

sent you, to the sisters of ever so many fellows I know. Of course, he lays it on a little stronger to some, that is the only difference. He expects to be refused. But we bettered expectation, and did it up in fine style, didn't we?"

"So he wrote to other girls?" says Rosamond, disregarding the latter part of her brother's speech. This piece of news has acted like a wonderful sedative upon her. "Before he wrote to me? Dick," vigorously, "he deserved everything—and more."

"And more," echoes Dick, "it served him right."

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

A feeble stammerer, feeling his defect
In all that makes words beautiful, at sight
Of one loved face, forgetting Nature's blight
In pride of heart lifts head and form erect,—
Shewing by voice and gesture,—praise direct
And laud implied—his benefactor's right.
His weakness banished by Love's boundless might,
In one brief hour he proves a life's respect.

So I, O Master, feeble-tongued and weak,
By Nature planned for no great deed, may bring
My untuned words, that so thy praise may sound
The louder for one note.—Though it be drowned
In grander strains I care not, so I speak
Thy honour,—vassal-service to a King.

II.

A Poet; ay, the Poet, for thy place
Second to none may be in whom did Art
Find her full voice, display her truest part.
Philosopher, who sawst great Wisdom's face
Clear thro' thy searching,—as her steps we trace
Through thee even Life is understood. We start
Seeking for God and find a man whose heart
Mirrors the Father's tenderness and grace.

Man who hast raised Humanity, no more
Liv'st thou to bless us? Is thy human day
Past and forgotten where no earthly knees
Bow to the one great Power Celestial? Nay:
Man, Poet and Philosopher, all these
Thou still must be on that Eternal Shore.

SOPHIE M ALMON.

CAN WE INCREASE SPEED IN STEAMERS?

The possibilities of obtaining an increasing speed with steamships seem, at first sight, as limitless as the ocean on which they float; but, like all else, they must end somewhere. At one time it was supposed that there must be a limit in size, beyond which materials did not exist of sufficient strength to enable steamers to be built. But wood was superseded by iron and iron in its turn by steel, and there yet remain the possibilities of manganese, bronze, and aluminium. Then it was supposed that, as engines got bigger, the momentum of the huge moving masses of their cranks and rods would shake the ships to pieces; but practical engineers laughed at this, paid a little more attention to the design and balance of their engines, and, as they increased in size, divided their power and adopted twin screws.

Then came the alarm that no ships could carry the enormous quantity of coal necessary to keep up their speed for the run across to America; but, again, the engineers were equal to the occasion, and engines were first compounded, then tripled, and finally several quadruple expansion engines have been built, while every nerve is strained to attain economy of fuel in other directions.

Competition waxed fierce and strong and ship owners became anxious lest the demand for speed should render their boats unremunerative through the great reduction in the cargo space caused by the enormous bunkers. But the race has gone on, and the passenger traffic across the Atlantic is assuming such enormous proportions that it is becoming a question whether it will not soon be possible to build and run boats for passengers only across the Atlantic, as is now done across the Straits of Dover, and yet make them pay.

Next came a cry that ships were getting too large to enter the docks, but new and deeper docks were speedily built and the entrances of others widened; till now, at last, it seems as if the end would only come in view when ships get too big to handle or the power of driving them attains such vast proportions as to make it impossible to build a ship large enough to carry the necessary fuel; and who can say how near or how far off this time may be?

The power necessary to drive a ship increases as the square of the speed, and it would seem that at this rate a limit must soon be reached. But against these fearful odds engineers and naval architects work on undaunted, ever finding in the boundless resources of science ways and means to overcome each fresh difficulty, and ship after ship sails forth to breast the Atlantic billows, to bear proud witness to the indomitable perseverance that gave her birth and the pluck and daring that drives her across the stormy seas.—*J. R. Werner, in the Contemporary Review.*



Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

In mixing mustard for table use never add vinegar, which destroys its life and flavour. Boil water for moistening it, and let the water become blood-warm.

TONGUE TOAST.—Grate finely the remains of a tongue and mix it with the yolk of an egg or a spoonful of cream, finely chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Make it very hot (but not boiling) and pour it on to fingers of well buttered hot toast, sprinkle thickly with fine bread crumbs and let it brown before the fire.

The excellent washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of powder to about ten gallons of boiling water. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Those who try this will be pleased with the result. It is also nice to wash blankets or woollen goods in this manner.

Artists frequently use the Holland linen used for ordinary blinds for studies and paintings, thus securing a neutral tint for the background without any effort. Both water and oil colours can be applied to the material, and for studies it is admirable, neither breaking nor tearing like paper. The linen is said to be finished with a composition that takes oil colours nicely, provided they are not used too freely as it does not spread, but they cannot be removed as safely as from canvas. An unfortunate dash of colour may be modified, but not obliterated. Flowers look especially well on such backgrounds.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

There is no household work that a girl should deem it beneath her position to know how to do. Things may be done in a right or a wrong way, and it is only by learning how they ought to be done that a woman can teach others. Whether her destiny lies in the old east or in the new west, her knowledge of home matters will be the greatest of blessings to herself and to others. Every day a young lady should do a little bit of household work thoroughly, so as to be a pattern of perfection to the servants, who are only too ready to be satisfied with half-done work or "that'll do."

One of the most striking characteristics of almost every expedition to Africa has been the native females who persisted in joining and sharing the toils and hardships of the explorers. The recent expedition of Stanley proved no exception in this respect. A large number of the people brought by him from Central Africa are women and children—the families of the Egyptian soldiers who abandoned the Upper Nile with Emin. Colonel Gallieni had the same experience in Senegal. For a time he attempted to prohibit women from following his columns, thinking that they would only retard the rapid march which he desired to make against Marabout Lamine; but they ultimately succeeded in joining his columns, and proved rather a help than a hindrance. They relieved the black soldiers of distasteful culinary details and other work of the camp—taking charge of the rations and preparing the meals—and when on the march they lightened the burdens of their husbands by carrying a good share of the baggage, thus enabling the soldiers to make longer marches. These women rapidly adapted themselves to military discipline. Capella and Ivens, the Portuguese explorers, relate similar experience. They even regularly enlisted women as well as men, and found them most useful; for they carried loads as heavy as those of the men, besides doing all the cooking. Other explorers give similar testimony.

A history of Warwickshire has lately been published by Mr. Timmins, a well-known Birmingham antiquarian. Speaking of the legend of Godiva, he says it sadly needs the facts of history as a basis, and Mr. Bloxham shows that Leofric was a powerful noble of the time of Edward the Confessor, and that he died A.D. 1057; that Godiva (or Godgiva) survived him many years, and that she appears as one of the great land-owners in Warwickshire in the Domesday Book (A.D. 1086); that the population of Coventry at that date was about three hundred and fifty; that the houses were of a single story, with a door and no windows—mere wooden hovels (as the Bayeux tapestry shows); and that the *Saxon Chronicle, sub anno 1057*, records the death of Leofric the Earl on the second of the Kalends of October (September 30). He was very wise for God, also for the world, which was a blessing to all this nation. He lies at Coventry. Mr. Bloxham also cited William of Coventry and Florence of Worcester, who praise Leofric and Godiva, but make no mention of the legend. Roger de Wendover, *tempore John*, is the first to mention the legend, at least a century and a half after its occurrence—and his authority is not great, as he tells many strange stories and legends. After all his researches, Mr. Bloxham believed that the story of the Peeping Tom incident did not appear till the latter part of the reign of Charles II., if, indeed, so early, for in the reign of Charles I. (1636) a party of excursionists visited the city of Coventry, and one of them wrote an account of what they saw, and alluded to the former part of the legend but not the latter (relating to Peeping Tom), and he then adds

that the wooden image long shown at the corner of Hereford street as representing Peeping Tom, and on the supposed site of his house, is that of an armed man, probably an image of St. George, and taken, as I think, from one of the churches in the city. It is of no greater antiquity than the reign of Henry VII., as is evinced from the broad-toed collerets in which the feet are encased. But if Godiva lives as a legendary fraud, Warwickshire has to boast that Shakespeare was her most distinguished son; that Sir William Dugdale, the great antiquarian, was another; that Richard Burbage, the Roscius of the Elizabethan age, is recorded, with Robert Greene, as amongst the townsmen of Stratford. It must be remembered that David Cox was born in Birmingham, near which he spent the last years of his life, and was buried at Harborne, close by. Among the pleasant recollections of authors connected with Warwickshire, Joseph Addison deserves special mention. It is true he was not born in the county, but for several years he made it his home. Samuel Cave, the familiar friend of Dr. Johnson, was a Warwickshire man. Then, no one can forget that George Eliot (Mary Anne Evans) was born at Griff House, near Nuneaton, on November 22, 1819.

A very pretty and effective entertainment came within my experience a short time ago. It was what was called a six-o'clock tea for young ladies, the guests numbering about seventy-five. After the supper was served, the hostess brought in on a large silver tray what appeared to be a heap of the freshest of lettuce leaves, crinkled and tender-looking; at the stem of each was a slip of white paper, on which was written familiar quotations from standard authors. The attention of the company, who had risen from their seats and were engaged in social converse, was attracted by the call of a bell, when the hostess announced that she would further serve her guests by giving them a "literary salad," each was to take a leaf and guess the author of the quotation; should she guess rightly, she was to keep the leaf and wear it in her corsage; if she could not guess, it must be returned to the platter, and she might have the privilege of trying again and as many times as she liked. Those who guessed correctly could also repeat the trial; one or two succeeded in securing a large corsage bouquet of the leaves, while some obtained none at all. Card-tables and cards were provided in the meantime for those not interested in the literary effort. To make the leaves for the literary salad, get some tissue paper of a light green shade, as near the colour of tender lettuce leaves as possible; cut in shape like the leaf, leaving a little strip at the bottom for pasting on the quotation, notch the edges and then fold over lengthwise through the middle, slip over a hair-pin on this fold and press closely together in the rounding part of the pin, then take off, and if it is rightly done the centre of the leaf will be beautifully crinkled; write your quotation on a white slip of paper, number it and paste on the little strip of tissue paper left below the leaf. Have a book with a corresponding number in it with author's name, that you may be able to tell when the quotations are rightly guessed.

The very latest fad, according to the *Boston Advertiser*, which has travelled about the country in the wake of the celebrated English Egyptologist, has struck Boston with full force. This is the adoption by ladies of fashion of Egyptian costumes at their afternoon teas. These costumes, which in many cases are said to be very "fetching," are modelled after the manner of the times of the Pharaohs. One of them, worn by a beautiful brunette, is described as of soft brown silk, with long, flowing sleeves, and yoke embroidered in silver. The petticoat is of striped Syrian silk in rose colour and silver, with a wide sash of the same colours. The slashings of the outer gown show lining of Egyptian red. Over the shoulders hangs a brown gauze veil, embroidered in silver. Slippers in rose velvet, embroidered in silver and seed pearls.

THE LAST OF THE POETICAL DRAMATISTS.

With Dr. Westland Marston, whose death at the age of seventy-one has occasioned sincere regret, passes away an interesting figure in the world of literature. The poet devoted his talents at an early period of his career to the stage, and for many years continued to be one of the most prominent English dramatists. But he also shone in other capacities. He was a prolific contributor to literary journals; he was an acute and discerning critic; he wrote several highly popular lyrics, "The Death Ride to Balaclava" being perhaps the best known—and he also tried his hand with success at fiction. It is nevertheless as a dramatist that Dr. Marston earned his claim to permanent renown. What is more, he is perhaps legitimately entitled to be classed as the last of the poetical playwrights. In saying this we by no means affect ignorance of the merits of Mr. W. G. Willis, who has done excellent work in the same domain. It may be questioned, however, whether anything so lofty in aim and dignified in execution as *The Patrician's Daughter* and *Strathmore* has been produced by dramatic authors of a more modern date than Dr. Marston. The latter had the good fortune to win his spurs at a time when there was still a strong taste for blank verse and what may be called the romantic drama in classical form. When Dr. Westland Marston began to write for the stage its traditions, so worthily maintained by Sheridan Knowles, had still their hold on the public. A man might still write a five-act tragedy, and hope not only to see it produced on the stage, but to find it received with favour. The poet who does so now is a fit object of compassion for his friends.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*