

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)



THE note is struck, girls, and by a new cousin; a Canadian, too, I am proud to say! Listen to Idalia's choice for a pleasant evening, (and wait a moment until I tell you the test which was to be put to every way described. It was to be perfectly unselfish). I think Idalia has got the prize, and I don't think anyone will dispute it. "I think the truest happiness springs from making others happy—" says this

dear girl, "and if I could go to those who are suffering through sin, or pain, or want, and comfort and cheer some aching hearts, and know that I had assuaged some of this world's woe, I would be happier than if I had passed the time in any other way." There girls, that is what we wanted you to say! I am just longing to see Idalia, to hold her hand, and say "God bless you, dear, you have chosen rightly!"

I HAVE had several letters from the cousins, asking me to tell them what the other girls chose for their evening. Well, now that Idalia has gone so far ahead, I will look back and tell you, though indeed, there are a great lot of letters in the gold hand, that ought to be answered. There is Country Squirrel, who chooses a high tea, her best friends, music and singing, very jolly, dear maid, but not unselfish. Cora from New York wants a cosy room, books, supper, and the best beloved. Ah! Cora, how natural, but—a trifle selfish, Eh? Cora, from Wisconsin, would fly to the dear old father, who lives all alone, away off, among the pines; bless you, dear daughter you made me feel homesick myself; Clara wants a family party, with games and comfort. Beauty (oh—my dear, I had a cry over your way, it touched me too deep!) wants her darling back from Heaven, for one earth evening with her again! Dora has a heart longing too, and would ease it with one happy evening, Pattie wants a social and intellectual evening with good music, Elbertae wants a home party, with apples and nuts, jokes and stories, music, and a beau all to herself, everyone in a good humour and love hovering in the air, is her final summary. Marie also wants the family party, with eggnogg and dancing, Rose vibrates between a first class, well acted drama, easy home chat, whist, and music, and a lone evening among her books. Delight would spend her evening with some spiritual minded people, who would talk to her of her dear Saviour, and help her to study His Life and character. (I thought this dear child would have to get the prize, but the others said she hadn't caught the idea they wanted.) But bless me, children dear! what a long list I am making, I must really stop—only—just glance over the choices of the cousins, and you will see there is not one thoroughly unselfish except Idalia's, and as that was the test agreed upon, She will get the promised prize which has been lying beside the Gold Hand ever since the happy evening was first talked about. I should like to tell you all just who Idalia is, if she will allow me—but I won't unless I get leave from her. Perhaps she will write and say, "Tell,"! then, I will.

WELL, Cynthia, and so you have come in! Just right here in Toronto all the time too. How slow you were about it! If you are going to live in California, there is a cousin out there now, no, two of them, whom you might have been quite chummy with, by this time. Now—you child from San Francisco, and you other one from Los Gatos, please be ready to welcome our Cynthia, who is going over your way. The only remedy for damp hands that I ever found any good was powdering them freely, before I put on my gloves—but I can't wear kid gloves in hot weather. Yes, my dear, I have been in England—and while I was there, the climate acted angelically—just fancy being a week in Scotland without rain. Heard ye aye o'sic a marvel? as my old landlady said. England was nearly as good, though we had several duckings down in Somerset. I don't wonder you miss the sea, if you love it as I do. How nice of you to say America is nicer, I don't know whether I should care to live always in England, but, for a summer, I found it perfectly lovely. Write again.

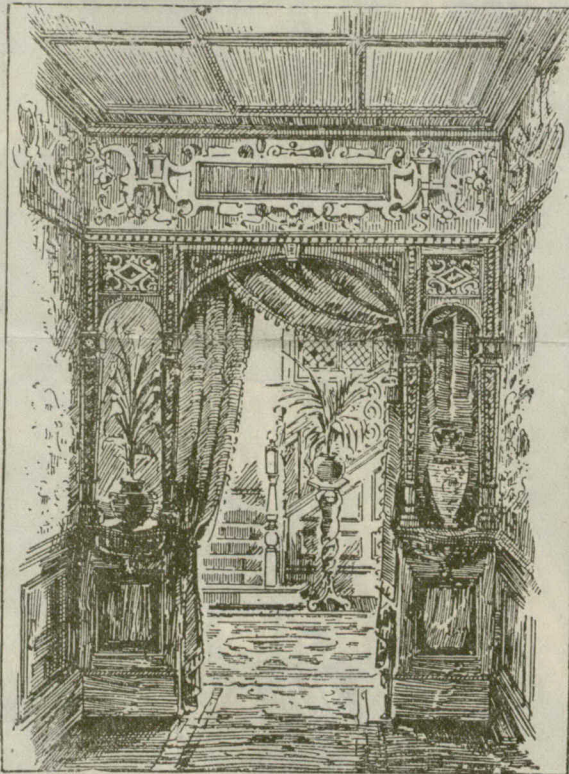
AND here is our Florida Florence back again, cousins! Real glad to see you, as they say out West. And so you want to know what I meant by saying I was pleased all over do you? Well, just what I said, my love. My mouth was pleased, my eyes were pleased, my heart was warmed and sent glows of pleasure clear down to my toes. You are quite right about the school days, dear, and another year will give you such an advantage. You cannot think! That little French postscript was lovely, Florence. Don't you want to get a whole French letter from Maria? Her letters are quite too delightful, and she bubbles over with fun and fancy. I am sure she will write to you, if you want her to. She and Susie have started a correspondence, she writes in French and

Susie in English. I am a little bit in love with Maria, to tell the truth, and am getting jealous of Susie. As to your writing, it is simply grand. What a good woman you will make if you only live up to it. Don't be long in writing again. I miss you, my Southern blossom.

WHAT a laugh I had, Rhea, when I read your postscript. Just fancy how tickled that bad little cousin in bed must have been! Well, never mind, my girl—be good to the mother, love her and spare her all you can, now, and she won't mind sitting up when your foolish time comes! I will send your address to "Lake-shore lass" and Marie, just as soon as I can. Elder flower water is good for the skin. I'll give you a recipe for freckles if the Correspondence Editor will let me. I know just how you feel about the wisdom tooth. They are nuisances. I don't ever find it hard to write to the cousins. It is my pet treat, when other harder work is over. I have never been your way, my dear, though I've heard much about your valley, I am going, some day. Don't forget about the flowers, I shall love to have them. I hope you'll write soon again, your letters are fine.

YOU wrote before, Wenona, in January, I remember. Thank you so much for letting me know about next month. I shall not forget. I shall think of you, dear. How would Cosy Cot suit for a name? The dearest little home Boaz and I ever had was called so, and our first home was called Brightside. Take your choice. Once a cousin, always a cousin, my prairie maid. If I thought all my girls were to be lost to me, as soon as they got married—I'd be harder on the boys than Rhea is—I'd never let them come near at all. May I blow you a kiss, and wish you every blessing? There are rough as well as smooth paths in married life, but so long as they lead upward, what matter? Send me a piece of cake, Wenona—I dearly love such goodies.

Cousin Ruth



A HALL ARCHWAY.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Memory.

"Use your memory! You will sensibly experience a gradual improvement, while you take care not to overload it."

DR. J. WATTS.

Listen, girls, whilst I tell you something worth knowing. Perhaps but few of you have ever thought it worth while to weigh your memory: What is it worth? how much can you depend on it? to what extent would it be all important to you? and there are numerous other questions we might ask about this subject. Forgetfulness is something very convenient, I will admit, but, memory we cannot dispense with.

The other day an invitation was remitted to me to spend the evening with some friends, I hesitated before making any reply to the kind thoughtfulness in asking me, when one of the invited guests came unto my study and persuaded me to accept; well, the time came and off I went. Many of the guests were already assembled when I arrived, and accordingly the formality of introducing began.

Do you know that there was but one person in that drawing-room worthy of especial notice! viz:—a young girl of some twenty summers, not beautiful, either in form or face, but far, far beyond that—beautiful in mind and having a most retentive memory.

I like to talk with that girl; I like to listen to her talking to me; many times I heard her say "I remember"; her purity of speech and thought, attracted my attention, but equally so was I drawn to her when I found in almost every instance her memory was correct.

One of our poets tells us "a good memory is the gift of God." We are all endowed with this gift, but many fail to improve this inestimable faculty.

It must be cultivated, encouraged, and when thus improved retain it as a treasure and value it with the highest estimation.

Longfellow says,—"The leaves of memory seem to make a mournful rustling in the dark." Sad thoughts perhaps he refers to, but, we have Richter to quote who tells us—"Memory is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven." Indeed our first parents were not to be deprived of it.

If we remember little things we shall undoubtedly be master of great ones. Forgetfulness is no crime, but it may lead to many.

HAZELKIRK.

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Hall Archway.

A long hall-way or indeed, a hall-way of any kind, will be very materially improved by a division in the form of an archway made in the centre of the same, as depicted in the sketch presented herewith. It is supposed that the walls have a dado of walnut; the walls are decorated with Anaglypta wiped down in brown. The archway is constructed of walnut to correspond with the dado, and the frieze of the hall is continued on top of same in a bold decorative style. There are brackets constructed for holding an ornamental pot with a plant or a vase on both sides of the archway, which fill the open panels as shown, and the drapery is to be arranged according to the sketch. The curtains are of jute velvet. The floor of the hall should have a felt covering, with a large rug running down the center of same.

Design for a Long Wall.

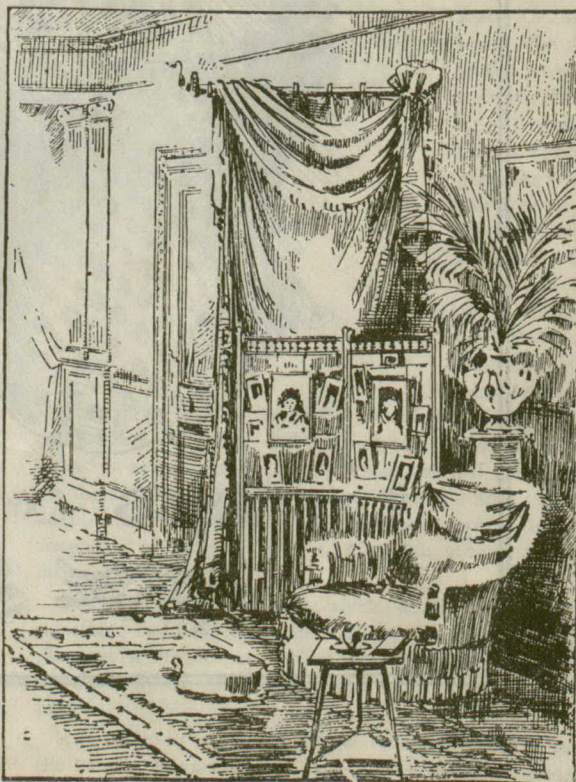
It frequently happens that houses have an apartment which is used as a reception-room or parlor, in which a long wall having a doorway and fire-place, is placed opposite to a wall having two or three windows. This wall, in such a state of things, is certainly very monotonous, and we suggest an idea of breaking up the monotony of the wall by hanging a portiere curtain, with drapery, on a rod of wrought steel or brass, if the curtain rods are of the same material. The drapery may be of printed velveteen, costing about a dollar a yard. We should suggest the fabric have a cream ground, with a pattern in tawny yellow and blue, and the window draperies and other curtains in the room should be in a yellowish shade of velveteen. There is shown a screen, the upper portion of which is studded with photographs and nicknacks of various kinds. Behind the easy chair is a stand containing a pot of palms, and in front of the chair at one side is a small tea-table.

An Ideal Husband.

82 An ideal husband—A manly man, religious, moral, industrious, gentle, not effeminate, of man's gentleness, which holds more than woman's gentleness. Amiable, with dash enough of fire to "keep the kettle boiling." Intuitive, frank, firm, neat, orderly, truthful, trustable, patient, home-loving, home-serving. Educated, refined and refining. Well-informed, of good conversational ability, a home talker, instructor and entertainer. Confiding, confidence-winning. "Sunny," generous. Of delicate honor in all things. Able to wait on himself and others. Cook? Yes, wash dishes and sweep in emergency, having the knowledge and disposition even should the emergency never arise. Perfection? No. A manly man.

83 My ideal husband must be endowed with a good supply of common sense, educated, entertaining and jovial, one whom I can love and respect, one to whom I can look for good advice in all things, and one in whom I can place full confidence. He must be affectionate, true, and love wife, children and home dearly, unselish, thoughtful of all mankind, rendering assistance when necessary, temperate in all things, and must use no profane language. He must be a christian, one who endeavors not to lay up treasures on earth, but in heaven.

SHE—Chicago society is very exclusive, isn't it? He—Yes, when I was there I called at a friend's house, but the footman declined to take in my card until I was identified.



DESIGN FOR A LONG WALL.