

pose, she utilized some old rose silk curtains, which had been purchased at an auction sale, and which were faded. These she ripped and turned, and they were found to be as fresh and rich in color as if new. Next, she looked up some cast-off lace curtains, laundried them herself, cut out the heavy figures and applied them on the silk, after gracefully arranging them on that fabric. The result was a pair of beautiful portieres that attract the attention and command the admiration of every one. Their manufacture took time, patience and thought, as we can well understand, but there was the value received for all this. This woman has furnished her entire house along the same lines. She is in the habit of saying that it was furnished out of the rag bag, but it certainly looks as if the fairies did the furnishing.

"Nor is her case a solitary one."

We all know of other women who, by the exercise of good sense and such knowledge of art as they happen to have, cast a glamor over the most unpromising of rooms. They weave potent spells of witchery by making unusual arrangements of furniture, placing everything just where it belongs, where it is least likely to interfere with anyone's personal comfort, and where it shows to the best advantage. For instance, the black screen has a large pot of orange lilies, or golden foliage, to light its gloom: the tall mirror has a slight drapery of canary phoolkari: and a hanging, yellow-shaded lamp is fixed across a corner, so as to reflect a pretty window: a couch has fat yellow cushions: there are a few chairs not too elegant nor yet too cheap; fewer pictures, but these well hung, etc., etc.,—nothing valuable after all, but everything has that strange, undefinable charm of being just like the woman who owns it.

People cannot always create, outright, the place in which they are compelled to live, and they often find themselves in houses or rooms entirely

opposed to their individual fancies. But that is their opportunity! As Lady Barker has said: "So long as a woman has a pair of hands, a work-basket, a hammer and brass tacks, she need not live in an actually ugly house." In this, I am sure Lady Barker is quite right. We cannot all have costly pleasures, such as really good pictures, statuary, bronzes, old silver, and old embroideries; but nothing save our want of knowledge, or want of taste, can withhold us from the daily, hourly delight of being surrounded by beautiful harmonious color. But a really good eye for color is not found as often as might be supposed. Indeed, there seems to be, generally, but little thought given to it; and yet the tonic effect of harmony in colors is, upon some natures, as strong as that of music.

Many of us have only a smattering of color-knowledge—just that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing. For instance, we know that a crude purple, a magenta and a blood-curdling shade of green are "really quite too dreadful," as a combination: but we are slow to understand how a certain shade of yellow wall paper cries aloud for velvet curtains of a special tone of russety green: we would be more likely to insist upon having hangings of that most bourgeoisie color, peacock blue, because "blue and yellow go together, you know."

There are a few cardinal principles of truly artistic decoration which every woman can know without apprenticing herself to a furnisher or draper, and which it is gross laziness or carelessness not to know.

The prime object of house-furnishing is to, through the senses, rest both body and mind: and the realization of this idea is attained by supplying impressions that are totally alien to those generated in the struggle in the business world for the almighty dollar.

A room should declare its purpose or nature of occupancy, and should also declare its logical relation to the