

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

HOME DECORATION.

An acknowledged authority on artistic furnishing, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, has the following to say on the subject:

"In all Venice, the picturesque, inspiring parts of Venice, there are not, I think, two lines quite plumb, quite parallel. Even in our every-day life it is possible to have the picturesque about us. Yet, take our drawing rooms. Is there any overruling necessity to furnish them in the Empire style? There is, I grant you, a certain gaudy grandeur about the gay silken trappings of lum-bago producing sofas and the right-angled triangled four-legged affairs called chairs; but there is to my mind little that is beautiful, little that is even remotely picturesque. Such furnishings have a Fontainebleau air that suggests royalty, but there is about as much comfort-soul, if I may say so—as in a crude gingerbread shanty by the side of a newly laid railroad. But if you sweep out your artificial trappings, shy a few books on the broad table, hang up an almanac by the chimney place, drag in a few of your great-grandmother's chairs from the garret, persuade a dog to go to sleep on the hearth, break up the rigidity and let the broad smile of comfort glow on every side, then you have a home, a place with some soul in it, a place picturesque."

Would that we were all rich enough to cover our floors with parquetry! It may be a trifle cold in winter, but for cleanliness, sightliness, and all round satisfaction, what can compare with it? What is more pleasing than the yellows of the natural woods, shading from pale buff to olive?

To be sure, these tints, while they are harmonious to all others, lack strength and intensity, unrelieved; indeed, the weakness of color supplied by a hard-wood floor has been argued to its disadvantage by many decorators. It is a rule which must be observed in the furnishing of any room, that the floor is the foundation of the color scheme. It should, therefore, display the strongest color in the room, and yet it should be characterized by unobtrusiveness. We all know what it is to experience a sensation upon entering an apartment, as though the flowers in the carpet were flying up to smite us in the face.

Probably, however, wood floors will retain the favor of most people, whatever professional decorators may say. Also, there is this good point in their favor: that, if properly kept, the pores of the wood well filled, and the surface polished, they have the power of reflecting surrounding tints, and in this way atone for their own color weakness.

If you have wood floors, the only thing to do, of course, is to strew them, but not too lavishly, with rugs. Select these with care, however. There seems to be a prevailing impression that any kind of an Oriental rug will answer, and that it is impossible to have too many. On the contrary, one or two small rugs are often all sufficient to attract the eye and supply the balance of color, an effect which might be destroyed by the addition of more. Also, the general tone of the rug must either conform to or contrast with the tone of the room, which is a point seldom considered. Where contrast is especially desirable, rugs are most valuable, as they furnish it in small masses by which the eye is relieved yet free from any sense of contending colors.

Beware of a conspicuous design in carpets, which, repeated all over the floor space, has a most irritating effect upon the mind, more especially if the room is large in size. It means monotony, and monotony is fatal to pleasing

effect. Select, then, a good monochrome, several shades darker than the prevailing color of the room, which bears an unobtrusive design. In the case of a large room, secure contrast by the use of a very wide border.

It is comforting to reflect that one cannot make a mistake in choosing a green carpet. "Green," says a good authority, "is always safe and satisfactory in a floor covering, provided the walls are not too strong in tone, and provided that the green in the carpet is not too green. Certain brownish greens possess the quality of being in harmony with every other color. They are the most peaceable shades in the color world, the only ones without positive antipathies." For summer furnishing in particular, nothing will supply a cooler or more restful effect than a green floor covering, and this shade is delightfully represented in the finer matting—more satisfactory, indeed, than most any other.

In selecting any floor covering, it will be found most satisfactory to use it on one entire floor of the house, bedrooms, sittingroom, and hall, for instance. By making each room different, color and design are splashed about, so to speak, in a manner which usually secures results far from artistic.

A happy suggestion for a bedroom which may have a good, well-fitted floor of pine, is to stain it any tint which harmonizes with the furnishings. Green might be employed in the case of a room, the wood work of which was painted white, and a deliciously cool effect secured thereby for the summer season. Green might also be used where the fittings were of light oak. Add to such a sleeping department an enameled bedstead, white or green, a chiffonier or dressing table of bird's-eye maple, and a few simple draperies of chintz, reflecting the same soothing hue, you have daintiness and comfort for a minimum of expense.—Presbyterian Banner.

INVITATIONS.

Trudie Brooke was going home from Sabbath school. She was not pleased.

"Nobody told me that I was welcome. They ought to tell that to strangers. I don't feel like going there again."

She thought of the girls who had been in the class with her.

"They looked as if they were very nice indeed," said Trudie, regretfully; "but not one of them said she hoped I'd come next time. I think they might have. And the teacher didn't say it. Well, if they don't want me, I suppose I can just stay away."

As Trudie walked along she sighed deeply, and felt homesick to be back in the dear class where she had "belonged" for so many Sabbaths.

"I was in my own right place then," she told herself, "but now I haven't any place; nobody cares about me in this school."

A big lump was coming in Trudie's throat. She was afraid that she might cry "in the middle of the street." She looked hastily around to see who would see her if she did.

Not far before her was a girl of about her own size. Trudie remembered that they had sat beside each other on the back seat in the Sabbath school room at first, and that the superintendent had come to speak to them both.

"She was a stranger, too," thought Trudie. "I just wonder if anybody invited her to join regularly! It's a shame if they didn't; because she looks—poor."

The girl's dress was faded and old-fashioned; her coat was too small, and her hat—

"Well, it's a hat, and that's all," said Trudie. "There isn't one bit of ornament on it. She is the very kind that ought to be asked to come again, and I don't believe she was. Oh, dear! I wish I was a real member; I would tell her to be sure not to forget next time."

The girl ahead had reached the corner, and was turning down. Trudie could stand it no longer. She waved her hand to her as she looked back for a minute, and the girl stopped.

"You're coming next Sabbath, aren't you?" said Trudie.

"Oh, yes," said the girl cheerfully; "I'm coming every Sabbath. I like Sabbath school."

Trudie hesitated a little. "Did the teacher or somebody," she ventured to ask, "invite you back again?"

"Not particularly." The girl spoke slowly, as though she had not thought of it before. "But they meant me to come, you know; only there were so many others they had to talk to. Of course, they meant it. Mother says that it's silly not to feel invited to all churches everywhere. Nobody could make us uninvited if they tried. How could they?"

If Trudie had an answer to this question, she had no time to give it, for a breathless voice was speaking in their ears.

"I have been racing after you for squares!" panted Louise Dale, who had "looked the nicest" of all that were in Trudie's class. "If you hadn't stopped here before you began to go two different ways, I never would have caught you both."

She was so friendly that all Trudie's doubts fled without waiting for another word.

"Everybody was glad to have you at our Sabbath school to-day," said Louise; "and we hope that you will come every Sabbath."

Trudie smiled over at the other girl. "We have a big invitation now," she said rather shamefacedly. "Another big invitation," persisted the girl in the short-sleeved coat and the hat which had no shape. "It is just another."

"Both of our regular teachers had to be away to-day," said Louise. "They are lovely. You'll see next Sunday."

HARD ON THE BOYS.

In the old days of New England a boy was looked upon as a troublesome creature who must be kept down at all costs. There were a good many laws which concerned him on the old statute books, and some of them are here quoted:—

"If a boy shall sing or whistle on the Lord's Day, it is a fine of ten cents."

"If a boy shall throw a stone and break a window, it is a fine of nine cents."

"If a boy shall chase a girl, it is a fine of six cents."

"If a boy shall go to sleep in church it is a fine of three cents, and the warden may come him."

"If a boy shall throw stones at a neighbor's dog, it is a fine of five cents, and his father shall whip him."

"If a boy laughs in public school, his teacher may take his coat off and administer thirteen hard blows."

"If a boy steal apples or other fruit, his parents must pay twice the value thereof, and he may be sent to the common jail for two days."

Poor little Puritan boy! No wonder he grew up so stiff and straight-faced, with never a jest or a smile!