

Deborah. The devotion you have aroused in the child's heart can only be accounted for by the shameful way in which you have bribed her with presents and attentions. She has gone to sleep with that new doll in her arms and tears on her face. You have quite eclipsed me in her affections." So David's expression of his hopeless passion was averted.

He told himself that he was glad of it the next morning when he marched away, with his knapsack on his back, and a lump in his throat. He had not even told Miss Laing when he bade her good-bye that he hoped to meet her again.

"But I will; I should have been a mean hound to say anything to her now, but I'll come back some day unless—unless—Dayrell wins her," he said, aloud.

Then he turned in the drive to see if he could catch one last glimpse of his love. She was walking slowly down the lawn with Dayrell at her side carrying her easel. She was too busily engaged in conversation to notice that he had turned to wave his hand, but from the topmost attic of the house a little white handkerchief fluttered. Deborah was standing at the open window to catch a farewell view of her friend. Apparently he was not going to turn back and see her, but yes! he was looking now and was taking off his hat to her as if she were grown up, like Miss Laing, and the joy of that thought kept back her tears until he was fairly out of sight. Then with a smothered sob Deborah caught up her doll in her arms and made her way to the dell, but she was seized with a feeling of desolation

and loneliness that was new to her. The fir-cones lay by her side and she swayed the doll to and fro on her lap. She could find no solace in her game of visitors. What fir-cone could fitly represent her departed friend?

"I shan't play it any more. I think I'll bury them," she said. She often talked aloud in her solitary games, so, one by one, the fir-cones were laid to rest under the moss, and a little bit of stick was stuck by each to mark its resting place. After all this new game was very exciting, and she would come every day and put flowers on the graves of her departed playmates.

"And I shall always keep you, my pretty," she said, lifting up her doll with a tender hug, "and I shall call you Miss Laing."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

MATILDA.—Your nose gets red because you drink tea and other indigestible drinks. The offensive breath is also a common symptom of indigestion, especially when tea-drinking is the cause. Give up all indigestible food and attend carefully to your digestion. You will find further information on this subject in the Answers to Correspondents for the last three months. Never take any drugs if you can help it. You would be surprised at the large number of people, especially girls, who ruin their digestions by taking useless and what they think are harmless medicines! What do you want "cooling medicines" for? For offensive breath? for indigestion? or for a red nose? And what do you mean by "cooling medicines"? We have never yet met with such things, though we hear plentifully about them.

SILMA.—It is an almost proverbial fact that the hair falls out during times of great worry and anxiety. After severe illnesses the hair very frequently falls, but we believe that in these cases the hair invariably returns. Premature greyness is very near akin to hair falling, and for all practical purposes it may be considered as part of the same condition. You should use a stimulating lotion containing rosemary or jaborandi. Do not use a hair-dye if you can help it. See what can be done by other means first.

AN EIGHT YEARS' READER.—Excessive expectoration is undoubtedly a symptom met with in consumption; but it is also a symptom of every disease of the lung, and of nearly every affection of the throat. You say that you have this excessive expectoration and shortness of breath, and you ask us whether these symptoms are due to consumption, and if it would be advisable to have your chest examined. It is possible that you have got phthisis. The other information that you give us, especially the point about your taking your food well, is against it. Yes, it is decidedly necessary to have your chest examined; for if you have got consumption it will be in an early stage, and the cure of this malady can only be accomplished during the earlier stages. If, as is probable, you have not got consumption, it will be an immense relief to you to hear this for certain.

THE GIRL CYCLIST.—1. "Can you tell me the cause of one's face becoming red and burning after tea? I cannot think what it can be." Surely, you cannot have thought very deeply! Did it never strike you that the tea was the cause? Such is the case, and if you object to have a red and burning face you must give up red tea. What do you mean by cycling "a lot"? There is no objection to any girl cycling in moderation, but it is very harmful to over-fatigue yourself.

A. F. B.—We really cannot go on answering questions about "red noses" *ad infinitum*. Read the answer to "Matilda," and to the very many others who have asked this question before.

HOLLY.—To cure boils. If they have come to "a head," apply boracic fomentations. These may be made by forcing a piece of flannel four times and wringing it out in very hot solution of boracic acid (1 in 40), cover with oil-silk and wadding, and renew frequently. When the boil has burst, dust it thickly with powdered boracic acid. For "blind boils" boracic ointment may be applied. If boils are thoroughly treated in this way they will not return. No internal treatment is necessary, nor indeed is it of any value in ordinary cases.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

SPECULATION.—A correspondent, "Rosa," suggests that the poem of which you are in search with the line

"I dreamt I was an omnibus"

may be taken from "Sylvie and Bruno," by the late Lewis Carroll.

ROSA.—Many thanks for the letter quoted above. We think the discovery of the coin most interesting, and recommend your father to send an exact sketch and description, if not the coin itself, to the authorities of the British Museum, who would no doubt at once give him the information he needs. There are many wonderful Roman remains in your town, and the very address your letter bears is significant of antiquity.

WINNIE.—1. Your quotation,

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"

is from a poem by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1830), entitled "Isle of Beauty." The couplet runs:—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"

The same author, now little known, wrote the words of several songs once familiar, e.g., "I'd be a butterfly born in a bowler," "Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar," "She wore a wreath of roses,"—2. Your writing is clear, legible, and neat; but in our opinion it is spoiled by the downward sweep of the tail of your final letters, which always has a feeble appearance.

RUBY.—1. It is a very odd coincidence that you also should ask for the same quotation—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"

Read our answer to "Winnie."—2. The couplet

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together"

is from a poem, "The Passionate Pilgrim," by Shakespeare.

DORREN.—We can never undertake to answer a question "in the next issue of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," because we go to press long before you receive your magazine. Your extract—

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing"—

is from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn": Third Evening; Theologian's Second Tale, Elizabeth, Part iv.

JOY.—The sketch you enclose is very good, and shows that you have talent. We cannot of course tell how far it is like the original; but we think you ought to have good teaching.

LINA.—1. We have noticed your letter below. Your writing is very legible, but we cannot tell you that it is good. It is too cramped, stiff, and small, and has no flow or freedom about it; it looks as though you scratched, rather than wrote, with the edge of your pen.—2. The idea in calling our magazine THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is that it belongs to each individual girl, which idea is emphasized by the use of the word *own*.

FLORENCE A. JEFFERY (New York).—We are glad your father thinks our magazine is "like a breath of the air of England." To what Scholarship Examination do you refer? We would gladly give you any information within our power. We insert your request under "International Correspondence."

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

GERMAN CLARA writes from Hamburg to suggest to ROSBUD that "The Doctor's Fee" is a story by Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, and is contained in vol. vi of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; the full title being "The Dutch Orphans; or, The Doctor's Fee." MISS MAY CONNELL, Danby Wiske Rectory, North-Allerton, kindly writes: "In answer to LENA's query, I beg to say that 'How Five (not three) Bachelors Kept House' is in *Readings for Winter Gatherings, Temperance and Mothers' Meetings*, etc., Second Series, published by the Religious Tract Society, price one shilling."

ETHEL RIMMER inquires if the poem by Christina Rossetti, beginning—

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me"

has been set to music, and if so, by whom. She asks the same question respecting another poem, the first lines of which are—

"Once when the sun in slowly dying splendour
Sank, sending crimson smiles across the sea."

Can any one respond to these inquiries, saying also whether the songs are for soprano or alto?

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have six offers of correspondence with LYS DE FRANCE—from (in each case Miss) Janet A. Caldwell, Hill House, Loughborough, Leicestershire (aged 16); Edith C. Powell, 11, Medomsley Road, Consett, Durham; Bertha Millbanke, Shoeburyness, Essex; Anna B. George, Sydney House, St. John's, Worcester (aged 16); Elsie N. Stevenson, Roskill, Kilmarnock, N.B. (aged 15); Bessie Bagshaw, 15, Queen's Road, Alexandra Park, Olham. Doubtless LYS DE FRANCE will feel a little perplexed among all these candidates, and we should advise her to try the first on the list. Perhaps some other French girls will select correspondents from the remainder.

WHITE HEATHER had better ask her pupil, Willie Taplin, to write immediately to one of the French boys whose request we lately inserted. The address formerly given is sufficient—Lycée, Rochefort, Charente-Inférieure, France.

HELEN PURVIS, aged 15, would like to correspond with a French girl about the same age. The address is Beningbrough, Brampton, Huntingdon.

MISS PEARSON, Rathfrick, Donegal, Ireland, would like a French or a German lady of from 20 to 30 years of age, as correspondent.

We have a pleasant letter from LINA telling us of the French and German correspondents gained by her and her two elder sisters through the medium of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. She says: "Allow me to thank you very much for the good that the International Correspondence is doing to my knowledge of French."

FLORENCE A. JEFFERY, 848, Columbus Avenue, New York City, U.S.A., would like an English girl correspondent of about her own age (18). She says that her letters would be full of the war in which the Americans are engaged. But as this announcement cannot appear till some weeks after we are writing it, let us hope that the war will be at an end before our amateur War Correspondent receives a reply. We think the idea of English and American intercurrence is an excellent one.