

Tony.—1. Your little sister may possibly have some literary ability, but it does not appear in the story you enclose. The faults of composition are too many to note, and the subject is far too "grown up" for her to handle with any possible chance of success. It is not good for her either physically or mentally to spend her leisure in writing this sort of thing, and after lessons are over, amusement, or outdoor relaxation of some kind, whenever possible, should be encouraged. When her mind is formed and the rules of literary composition have been studied, it will be time enough for her to cultivate the taste you mention, should she possess it.—2. Your writing is distinctive in form, but rather too "detached" and blank, and we do not like the loops in nearly all your letters. Your composition is good, but you should not write your's for yours, and for and.

DARKEITH.—We think you also had better apply to Messrs. Hachette & Co. or Hatchard's (see above). *Undine*, by De la Motte Fouqué, is a lovely German romance every girl should read, and we have heard *Le Récit d'une Sonnet*, by Madame A. Craven, highly praised, but we find it difficult to recommend French stories for girls lest the religious allusions should present an objection.

AN ADMIRER OF RUSKIN.—We are not able to give you exact information about the Guild of St. George, but we should advise you to write to Mr. George Allen, Orpington, Kent, or to Mr. R. E. Butler, late Secretary of the Ruskin Society, London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C., who may possibly help you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOROTHY.—The "Three Kings," is a name very commonly given on the Continent to hotels, and would appear to have reference to the three Magi, generally named Jaspas, Melchior and Balthazar; and also known, through tradition, by three other sets of names. They are also called the "Three Kings of Cologne," because the Empress Helena is said to have brought their bodies from the East to Constantinople, whence they were removed to Milan; and in 1104 the Emperor Frederick presented them to the Archbishop of Cologne, where, according to Cressy, "they are to this day celebrated with great veneration." Of course we could not endorse these statements as facts, at least so far as the identity of the remains so transferred; whose they were we cannot tell.

BETTINA.—As you wish to have a few hints about letters-writing we give a few rules. Excepting to members of your own immediate family never abbreviate your words, i.e., for example, do not write "don't," "wouldn't," "can't," "Yrs," "Dr" (for dear), "yours etcetera," and so forth; write the words in full, although clipping them is permissible in speaking. Above all do not write slang words and phrases. We read a short letter recently in which the words "awful" and "awfully" were used, and misapplied, six times! A hurricane, an earthquake, a massacre, a great affliction, a crime—all these and other terrible events and facts may be fitly described by such an expression. We have not space for any further rules.

ANNETTE.—It is a great mistake to interfere with a disposition to take a nap in the daytime, when delicate or elderly people are concerned, or those who are intellectually much employed. If bad sleepers at night, encourage their taking such refreshment when possible to obtain it, if only for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Keeping the tired brain awake the whole day will certainly not ensure sleep at night. On the contrary. The feverish irritation of the nerves when the day's wear and tear is over will only be intensified by over-fatigue and effectually prevent sleep at night.

MARY H.—The following is the best known version. It is said that the first verse was written by Longfellow.

JEMIMA.

There was a little girl who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good, she was very, very good;
But when she was bad she was horrid.

She stood on her head on her little truckle-bed,
With nobody by for to hinder;
She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and
she howled.

And drummed her little heels against the winder.
Her mother heard the noise, and thought it was
the boys
Playing in the empty attic;
She rushed upstairs, and caught her unawares,
And spanked her most emphatic.

"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT."



The above is an illustration to our NEW STORY SUPPLEMENT, just published, entitled "*Quatrefoil*": A Tale of Four Girls of Four Countries, by Elsa D'Esterre Keeling. The picture shows the English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish Girls in their sanctum in London, and sufficiently suggests their respective professions. For the story itself, see "THE GIRL'S OWN SUPPLEMENT," now ready, price threepence.

The first Supplement, by Sarah Doudney, entitled "*A Cluster of Roses*," has been so much liked that we had to reprint it. Only a few copies, however, remain.