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The Sand-Man.

Come, little girl, put by your things,
The Sand-man comes this way.
He'll soon pass by,
And you and I
Will feel the spell he brings,
And say,
Sleep till break of day.

Dolly is sleepy, watch her head.
The Sand-man's on the way,
She cannot sigh,
She gives a nod instead
To say,
Sleep till break of day.

Ah, there he goes! I caught him there
As he came down this way:
By yawn and sigh,
And sleepy eye,
I'd know his face again—
And say,
Sleep till break of day.

What One Woman Did.

It is our good fortune to have witnessed as complete a transformation scene as ever was produced on the stage of any theatre, and, unlike the wonders of the stage it vanishes not away, but remains firm and abiding, while the only curtain that comes between us and the vision, is the curtain of night. This goodly scene is nothing more nor less solid and substantial than a house built upon a rock, and withal a home, which I am sure would be approved by the inmates of the other "homes of the world" where the JOURNAL finds its way.

If only I possessed the dainty and delightful pen Miss Mitford used to draw the charming pen-pictures of village homes and people, I might do justice to the theme, but as I have instead to use a clumsy, modern stub, it is to be hoped due allowance will be made for the difference in the result.

Before telling what my little woman (whom we will call Katydid) has accomplished, you must know what the other woman (Katydidn't) did not do, to understand how complete the contrast is. Imagine a house of the plainest, most common style, with no blinds, little paint, and the forlorn nest of aspects, placed on a dreary little lot whose only redeeming features were a few fruit trees and bushes planted by a former owner. The poor, unhappy Katydidn't perhaps merits our compassion as well as our disapproval, for ill-health had been her portion for many years, and she had outlived her family, being so entirely without kith or kin, that at her death all her little property went to the state. There were kind neighbors whom she really wished to reward for their attention, but, rather than pay a lawyer's fee to have a will properly drawn, she forfeited even the satisfaction of disposing of her possessions as seemed to her best.

The place was sold at auction, and the changes began when my little Katydid flew up to take possession. She had seen trials and troubles, too, and had worked hard, and saved long before venturing to buy a home of her own. A widow with two boys to care for, she had always made an attractive home for her little family in a few rented rooms, "carrying on smoothly and regularly that mysterious and very comprehensive business which is called housekeeping," going out to sew, taking an interest in her church work, and looking well to her fame for the best display of window plants in the village. It really seemed, when she came to this home of her own, as if she must possess a magic wand and keep it actively in motion, for a pretty porch soon graced the front door, a tiny bay-window blossomed out one day, in place of an ordinary one on the south side, while blinds flew up all around. All these improvements and paint did for the outside what tasteful paper and paint did within, but the indescribable charm of all lies in the home-making power one busy pair of hands possesses. At work from early morning until night, at the many things a clever woman can do, a great deal is accomplished, and without apparent effort, for this Katydid is one of the few who labor wisely and well.

A careful system and planning of work, and a care that there should be time for rest and enjoyment, will do much toward making this world less of a vale of tears for the many women who feel that they have more work than time in which to do it. Surely the result shows that the time is not wasted that is spent by my Katydid in her rocking-chair on winter evenings, doing nothing but rest and rock; or in the hammock under the trees in summer time reading, or contemplating her flowers.

If there were such a "bump" on the phrenological chart as love of flowers, I am sure this little person would have it abnormally developed. The desert surrounding her house was seen to blossom as the rose the first summer; as a bed of roses the second, and all under difficulty; for, to build a house upon a rock may be wise, yet when the few feet of ground about it are of like soil, and those same feet are desired to produce all the flowers that bloom in the seedmen's cata-



FIG. 33.—No. 4663.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS. Quantity of material (54 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 5½ yards; 34, 36, 38, 40 inches, 6½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 5½ yards of 54-inch light material, and 1½ yards of 54-inch dark material will be required for the medium size.

Two materials are required for this jacket suit, which is shown in cashmere and Bengaline silk, the latter forming the collar, sash, sleeve-caps, and jacket. Steel buttons and a buckle add the only extra trimming. A deep fringe is woven in the edge of the goods, but this is only a fad, as the commonly used finish would be an invisible hem. The back is plain, the sides pleated, and the front looped slightly toward the top. The bodice has a puffed yoke of the silk ruching as a loose plastron in front. The sash is tied in long fringed ends and loops, and the jacket has full sleeve-caps edged with a fringe. The jacket is in three pieces, short and square. Velvet could be selected for a jacket and sash if preferred. Pattern No. 4663, price 35 cents.

logues, it has its drawbacks. Gradually, however, the mellowing influence of time and dressing will have their effect on the stubborn soil, if Time spares the worker. The little garden must have been in quite a flutter of joy and pride when it beheld the change coming over it, and one imagines its delight when summer came must have been as great as that of the transformed windows in winter, with their flowers and pretty shades and curtains. Those fronting the street not being as desirable an exposure for growing plants as the others are reserved for a perpetual and varied flower-show. In the autumn, passers-by are first attracted by a collection of bright chrysanthemums, which hold their sway longer than the flowers that succeed them. A symmetrical crab-cactus, full of blossoms, stately callas, graceful coral-begonias, daisies, hyacinths, with occasionally an especially pretty geranium, all have their chance to come before the public, and some at least of that public have learned to look each time they pass to see what

graces the windows. The very canaries in their cages seem even more than usually bright and cheerful, inkeeping with their surroundings.

And so the house that was a bare and dreary place, where one might exist, has become, through one woman's efforts, a lovely home, whose beauties are not only a delight to the dwellers therein, but a pleasure to all who see it, and an incentive to them to go and do likewise.

While it is to be regretted that no daughters are growing up here, to be trained to make other homes as attractive, the sons can but be better men for the good home influence, and as surely our young men ought to do their share towards a happy home-making, those who know from experience the benefits of such a blessing should be the ones to establish these blessings for others.

However great or successful a man or woman may become in this world, whether they can say they "wrote some little books," or "said some little sayings," or "preached a little preach," or "lit a little blaze," it is of more importance to those nearest and dearest to them if they can truthfully maintain, "I made things pleasant in one little place."

—For Ladies' Journal.

SUMMER DRINKS.

ANNIE L. JACK.

"Another cup of coffee and strong?"—such is the request from some of the boys of our household who are tired of milk as the weather grows warm and want something cool, and suitable to quench thirst. We have tried a great many things for the purpose, gingerale, currant juice and water, lemonade, and cold tea and coffee, but find nothing better than toast and water iced. As it is perhaps too simple to be known well I will describe the method we use.

Two or three pieces of bread are toasted, care being taken not to singe it, but each side is browned of a uniform color, they are then immersed in a jug of boiling water, and covered till cold, and must be kept in a closed vessel so that the aroma may not be lost by exposure to the air. Cream of tartar dissolved in boiling water acts beneficially on the skin, and is a safe drink, quenching the thirst and cooling the blood. The water from boiled barley with a little lemon juice and bit of ice is a pleasant drink and healthful, while if one wishes a prepared drink, there is nothing better than Horsford's Acid Phosphates, which the stronger half of this household declares quenches thirst so successfully that the need of water is forgotten, besides quieting nerves, and cooling feverishness.

Buttermilk is a perfect drink for those who can take it, and supplies the waste going on in the body and builds up as no other drink can. Doctors prescribe it often, and it is now in great demand in the cities, and superior to the many mineral waters that are so fashionable, and so much advertized.

Practical Suggestions.

To remove claret stains from table linens, rub on salt as soon as possible, and wash in the usual way. If not entirely removed, apply lemon juice and dry in the sun.

What is more disagreeable to use than a rusty flat-iron? Rub them with fine emery dust and sweet oil. If you cannot make them smooth, send them to a factory and have them ground.

If the stove is cracked, a good cement is made for it as follows: Wood ashes and salt in equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water, and filled in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

Save stale pieces of bread, and when an easy day comes, dry them thoroughly in an open oven, and with a rolling-pin crush as fine as dust. These, then, will always be at hand for preparing oysters, cutlets, croquettes, etc.

Go to bed at night to sleep; and not to think over the troubles of to-day, nor the anticipated trials of to-morrow. One woman said: "I plan my next day's work each night after retiring." Poor, little, nervous thing, see looked it.

When one is fatigued, tea is an efficient restorative. It forms an agreeable, warm drink, which is neither heating to the blood, nor oppressive to the stomach, particularly if taken slowly when one is sitting quietly. Large quantities, however, induce nervous disorders.