

scheme of colour. If your material is a reddish brown, then you might work the design in tones of yellow and grey; if green, in tones of warm light brown or reds. Keep the main stems running at the back of the design in more neutral colours so that they do not obtrude themselves and interfere with the leaves, or else in a distinct colour. Thus, if you are working on a light material, then the stems should be darker than the leaves, say a quiet brown with leaves in reds and yellows; or you might, for the sake of getting further relief, work the stems in crows and the leaves in flax. There are many little variations of this kind that may be introduced with considerable effect which you must think out for yourself.

Always keep nature before you, and to emphasise this remark I have drawn a sprig of Portugal laurel with its berry, as in making the design I had the growth of this plant before me to keep me up to the mark. Nature keeps our work virile and free from the mechanical, and you cannot refer to her too often. To get the swing and nervous quirk into

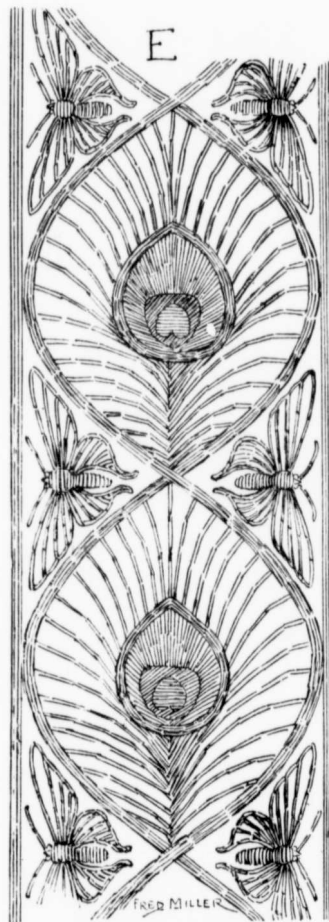
one's work can only come of a study of nature.

As a border to our curtain I have drawn Fig. E, one founded upon a peacock feather, while the spaces to the right and left are occupied by conventional representations of moths. As you will see I have avoided plant form altogether in this border, as I wanted a contrast to the foliage filling. This plan of making one part of the design contrast with that next to it should always be followed. If you had a flower painting to frame you wouldn't choose a frame with representations of flowers upon it, which would interfere with your painting, but some plain or distinctly ornamental pattern to contrast with the picture and throw it into prominence. The same holds good with embroidery. Your borders should be like a frame to a picture.

In some subsequent articles will be given some quite new designs for borders.

The border E might be worked either in tones of raw sienna, Roman ochre and yellow, or in turquoise blues and greens.

FRED MILLER.



DESIGN FOR BORDER TO CURTAIN
OR HANGINGS.

SISTERS THREE.

By MRS. HENRY MANSENGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

DURING the next few days the girls could not help noticing a peculiar contradiction in their father's manner towards themselves. He was alternately demonstratively affectionate, and unreasonably irritable. He snubbed Norah's performance on the violin, scolded Lettice because she was wearing white dresses instead of her old blue serge, and called attention to flaws in the housekeeping in a manner which sent the iron into Hilary's soul. And then, when a chance meeting occurred on landing or stair, he would throw his arms round them and kiss them over and over again with passionate tenderness.

"Something is happening, but I haven't the remotest idea what it is," said Norah to her sisters, and it added to their curiosity to notice that Miss Carr was openly amused at their father's demeanour, while he was as evidently embarrassed by her quizzical smiles.

Mr. Bertrand had decided to say nothing of Miss Carr's invitation until that lady had made her final choice; but when the third day came he could restrain himself no longer, and taking the girls aside he proceeded to inform them of the new life which was before one of their number. The news was received in characteristic fashion. Hilary stood in silence, thinking deeply, with drawn, anxious brows; Lettice promptly burst into tears, and clung round her father's arm, and Norah blurted out a dozen contradictory speeches.

"How horrid of her! I won't go! I should hate to leave you all. It's very kind. . . . The best masters! It would be lovely, of course, but— Oh, dear, whom will she choose?"

"I couldn't leave home, father. Who would look after the house? It would be impossible for Lettice to do the housekeeping. Miss Carr knows me

best. I should love it if it were not for leaving home."

"I don't want to go! I don't want to leave you. Oh, father, father, I'd be so homesick! Don't let me go!"

Mr. Bertrand stroked Lettice's golden locks, and looked on the point of breaking down himself.

"Whichever of you Miss Carr chooses will have to go," he said slowly. "I have promised as much, and I think it will be for the best. I shall be in town every two or three months, and she will come home for Christmas and the summer holidays, so that it will not be a desperate matter. Don't cry, my pet; you are only one of three remember; it is by no means certain that Miss Carr would have you, even if you begged to go. Perhaps I should not have said anything about it, but it was on my mind, and I was bound to speak. London is a fascinating place. It is the centre of the world—it is the world; you will find many compensations."

"I shall see a great deal of Mr. Rayner. I'm sure he will choose me. It's only fair. I'm the eldest, and she knows me best," thought Hilary to herself.

"I should go to the Royal College of Music, learn from the best masters, and play at the concerts," thought Norah. "I wonder if it would stop Edna's lessons! I should feel mean if it did that, and I do enjoy going over every fortnight and having fun at the Manor!"

Lettice sobbed on her father's shoulder, and tried to smother the thought that it would be "nice" to know grand people, and drive in the park dressed in pretty, fashionable clothes.

Very little more was said on the subject. The girls were shy of revealing their secret thoughts, and Mr. Bertrand was already beginning to repent the confidence which had had the effect of damping their high spirits.

"We must get up an excursion of some kind to-morrow, or we shall all be in the blues," he said to himself, and when tea-time arrived he had all the plans cut and dried.

"A char-a-banc will be at the door at half-past ten to-morrow, good people. We will drive over to Grassmere and lunch at the Rothay. It is convenient for the churchyard and the gingerbread shop, and they have a good garden. We can lounge about in the afternoon, and get back here for a late dinner. There will be eight of us, and the char-a-banc holds twelve, so we shall have plenty of room."

"Oh, father, Rex and Edna! Do let us ask them! There is time to send a letter to-night, and we could pick them up at the cross-roads. Oh, father!"

"Oh, Norah! Certainly, my dear, ask your friends if you wish. I shall be pleased to have them," and Norah rushed off in delight to scribble her note of invitation.

When the char-a-banc came to the