

Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

Well, my boys and girls, we meet again in our snug corner, for another chat, or would you prefer a story for a change this week? I think perhaps, you would, even though it bears upon the same subject we took before, that is—"Home and Mother"—two of the sweetest words in the English language, you know. My little story is in a great measure strictly true, or, as writers often say, "founded upon fact," and if it is rather sad, you must forgive me this time, and some other day I will tell you a merrier tale. I shall call this one.

Papa's Story.

"Be kind to thy mother, for when thou wert young Who loved thee so fondly as she. Who caught the first accents, that fell from thy tongue And smiled on thine innocent glee!"

So sang happy little Alice Thorne, rocking her dolly back and forth before the bright coal fire in the cosy sitting room. Over and over again in low, gentle tones the verse was sung till dolly's blue eyes closed, and she lay on her little nurses lap, perfectly still, and, very dainty looking, in her pretty frilled night-wrapper and lace cap of good Aunt Margie's handiwork.

Papa, sitting in his great arm-chair, was almost hidden behind the evening paper, and Alice, singing softly that she may not disturb him, had no idea he was listening intently to her simple song, or that his kind eyes were full of unshed tears, until Fred, her eight year old brother, who was busy harnessing his wooden horse in a corner of the room, suddenly exclaimed "Well, there Alice! I do hope you know that by heart—you've sung it often enough anyhow."

"I'm trying to learn it" replied Alice, with a bright blush, seeing her father had lowered his paper, and was now looking earnestly at her. "It's a new song, Miss Grey taught us at school today. I only know the first verse, and thought it so pretty, I didn't want to forget the air; but I'm sorry papa dear if I disturbed you reading."

"No dear" said Mr. Thorne, "I have listened with great pleasure, to your song, and wish you too Fred would learn it by heart" as you say—especially the first words "Be kind to thy mother" she is your best earthly friend; love and appreciate her while you have her. I learned to value my precious mother through blinding tears and bitter repentance."

Papa's voice trembled as he spoke, and Freddy leaving his toys, came quickly to his side, hoping for a story such as he loved best—namely some incident in his father's life.

"Tell her about it—do," he asked; while tender-hearted Alice, putting an arm around her father's neck whispered "not if it makes you feel badly papa dear."

"I will tell you, my children" said Mr. Thorne taking Alice upon his knee, and drawing Freddie more closely to his side; "though the memory of what I lost by the death of that dear mother, and the recollection of all that sorrowful time in my boyhood, must even make me sad, it may however, help you my gentle Alice to be more thoughtful for your good mother's comfort, and you dear Fred, more careful how you speak to her,—I sometimes hear a very impatient little voice, when mamma cannot grant every request. I was a wayward boy, scornful control, feeling myself very independent at your age Fred, and thinking it manly, to dispute, and even defy my good mother's wishes, though always expressed for my welfare. Conscience often whispered that I was wrong, but as I was unwilling to listen to her friendly voice, it became fainter and fainter, until at last she almost ceased to warn me.

My father's office being in the city, five miles from our pleasant home, he was necessarily absent nearly all day, and knew very little of the trouble and anxiety I caused, by my persistent efforts to have and to hold my own way. On his return at evening all vexations were as far as possible laid aside, but had he known how often I tried my gentle mother's love and patience, he would have taken me more completely under his own guidance or sent me away to school.

I knew this and took pains to appear at my best before him. I have called my mother gentle: she was so indeed—but firm also. Thus I gained nothing and only brought sorrow upon the being dearest to me on earth, for I did love her, only my proud will, and hatred of wise control made me for a time blind to my folly and deaf to her entreaties. One cold, March day I was starting off for school, when my mother called me saying:

"You are forgetting your overcoat my dear."

"Oh no," I answered, "I did not forget; I am not going to wear it to day."

"Why, John," she said smiling pleasantly "you do not think I could let my boy take such a long walk in this cold March wind without an overcoat, do you?"—at the same time taking it from the hook, and holding it towards me.

"Why it's spring now" I cried angrily "and warm enough. The other boys will go without theirs and I'm not going to wear mine. I hate it—so there!"

"John" said my mother with sad surprise in her voice, "I cannot tell how it grieves me to hear you speak in that way. I seek only your own comfort my son, and—"

"Oh yes" I interrupted "you want to make a girl of me, and a laughing stock among the boys! I wish I had no mother!" God forgive me! I knew not what I said in my temper.

She staggered as though I had struck her a blow and so I had, on her tender loving heart. Oh I can see yet the look of agony mingled with the most intense love and pity upon her pale sad face. Pressing her hand upon her heart which always troubled her in any excitement, she said very quietly,—"you may get your wish sooner than you think, poor wayward boy!"

"Then I will do as I please, and be glad I have no one to lecture me!" I answered hotly.

"But while you have a mother, you must obey her" she said firmly, and I was obliged to wear the coat after all.

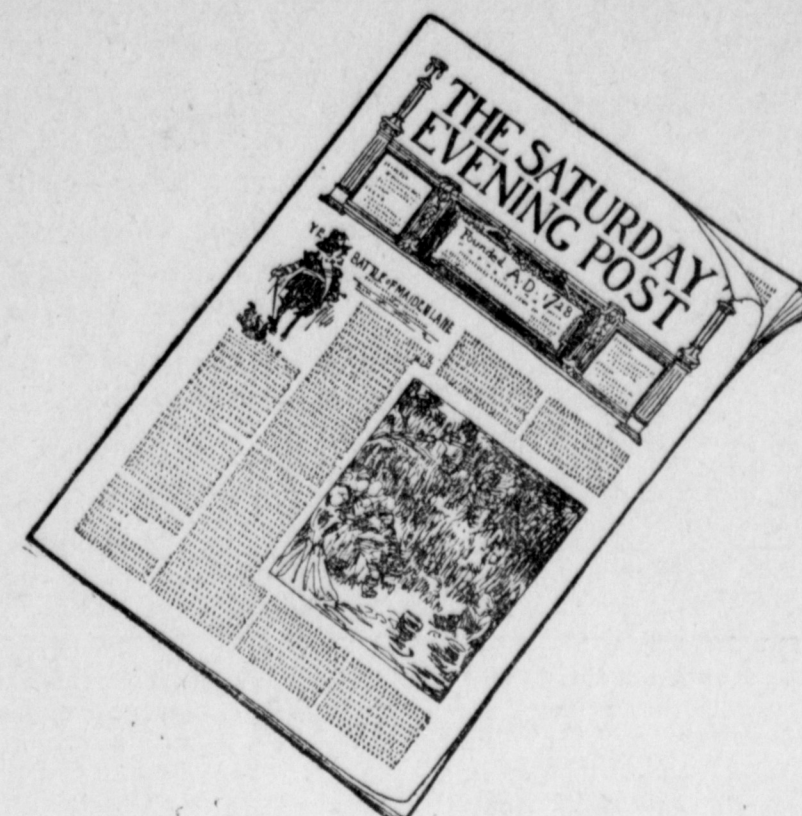
I spent a most unhappy morning, I had gone to school at enmity with my own mother refusing to kiss me when leaving, and dreading yet longing to meet her again. Her pale face haunted me, and I ran all the way home—to find the house in confusion the servants running to wait upon the mistress they all loved, my sister Mary, weeping as if he heart would break, and my father in earnest conversation with the doctor, and both looking so grave! I heard them say that some excitement had brought on a spasm of the heart, and she was carried senseless to her room perhaps never to recover consciousness again.

"Oh my dear children" said Mr. Thorne kissing the upturned faces, wet with tears, "may you never, never know, any thing like my suffering of that day and night. When the doctor had gone, and the shadows of evening fell in one sitting-room—always so bright and pleasant at this time, when father was expected, but now so painfully silent, while she who made all the joy, and the light of home lay crushed and still upstairs, I felt as though I must cry out, and tell them all I had murdered her. I think I could not have borne it much much longer, if my kind father had not come with many to look for me, pitying me so deeply for my sorrow—never dreaming of the dreadful remorse in my heart, till I told him all, kneeling before him, while Mary hid her face upon his shoulder, and he covering his face with his hands groaned aloud. "Oh if I might only tell her how truly sorry I am, and ask her forgiveness!" I cried but that could not be. My father taking up her bible read and prayed with us till I grew quiet. But ah! the weary waiting for those loving eyes to unclothe once more I was forbidden to enter her room for many days, but at last, I could look upon her, and lay my face to hers, though I dare not speak and God was so good to me! he did not let her die for some months—not till I had been freely forgiven, and had tried by every word and deed thereafter to show my dear mother, how truly I loved her and repented for the past. So, Fred, you will not wonder I join in Allie's new song and say "Be kind to thy mother" love to serve her while you may, never be ashamed to own that you are wrong, and beware of spurning her influence and control if you would not lay up sorrow, for all your coming years."

WOMAN'S NEW NECK WEAR.

Stiff Linen Collars Give Way to Light, Fluffy, Becoming Devices.

The average woman looks her best under the influence of ribbons and laces and light airy, fluffy neckwear. No other women realize this so keenly as French women, and for that reason they have never taken to the shirt waist with its correct accompaniment, the high, stiff, tight linen collar. This collar has made sad havoc with pretty necks, and now their owners are turning



We will mail **THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**, beginning with the October number, to January 1, 1899, also **THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**, every week, from the time subscription is received to January 1, 1899, on receipt of only *Twenty-five Cents*.

In The Ladies' Home Journal

Mrs. Rorer, who writes exclusively for **THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**, will continue her cooking and domestic lessons. In the October number she tells what should, and what should not, be eaten by men following certain occupations. Twenty-five desserts are given for all sorts of stomachs.

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eagerly to the exquisite trifles designed to set off their faces. Women will owe much to these fluffy tulle and net boas, soft chiffon stocks, lace cravats and endless lace eteteras.

Already the shirt-waist girl is leaving off her linen collar, using instead a soft stock of silk or satin or some diaphanous material. At last she is ready to give up the injurious linen choker, but alas! her neck has lines in it so deep and stains so dark from the constant pressure and lack of circulation that no amount of rubbing will get them out, unless she makes up her mind to use soft, airy neckwear in summer and winter as well as in the autumn.

The boa is the first article adopted for warmth when the crisp days come, and the death knell of the feather boa has been sounded, so those who know say. In the first place comes a long, fluffy boa of lace and chiffon, such as the one depicted, or a boa of dotted net or plain chiffon shirred all over in diamonds. Very full neck ruffles of bright-colored silk with a piece coming down over the shoulders tippet fashion, and edged with very narrow black velvet ribbon, are considered smart for street wear.

The wash shirt waist will soon find itself on the retired list until summer comes again, but woman must have a substitute. She will find it in the vests of filmy stuff, which are to be much worn with short open coats and Eton suits. The swellest of these are made of silk muslin, net or chiffon. Those of net embellished with ruchings or bands of narrow satin ribbon, while the others are ornamented with bands of broad ecru insertion running across, up and down, or both ways, and sometimes arranged diamond fashion. Formerly these vests were straight pieces held in full at the neck and waist: now they are far more elaborate, frequently having revers of silk, satin or velvet, handsomely trimmed and opening over a

vest of contrasting color. Corded or tucked fronts of taffeta in delicate shades in Bayadere or perpendicular effects are also in vogue.

Perhaps no trifle is so much in favor at the moment as the quaint fichus of net, lace, chiffon, or muslin, with their dainty frillings. One of these accessories is fully capable of redeeming an old bodice, giving it a fresh, up-to-date appearance.

There is infinite variety in the substitutes for collars. Pretty stocks are made of tucked satin or silk and have bows with flaring fan-like ends as a finish in front, then there are all sorts of chiffon and muslin stocks trimmed with black or white lace applique. Jabots of black and white chenille spotted net, edged with black lace and finished off at the neck by an irregular bow, are smart with a white silk shirt waist, and neckbands of cream or yellow lace, with a butterfly bow of the same, are becoming alike to old and young.

WOMEN HERE AND EVERYWHERE

Miss Alice Shaw of Chicago maintains a private hospital for animals in that city. She makes a special business of treating and caring for dogs and Angora cats combining the duties of physician and nurse in her work. She loves animals dearly and has made a great success of her work. Her maternal grandfather and his son were veterinary surgeons in London, and her mother was formerly a trained nurse in a London Hospital. The young woman's hospital is well equipped with porcelain baths, up-to-date operating tables, and and couches for patients too ill to run around. Miss Shaw thinks that women are admirably adapted to this work, as they are more tender by nature than men, and the animals appreciate their gentle care just as much as men do.

A Georgia woman, thrown upon her own resources, has hit on a novel plan for earning her daily bread. She takes care of graves, assuming the responsibility of keeping cemetery lots in order with well-trimmed grass and walks.

Truly the woman of the South are progressing. Elkton, Md., boasts the city woman bank President in the country. She is Mrs. Jacob Tome, and she has just

been elected President of the National Bank of Elkton, having been President of the Cecil National Bank of Port Deposit for some time.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Grace-loving French women declare that the fad for flounced skirts has gone too far and that they have never approved of the fashion.

There is infinite variety in the new veillings for autumn wear. All take the direction of close-set small spots. The most becoming have a groundwork of gray or white with black chenille dots, but the newest design is of black silk net with lace sprays in cream or white with a border to match. The veillings with Chenille dots, grouped in sets of three, five or seven have not met with favor, as they tend to give the wearer an uncanny appearance.

Short red jackets made of light cloth are being much worn with white duck suits by those who are fortunate enough to be in the mountains or by the sea. Crystal buttons trim the sweet little coats.

Parisian manufacturers are turning out epaulettes with fringes hanging to the waist and deep flounces of fringe are being woven to hang from the knees to the hem of the skirt.

The ordinary foulard nearly covered with a white design has been extremely fashionable this season, but for early autumn wear satin foulard in the most exquisite new tints, with small white or cream designs, is taking its place. The satin foulard is far richer looking than the other and wears twice as well.



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