

The Mill on the Floss

By George Eliot.

Book Eight — BOY AND GIRL
(IX. Instalment.)

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard. Under this impression, he whispered, "Oh, my! Maggie, I told you you'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing.

"Come, come, my wench," said her father soothingly, putting his arm round her, "never mind: you was 't the right to out it off if it plagues you; give over crying; father'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness. Maggie never forgot any of those moments when her father "took her part," she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after, when everyone else said that her father had done very ill by his children.

"How your husband does snarl that child, Bessy!" said Mrs. Glegg in a loud "aside" to Mrs. Tulliver. "It'll be the ruin of her, if you don't take care. My father never brought his children up so, else we should ha' been a different sort o' family to what we are."

Mrs. Tulliver's domestic sorrows seemed at this moment to have reached the point at which insensibility begins. She took no notice of her sister's remark, but threw back her capstrings and dispensed the pudding in mute resignation.

With the dessert there came entire deliverance for Maggie, for the children were told they might have their nuts and wine in the summer-house, since the day was so mild, and they scampered out among the budding bushes of the garden with the alacrity of small animals getting from under a burning glass.

Mrs. Tulliver had her special reason for this permission: now the dinner was despatched, and everyone's mind disengaged, it was the right moment to communicate Mr. Tulliver's intention concerning Tom, and it would be as well for Tom himself to be absent. The children were used to hear themselves talked of as freely as if they were birds, and could understand nothing, however they might stretch their necks and listen; but on this occasion Mrs. Tulliver manifested an unusual discretion, because she had recently had evidence that the going to school to a clergyman was a sore point with Tom, who looked at it as very much on a par with going to school to a constable. Mrs. Tulliver had a sighing sense that her husband would do as he liked, whatever sister Glegg said, or sister Pullet either, but at least they would not be able to say, if the thing turned out ill, that Bessy had fallen in with her husband's folly without letting her own friends know a word about it.

"Mr. Tulliver," she said, interrupting her husband in his talk with Mr. Deane, "it's time now to tell the children's aunts and uncles what you're thinking of doing with Tom, isn't it?"

"Very well," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply. "I've no objections to tell anybody what I mean to do with him. I've settled," he added, looking towards Mr. Glegg and Mr. Deane, "I've settled to send him to a Mr. Stelling, a parson, down at King's Lorton; there—an unclesman clever fellow, I understand—as'll put him up to most things."

There was a rustling demonstration of surprise in the company, such as you may have observed in a country congregation, when they hear an allusion to their week-day affairs from the pulpit. It was equally astonishing to the aunts and uncles to find a parson introduced into Mr. Tulliver's family arrangements. As for uncle Pullet, he could hardly have been more feeling that he was getting quite

thoroughly obfuscated if Mr. Tulliver had said that he was going to send Tom to the Lord Chancellor, for uncle Pullet belonged to that extinct class of British yeomen who, dressed in good broadcloth, paid high rates and taxes, went to church, and ate a particularly good dinner on Sunday, without dreaming that the British constitution in Church and State had a traceable origin any more than the solar system and the fixed stars. It is melancholy, but true, that Mr. Pullet had the most confused idea of a bishop as of a sort of a baronet, who might or might not be a clergyman; and as the rector of his own parish was a man of high family and fortune, the idea that a clergyman could be a schoolmaster was too remote from Mr. Pullet's experience to be readily conceivable. I know it is difficult for people in these instructed times to believe in uncle Pullet's ignorance; but let them reflect on the remarkable results of a great natural faculty under favouring circumstances. And uncle Pullet had a great natural faculty for ignorances. He was the first to give utterance to his astonishment.

"Why, what can you be going to send him to a parish for?" he said, with an amazed twinkling in his eyes, looking at Mr. Glegg and Mr. Deane, to see if they showed any signs of comprehension.

"Why, because the parsons are the best schoolmasters, by what I can make out," said poor Mr. Tulliver, who, in the maze of this puzzling world, laid hold of any clue with great readiness and eagerness. "I know that Mr. Stelling is a parson; and he's done very well by the boy; and I made up my mind to send him to school again, if I should be to somebody different to Jacobus. And this Mr. Stelling, by what I can make out, is the sort o' man I want. And I mean, my boy to go to him at Midsummer," he concluded in a tone of decision, tapping his snuff-box and taking a pinch.

"You'll have to pay a swinging half-yearly bill, then, eh, Tulliver?" The clergyman gave highish notions, in general," said Mr. Deane, taking snuff vigorously, as he always did when wishing to maintain a neutral position.

"What! do you think the parson'll teach him to know a good simple o' wheat when he sees it, neighbour Tulliver?" said Mr. Glegg, who was fond of his jest; and, having retired from business, felt that it was not only allowable but becoming in him to take a playful view of things.

"Why, you see, I've got a plan in my head about Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, pausing after that statement and lifting up his glass.

"Well, if I may be allowed to speak, and it's seldom as I am," said Mrs. Glegg, with a tone of bitter meaning. "I should like to know what good is to come to the boy, by bringin' him up above his fortin'."

"Why," said Mr. Tulliver, not looking at Mrs. Glegg, but at the male part of his audience, "you see, I've made up my mind not to bring Tom up to my own business. I've had my thoughts about it all along, and I made up my mind by what I saw with Garnett and his son. I mean to put him to some business, as he can go into without capital, and I want to give him an education as he'll be even w' the lawyers and folks; and put me up to a notion now an' then."

Mrs. Glegg emitted a long sort of guttural sound with closed lips that smiled in mingled pity and scorn.

"It 'ud be a fine deal better for some people," she said, after that introductory note, "if they'd let the lawyers alone."

"Is he at the head of a grammar-school, then, this clergyman—such as that at Market Bewley?" said Mr. Deane.

"No—nothing o' that," said Mr. Tulliver. "He won't take more than two or three pupils— and so he'll have the more time to attend to 'em, you know."

"Ah, and get his education done the sooner they can't learn much at a time when there's so many of 'em," said uncle Pullet.

an insight into this difficult matter. "But he'll want the more pay. I doubt," said Mr. Glegg. "Ay, ay, a cool hundred a year—that's all," said Mr. Tulliver, with some pride at his own spirited course. "But then, you know, it's an investment; Tom's education'll be so much capital to him."

"Ay, there's something in that," said Mr. Glegg. "Well, well, neighbour Tulliver, you may be right, you may be right—"

"When land is gone and money's spent, Then learning is most excellent."

I remember seeing those two lines written on a window at Buxton. But us that have got no learning had better keep our money, eh, neighbour, Pullet!" Mr. Glegg rubbed his knees and looked very pleasant.

"Mr. Glegg, I wonder at you," said his wife. "It's very unbecoming in a man o' your age and belongings."

"What's unbecoming, Mrs. G?" said Mr. Glegg, winking pleasantly at the company. "My new blue coat as I've got on?"

"I pity your weakness, Mr. Glegg. I say it's unbecoming to be making a joke when you see your own kin going headlong to ruin."

"If you mean me by that," said Mr. Tulliver, considerably nettled, "you needn't trouble yourself to fret about me. I can manage my own affairs without troubling other folks."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Deane, indignantly introducing a new idea, "why now I come to think of it, I should ha' said Waken was going to send his son—the deformed lad—to a clergyman, didn't they, Susan?" (appealing to his wife).

"I can give no account of it, I'm sure," said Mrs. Deane, closing her lips very tightly again. Mrs. Deane was not a woman to take part in a scene where missiles were flying.

"Well," said Mr. Tulliver, speaking all the more cheerfully, that Mrs. Glegg might see he didn't mind her, "if Waken thinks o' sending his son to a clergyman, depend on it I shall make no mistake i' sending Tom to one. Waken's as big a scoundrel as Old Harry ever made, but he knows the length of every man's foot he's got to deal with. Ay, ay, tell me who's Waken's butcher, and I'll tell you where to get your meat."

"But lawyer Waken's got a hump-back," said Mr. Pullet, who felt as if the whole business had a funeral aspect; "it's more natural to send him to a clergyman."

"Yes," said Mr. Glegg, interpreting Mrs. Pullet's observation with erroneous plausibility, "you must consider that neighbour Tulliver; Waken's son isn't likely to follow any business. Waken'll make a gentleman of him, poor fellow."

"Mr. Glegg," said Mrs. G., in a tone which implied that her indignation would fizz and ooze a little, though she was determined to keep it corked up, "you'd far better hold your tongue. Mr. Tulliver doesn't want to know your opinion nor mine neither. There's folks in the world as know better than everybody else."

"Why, I should think that's you, if we're to trust your own tale," said Mr. Tulliver, beginning to boil up again.

"Oh, I say nothing," said Mrs. Glegg sarcastically. "My advice has never been asked, and I don't give it."

"It'll be the first time, then," said Mr. Tulliver. "It's the only thing you're over-ready at giving."

"I've been over-ready at lending, then, if I haven't been over-ready at giving," said Mrs. Glegg. "There's folks I've lent money to, as perhaps I shall repent o' lending money to kin."

"Come, come, come," said Mr. Glegg soothingly. But Mr. Tulliver was not to be hindered of his retort.

"You've got a bond for it, I reckon," he said; "and you've had your five per cent, kin or no kin." "Sister," said Mrs. Tulliver pleadingly, "drink your wine, and



let me give you some almonds and raisins."

"Bessy, I'm sorry for you," said Mrs. Glegg, very much with the feeling of a cur that seizes the opportunity of diverting his back towards the man who carries no stick. "It's poor work talking o' almonds and raisins."

"Lors, sister Glegg, don't be so quarrelsome," said Mrs. Pullet, beginning to cry a little. "You may be struck with a fit, getting so red in the face after dinner, and we are but just out o' mourning, all of us—and all w' gowns craped alike and just put by—it's very bad among sisters."

"I should think it is bad," said Mrs. Glegg. "Things are come to a fine pass when one sister invites the other to her house o' purpose to quarrel with her and abuse her."

"Softly, softly, Jane—be reasonable—be reasonable," said Mr. Glegg.

But while he was speaking, Mr. Tulliver, who had by no means said enough to satisfy his anger, burst out again—

"Who wants to quarrel with you?" he said. "It's you as can't let people alone, but must be gnawing at 'em for ever. I should never want to quarrel with any woman if she kept her place."

"My place, indeed!" said Mrs. Glegg, getting rather more shrill. "There's your betters, Mr. Tulliver, as are dead and in their grave, treated me with a different sort o' respect to what you do—though I've got a husband as'll sit by and see me abused by them as 'ud never ha' had the chance if there hadn't been them in our family as married worse than they might ha' done."

"If you talk o' that," said Mr. Tulliver, "my family's as good as yours—and better, for it hasn't got a damned ill-tempered woman in it."

"Well," said Mrs. Glegg, rising from her chair, "I don't know whether you think it's a fine thing to sit by and hear me swore at, Mr. Glegg; but I'm not going to stay a minute longer in this house. You can stay behind, and come home with the gig—and I'll walk home."

"Dear heart, dear heart!" said Mr. Glegg in a melancholy tone, as he followed his wife out of the room.

"Mr. Tulliver, how could you talk so!" said Mrs. Tulliver, with the tears in her eyes.

"Let her go," said Mr. Tulliver, too hot to be damped by any amount of tears. "Let her go, and the sooner the better: she won't be trying to domineer over me again in a hurry."

"Sister Pullet," said Mrs. Tulliver helplessly, "do you think it 'ud be any use for you to go after her and try to pacify her?"

"Better not, better not," said Mr. Deane. "You'll make it up another day."

"Then, sisters, shall we go and look at the children?" said Mrs. Tulliver, drying her eyes.

carry on their serious talk without frivolous interruption. They could exchange their views concerning the Duke of Wellington, whose conduct in the Catholic Question had thrown such an entirely new light on his character; and speak slightly of his conduct at the battle of Waterloo, which he would never have won if there hadn't been a great many Englishmen at his back, not to speak of Blucher and the Prussians who, as Mr. Tulliver had heard from a person of particular knowledge in that matter, had come up in the very nick of time; though here there was a slight dissidence, Mr. Deane remarking that he was not disposed to give much credit to the Prussians—the build of their vessels, together with the unsatisfactory character of transactions in Dantzic beer, inclining him to form rather a low view of Prussian pluck generally. Rather beaten on this ground, Mr. Tulliver proceeded to express his fears that the country could never again be what it used to be; but Mr. Deane, attached to a firm of which the returns were on the increase, naturally took a more lively view of the present; and had some details to give concerning the state of the imports, especially in hides and spelter, which soothed Mr. Tulliver's imagination by throwing into more distant perspective the period when the country would become utterly the prey of Papists and Radicals, and there would be no more chance for honest men.

Uncle Pullet sat by and listened with twinkling eyes to these high matters. He didn't understand politics himself—thought they were a natural gift—but by what he could make out, this Duke of Wellington was no better than he should be.

(To be continued.)

PERMIT BRITISH WOMEN TO SIT IN PALLIAMENT.

LONDON. — The house of commons adopted a resolution in favor of women sitting in parliament. The resolution was passed by a majority of 249.

Andrew Bonar Law, chancellor of the exchequer, announced on August 8th, that, under a decision of both law officers of England, Scotland and Ireland, women were not ineligible to become candidates for the British parliament.

The women have contended the extension of the franchise to them carried with it the right to sit in parliament, and some have announced their candidacies for government seats.

WORKS OF ART WILL BE RETURNED BY GERMANY

LONDON. — Valuable works of art belonging to museums and private owners in the regions of Cambrai, Douai and Valenciennes, now in the hands of the Germans, will be returned undamaged to their owners after the war. This announcement is made in a German government wireless message received here.

These works of art have, under the orders of the supreme army command, been sent to a place of safety to save them from destruction by bombardment, the message adds.

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WOMAN'S WORLD

Training Little Children

Enter Into the Play Spirit of Your Boys and Girls; Teach Them That Sometimes Work Can Be Made Into Play.

By Mrs. Lenore R. Ranus.

Allow your child to have company and playmates as often as you can. When possible, have playmates near his own age. Naturally out of this social intercourse will spring valuable lessons in courtesy, generosity and patience. Always be fair in settling disputes among children. Do not favor your own child's story entirely, for though he may never have told an untruth there is always the possibility of a sliding from grace. Sometimes it is very difficult to get a correct account from excited children. If the quarrel is over a doll or a train of cars and you cannot discover who is in the right, take away the toy, remarking quietly that if they can't play nicely with it they will have to do without it.

I do not think that there is a better opportunity than in play to teach lessons in honesty; play is so vital a part of child life and the child takes his play so seriously. In teaching a child to be honest in word and action the parents first must be honest in all their dealings with the child. Never make a promise that you cannot keep, or that you do not intend to keep. For the same reason never threaten—

"Son, if you do that again, I'll spank you," for if he does it again you will have to spank him or in a short time he will come to laugh at your authority.

Do not confuse the workings of an imaginative brain as evidence of untruthfulness, but enter into the spirit of the "make-believe." In the case of the little tot who says, "Mamma, I went out in the garden and I saw some Indians," enter into the spirit of the play and say, "Just make-believe Indians, dear, you mean?"

My little two-year-old daughter quite startled me one day by insisting she saw lions and tigers and great big elephants out in the yard. She was kneeling on a chair looking out, so I came at once to the window, not expecting to see a zoo in the yard, but wondering what there was to make her imagine such things. There was nothing at all in sight but grass and flowers, so after thinking it over for a second I said in reply, "Oh, yes, I see some monkeys, too—just make-believe, like yours." She looked up at me and laughed delightedly, and at once we were entered upon a new game.

Cheerful obedience is another lesson to be learned from play. A child should not cry or fuss when mother says, "Time to put up your toys," or "Come to me, dear, I want to dress you." The average parents demand obedience, but usually exercise their authority only at such times as disobedience means inconvenience to the parents themselves. It is the teaching of constant obedience which requires the greatest patience and tact in all child-training. You cannot let your vigilance flag for one moment, nor can you allow an offense to pass unnoticed.

This brings up the question of punishment. I have said that children are naturally sociable. An effective form of punishment for most offenses, therefore, is isolation from the rest of the family, and no reinstating to favor until pardon has been asked and given. Make your punishment fit the offense. Children are so active that to make them sit still on a chair alone is a sufficient punishment for rudeness, whining and the like. The child who persists in touching things which are not his to touch can be punished by having his hands tied behind his back. I used this form of punishment or "cure" successfully in breaking the nail-biting habit also.

Perhaps it is selfish to judge my comfort and comparative peace by the awful situation of others, but, after all, contrast is our only means of thankfulness. It seems we need hell to judge heaven by. The mission of sin is doubtless to make virtue shine.

I am grateful for many things, among them for the faculty of perceiving beautiful suggestions in the midst of what we can call poor cir-

Home Talks

I believe the very best gift God sends us women, to help us work out any problem, is the domestic sense; the delight in kitchens and closets and bureau drawers and cellar shelves and hens' nests and other things too numerous to mention. I actually like to scratch around for my means of living. I like to skirmish around and find little bits of wood and kindling in unexpected places, and to see how long I can make the coal last and still keep comfortable. Not that I have the slightest sympathy with that sort of saving which contemplates half freezing to death, or eating poor, tasteless meals, or pretending that your fall suit is warm enough when it isn't.

I'd rather eat in the kitchen, and sleep there, too; dig up my mother's old blanket shawl and wear it over my coat and feed the children out of a skillet on the stove hearth, than to keep up appearances and suffer discomfort.

When I was a girl I have seen my Aunt Lucy, whose bed was in the kitchen, sit and read Shakespeare and Burns and Byron, Harper's Magazine and Godey's Ladies' Book, with her feet in the oven while the canary trilled in the south window. Mother knitted on her counterpane, which I now use on one of my antique beds, and we children played "house" with the Windsor chairs and the drop-leaf table on January days long ago.

Then toward evening my aunt would take a shovel of glowing coals from the stove, and transfer them to the Franklin stove in the sitting room, lay some big sticks of wood on—and soon a general blaze would illumine mother's bed in the corner, with the trundle bed under it, the black-walnut bookcase, the cane-seated chairs, the walnut center table with its red cover, its fine coal-oil lamp on a green "moss mat"—we used candles in the kitchen—and the pictures of "Flora" and "Susan" in their walnut frames on the wall.

Delighted with this change, we children would run in to play in the firelight, while mother and aunt spread the drop-leaf table and got supper, preparatory to uncle's coming, which was heralded by fierce stamping of snow on the doorsteps and by the yelps of delight with which we children greeted the return of our only "natural protector." Father had been gone several years by this time.

I dearly love those keen little eyeline barks that children give when they are glad to see a man. It is such a tribute to the man. It really is fine to do anything that produces a joyous yip from a child.

The homes where women are doing their own work and raising self-respecting families are, to my mind, the real cradles of liberty. It is this realization that constantly brings back to me the domestic sense. The contrast between my home and those poor, devastated homes in Europe has also recently shamed some feelings of discontent, some bitterness I have felt over failure to achieve much I had hoped to achieve along materialistic lines.

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