points, or such as might have been so in weather less serene, or for a hasty step, or an easily dizzied head. Jane proved her head to be steady, as she had said; and her feet took firm, well-poised hold where the cool head discerned the safest way.

They went up as far as they could along the summit; then the doctor led her down, carefully, into a steep ravine that cleft the head-land; they came, at length, to a broadened shelf that nearly closed the fissure from side to side, while forward, the passage flared suddenly open upon the face of the ledge, and they were confronted with the sea. Behind them reared the rocks they had descended; the country landscape had disappeared; they were held in a mountain recess, alone before the majesty of ocean.

"Now you can sit and rest; you are absolutely sheltered here," said Dr. Griffith, as he spread a shawl upon a jut of rock where she could lean luxuriously against the cliffside. "Do you know you are above the light house?"

"I think—I am above and beyond everything," said Jane, slowly.

Dr. Griffith seated himself near by. They were utterly silent then, for many minutes.

"It makes one feel out of the world," said Dr. Griffith, when he broke the pause that had been so full. "It seems as if one might slip off the planet."

"It makes everything seem of such very little consequence, anywhere else—in the old places," said Jane. "I wonder where they all are, really, and if the streets and shops are buzzing, down in the cities?"

"And people worrying, and lives crowding, and little human shows and struggles going on, and human pain being suffered in a thousand ways—with all this grand escape so near!" said Dr. Griffith.

"Oh, what right have I to have come into it?" cried Jane. Oh, the suffering, and the pinching—why are they let be, when there is so much room and power?"

All the troubling, half-comprehended doubts of her life surged back upon the girl's thought. Why had he—Dr. Griffith—brought her here, to show her this, unless he could tell her the why, and comfort her for the denials, that in the face of a magnificent peace, came haunting her by contrast? Why had He—Almighty God—made this space, this grandeur, this freedom, and then crowded his children together in the fierce struggle for existence, where this glory of His could never be known?

For all answer, Dr. Griffith repeated the grandly lovely words of the Venite.

"The sea is His, and He made it; And His hands prepared the dry land. O come, let us worship, and fall down; And kneel before the Lord, our Maker; For He is the Lord, our God; And we are the people of His pasture, And the sheep of His hand."

He had taken his hat from his head with the first words, and his look went straight out through the height upon the depth, in a reverent exultation. In the last sentences, with gentle pause and stress he emphasized their wonderful, perfect reassurance.

"That holds it all—some way,"—he said, a moment later.

Perhaps, young reader, you thought you had been brought out here for some excitement of a special story-incident. Jane Gregory thought she had come for this, and that it was enough.

The handful of leaves and blossoms that she had carried all the way was left forgotten upon the rock seat in the gorge.

Dr. Griffith forgot to notice their disappearance until Jane and he had almost reached the cottage.

Afterwards, he went across the fields and down into the woods by ways he knew of, and brought back clover blossoms and violets.

He met Jane in the doorway, and gave them to her. Margaret came forth upon the instant. "Those—at this time in the year!" she exclaimed.

"If you know how to look," said Dr. Griffith.

"For those who have souls to perceive. The violets bloom in October!"

"I think they only grew for you," said his sister.

"No. For they are not mine now," he returned.

And Jane said nothing. But she presently went away with her flowers; and it seemed suddenly as if the very refusal of her life that had been so hard to understand, had put forth a disclosure of graciousness in flush and fragrance.

"To-morrow, if this beautiful weather holds," said Dr. Griffith, as they met on the cottage green at tea-time, "we go to Pemaquid. And it will hold. Look at the sky. We must use every day, now, and lose nothing. We will drain every drop of this wonderful pleasure." He spoke like a boy, in his brimful delight. Somehow his doubts had got put by.

Jane smiled. "What is it, Miss Gregory?" he asked her. "There's a meaning in your look—as there's apt to be."

"Only," she said, "that I think it would be like the autocrat's syrup pitcher. You couldn't drain it dry, if you held it upside down a thousand years."

"Yes, you are right. That is the wonder of it. And we won't turn it upside down!" So they went in to tea.

Afterward, Matt Morse came up. He brought the mails, and reported Ladybird as lying ready in the little Sandy Cove. Then he asked Dr. Griffith to go down with him and see that all was right on board.

"I wanted to have a word with you," the young man said, as soon as they got upon the little beach. "I want to know something."

"All right," answered the doctor, standing still, and bracing himself involuntarily against what might be coming.

"It is about Miss Gregory. I want to know how much she is above me."

"That I can't tell, Matt, until I know better how high you are."

"I don't mean that way. I mean in the world."

"In the world, Miss Gregory is simply a young girl who maintains herself by her own efforts."

"I am glad of it," said Matt, honestly. "But it's the way now for young women to do that. She might be out of my reach, all the same. Are her relations people who would—think there wasn't any world outside theirs, except for them to travel in, in summer time?"

"She has no immediate relatives at all. My sister tells me that she is quite alone."

Matthew stood up in a fine manly strength. "She shan't be that much longer, Dr. Griffith, if she will listen to me."

That was plain enough.

John Griffith made the knight's move.

"My friend," he said, "there is nothing in the way, that I know of; except brief knowledge, and a woman's reserve of herself for the truest there can be for her. If you think you can show her that, it is your chance to try."

The categorical, matter-of-fact fashion of the doctor's answers struck Matt—for he was quick enough—with a sense of something near the truth. "It is your chance to try," he said.

After that, it might be some one else would try. The doctor by no means cared if this did appear; though he would not wilfully have made it patent by the least phrase or tone.

Matthew Morse should have his rights. These days were his only opportunity; afterward—well Dr. Griffith could not be so sure of afterwards, of course, holding himself back now, at the possible crisis.

What should hinder a girl like Jane, fresh in her joy of this free life, thrown into companionship with a brave, handsome, loving young fellow who was a king in this realm of nature, from seeing all that was fine and strong in him, all that was beautiful in the grand simplicity of the world she could marry herself into, taking him? Why, an English duchess could not come into more superb surroundings of estate, than a woman whose virtual domain should be all that she could appreciate and take to herself among these hills and waters, beneath these glorious wide skies.

What position would Dr. Griffith place himself in, pausing now? If these days were Matthew Morse's, where were his own?

They were where they had been in the two years between his first meeting this woman of such fair womanliness, and his finding her again.

They were as safe as those, if they were days meant for him; since now he wilfully missed nothing, but simply had to make his knight's move, and stand aside a bit in generous honor. Yet it was very like that turning of his pitcher upside down, which he had said he would not do.

It was after dark when he came into the little parlor of the cottage. And then he looked over his letters: said he must go to his room and answer them, that he might have a holiday to-morrow; advised his sister to keep early hours and so they all said good-night.

The morrow was a fair, rich day; not much wind, but what there was, was westerly; it would do. Nobody was in a hurry; they were to be on the water for pleasure, and the sail would be none too long.

"We are idle folks," Margaret said. "We came here to drift; we don't want too much energy in anything."

Aunt Kreesby stored the little cabin, which was hardly more than a cubby and a locker, with her good things; her bread and butter and cold chicken, her apple pie, her bottled coffee and cream, her brown, spicy doughnuts and sage cheese. They were going up around Southport, to be as little out at sea as possible this first trial trip, and to enjoy the beautiful, gradual coming out among the islands. All went but Aunt, whose physical as well as mental constitution was a protest against any kind of weewauas. Miss Rickstack was in that condition of courage and high spirits which comes from daring one sort of similar risk when quite incapable of another; as some people will ride with great exhilaration behind two horses, who dare not go at all with one. She "supposed it was going to sea in a bowl, after all," she said. "But it wasn't a saucer, which made all the difference. There was some sort of a fence to keep you and the sea separate." Aunt Kreesby went, because "it come so she could as well as not," and to help them with their lunch. The sweet, soft, breeze would be gently in their favor nearly all the way; and they would come back with the tide.

In the east cut for a little while, even the slight wind they had would be shut off from them; but Matt Morse knew how to manage, and he was not loth to have it to do. Old Captain Zenas and a boy were his sufficient crew; there would be leisure for him to use this day's "chance" for himself. Yet he did not want all leisure; his very command was his opportunity; like every sailor, he was twice a man on board his vessel. If there had been just a little more need for seamanship he would have liked it better; to-day there was only the mere prettiness of light, easy handling, for the most part. But this passage through the cut called for strength and alertness, in the way Matt accomplished it, which few possessed as he did, or could manifest with an equal certainty and skill. Perhaps his advice to take the northward round, bringing them down through this inlet, was not wholly unbiassed by the pleasure of putting forth his prowess before the eyes that would be looking on.

One side here was a sheer face of rock; on the other, a strip of woods edged the river; back of this rose steeply the cliff, fringed with hemlocks and birches; between, the stream ran slow and deep; it looked still and black, under the overhanging shadows; only the oaks and maples lit the gorge with any color, lifting their bright heads above the wild undergrowth which wrapped their feet in a dull green.

Matt Morse sprang ashore with a long leap, carrying with him one end of a heavy rope that was fastened at the other to the boat's bow.

"How did he get there?" exclaimed Miss Rickstack, first catching sight of him on land as he plunged along the tangled, broken foothold of shrub-stem and stones among which he had alighted as he could.

Aunt Kreesby had never happened to see him perform this exploit before. "You can't do it, Matt," she cried, with a sharp, rising inflection, "no more'n a hen can wash dishes."

The inominous comparison drew a shout of laughter from the boat party, as Matt gave the contradiction by his agile springs and swings, past and around the crowding treepoles; now up and down the bank wherever he could perch or grasp; flinging his rope ahead, and keeping it free and straight to the yacht, till he had gained such distance that he could throw the line around some sturdy trunk and send the loose by a sure flight from a strong, steady hand, back on board, where it was caught and hauled upon, warping the craft forward from point to point. Sometimes, for a little clearer way, taking the rope's turn around his own body, he would go sturdily on, towing the vessel; then take it in hand to thread again an intricate, steep place; springing across the breaks from rock to rock, climbing around obstacles, flashing in and out of sight like a squirrel, never losing his quick calculation, never missing aim; till just at the right moment, down below, where wood and cliff sloped to open shore again, he made the last bend and haul, and as the boat slid inward toward him, leaped on board, flushed, handsome, careless and unspent.

Before they had traced his last movement he was with them, and had sat down by Jane. Aunt Kreesby was on the other side.

"It's all fair and easy now," Matt said. "She'll go along of herself—all she can make of it."

"You've got good wind," said Aunt Kreesby.

"Do you call this good wind? Baby's breath. For my part, I'd rather beat a little."

"No baby's breath about it. I said you had got good wind," repeated Aunt Kreesby.

"Oh, I. Bound to have you know, when lady-bird couldn't catch this, I like to give a good pull through a hard place."

"It's good when can and will go together. Guess they most always do with you, Matt."

Aunt Kreesby had no boy of her own, and she was very proud and fond of the young boatman. Whatever else she may have had in her head, praising him now, she thought

(Continued on next page.)

ASCUTNEY STREET.

(Continued from opposite page.)

was her own secret, even when she added, with innocent simplicity—"don't believe any lady-bird o' your'n ever'll have to tug alone through the tough spots."

Might it have been apropos to that, or to the too personal subject, that Matthew began to tell them of the new yacht he had nearly finished for a rich cottager at Squirrel Island? The Windflower, he said it was to be called. And then he went on to speak of further plans; in a few years, he said he believed he could take on men enough, and run a big business; and not need to leave home for it, either.

"O, I shouldn't think you would ever want to leave home!" Jane exclaimed.

Matthew turned to her with a bright face. "You like it here so much?" He asked.

Jane's day had begun with such a fullness of inward joy, that it would last far on with her. She had not noticed yet any withdrawal or interruption; she had had so much that she would even rather wait; and her glad content was ready to overflow without constraint. She forgot to be jealous of herself with Matt. "O, yes!" she cried. "I think it must be a great love to anybody that lets them be born here!"

"That's a real pretty way of sayin' it, an' pious too," commented Aunt Kreeshy, kindly. The little secret thought in her own mind was freshly commending itself all the time to her judgment. "Maybe that's why the Lord brings some people here that wasn't born here, too," she added, with satisfaction. And with transparent artifice she changed her seat to a little down the bench, pretending to turn and look over at something on the water.

Matthew was too much in earnest to say any flippant, presuming thing, such as very likely he had spoken to other pretty girls upon occasion. It was no time to say a serious thing, that might precipitate a displeasure: so he was silent.

Jane was simply thinking that it was indeed God's love that had given her these days; and that she did not say, of course. She sat still, and half forgot her companion. The absolute serenity of her face charmed Matthew; it awed him likewise. How was a girl like this to be approached, persuaded, in ordinary fashion?

(To be continued.)

GRAY GOLD.

(Concluded from page 2.)

by the peremptory summons of the telegraph.

Telegrams formed the brightest spots in Mr. Poole's official career. He hastened with alacrity to his post, straightened the paper ribbon and opened the key. The message clicked itself off, and Mr. Poole listened. He preferred listening to reading as the quicker method. As his ears took in the burden of the dispatch his eyes gradually widened until his jaws began to gape for sympathy.

"NEW YORK, Sept. —, 18—.

"TO THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AT BILBURY STATION:

"Mrs. Isaac N. F. lies at the Astor House in this city, very ill. Please notify relatives or friends.

"SAMUEL HYDE, M.D."

"Well, I'm durned!" ejaculated Mr. Poole. "So that's what's to do. I thought Jake's folks couldn't ha' be'n knowin' ter that caper. The old lady's cuter 'n thunder, aint she? Well, I'll go tell 'em. 'Taint time fer the freight yet, an' Jake may want ter go down on't."

The consequence of which timely action on Mr. Poole's part was that just twenty-four hours after his grandmother had reached the Astor House Jacob Fosdick reached it, too. He found the old lady lying helpless, but placid, in the spot of all others where she would have chosen to spend her last moments; and, bending over her, something so very like his idea of what an angel must be, that he was almost started.

All through that day—her golden-wedding-day—Lucy Fosdick lay and waited. All day long the golden-haired bride—cheerfully relinquishing this bit of her own bright beginning for the sake of another's peaceful ending—sat and watched beside the bed, while, in the further corner of the room, Jake Fosdick sat and watched her. It would have been hard to convince him that she had not been sent straight from Heaven to care for his poor old grandmother. Jack Hazard, looking softly in from time to time, exulted in the knowledge that her chief mission lay elsewhere; but neither did he doubt, for a moment, her being Heaven-sent. It was growing dusk when he came once more and drew her from the room.

"Come out and have a walk, Dot. You need the fresh air. Marcia is here now, and you can be spared."

She came back, however, for a moment, and stood looking down upon the quiet, waiting face. If she were less like an angel now that the white wrapper was exchanged for the soft gray dress and hat, with the cluster of fresh roses at her belt, she was so uncommonly lovely as a woman, that Jake Fosdick's admiration knew no lessening. She laid one little, warm hand lovingly upon the cold, lifeless ones of her predecessor, and turned to go. As she did so, the closed eyes opened full upon her with a clearer look in them than they had shown before.

"As pooty as a pooter," quavered the feeble voice once more. "As pooty as a pooter. God bless ye, dear!" And so she went.

Their walk was long, and never-to-be-forgotten. The little bride came back from it as blithe and rosy as if sick beds were things unknown to her. Marcia met them as they came, arm in arm, along the corridor. The tears in the honest girl's eyes were contradicted by the smile on her lips. Both struggled for the mastery, but neither could quite subdue the other.

"He's come," she said, softly. "Isick's come! An' by the look on her face when she seen him, I guess he brought the posy, too."

Without a word, but with a sudden paling of the rosy cheeks and dimming of the joyous eyes, the little bride drew her husband on and into the room where Lucy Fosdick lay with that transcendent peace upon her face which the world can neither give nor take away. Silently, side by side, they stood and read together what God's hand had written. Then Dot's arms stole softly round her husband's neck, and her bright head drooped to the strong shoulder that seemed to her so sure a shelter.

"Jack," she whispered, as he held her close, "I thought we never could be happier than we are already; but now I know we can."

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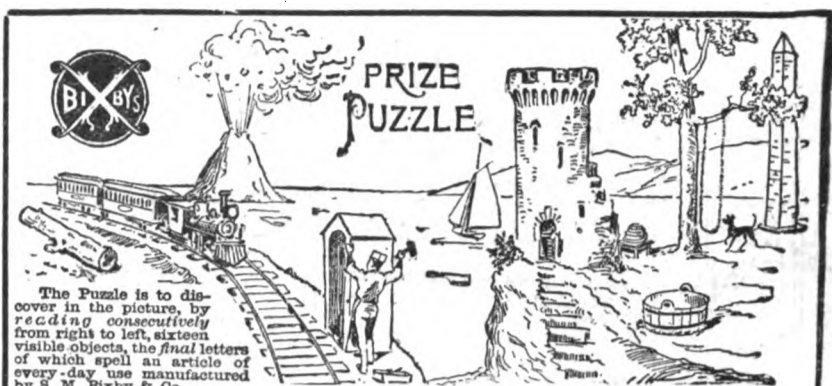
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Finely made, silver plated, greatest novelty ever offered to the boys and girls of America. A Complete Musical Instrument, size and shape of a watch, Music Box attachment concealed within, which plays one of the following tunes: "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Carnival of Venice," "Grandfather's Clock," and a Waltz. The notes and tones are correct. It entertains both old and young.

SPECIAL OFFER To introduce our Family Magazine, filled with charming stories, we send it 3 months and the Musical Watch for 50 cents. Just think of it, a Music Box and a Beautiful Magazine 3 months for only 50 cents. You will be delighted with it.

Address, SOCIAL VISITOR, Box 3139, Boston, Mass.

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Contains three alphabets of rubber type, type holder, bottle indelible ink, ink pad and tweezers; put up in neat box, with full directions for use. Satisfaction guaranteed. Eagle Supply Co., New Haven, Ct.

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Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring a child and the text 'Children always Enjoy It. SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.'

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Advertisement for Bird Manna, featuring a bird illustration and text 'The Great Secret of the Hartz Mountain, Ger. The Canary Breeders of many. Bird Manna will restore the song of Caged Birds, will prevent their ailments and keep them in good condition.'

CONFIDENTIAL WITH FATHERS.

BY FELICIA HOLT.



NOT long ago, I read a little editorial called "That kind of Father," wherein the father described was a brute, who shed a stone at his boy as one would at a dog. Now that this creature was a disgrace to his

sex there can be no doubt, and that he would get much that he deserved is equally sure. A wretch like that is pretty sure of his punishment, because he violates the law, and Justice is outraged. If possible I would like to call the same power and put in her scales the men who are called "Fathers," who are rarely found shining stones, or breaking any known statute, and yet are quite as mischievous, for they shirk all their responsibilities and cast aside their God-given prerogatives. The father's influence has been so little felt that it is now almost counted out.

"Papa, will you help me with my lessons?" is asked once, twice, perhaps by the more courageous a number of times; but at last the stereotyped answers such as: "O, my dear, papa is too tired," or "Really, Johnny, this is absurd, I am busy working all day at my office. I pay your teachers to do the work." Or very often: "Go to your mother; I can't be bothered," convinces Johnny that, however papa may be interested in his education, he does not intend to show it in that way; as to mamma being tired "well, she don't say so," and, he "must have some help."

O, fathers! you make a mistake; the hour or so you would give your boy in helping him with his latin or arithmetic would be of mutual benefit all your lives; he would remember it with pleasure and gratitude; you with fond pride when he achieved distinction in life.

"My father helped me." Alas! how few sons have this delightful reflection; as a rule they remember their fathers as the law-giver and purse-bearer, but rarely as their best counselor—their chosen confidential friend.

Two men, among my friends, rise in my mind as illustrations of the tender beauty of this relationship; the son is twenty, the father a little over forty; both well and strong; both manly and fine; they have ever been the best of friends, having no secrets from each other, feeling always implicit trust, and so it will probably go on through life. The son, heretofore depending upon the father for support and kindly direction, will now accompany him as his friend and faithful admirer; later on the father will have the younger arm to uphold his feeble steps; *always together, always finding* in the company of one another that camaraderie which, alas! man so seldom enjoys with his own flesh and blood.

Opposite to my summer home is a pretty cottage where a young couple with their children—two boys—have come for the holidays; the children, aged I should say, four and six years. Every morning the father, when he leaves the gate, whether he is escorted by his boys, turns and lifts his hat gravely and courteously; the broad sun hats of the babies are promptly lifted in return, and "Good by, Papa," "Good by, my boys," rings out on the soft air, making melody for all who care to hear.

I often wonder if they know how much cordiality these *truly gentle* exchanges carry to their unknown neighbor across the way, or what pleasant pictures they suggest to my fancy. Father and sons going on through life, courteous and considerate, provoking each other to love and good works.

Your children are what you make them; if you want their first and best you must give them yours; if you expect them to be refined and high toned, give the keynote yourself. "Good morning, my child," carries a benison with it, and, in so expressing himself, no man need be ashamed; yet how often does a man neglect this trifling politeness when in the bosom of his family! "Good-mornin'," as if it were all one word, and a short one at that, coupled with a testy injunction "not to leave the door open," or a reproof for lateness. Do I counsel entire disregard of discipline? Certainly not, I know children are but human, inheriting to the full their parents' depravity, but I am in this paper pleading, nay, *vestling* with the fathers, hoping to open their eyes to the beauty and happiness they miss by not making friends with those to whom they have given the gift of life. You have brought these children into the world; but for you they would not be; since you have called them, give them of your best.

Open the treasury of your heart and lavish upon them the fondest love. Call upon your storehouse of knowledge, feed *brain* as well as body. Teach them by your conversation and deportment that you are all that you profess. Remember, "getting mad" is not righteous anger. Johnny is young, but he is quite keen enough to discern between passion and honest indignation. Irritability, caused by dyspepsia, much smoking, nay, perhaps, much drinking, will not be accepted by him as the reproof of the wise. Also, when you order Johnny "to be a gentleman," and "pick up mother's book or pencil," you must do likewise, and not sit in your easy chair while she runs up stairs to get your slippers; or when you meet her on the street pass her with a smiling "how d'ye do," forgetting entirely to lift your hat with the same deference with which you salute Miss S—your pretty acquaintance. Johnny is your son; he has many of the same failings; he is both obstinate and high-tempered, but he has also the same warm heart, and an appeal to it will always bring a response. Don't forget to praise him. You like to hear your wife say sweet words; even your acquaintance down town can touch you with a compliment, which you repeat when you come home, with the commendation that "Jones is a good fel-

low"; as a fact he may be an ass, but he wears an aureole to you for he has put you on good terms with yourself.

Please remember Johnny is made of the same stuff; tell him occasionally that "he is a good boy." It won't spoil him, I'll wager. Said a young fellow to me, "My father never told me I was a good son, but he has often expressed the reverse opinion." I looked at the young man with tears in my eyes and my heart filled with pity for the father who has missed so much; the boy was yet young and other lores would round out his life. The father was old and he had rejected God's bounty, namely, the grateful, filial love which wells from every human heart.

"This is my well-beloved son;" no holding back in the Divine Father's love, but full measure, pressed down, flowing over, that all mankind may see that the father and son are one. Is this sacrilegious? No! my reader, for God constantly likens His love for the Son to the earthly relationship of parent and child, and it is without doubt His intention that we shall give to our little ones of our best.

For He asks in stern inquiry: "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give a stone?"

Fathers, know your children; study their characters; learn their tastes and inclinations, that you may influence the one and cultivate the other. How many a male parent as pro-

cessed utter astonishment when his son has been guilty of some crime. "I never knew the boy. I thought him entirely different;" whilst all the while the mother, true to her vocation of parent, had sorrowfully known and kept it hidden in her heart, knowing it of little use to confer with the father whose only logic is force, and whose impatience of youthfully admits of no excuse.

"The boy's a fool," is often the paternal dictum, when some little innocent vanity is exposed; but one wonders if the cap and bells would not be more fitting for the irate sire, whose own neglect has brought the young offender to his present state.

Fathers! it is not that you are busy or that the large schemes of life engage your attention, it is because you are lazy and selfish. You leave to the mother more than her part; it is your duty to form your sons to be good, wise and able citizens. This is not the woman's work; why depute it to her? you are jealous enough of any little infringement of what you are pleased to call your rights, and yet this, the first and foremost of all, you affect to despise and leave it for the already over-burdened mother. "The child is father to the man," said the maker of apothegms; take heed to the young minds and hearts now within your reach. Some day they may tower above you; this is the age of progress; if you do not now win their love and respect, the

time will come when it will be too late, and with the agonized consciousness that your son cares little for your opinion, and, indeed, is quite ashamed of his old-fashioned father, will also arise the thought that when the training of this young soul had been given you, you had neither time nor inclination for the task.

You preferred your books, your club, nay, your cigar, to an hour or so with your boy. You had it then in your power to enlist that tender heart and active brain, those fleet feet and strong muscles, into your service forever as your devoted son and staunch adherent, to whom you would have been "the dearest father," the revered friend, instead of, as you are probably now called, "the old man," or "my Governor."

Many ladies who answered my call in the January number, for to do writing, are now managing a branch office of the Famous Blush of Roses, Luxury and Orange Lily, and are making money. "Blush of Roses" is the finest toilet article in the world, it is clear as water, contains no sediment. Price, 75c. "Luxury" is used on the face instead of soap. Price 15c. Ladies who can do writing at home please address with self-addressed stamped envelope, Miss Flora M. Jones, South Bend, Ind.

JOURNAL Sisters are reminded that any questions upon which they wish information are cheerfully answered in our "Questions and Answers" department.

Facts are What You Want.

A just judge demands them—the case stands upon them;

And no one thinks, these days, of taking any serious steps without them.

So when you are asked to accept a statement, you are entitled to every assurance that evidence can give.

There is security in this uncompromising attitude: you know exactly what to expect; there is no misunderstanding.

Faith alone can accomplish wonders. But here is something more; knowledge—experience—proof.

So, when Drs. STARKEY & PALEN say that their Compound Oxygen Treatment is curative and revitalizing, they can prove it.

When they tell you that it not only cures—but cures permanently—the most severe and disheartening diseases, they can prove that, too.

Look at the letters opposite:

There is enough heartiness for any one. Well, Drs. STARKEY & PALEN have thousands of testimonials equally strong from those who have been restored and revitalized by the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

The question has been asked: "How is it possible to get so many hearty indorsements?"

Ordinarily it is impossible, but here is the secret in this instance:

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, before undertaking any case, get a full description of it from the patient, personally or by mail.

After that they receive regular reports. They follow closely every development, and provide for each emergency.

To do this they have a staff of six skillful physicians who make themselves thoroughly familiar with the diseases and surroundings of all patients under their care.

So it is from this personal correspondence that so many testimonials come to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN.

They are published, however, only by specific permission from those who feel grateful for the benefit they have received from the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

There are strong reasons to expect that it will cure.

Here are a few: Both Drs. STARKEY & PALEN are skilled physicians.

They are thorough chemists. They have dispensed their Compound Oxygen Treatment for more than 20 years.

It is blood food—nerve nourishment; it is instantly and easily available;

It cures as nature cures; that is to say: Nature gives one strength with which to combat disease; puts one in a condition to resist maladies.

This is precisely what the Compound Oxygen Treatment has done all these years, and is doing now.

The common sense of this method ought to be its best recommendation.

The stronger you are—the less will you have of disease.

The Compound Oxygen Treatment makes you strong.

Over 55,000 invalids have used this remedy. More than 1,000 physicians use it in their practice now.

It is a grand specific for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Nervous Prostration, and all chronic and nervous disorders.

This covers considerable ground, you will say;—but all the better.

It covers each disease in the same way. Gives you strength—that's the point—strength to resist.

Anything that does that—no matter how general in its character it may be—can become intensely specific.

Send for Drs. STARKEY & PALEN's 200-page book—you will get it by return mail—entirely free of charge.

It will tell you who have been cured—where all these restored and revitalized men and women live—and describe the diseases removed. Address

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; 120 BUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.; 58 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, CANADA

From an ex-U. S. Senator.

"In the Spring of 1886 I had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which in a few days was complicated with dropsy and asthma.

"I had the counsel and assistance of eight different physicians, my son among the number, some of them counted among the best of this State and Wisconsin. But I grew worse daily; I could not lie down in bed. I did not have my clothes off, only to change them, for several weeks; and finally, had not closed my eyes in sleep for over seventy hours.

"I had to be fanned much of the time to get air enough to breathe at all.

"As a last resort—when I was given less than twenty-four hours, by two of my most skillful and noted physicians, to live—my son, Dr. A. W. Powers, telegraphed you for your Compound Oxygen Treatment.

"It came on the 12.20 train, and I took my first dose.

"In fifteen minutes I went to sleep soundly for five minutes.

"At night I took another inhalation of the Compound Oxygen and slept over twenty minutes.

"In less than a week I could undress and lie in bed, bolstered up, and sleep soundly and breath with comparative ease.

"From that I grew better.

"My rheumatism has left me entirely; and last fall, at 62 years of age, I passed a good examination for life insurance.

"I think I owe my life to the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

"Ex-SENATOR C. S. POWERS.

"Preston, Fillmore Co., Minn., May 6, 1889." To Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia.

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"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"I ordered your Compound Oxygen Treatment for two of our pupils who were suffering with chronic nasal catarrh.

"One of the girls was in such a condition that her schoolmates avoided her, and indeed the discharges from her nose and throat were so offensive that I could not, myself, have her near me.

"She has been using your Compound Oxygen Treatment for about three months, and she is so relieved that her person is in no degree offensive.

"She is so grateful for her improvement that a few days ago she thanked me beautifully, and said she wished to do something for me.

"The other little girl is entirely relieved.

"I have used it myself to strengthen my voice, successfully, and a sister, also, has been using it for a year with wonderfully good results.

"MRS. MARY DUDLEY,

"Matron of Deaf and Dumb Institute. "Danville, Ky., May 24, 1889."

HOW TO DRESS FOR CHURCH.

BY EVELYN HUNT RAYMOND.

THE too punctual but kindly farmer, with whose household I identified myself one summer, deposited me at the village church door one Sunday morning, exactly three-quarters of an hour before the service would begin; or so the clock in the tower informed us. "Wall," he remarked, with a satisfied, conscientious expression of duty well performed: "I 'low we aint tew late ter git 'what blessin' 's a-floatin' roum' 'this Sabba' day."

I agreed with him in silence, but resolved to take my chance of the benefit a bit later next time. Meanwhile, what should I do with the forty-five minutes on hand?

One glance up and down the dusty, unshaded street convinced me that exercise thereon would not be conducive to a spiritual frame of mind; so I turned and entered the small edifice, and was instantly repaid for my choice.

The cool, sweet freshness of the place was most restful; and the novel sensation of being the first worshipper grew into something far deeper and holier. It was almost a disappointment when the congregation began to gather in the empty pews; and somehow, my real devotion seemed over.

It was this, I suppose, which led me to note, more closely than usual, the faces and costumes of my neighbors; and, how they varied.

The villagers were easily enough distinguishable by a certain "I-am-at-home" air which they wore along with their Sunday garments—and far more gracefully.

There enters a family which I recognize to be a leading one in "society," and reputed very wealthy. I have heard that their country-seat was hereabout, and am glad that they do themselves the credit of attending church. But how oddly they appear! The three grown daughters are all comely, and one of them is beautiful. I note now, what it is has made them seem peculiar. They wear the plainest of gingham gowns, as they might for an early breakfast *en famille*, but not what they would have worn had there been even one guest present.

They have, of course, that unmistakable gift of "birth and breeding" which makes their cheap garb appear finer by contrast than the best black silk of the miller's wife yonder, yet it strikes me as strange and not altogether to my liking.

Probably it is an effort at "dress reform," and, doubtless, they feel extremely virtuous sitting in silent rebuke of a stylish neighbor across the aisle, who, like the miller's wife, wears a black silk, but—such a silk! It is the embodiment of richness, and might be sufficiently appropriate were it not for the fashion of its cut. The bodice, proper, is in the exact form of *decolette* evening gown, and though the neck and sleeves have been filled in with embroidered "fish-net," the coarse-meshed fabric serves rather to accentuate the gleam of ivory flesh beneath than to conceal it.

A bewilderingly becoming costume to the dark-eyed creature who wears it, and whom I happen to know is a notable philanthropist and church worker, else I might think it donned especially to attract the gaze of masculine eyes. A gown fittingly worn at dinner or reception, or in the privacy of one's own drawing-room; but how incongruous with this time and place!

Well! well! I bring myself up sharply, spending this holy hour in criticism! But it is of no use.

The ugly gingham and the bewitching dinner dress obtrude themselves with vexing pertinacity between me and my hymnal. What will suit you, then, oh, finical reviewer of other women's foibles?

As if in answer to the self-question appears one who brings with her an instant quiet and becoming peace.

All irrelevant thought fades from her pure presence, until I bring it back perforce.

Her face, too, I recognize, with a thrill of thankfulness that such as she do live and move in this world of ours, wearing her high station in the same simplicity she does her gown—which I notice now, for the first.

It is subdued in color, unobtrusive in detail, and few would guess how rich in fabric. She has put it on as a fitting garb in which to approach a King; and, having done so, remembers it no longer.

She is in His Audience Chamber, and her very walk is attuned to the reverence she feels; moving softly up the narrow aisle, with bowed head and soul-lit, expectant eyes; a subtle, benign influence radiating from her exaltation to the soul of every beholder.

Even the girls in breakfast attire, and their conspicuous neighbor lose consciousness of self, and join in the sweet old tune of "Dundee" with right good will.

As for the miller's wife, there are tears in her sensitive, observant eyes; and I feel, intuitively, that the mood in which she butted on her precious silk was akin to that of the stary-eyed saint who has moved us so.

Rumbling home in the "carry-all," while Farmer Kindthought keeps up a running commentary on men and things, I moralize a little over it all; and I am startled into confusion when he demands my opinion of "Domine's sermon."

Bless his dear heart, I don't know! I didn't hear it! My sermon was preached without words by the gentle woman who entered the sanctuary, clad in her "wedding garment;" and the lesson she has taught me is this: Neither in the ostentation of simplicity, nor in that of elegance, lies the true solution of the problem—how to dress for church.

Freedom from every striking, or distracting detail, is the first feature of a fitting costume; and richness, if that be consistent with one's station, remembering that we approach a Monarch so high that He can dispense with every outward reverence if need be, and so wise that He takes cognizance of everything His subjects do, even to the paying homage in their garb.

APRIL WEATHER.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D.



WHAT March does not kill, may be done for by April," says an old adage that has been justly relegated to the limbo of medieval superstitions; but the fact remains that the mortality statistics of the nine weeks from February to the beginning of May show a considerable increase above the average of our North-American cities.

Can the changefulness of April weather have anything to do with the causes of that circumstance? In other words—Are sudden contrasts of temperature incompatible with perfect health? In combination with the domestic arrangements of our Northland homes, perhaps, but not otherwise. Certainly not under normal circumstances—the Nature-abiding habits of primitive nations. In Northern Araby, where men of eighty years think nothing of shouldering a hundred-pound sack of dates and carrying it for miles, as an American letter-carrier would carry his mail-pouch, the temperature varies seven times a week from fifty degrees Fahrenheit at sunrise to one hundred and ten at noon; and in the land of the long-lived Norsemen the entire summer season resembles a protracted April-June-like days, suddenly alternating with rain-storms, and even with sleet-showers.

On this side of the Atlantic a single shower of this sort will frighten thousands of housekeepers into closing their windows for a week. Warm weather may return the next day, but the air-blockade is maintained, and some fine morning the whole family will be found coughing and sneezing. "Caught cold," is the prompt explanation, though their affliction might be more properly defined as a congestion of the respiratory organs by a combination of disease-germs, favored by a combination of heat and moisture. Up to the first of May, and even later, stove-fires are often kept blazing while the outdoor thermometer ranges in the eighties; children, flushed with outdoor sport and drenched by a transient April shower, enter a room where the slightest attempt at opening a window will elicit a prompt protest from grandpa's corner, wet clothes are dried near the stove, and the domestic atmosphere develops a harvest of catarrh-seeds as successfully as a batch of eggs are hatched in a patent incubator.

"This wretched climate! Wish it would get done raining and stay done!" is the comment of the victims, and their delusion is often apparently confirmed by the circumstance that the children, or other lovers of outdoor exercise, were the first to betray symptoms of a "cold." The French physiologist, Bernard, elucidated the secret of the latter phenomenon by a curious experiment. In a large glass globe connected with the tube of an air-pump he confined a canary bird, and then gradually started the machinery of his contrivance. Whenever the movements of the little prisoner showed evidence of distress the doctor stopped pumping, and at last suspended operations for a full hour, at the end of which time he introduced a second canary-bird. Bird No. 1 seemed, in the meanwhile, to have reconciled himself to his predicament, but No. 2 almost at once began to stagger, and a minute later fell over in a fit of convulsions, though his unaffected fellow-prisoner had breathed the same vitiated air *eighty-five times longer*. The only logical explanation of the paradox was the conjecture that No. One's lungs had time to meet the emergency, and had somehow managed to accommodate themselves to the abnormal condition of the atmosphere. Prisoners passing weeks or years in the same dungeon may enjoy tolerable good health in a gaseous medium which would promptly overcome an incidental visitor with suffocation and nausea.

For similar reasons the tenants of an unventilated cabin may contrive to resist the atmospheric poisons of their hovel as long as they pass their days in steady, indoor occupations. The female members of the family may enjoy that immunity for weeks; but the first mild day will tempt their male relatives to take a hunting-trip to the next mountain-range, where their lungs open all their safety-valves to drink in the largest possible draughts of the grateful, pure air. In that unprepared condition of their respiratory organs the hunters at night re-enter their air-poisoned den, and the next morning are hardly able to speak for hoarseness and headache. If they had passed the night in the mountains, or in an open shed, after the fashion of the Canadian lumbermen, they would feel as hale as hill cattle; but the sudden change from Olympus to Hades proved too much for the resisting power of their organism.

Miss Florence Nightingale, the heroine of sanitary reform, had an exactly similar experience during the last four months of the Crimean war. Neither rain nor frosts affected the lungs of soldiers passing their nights in bivouac-camps, but on their first return to less airy quarters catarrhs began to rage with epidemic virulence, and could be abated only by ventilating the hospital in spite of prejudiced chief-surgeons.

Can all have a chance to secure four prizes in gold. The Boston Weekly Globe intends to ascertain the great writers of the future among the bright boys and girls of the present generation. Send your name and address at once to The Boston Weekly Globe, 225 to 244 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and you will receive full particulars by return mail.

BOYS AND GIRLS Who Can Write Stories

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FREE EDUCATIONS FOR GIRLS



A LIFETIME'S CHANCE

FOR THE YOUNG WOMEN OF AMERICA

A Complete College Education Without Cost

TO OUR AMERICAN GIRLS:

YOU are living in an age when for women to know much means success.

Girls are smarter to-day than ever before, and you must be their equal. You cannot afford to know less than other girls.

You want to be bright and make a success of life. Position is more and more obtained by what you know, and less

by how rich you are. Bright girls far outnumber the rich girls in the highest positions to-day.

Men are looking more and more for bright wives, rather than wealthy ones.

A college education, just at this time, means everything to you—the shaping, perhaps, of your entire future.

To know what a college can teach you means to make of you a woman in every sense.

A college training has up to this time, perhaps, been out of your reach. Father or mother would like to send you to college, but they cannot well afford it.

Now, you have a chance—the first chance ever offered to the girls of America—to get a free education at any one of the best colleges in the land.

Let us tell you how you can do it.

Our First Offer

To any girl of 16 years or over, who will—from this date until January 1st, 1891—send us the largest number of yearly subscriptions to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at \$1.00 per year, we will give as a reward a complete education at *Vassar College*, including all expenses of tuition, board, etc.; or if she prefers, she may choose *Wellesley, Smith*, or any other American College. This offer means a *complete education* in every branch of study, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL paying all expenses, irrespective of the time or amount involved.

Our Second Offer

We will also, as a second offer, give to any girl of 16 years or over, who will—between now and January 1st, 1891—send us 1,000 subscribers to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at \$1.00 per year, a full term of one college year at *Vassar College*, or any other American college she may select. A term means a *full college year's study*, we guaranteeing to meet the *entire expenses* thereof during the year.

No girl can afford to lose these opportunities which may never come to her again.

Write to us, and we will be glad to send you something which will tell you more about the plan than we can say here.

Address all letters, plainly directed, to

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,

433-435 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO GIRLS IN THE OUTER WORLD.

THE intense bashfulness afflicting many girls when they go out into the outer world, comes often from a self-consciousness. For this there is but one cure: forget yourself, and do not imagine all eyes upon you. In fact each one of us forms a very small part of this lovely world, though one can hardly think so in our secret thoughts.

Study repose of manner; do not play with your fingers, twist your feet, or move about when talking. If you blush, do not imagine it a fault, when it is really a sign of modesty. Learn to be good listeners if you would be thought bright, but do not be afraid to give your opinion when asked for it. Respectful attention to older people, patience with little ones, and a kindly consideration for those of our own age, are charming traits in a young girl. Do not be in a hurry to become a fully fledged woman; "youth has charms of its own unknown to maturity."

Half of your awkwardness disappears if you know what to talk about, and in order to do this, keep posted upon the current topics of the day. These can be gleaned from newspapers, magazines and from mingling with intelligent people. It is not necessary to read the sensational news contained in the papers—we "cannot touch pitch and remain undefiled"—but glance over the national and State news, reviews of the latest books; know whether we have a democratic or republican president, yet do not hold forth upon such subjects like an embryo politician.

Above all things cultivate a low, sweet voice—"one of woman's charms"—and a persuasive style of speaking. If naturally sarcastic regard it as a fault to be eradicated. In general conversation speak kindly of all, and be not too fond of the pronoun I. Personal experiences are not specially interesting unless to an intimate friend. Correct pronunciation and grammar have been treated in previous numbers of the JOURNAL. Webster is good authority in case of any misgivings in these days of improvement and change.

Consider a day lost when you do not accomplish a kind act or learn something new of persons, places or things. If you can, secure a college training; if not, learn through personal study an intelligent, well-bred girl, unselfish woman and faithful friend, and with such among us this world grows nearer our ideas of Arcadia. Sometimes I think that a truly unselfish woman is the "pearl of great price" that we read of; she is much of a *rara avis* as these wonderful black pearls valued far above diamonds. A splendid field for this attribute and self-sacrifice is offered in the family circle, as brothers and sisters are proverbially selfish and exacting.

Probably you are tired of hearing about the use of slang; but in regard to its coarseness there can be no doubt, and a true woman is never coarse. Refined thoughts and actions bring a refined look, which redeems a positively plain face, so that by yielding to our personal vanity—and we all have it, or we would not be human—we may cultivate a desirable trait, which otherwise might be too much of an effort, and a modicum of vanity causes us to make ourselves pleasing to others.

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