

WE ARE COMING.

And sure enough you would think they were, if you could see this beautiful picture. It will carry you back to your childhood's earliest and happiest days, when you knew no care, and your sunshiny faces contributed to the happiness of all around you. So it is with this picture. The moment one looks upon it their heart is touched with a love and affection. Their faces light up with a kindly, loving smile, and they are carried back to childhood's happy hours. But what is this picture? you will begin to ask, if we do not tell you at once. We wish it were possible for us to do so, but we cannot paint the loveliness of this beautiful Chromo with a pen. Nor can words convey any idea of its great beauty. A little in the distance stands one of those beautiful country houses, with grand and imposing shade trees, extending from the house to the road on each side of a broad drive-way. The house itself is of modern architecture. The grounds and garden around the house have an air of neatness and comfort which impresses you with the belief that the occupants are at least in very comfortable circumstances. But while the house, the trees, the neat fence and fine gravel walk are all really beautiful, we have not yet shown you the most beautiful part of this picture, and we feel that we are hardly able to find words to do the subject justice.

The old gardener, who has been at work in the garden among the plants and flowers, has been besieged by two beautiful children, a boy and a girl of tender years, who have been picking flowers, to give them a ride in his wheelbarrow, and the kind-hearted old man, always ready to please his pets, has taken them in and is wheeling them down the broad gravel drive-way through the open gateway, and the dear children covered with flowers, and as happy as it is possible for mortals to be, are having just the best time in the world, their bright, handsome faces beaming with joy and happiness. While the old man seems to enjoy the fun as well as the children, and the little pet dog runs beside the pair barking in the greatest glee, and now and then catching a flower and shaking it, as it drops from the laps of the children. The expressions of love and joy are shown on each face just as plainly as though you were looking at the group itself instead of a picture.

We can give but a faint idea of this masterpiece of art, but all agree, as soon as they see it, that they never have seen a sweeter or more lovely picture. No one can help loving it, and the desire to possess it is so strong that you will find people everywhere ready to subscribe to get this beautiful Chromo.

No. 3 is a sublime Old Chromo, in real oil colors, size 12 x 16, entitled

THE VACANT CHAIR.

This beautiful picture tells its own story better than we can tell it by any description we may give. No one ever turns away from this Chromo with only a glance, but the minute they see it they are drawn towards it by its originality and beauty. It is so true to life, and each little point tells its story so truthfully that every one will prize it highly. It is regarded by art critics, as well as others competent to judge, as a wonderful work of art.

We will now endeavor to give you a faint idea of what the picture is like. This Chromo give the inside view of one of those old-fashioned country kitchens, with its large stone fireplace, its antique furniture, curtains, &c. Sitting by the table is an old lady neatly dressed in black, her handsome and shapely head partially covered with a neat lace cap. Her face is one of those noble, motherly faces, which no one can help loving and all admire. Upon the table stands a dish of apples, while in her hands she holds a knife and apple in the act of paring. At the back part of the room the outside door stands partially ajar, letting in a ray of soft, mellow sunlight across the floor. In this ray of sunlight stands the vacant arm-chair, where the old gentleman was wont to sit and enjoy the sunlight, gazing out upon the green fields. The hat and coat hang in the same place, and "The Vacant Chair" stands the same as though its occupant had only left for a few moments instead of for all time. The story is faithfully and truthfully told by the artist, and the picture needs no description when seen. It is worth more than the subscription price of the Journal, and we know it will be appreciated by all.

No. 4 is a beautiful Oil Chromo, in real oil colors, size 12 x 16, entitled

VASE OF FLOWERS.

In this Chromo is shown a beautiful bouquet of all the rarest flowers known, so tastily and beautifully arranged that one almost thinks they are gazing upon a bouquet of natural flowers instead of a picture.

Nothing can be more lovely than these pure, sweet flowers. Everyone who sees this picture is always ready to declare that they never saw anything more beautiful, and are really surprised to learn that we can furnish them for less than \$2.00 per copy. The dark back-ground, green leaves, beautiful vase, together with its great variety of beautiful and bright colored flowers, make it the most elegant and taking flower piece ever put before the public.

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