

The Tryal.

Out of the dark and deep of space,
Where worlds in awful shadow swim,
I came to meet the angelic sun,
Obedient all my soul with him.

Wrapped in the glimmer of my scarf,
My words of silver beads and lace,
Woven of stars and winds, I pressed,
And felt his glory on my face.

When, lo! along my hurrying way,
A shining jewel he had lost,
Or, sooth, another sphere, a star,
That into being he had tossed.

A ball of swirling fire, fierce waves
Of molten jewels, leaping fast
And shattering crests of flame and jets
Of kindling suns, I saw at dazed.

Eons of ages and again
On my parabola I swept
Where, tattered in quagmire of films,
The fire-ball rolled and, dreaming, slept.

And yet new ages, and I saw
In green of vast forest shade
That sphere of golden, and it was
Where nameless monsters plunged and played.

Once more from darks and deeps of space
To meet my mighty lord I sprung;
Let the blue sky, the fleecy cloud,
Mooned with soft light the planet swung.

And there were temples on the heights,
And homes beneath the fruited trees,
And never had I seen before
Beings so beautiful as these.

They blushed, they smiled, they laughed, they
loved—
Fain would I pause before I pass,
What songs they sang! But then what tears!

They wept! And there were graves, alas!
Born of that world of fire-mist, now
A little less than gods, they sought
In vain the secret of their own thought.

The mystery of their own thought,
Away, away! Tremendous whiles
Shall lapse; but one day, seamed and charred,
I find this secret and gleaming world.

A shrunken ball, a lifeless shard,
And when at last, perchance, I come,
The elemental force with drawn
Or light, of heat, of motion, life,
In that place Nothingness shall yawn.

Away! My master and my lord,
Still drawn by thy almighty will,
Though worlds be born in purple depths,
Though worlds shall fall, I seek thee still.

What shudder awakes me? ah, what chill
Shakes all my splendour? Oh, love,
Can I like that be ours? Oh, love,
Can that fate fall on such as we?

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in February Har-
per's.

WHAT MEN LIKE.

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE
TASTES OF THE STERNER SEX.When Beauty in Woman is Fascinat-
ing to Man—Qualities That At-
tract Him.

In spite of the fact that "many men have many minds," and that individual tastes differ as greatly as features and tints, yet there are certain tastes that are essentially masculine the world over.

We have all often heard the expression, "Oh, she is just the sort of a woman man like!" and we all feel an immediate, if secret, interest in the woman so referred to.

Men are the rulers of the world, and to please them is our aim and desire. Often, however, their tastes are so paradoxical that it would require a seven-headed Medusa to respond to all their varied and contradictory ideas.

That a man likes beauty goes without saying, as that a bee likes flowers. But as the bee only flutters about a flower which contains no honey-yielding property, so man hovers a brief time about the beauty without wit or charm.

A man likes a woman to be capable of talking well at times, but he does not care for the garrulous girl. He likes to be listened to himself, and objects to the girl who monopolizes the conversation almost as much as to the one who does not talk at all.

A man likes modesty, but he is disgusted with mock prudery.

He secretly likes a slightly unconventional girl, but he is so sensitive to public comment that he is afraid to openly show his liking for her unless she is well grounded socially. And he is quick to ensure if she defies the proprieties or violates absolute good form.

A man is utterly lacking in independence regarding these matters, and far more sensitive to public opinion than the weaker sex. However he might enjoy the society of a woman who defied conventional rules of dress or deportment, he would not be seen in public with her if he could avoid it. And a lapse from good morals does not offend him so quickly as a lapse from good manners. A man likes discretion, but he invites indiscretion from women. In order to please him in the matter of conduct and morals, we must do exactly the opposite to his either bold or subtle suggestions. He will advise you to be discreet with others, but tempt you to folly himself merely to flatter his own vanity. But he is disappointed and disillusioned if you yield. There are no exceptions to this rule. All men are alike in this instinct to destroy virtue, and in their secret hope that virtue will withstand temptation. A man likes an enthusiastic woman, but he abhors gush. The girl who enjoys herself thoroughly and is not afraid to show her enjoyment, always wins more admiration than the languid beauty who is forever "bored."

He likes a girl who understands masculine sports and can appreciate skillful games; but he does not like to have her appreciation extend to riding a bicycle or playing base ball herself.

A man likes a woman who does not scold him for smoking, and he is never reformed by one who does.

He likes a spice of coquetry in a woman, but he does not like the professional flirt. He may pursue her, but it is for amusement or conquest, not from admiration.

He is afraid of the woman who boasts of her conquests. The woman who tells a man how many proposals she has received and rejected from his disappointed fellow men destroys his respect for and confidence in her discretion, and he is very sure not to add one more proposal to her list.

He likes a hint of daring flashing through a woman's nature, but he wants it hidden and controlled. Then he enjoys thinking how he should like to develop this dangerous trait, and congratulates himself upon being an excellent fellow when he does not attempt it.

But he is repelled by bold, dash and venturesomeness in a woman, for that he believes has been developed by some other man, and it is not therefore to his taste.

The French maiden is told to never lift her eyes above the second strict stud of the gentleman to whom she is listening. This sort of shyness entertains a man for one or two occasions; after that—or after he has compelled her eyes to meet his—bored him. He likes better the frank, honest, direct gaze of the American girl; but the unblushing stare of the flirtation-inviting belle is not to his liking, although he may respond to it for the sake of adventure.

A man likes a woman of sympathetic feeling and affectionate nature, but he is afraid of the intensely emotional one. She tires and fatigues him, and is liable to be exacting in her demands, or at least he fears she might be. The highly emotional woman needs to wear an armor of control and repose, no matter what it costs her to

do so, if she would be pleasing to man. Let her nature be suspected, and it fascinates; let it be discovered, and it annoys.

A man likes a cheerful and optimistic woman, though he may strive with all his might to convert her to pessimism. Yet the ready-made cynic in woman's form shocks him. However erroneous the idea, man regards woman as the sunlight of life, and expects her to drive away malarial mists from his mind and shadows from his heart by her warmth and light.

Though she be accomplished, beautiful, and talented, she will lose ground with the opposite sex if she is cynical or sad. Every man likes to create his own pessimist. He does not wish to find one.

Men like an accomplished and bright woman rather than a talented one, and entertaining and amusing qualities rather than markedly intellectual ones.

A wise and tactful woman who desires to be popular with mankind (and she is not wise if she does not) will keep her intellect subservient to her graces and charms when in the presence of men.

A man likes a woman's intellect to shine brilliantly in its full force only when great occasions demand it. At other times he wants it veiled by her beauty and modesty. He would rather it should gleam like star shine on his path or suddenly glow forth in shadowed places like a powerful dark lantern, than to glare always about him like an electric light, which blinds the eyes of his egotism and offends his pride.

A man likes a woman of independent and strong character, but he is not attracted to her unless she possesses some feminine weakness. He may admire her as a good comrade, and even seek her advice, but he is more likely to love and marry the weak, clinging vine and after the honeymoon is over he not infrequently wastes his life secretly longing for or openly seeking the companionship of the strong character he passed by. Here, again, let the discreet woman take warning, and veil the full extent of her self-reliance and strength from the sight of man till occasion demands revealing it.

She must keep it to surprise him ever and anon, instead of flaunting it forever in his eyes.

A man likes a neat woman, and admires a stylish one. He always knows, but can never describe what he likes in the matter of feminine attire, but it is for the woman who listens to his comments on her sisters to discover his tastes. He likes trim boots, neat gloves, a snug-fitting waist, and a well-fitting skirt, plain draperies, good material, quiet colors. He does not like elaborate trimmings, and is sensitive about pronounced styles or odd fashions unless they are very artistic, or worn by exceptionally pretty woman. He likes jaunty (but not dashing) hats and bonnets, not overweighted down with ornaments.

A man censures extravagance in women, but invariably admires expensive garments. He likes a girl of strong vitality, great endurance and excellent spirit, but the manly girl has more comrades than admirers. Although the girl who can sew, embroider and play the piano possesses eminently domestic accomplishments, he admires more the girl who can ride, row and swim. Yet he prefers plumpness to muscle. He is annoyed or disappointed if the girl who tires easily, and perhaps this is why he enjoys the athletically inclined young woman rather than the household deity, with her fancy work and side ache.

A man may consider children a great bore himself, but he shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. He expects the maternal instinct in woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it, and when it strongly exists this feeling will draw him back to her often when her personal charms no longer influence him. He may prove a bad father and an unloving husband, yet through her love for his children he often returns to her.

A man prefers temper to sulks, a storm of tears to a fit of melancholy. He is flattered by a touch of jealousy occasionally in a woman's attitude toward him, but he is wounded and alienated from her if it becomes a quality of her nature.

An occasional thunder-storm clears the air, but constant cyclones and cloud-bursts destroy life and vegetation. A man likes girls who speak well of one another, and he is repelled by those who declare "they hate woman."

Men like women with ideas of their own, but they are afraid of women with theories or hobbies. A woman with a hobby needs to carefully blanket and stable it away from the eyes of the man whom she desires to please.

ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Fleshings" as an Aid to Beauty.

The world owes a debt of gratitude to the inventor, whether man or woman, whose clear brain evolved the idea of correcting some of the blunders of nature's journeymen who make men and women according to the poet, do not make them well, by the use of that which in America is called "symmetries," and which English people call by a more suggestive title, "fleshings." It is only recently, however, that ladies in London have availed themselves of this aid to beauty of form, designed for use of the ballet, and probably the adoption of "combining" stockings in place of hose has suggested the idea to them.

A purveyor of "fleshings" is called an artist, and proceeds about his creative work as follows:—First he fits on a tricot and marks where the leg is defective; then he proceeds to remedy such defects by having the tricot padded with lamb's wool to the desired shape. Calves are said to be the greatest amount of trouble and the most perverse in their purposes. Nature seems to delight in making them wrong, if she makes them at all. They are either too high or too low, and require a great deal of manipulation to become truly artistic in their modellings and to cause the ankles to seem small and tapering. It means bread and butter and new gowns and champagne suppers to a chorus girl to have slightly nether extremities, but it is a little difficult to understand why ladies who never reveal the tops of their garters are so particular. Still the skirts are very narrow, you know, and when the wind blows make most shocking revelations; and then, too, one's shoes may catch on a carriage step, or a thousand other little accidents occur for which it is well to be prepared. New York women have not yet adopted the lamb's wool beautifiers for daily use, but they do wear them for horseback riding. Just to keep warm, you understand; but it is only the slim women who affect them, and when one considers the tightness of the modern habit skirt, it is easy to understand how one likes to protect herself in this way from a cold, and if one is very thin, cheerless world. Another thing the prevailing mode has brought into fashion is hip pads, to be worn under the tight, straight draperies and polonaise so much affected now.

The women are not the only ones who avail themselves of the fleshing art, however. Wares for men patronize him as well, not only for leg improvements, but for arm symmetries also. The purveyor volunteered in addition that frequently men who have mere jointed sticks for arms wear stuffed tricot under their coats to give them a manly and muscular appearance.

SPRING FASHIONS ABROAD.

A jaunty, and at the same time economical, little fad is the wearing of natty cutaway coats in the house with any kind of skirts which do not contrast unpleasantly in color. The coat may be of blue or brown, made exactly like a man's cutaway coat, fastened across the chest with one button, and opening over little fancy skirts made also in close imitation of those worn by men. The coat is tight fitting at the back with turned-down collar and lapels, and sometimes is completed with gold buttons, though these are rather too suggestive of a livery to become universally popular. A black skirt, a blue coat and a light blue linen or silk shirt and tie are about the most "swagger" and smart morning outfit, now in the market.

Walking dresses form an essential part of the modish woman's outfit, now that athletic exercises are included in the fashionable daily régime. They are worn only for the purpose in which originated their creation, and have an attractive and unique style of their own. The skirts average three and a half yards in width, and reach down to the ankles. For slim, girlish figures they are gored very much in front and on the sides, and fitted closely to the figure with all their fullness massed at the back, and for more substantial figures the skirt has gathers or flat plaits all round, is mounted on a waistband and worn with a silk or flannel shirt. The jacket sometimes opens to show a white or checked waistcoat, or is closed nearly to the throat, displaying only a neat collar and tie. Small sailor hats and rather flat-heeled lace boots, high in the leg and thick in the soles, complete the costume, which is usually of rough serge in some shade of gray, or of the so-called blanketing, rough in texture but light in weight.

As sleeves increase in size skirts diminish in circumference, in inverse ratio. Steels have disappeared, or, if used, are merely ingeniously hidden; pads grow beautifully less, and are only employed to remedy nature's deficiency—the billowy fullness is no more. Accordion platings, falling as straight and clinging as close as possible, or plain breadths, with no vestige of draping and of the softest materials, are characteristic of the dresses of fashion's most clever savants. The eccentric and exaggerated proportions of the fashionable dressmaker suggest that there wasn't enough material in the dress pattern for a generous skirt, and generous draperies were eliminated, from motives of economy. However, the stately Junos and lithe limbed Hebes secretly rejoice in the style which reveals their grace and beauty of form, and the angular and dumpy, unfortunately, illy proportioned women don the clinging, stringy skirts with bitterness of soul, declaring that they are immodest and horrid, and that they will be glad when the fashion changes.

Pearls are once more extremely popular, and a profusion of them is considered a little more *distingue* and not quite so vulgar as the same number of diamonds.

They are worn as necklaces, mounted on dog collars, and sewn on velvet or moiré ribbon to encircle the neck, and are also in the portraits of Jean Cocteau in the fifteenth century. Diamond sprays and greeques in precious stones are worn around dark velvet bodices for fastening skirts and as light diadem ornaments in the hair in great profusion by all who can afford them. A new device in the setting is to use platinum or silver as a framing, which is set to bring out their brilliancy to exceeding great advantage. There has been a recent revival of the popularity of garnets on the Continent which promises soon to invade England. This deep red stone is the carbunculus of the Romans, and many antiques are found engraved with the heads of emperors and celebrated divinities. The best known garnets in commerce are the Bohemian stones, whose polish and glow are unequalled in the districts where they are most abundant, and the varied and quaintly artistic settings are principally wrought at Prague, from whence garnet ornaments are sent to all parts of the world.

It seems rather sacrilegious to introduce the subject of evening dresses at the beginning of the season of sackcloth and ashes, but the gay Parisian who do their penance by the acts may be interested in reading that opera dresses are now made of rich and heavy materials, while the diaphanous tissues are relegated to the ballroom. Brocades, damas, lampas and shaded flowers, velvet mixed with satin or broche silk, and all manner of sumptuous and splendid fabrics, make an endless variety of rich effects in the boxes.

As the great ladies of Paris were appeared in a green velvet dress, with a very low bodice, surrounded by lace slightly quilted; tablier embroidered in gold and long train, and a head-dress of diamonds and flowers. Another wore a skirt of moonlight-blue China crepe, with a bodice and tablier of lampas, brocaded with colored flowers and a grille of brilliant passamante falling to her feet.

The dress of the greatest of French society, the Gordon, with its rich blue and green and the gold line passing over it. However, the smart girl, before she assumes her plaid, gets up the whole history of the clan, and, if she does not think it's sufficiently interesting, adds a little romance of her own, so that, walking up the avenue, she can tell the young attaché by the side the history of the colors which she wears.

It is rather a pretty idea, and gives a girl something else to talk about except the weather, la grippe and the last new scandal.

For daytime wear plain velvet is much in vogue, and black silk grounds brocaded with colored flowers or patterns. In some dresses the two back breadths are taken out and a mass of tulle or lace is put in, which is fastened to the dress, and the sleeves are cut up in four tongue-shaped points, from under which lace falls over the hand. At a recent reception a hand some black lace dress was worn made up over straw-colored satin with the two back breadths cut away and replaced with black colored moiré striped with black velvet ribbon and fringe.

The new cloths are of soft texture, and in design the tartan leads. Twilled wools, with fancy borderings and rough surface cloth that have the appearance of unusual weight, are in vogue for street wear. The tart, which has been at once the pride and vexation of modistes, that has cunningly defined the slenderness of woman's waist, is being discarded by two Parisian dress-makers. They cut the waist in a more generous way, and hide the fullness in folds and tucks. The effect is most artistic, perhaps, or will seem so when we become accustomed to it. In some of the bodices even the shoulder seams are considered objectionable, and hidden under drapery by having the sleeves shifted over them and apparently come from the neck band.

A school of journalism has been established in England by two young ladies, both being competent and experienced journalists. Pupils are received on the apprenticeship system and required to pay a fee on entering the office, where they will be trained as compositors, proof readers, shorthand writers, reporters and journalists. Toward the end of the three years for which they are bound they will receive a certain fixed salary.

The Evolution of Modern Beauty.

Elizabeth Bisland, in The Cosmopolitan.

All peoples agree that beauty lies in health and proper vigorous proportion, to speak roughly; and yet women as fragile as birds, and men as comely as a wasting disease, have at times a beauty more potent than that of the rosiest young maiden. Helen, the daughter of the gods, was most divinely tall and fair, and Cleopatra was "little and black," it is said, and kingdoms were thrown away for both of them. There is one thing very certain; the amount of feminine beauty in the world has increased enormously since the days of Helen and the serpent of Old Nile. Men do not leave their homes and fight ten years for even the most radiant beauty of to-day; nor do the great conquerors think the world well lost for any modern smile. In the days of Helen, and even of Cleopatra, beauty was very probably far more rare than now. Women in all but the wealthiest classes were ill protected from the discomforts that destroy beauty and harden and coarsen feminine loveliness. They did heavy manual labor, were poorly fed or protected from wind and weather, and like the peasants of many of the Latin nations to-day, while they may have had a certain *beauté du diable* in the first flush of youth, the radiance quickly died and left them ugly servants and beasts of burden. Therefore, when a woman arose who possessed the true beauty that age cannot wither nor custom stale, men went mad after her, fought to possess her, and possessing her thought the world but a bubble in comparison. Selection of this sort was, of course, constantly at work improving the type, and the survival of the fittest, age by age, lifted up the general plane of beauty. As civilization grew, women no longer traded with heavy burdens through rain and blinding heat after nomad husbands, and their feet grew delicate and lightly arched. The richer wives resigned the coarser labors to their servants, and used their fingers only to spin delicate threads, to make rich needlework, to knit, to thrum the strings of mandolin and lute, to curl the stilet tresses of the hair, and to smooth the brows and bind the wounds of the lovers and the very skin. The palms grew, like Desdemona's, moist and tender; the nails, no longer broken with coarse labor, gleamed like the delicate, transparent nacre of a shell. The skirt, protected from the sun and wind, grew fair and clear as rose leaves, the lips redder and softer. Their hair, carefully washed and tended, wound itself into vine curls and took the smooth, dove-like tints. Sufficient food gave rounded contours; long hours of soft slumber sprinkled the dew in the violets of their eyes, and the movements of dance and gay motion made their limbs slender and supple, and at last the modern beauty was evolved.

TYPEWRITERS.

Their Pursuit Now Regarded as a Profession.

"We hear so often of girls failing to give satisfaction as typewriters, will you please tell me some of the reasons why?" This question was asked of Mrs. Emma D. Mills, a well-known typewriting teacher of New York.

"There is no occupation of which the public at large is more ignorant than of this typewriting," Mrs. Mills began, "and none are more ignorant than the very girls who desire to follow it as a profession."

In the first place, a girl to begin right must have a good common school education. Then, if she be bright and alert, she is sure to succeed—that is, added Mrs. Mills, "if she does not contract bad writing habits."

"One of the habits usually formed is that of using the forefinger in striking the keys. Any person of intelligence will understand that this cannot be done in using one finger for the key board that can be attained when taught to make use of all the fingers; besides, it gives a grotesque and awkward look to the hands. A girl's hands in manipulating the typewriter should have as graceful an appearance as the finished pianist's do, and the speed, of course, should be as great. Then, many girls who even have good educations, and are careful, careless about punctuation. This is a very common fault, and is very trying to business men. When you add to this bad spelling and a general slackness, you have some of the reasons why girls fail."

"Typewriting and stenography require a girl to be always alert, punctual and studious. To thoroughly master her profession she must always be a student. But few girls are willing to thus apply themselves. When they have finished with the teacher they think generally that they know enough. They cannot attain more than a partial success unless they continue to improve their speed, for instance, and read up about matters which their work requires that they should understand."

"What are some of the things a girl should understand to be a good typewriter? Well, they should understand specifications of the machine; they should know what to do if a lawyer hands them a brief to be copied, or a complaint, or a lot of testimony, or when a business man hands them a lot of correspondence they should be able to turn out correct, well arranged and tasteful sheets."

"It takes three months to learn all forms of work. A smart girl who has sufficient education can learn in six weeks the mechanism of the machine, the fingerings—and be able to do simple correspondence. But to learn all forms of law work, architecture, specifications, mining reports, etc., is impossible in less than three months."

"It must be admitted, in justice to the girls themselves," said Mrs. Mills, earnestly, "that the teacher is often to blame. Some good teachers allow themselves to become slack in their requirements of pupils, especially when they have large classes. To sum up the whole matter, however, the girl herself must thoroughly love her work and be anxious to give satisfaction. Even a somewhat dull girl who is in dead earnest will finally succeed if she tries hard. It is a fine profession, and opens up a wide field for not only enabling a woman to earn money, but it's an education itself. It enlarges the vocabulary of words, cultivates the mind and is, in fact, a splendid mental training."

Andropods of hands or bangles or circlets, if you are going to have a tulle or white lace parasol this summer, you must have a jeweled ring to keep it in place. That is to say, from the handle must come a long gold chain, on the end of which is a circle of gold thickly set with gems, which is to slip over the parasol when it is closed, and at other times go just over the ferrule and fall down on the white background, which brings out its great beauties. The handsomest parasol of this kind is one carried by Mrs. Langtry and given to her as the happy ending of a bet by Mr. Alfred Rothschild. It is of old rose point over white silk; the handles are ivory of that creamy shade which is so prized by connoisseurs, and just in the top is set a brilliant emerald surrounded by diamonds. The long gold chain starts midway from the handle, and at the end is the ring of gold set with emeralds and diamonds alternating.

LADIES' JOURNAL

Bible Competition,
NO. 25.

A Wonderful List of Rewards Arranged in an Equitable Manner.

SEND NOW!! DON'T DELAY!!!

The twenty-fifth competition opens more popular than ever. There are few dissatisfied competitors; some would not be pleased if they were to get a piano every time. Over thirty-seven thousand persons have voluntarily testified as to the value of the rewards and the fairness with which they have been distributed.

This competition will remain open only till the thirty-first day of March inclusive, but the sooner you send the better, although your opportunity for securing a reward are almost as good one time as another between now and the thirty-first of March, provided your answers to the questions are correct. ALL THESE PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN SURE, but don't run away with the idea that everybody who competes is sure to get a prize. Every prize offered will be given, of that you may be absolutely certain, but remember, first come first served in each of the three divisions, so hurry in your answers.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, DEEP, HIGH, WIDE.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the piano. To the next person, one of the sewing machines, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

- | | |
|---|-------|
| First, One Fine Upright Piano | \$500 |
| Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, \$50 | 150 |
| Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50 | 250 |
| Next three, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) \$50 | 150 |
| Next twenty-one, each a set of Dickens Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols, \$20 | 420 |
| Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England | 250 |
| Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, special import, \$40 | 200 |
| Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols, \$15 | 75 |
| Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, \$5 | 90 |
| Next One Very Fine Toned Upright Piano | 650 |
| Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch \$50 | 250 |
| Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7 | 105 |
| Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing" | 82 |
| Next twenty-nine, each a Complete set of Dickens Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols, \$20 | 480 |
| Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash | \$20 |
| Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book | 49 |
| Next eleven, five dollars each | 55 |
| Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7 | 119 |
| Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation steel engraving of, "Asking a Blessing," \$1 | 29 |

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the one hundred dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- | | |
|---|-------|
| First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash | \$100 |
| Next five, each \$10 in cash | 50 |
| Next fifteen, each a Suberby bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, \$15 | 225 |
| Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements, \$60 | 420 |
| Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7 | 133 |
| Next one, an elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm | 500 |
| Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design | 55 |
| Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40 | 200 |
| Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$2 | 50 |
| Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver watch, \$15 | 165 |
| Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash | \$20 |
| Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book | 49 |
| Next eleven, five dollars in cash | 55 |
| Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7 | 119 |
| Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1 | 29 |
| Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England | 250 |
| Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, special import, \$40 | 200 |
| Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols, \$15 | 75 |
| Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, \$5 | 90 |
| Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1 | 29 |

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office postmarked 31st March or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes; to the next to the last number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- | | |
|--|-------|
| First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash | \$100 |
| Next five, each \$10 in cash | 50 |
| Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, \$15 | 225 |
| Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements, \$60 | 420 |
| Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7 | 133 |
| Next one, Very Fine Solid Triple Silver Plated Coffee Urn | 50 |
| Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50 | 250 |
| Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7 | 105 |
| Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2 | 82 |

Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols \$20

Next one, an elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm 50 || Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design | 55 |
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40	200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$2	50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver watch, \$15	165
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	\$20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book	49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1	29

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office postmarked 31st March or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes; to the next to the last number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

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| First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash | \$100 |
| Next five, each \$10 in cash | 50 |
| Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, \$15 | 225 |
| Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements, \$60 | 420 |
| Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7 | 133 |
| Next one, Very Fine Solid Triple Silver Plated Coffee Urn | 50 |
| Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50 | 250 |
| Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7 | 105 |
| Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2 | 82 |

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CONSOLATION REWARDS.

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| First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash | \$100</ |
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