

from all parts of the world, but are chiefly European; the tiniest about $\frac{1}{4}$ an inch high, came from Manitore in the Rocky Mountains where I was told they are used as the badges of different political parties! On the mantelpiece itself are some china ornaments, and the photos—mostly unflattering—of to girl cousins and friends. Above the old school-room clock, which never goes—is fastened a fox's brush, not the appendage of a native of these parts, but shot by my brother Arthur on a Scotch moor, where they are usually looked upon as vermin, and got rid of when possible.

Filling up the space between the fireplace and the North wall, is another useful piece of furniture; this is painted white, and consists of writing table, cupboards, shelves, and a drawer. On the very top is a case of stuffed birds—old aviary friends—and a row of rather curious pots and jugs. In the shelves I keep my history, biographical, and instructive books; while the cupboards are crowded with big books, some containing English, Scotch or foreign photos, and the others an odd jumble of notices of sales, theatrical performances, ball cards, writing games, adjective letters, Kodak photos, dried flowers, cricket scores, bits of wedding gowns, and a host of things more or less interesting to ourselves, but of

no value to anyone else. In the upper cupboard is a store of exercise paper, big envelopes, pen nibs, shop advertisements &c. mostly of a useful nature.

Between the door and this useful 'moveable,' stands "the walnut cabinet," chiefly used by my father for storing catalogues of garden or farm goods; and by its side is our dear old 6-tuned musical box, given to Dick when a restless baby of a year old; it is not in good order after its 26 years of work, and when wound up, rattles off 2 or 3 tunes in an impatient manner, suddenly subsiding into a slow drawl which is slightly exasperating—poor old box!

This brings our circular tour to an end: but before you take your leave may I ask you to look at the pictures, chiefly oilpaintings, given to me by my Father—my favourites are that peaceful snowy scene by Anderson, and that lonely little ship on a moonlit sea. You will notice there are other objects nailed on the walls—near the writing table a card of postal arrangements, another giving the time for lighting cycle lamps during 1898; several old almanacks too pretty to be hidden away; a bunch of sham carrots with a christmas inscription on it, "as times were never harder, I send a contribution to your larder"; a

"Tableau synchronique des souverains de France D'Angleterre et D'Allemagne;" and a large brass soup ladle given me by our old wedding woman—that I cannot help thinking must once have come from Warwick Castle. Then on each side of the window is a bookshelf, one my Poets Corner, the other quickly filling with lighter literature. Pinned in a tiny panel of a wee cupboard, is a paper Daily Graphic Lord Salisbury a little ahead of the ditto Lord Roseberry, a remembrance of the last General Election. I must not forget to mention this solid sturdy table in the middle of the room, nor the convenient small 4-legged one, given to me on my 4th birthday by a godmother aunt, that can be popped down wherever it is needed: nor the comfortable little chairs scattered about.

But my paper is coming to an end, so I must finish up, hoping that I have not bored you very much in this description of my dear little Sitting-room.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

Warwickshire.

"SIDNEY KEITH."

Dec. 31. 1897.

ADELINA FRANCESCA WRIGHT,
Wootton Court, Warwick.

"MY ROOM."

(ONE GUINEA).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have a sitting-room of my own, and I love it so, that I could not resist such a fine opportunity of telling you all about it. It is the dearest little room in the world to me, where I keep all my things and where I reign supreme.

You see Mamma is the very soul of tidiness but my things have such a bad habit of lying about that her peace of mind is often threatened, and so when about a year ago I conceived the idea of turning the lumber room to account by keeping myself together in it, she gladly consented and even gave me the magnificent permission of making whatever use I liked of the lumber in it. Such is the humble origin of my room together with a little begging and perhaps a little stealing from downstairs.

It is situated on the second floor front and measures ft. 16 x 12. The wall paper is of a yellowish-pink not pretty but still light and bright. The poor carpet is wearing out its ninth life but it bravely shows a bit of pattern here and there so I am not going to disparage it. The door is opposite one window and along the wall beside it, nearly facing the other stand my "pièce de résistance," a carved open cabinet. It came from Venice and was supposed to be of oak but a chip has discovered it to be a fraud—merely white wood painted—nevertheless it is a good fraud and has a graceful appearance especially the curved supports of the upper shelves. The bottom shelves are large and serve as a bookcase, one holding newspapers magazines albums etc, the other all my bound G.O.P.'s and Lloyd's Encyclopaedia, quite an imposing array. The middle shelf rests on a drawer that has a lock a key, a perfect "treasure drawer"! Of course it contains lots of precious keepsakes and letters and souvenirs, in little boxes all shapes and sizes, my money boxes among them, although the latter rather deserve the name of empty boxes long before pay-day. The upper shelves are devoted to ornaments. A little vase, amphor shaped, occupies the place of honour, its colouring is rather peculiar being dashes and streaks of red and white on a green ground, I heard someone say it was made in Hungary but I do not know if it is

glass or china. Then there is a polished green-ear shell and on the next shelf a mother of pearl shell with a carved landscape. This I value more for its lovely iridescence than for the carving, in certain lights it shows such exquisite pearly-greens and pinky violets! The mantelpiece comes next at right angles with the cabinet. Two bronze jugs with elaborate handles and cupids playing flutes in bas-relief occupy either end and in the centre there is a piece of Venetian glass tall and slender in white and blue. I have yet two more glass ornaments on the mantelpiece, one green and the other, my especial favourite, of a pale amethyst; it is very simple in form, only a twisted stem upholding a fluted chalice, but so graceful and the colour is fairly charming in its soft mysteriousness. Beside the mantelpiece I wanted a sofa but could not get one, so I make-believe with three chairs, the two end ones turned sideways, and covered with pillows and Turkish antimacassars.

In the corner there is a black pedestal surmounted with a globe that gives the room a solemn and scholastic appearance.

Next come the windows and they are the best of all, for they disclose an ever-varying picture, not any lovely view at all, oh no, there are houses in front, but in a break between them lower down there is a patch of grass and a tree and above them there is the sky; and even in smoky, much abused old London rosy hues herald the morning sun and golden glory lingers after it.

Between the windows stands my writing table; happily it is of a good size for before tidying up time comes it is burdened with what Mamma would call: "piles and piles of rubbish." I have a pretty paper weight of glass with a Venetian view by moonlight, but for an inkstand I am obliged to contrive with a glass match-holder until some charitable friend obliges me with a better.

In the corner by the first window no less an object than a horsehair armchair displays itself. Some people would think it an eyesore, but I see nothing dreadful in it, I have had many a slide down its slippery old back and many a comfortable read in it, and it is so conveniently near my books that it is quite a

matter of course to slip into it and forget one's self in dreamland or bookland.

My books come last of all, arranged in one of those three shelved book stands to be seen in all second hand furniture shops. I have stood it on a small oblong table and made the most of it and yet the whole concern looks shabby, outwardly that is, inwardly what a store of wisdom, grandeur, sweetness and light is there! I cannot tell you how much I love my books or how much pleasure I derive from them, life would be a wilderness without them. I have not very many, as a greater part are school books, and these are not so interesting as "Trilby" or "Pickwick Papers" for example. But you must not think that my little few are all novels either, I have Macaulay's History and Essays, Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University," which is an education in itself, Tennyson's works, Silvio Pellico's Prisons, Lamb's Essays and many others. The sad part of it is that I have not much time to spend with them. I wonder who loves her books the more: the girl who has a grand library full of them or the one who has only a spare pinch?

My room is not rich in pictures, good ones are too costly a luxury and I do not care for bad ones. Above my books there hangs an engraving of a sweet-faced Madonna after Carlo Dolce and at each side a little oil painting of a girl's head; I love these very much because they were painted and given to me by a dear old friend of ours. Then there are some very minute views of Switzerland with very large black frames, some certificates and a landscape in oils, which judging from its battered frame has endured many hardships.

I think now I have told you about fairly all the material objects of my room, as for its spiritual influences—they are indescribable—perchance guardian angels—I only know I never leave it without feeling more rested, happier, and more inspired to prove myself worthy of the dignity of a child of God.

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

LINA FRANCATI.

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