

The Quest

An inward counselor gave me his behest:
 "Throw from thee what thou hast and take a quest;
 Go forth a beggar, and with sweet address,
 Make suit for happiness."

The fervent words I hastened to obey,
 That which I held I careless threw away;
 Nor gave it thought, so longed I to possess
 The rare thing, Happiness.

I went, a beggar, meek, with craving hand;
 The bosom prompter cried "Demand, demand!"
 Some laughed, some cried, to see how I did press
 My suit for happiness.

When life ran low and dear daylight grew late,
 I turned me home; at my neglected gate
 A palmer stood. "He waits," methought, "to bless
 With long-sought happiness."

The palmer stood; through tears he smiled on me.
 "Not so, fond beggar; I but saved for thee
 What thou didst cast away—no more, no less.
 Take peace—not happiness."
 —Selected.

For The Sewing Room

Very few skirts are now lined, and the old-fashioned facing is seldom seen. Instead of a facing, the bottom of the skirt is turned up the required depth and stitched with several rows of stitching; the raw edge of the hem is not turned in, but may be overcast; the bottom is seldom bound, but the braid, sewed on flat, has the edge show an eighth of an inch below the skirt. If the "brush" braid is used, the braid is laid on the underside of the skirt and hemmed on at the upper edge, just the brush showing below the bottom. The flat braid is caught down at the top with hand-stitching.

To avoid bulkiness, a bias binding of cambric is used as a waist-band; it shows on either side a quarter of an inch, and is stitched onto the outside, turned over and hemmed down on the inside of the skirt.

A pretty way to make a roll binding for skirt ruffling is in this way: Cut the material for the ruffling (for a wool dress) on the bias, allowing one-third more than the width of the skirt for the bias ruffle, which is to be of the material of the dress; turn the edge of the ruffling back onto the right side of the goods about half an inch, and "run" very finely by hand, or stitch on the machine, close to the edge of the turn; then turn the raw edge back and carefully hem by hand on the wrong side. Always have an odd number of ruffles on the skirt.

As a trimming to use either as a heading, or to cover the connection where one ruffle stands up and another falls, use a milliner's fold. Cut a bias piece an inch wide; fold over the upper edge onto the right side of the cloth about a quarter of an inch and baste; turn the lower edge up toward the upper and turn this edge in again, and, with a blind stitch, entirely underneath, sew this lower part onto the basted upper part, so as to hold it down. This will make a neat double-

fold, showing one a little higher than the other. Puffing is made by taking in narrow seams on the wrong side about an inch and a half apart. If the material is stiff, the puffs stand out well. These are hard to iron nicely, but are very pretty.

Autum's Work

Into every department of the home, the autumn days bring new duties. The cool, crisp air sweeps in through my open window, through a tangle of ambitious vines, and the morning sun, slowly veering around from the other window, reminds me that these are the last days of summer. August, usually so hot and unwholesome, has this year been singularly cool and delightful. Plant-life has flourished riotously, and flowers have bloomed without ceasing, all through the usually hot, dry months. Our gardens are gay with the autumn bloomers, and the summer flowers have scarcely shown a fading leaf. But we know that very soon, now, we must keep a look-out for the deprivations of Jack Frost. It is time the window was remembered, and your slips set to rooting, your winter-bloomers should be potted, and kept growing thriftily, accustoming them to the change from Nature's care to your own, and from the sun and air of the outer world to the shade and dryness of the life within doors.

It is time, too, to make out your list of bulbs and hardy plants for fall setting; many of you may think you can not afford to buy new plants; but that seeds or perennials and biennials sown get too much sun, will give you more plants than you will care to keep, and if you will club with your neighbor, each getting a package different from the other, and dividing either the plants or the seeds, you will be surprised at the variety of plants you will have.

A great many plants will grow from slips—cuttings from the branches of plants stripped of most of the leaves and stuck down into moist earth or sand to root. This may be new work to many of you, and you may make failures of your attempts, but the "knack" will come through practice, and you will wonder how you "didn't do it" at the start. Many of your neighbors, doubtless, will have plants that sprout freely, and will be glad to have their "clumps" reduced, but I would not encourage you to become plant-beggars; the neighbor will doubtless offer you her surplus if she knows you care for them, and will do right by them. One does not like to give plants to another who is careless of the gift. Many flowering plants will be dug up and thrown away by your neighbor who accumulates, and has little space.

Many hardy annuals and perennials do best if sown in the fall, though some of the seeds will not germinate until the early spring. Hardy annuals should be sown quite late in the season, that the seeds may lie unsprouted until spring. The perennials should be sown early enough to make a good growth before cold weather, protecting the young plants from the severe frosts with a light covering of leaves or straw. If you have never tried the perennial poppy, do sow a paper of the seed this fall, as soon as possible.

Herbaceous plants are best transplanted in the autumn, covering with coarse litter to prevent the frost from heaving them out of the ground during the winter's freezes and thaws. Over your bulb bed can be sown such things as petunias, pinks, alyssum, portulacca, and many other annuals, and the beds will be gay with flowers from frost to frost.

Do not forget to plant crocuses. The bulbs are very cheap—from 25 cents

My Dollar against Your Doubt



Without expense, or deposit, or promise to pay, I offer to give any sick one a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

Not a mere sample—a regular standard dollar bottle from your druggist's shelf.

There are no "ifs" or "ands." The dollar bottle is free.

This is not philanthropy. Simply that I know how Dr. Shoop's Restorative acts on the inmost nerves—the power nerves—the nerves that control the vital organs. Simply that the passing years have furnished such abundant proof of its value that I am willing to spend a dollar on you—or any other sick one—a hundred thousand dollars, if need be,—that you and others may learn beyond doubt—or distrust—or dispute—the power of

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

If the worries of business have left their scars on your good health; if careless habits have made you a wreck; if your nerve, your courage is waning; if you lack vim, vigor, vitality; if you are beginning to wear out; if your heart, your liver, your stomach, your kidneys, misbehave—this private prescription of a physician of thirty years standing will strengthen the ailing nerves—strengthen them harmlessly, quickly, surely, till your trouble disappears.

Inside Nerves

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and thoughts. But the nerves that, unguessed and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys. These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the nerve power—and builds it up, and strengthens it, and makes it well.

Don't you see that THIS IS NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause.

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own case at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentations? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves if my medicine were not UNIFORMLY helpful? Would I do this if I were not straightforward in my every claim? Could I AFFORD to do it if I were not reasonably sure that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me.

But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to the one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar laid before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop, Box 1515, Racine, Wis.
 Book 1 on Dyspepsia
 Book 2 on the Heart
 Book 3 on the Kidneys
 Book 4 for Women
 Book 5 for Men
 Book 6 on Rheumatism.
 Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles.
 For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

to 50 cents per hundred, and they will grow anywhere, and bloom before the snow leaves the ground. Try to have beautiful things about you.

Patchwork

There are a great many kinds of patchwork in this world, but the work I am now talking about is the homely old one of our grandmothers' days—patching quilts. Fancy work of some kind seems a necessity to most women, and to many it is the only recreation in which they can indulge without protest from their economic nature. We may cry out against it as a "waste of time," but very few women take no delight in seeing things grow into shape through her fingers. Nothing, not even time, is wasted if it adds an element of refinement or serves to lift the tired soul out of the wretched sameness of the housekeeping routine.

In every family where any sewing is done, there will be an accumulation more or less of scraps of varying sizes, which can be worked up into pretty bed-coverings during the leisure mo-

ment which nearly every woman can have, if she wills to. The sewing machine does the work rapidly, and after the evening spent in cutting out the blocks it does not take long to get them in shape. Many a woman has one or more old quilts, hoarded even after they have become useless as bed-covering because of the "pieces" from scraps of the garments once worn by mother, sister, friend, daughter, or self, or from dresses, aprons or suits worn by the little men when they were babies. From every block look up ghostly eyes; faces that have long lain under the coverlid of earth smile up at us, and—somehow, we can not put them in the rag-bag, but fold them away again because of the reminders.

An exceedingly comfortable bed-covering can be made from the "good spots" cut from the coats, and pants and flannel shirts worn out by the men and boys, lined with canton flannel and tacked with bright worsted. The "day of small things" is not to be despised, and the old-fashioned patchwork quilt, made up of the scraps from the sewing table is often a treasure of great value.

RUB ON
Painkiller
 and the Rheumatism's gone.