

places. She was glad when she reached the stretch of smooth sand, yellow under foot, but darkening further out where it lay wet from the out-gone tide.

"I hope the sea will come back before I go home," Génie thought to herself. "Ah, there is Battiste."

In the distance she saw the bent figure of the little old fisherman stooping as he went slowly along with a long stick marking the little heaps of sand which betrayed the presence of the sand-eels.

Génie went in pursuit of him; a wild, soft wind met her, blowing back the soft strands of her yellow hair and leaving the fresh taste of the salt sea on her lips.

"Battiste! Maitre Battiste!" she

exclaimed as she came up to him. "Have you any sand-eels to sell to-day? The lady at Maison Féraudy likes them."

"It is a good day," said the old man. "By another hour I shall have a pretty dishful for you, mademoiselle. What do you say, fifty centimes?"

"Yes," said Génie, "fifty centimes, but I cannot wait here for my dish, Maitre Battiste. I am going to walk along the shore and round that point of rock."

"That is called St. Anne's Bay, mademoiselle, round that point. If you go there you will see the little breakwater to which my grandson Pierre fastens his boat; it will be high and dry, for the tide is only now on the turn.

Will you, mademoiselle, if you see Pierre anywhere about give him a word from me?"

"Willingly," said Génie, "if he is there; but will he be there?"

"Who knows?" said the old man. "He talked of catching crabs for the *pasteur's* wife up at Foinville. She is potting crabs to take back to Paris, it seems, but he may be out at sea, my pretty demoiselle. If he is there, tell him that there is a job to be had at Féraudy's to-morrow."

"And if he is not there, Père Battiste?"

"Then he is not there, *va*," said the old man crossly, and Génie laughing and singing, went on her way.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN COMPETITION ESSAYS: "MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

I AM an invalid; and because I cannot get out as strong people do; I have gradually gathered together, a number of pretty and curious things. The room I like best is my parlor and here, I sit, working, or reading. I love to do needle work and some of my friends send me fancy work, with materials to finish, and I paint in oils, so that my room is much more furnished than many Indian rooms.

Let me begin with the overmantel, which is of polished bamboo, five feet high, and six feet wide, containing shelves and nooks, for china. On this, stand two lovely dessert dishes of Royal Worcester ware, hand painted, nearly a century old. They were given me by a native Mahomedan gentleman, whose property they were. Just above them is a wooden figure over a foot high, from Burmah, carved from a single piece of wood, and representing a good genius, such as is seen over the temple doors, in Rangoon. There are then some Majolica jugs, a bronze urn, a sandal wood figure of Budha, cups, and vases, and a curious candle stick upheld by storks, of Spanish make, and a parian marble figure of a girl weeping over her dead dove, crowns all. On the mantel piece itself, stands first, an ebony elephant from Ceylon, and an agate model of a cannon, from Gibraltar, a lovely bronze inkstand, some fossil stones, and a piece of flexible sandstone which can be bent and shaken with perfect ease. A lovely rose colored glass jug and a marble statuette of Morning, a canary colored teapot, and some vases, complete the mantle shelf, beneath which glows a wood fire this cold morning. The shelf itself is covered with an Indian red drapery embroidered all over, with yellow silk. In the first corner next the fire place, is a carved wood Koran stand from the Hymalaya mountains, next an arched doorway, then a whatnot holding china bowls—jars—vases, with wild grasses from the hills, and a basket made in Malacca. Next, is an old blue, Pekin china jar over two feet high, and one hundred years old. There is a draped door leading to inner rooms, and then a splendid inlaid davenport with all sorts of shelves and drawers and niches, with little sliding doors carved like lace. This is also old, and contains thousands of pieces of wood of different shapes and colors, and comes from Japan. On the top is a broad flat shelf and on this is a beautiful set of carved ivory chess men red and white with soldiers for pawns and castles on elephants. The kings and queens are four

inches tall and represent long dead sovereigns of China. There is also a curious joint of bamboo, carved to represent a grove of trees, with people walking about. It is beautifully polished and very handsome. On a table near, stands a large frame three feet high carved from a single block of wood, containing over forty figures of people and animals and birds. It was made in Burmah and cost forty shillings. Next this is a tall three fold screen. One panel is a great branch of scarlet rhododendron, the next is a large sun flower plant, with blossoms and buds, and leaves, and the third is scarlet poinsettia. The panels were painted after I had met with a severe carriage accident and had broken my right arm, in three places, and I did all the work of drawing and painting with my left hand. I can now use both hands in painting if I wish. Then there is the upright piano, against which stands a carved Turkish table holding a cut glass vase, and some cashmere papier mache ware, a gold and silver box from North India, some pretty wrought silver dishes and two china plates. Next comes a lovely inlaid cabinet like the davenport, from Japan, and this holds treasures from China, Japan, France, Italy, Burmah Persia and Jerusalem, in the shape of cups, bowls, jars, boxes—also some very curious groups in soapstone, of hermits and animals all carved by Burmese people. In the corner stands a cane table from Singapore, with a marble top holding a tall carved screen with many places for photos, and a tete a tete tea set, in blue china. Coming along the side of the wall beyond the long French window that open on a long verandah, is a bamboo table in three tiers on which stands a wooden ox cart from Ceylon; and a porcupine quill box made by the Singhalese, then in the centre of the wall stands an American organ, over which is a pretty bracket of coloured enamel, holding more china and a pair of fairy native shoes embroidered with pearls and gold. Beyond the organ stands an old spinning wheel, the treadle of which is nearly worn away with long use. It is very old, and over ninety years ago—it turned and span and murmured its low song of peace and thrift beside the open fire place of an American farm house, while without on winter nights, the storm howled and wolves ventured forth in quest of food, while belated travelers toiling up the mountain side noted the light from the small uncurtained windows, and knew that rest and refreshment were near. The daughter of the original owner, gave it to me, and told me about it. Next comes a double whatnot holding carved whitewood elephants, a Chinese

work box full of carved ivory implements, an ebony casket full of curious sea shells from the Isle of France, then a Chinese pillow of varnished leather six inches high and thick and a foot long, and which is placed when in use, under the neck of the sleeper, so as not to disarrange the beautifully arranged hair which is only made up once a week, and is made stiff with quince seed gum, so that it will keep the much admired tea pot handle shape in vogue among Chinese women. There are some quaint plates of colored enamel on brass, of red and blue and green, a soapstone bowl for flowers, an inlaid marble plate from Agra, on the shelves, and above hang some old swords and knives an old matchlock and a Rhinoceros hide shield from Central Africa, then comes another arched doorway against one side of which hangs a Chinese tablet of wood painted red and bearing a sentence from Confucius in large gold letters. This is seven feet long, and ten inches wide. In the last corner against the fire place stands a case with some favourite books, and a tray of Delft ware. The floor is covered with matting and a square of carpet in shades of sage green and cream. In the centre of the room is a low carved screen and standing near it is a Burmese begging bowl and stand such as the priests carry when collecting their daily food. There is a little table prettily painted in red and white in an oriental design, holding an old Chinese chess board. A smoked bamboo stool holds an album of views. Various easy chairs, and my rocking chair fill up the room. Lace curtains fall over the windows. The walls are tinted a pretty soft Eau de Nil, green, with a terra cotta stencilled design along the cornice and over the doors, while the dado is of the darkest red. The pictures are too many to describe in full, but principal among them are two, one showing a Russian chateau with giant oak trees in the fore ground towering over the lodge, in front of which stands the master of the estate, with a slain deer, on a sledge drawn by a stout horse. He has his rifle slung over his shoulder and has stopped for a drink. The ground is covered with snow and ice while through the trees come orange rays of the setting sun. The next, is a sunset scene in Egypt with a ruined tomb, water palm trees vines, aloes lotus leaves on the river, and through an opening in the trees comes an Arab with a camel bearing a tent and the wife and child of the traveller. There are many panels of flowers—roses, pansies lilies orchids holly hocks, etc and some quiet English, and Dutch landscapes of glen and

*. These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.