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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

### THE WORDLESS VOICE.

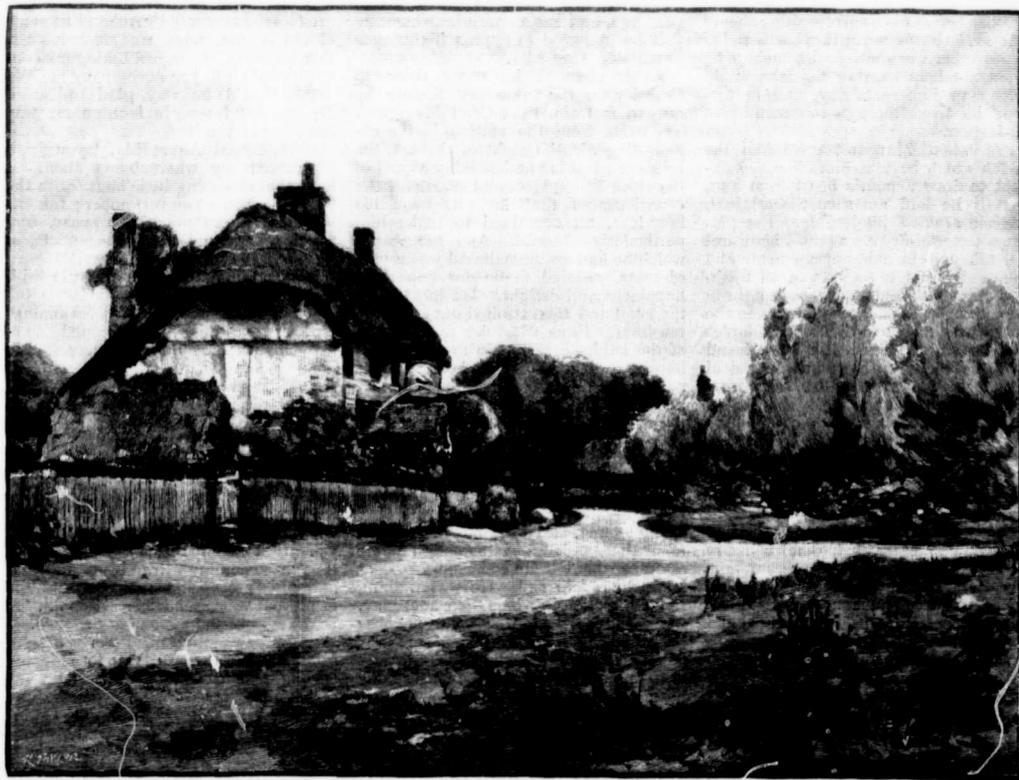
By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

WHEN daisies star the grass in spring,  
When summer roses blush so fair,  
When winds of autumn sigh and sing,  
Or winter's chill is in the air,

A sound there is—a wordless hum—  
Which stirs an echo in our souls,  
And seems to reckon up the sum  
Of Life's real meaning as it rolls—

“On go the seasons, on the years,  
No halt, no pause,” it seems to say,  
“For human wishes, human tears,  
In that swift march from day to day.

So fast that march with wool-shod feet,  
But as Time slips past young and old  
He flings his hours us to greet;  
Gather them up—they are of gold.”



SUMMER DAYS.

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## IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.



## CHAPTER XV.

THE picture which Margaret had given to Michael had the effect of breaking down the composure which absence and self-government had gained for him. His devotion to Beattie had never wavered from the moment

he had first seen her; indeed, it had grown steadily, and if his fancy somewhat idealised her, still, his nature was not one that would readily give up anything that had once grown into it. Even if Beattie should prove less worthy than he thought her that would make no difference; he loved her for herself, and if she should be somewhat different from what he conceived her to be, his ideal and not his love would alter. It seemed to him—although he could not contemplate such a prospect with equanimity—that even if Beattie should belong to another before his term of waiting should be over, he would never turn his thoughts to any other woman. And somehow he could not help trusting that she would belong to him some day, and in this hope he lived through the months of separation.

But when Margaret gave him the sketch which he told himself was sufficient to draw a man's heart from him, even if he had not seen the original, absence seemed intolerable. The picture was certainly very sweet. Margaret had taken it in a happy moment, and there was about it such an air of freshness and youth and charm, such light in the smiling eyes, such tenderness in the mouth, and such a suggestion of dimples in the rounded cheek, that Mike found it irresistible. He spent a great deal of time looking at it, and became restless and rather unhappy. Then came the talks with Margaret, and though he was not going to tell her the secret which he had not been allowed to tell to Beattie, yet he could not but see that she guessed it, and he suspected that she despised him for not going straight to the object of his affection in the way which Margaret—who had no belief in the prerogatives of parents or guardians—considered the only sensible method of proceeding. The mention of Beattie's projected visit to Crabsley further excited him with the memory of last year's happiness, and when finally Miss Raven informed him somewhat maliciously that from her experience of Mrs. Swannington she was quite sure she would fill the house with gentlemen visitors, he was rendered desperate.

He would go to Crabsley and ask leave again to speak to Beattie. If it were withheld, he should announce his intention of speaking to her without

leave. She had had a year in which to see other people, and she was certainly capable now of forming her own judgment. Although they could not be married till she was of age, without the consent of her guardians, yet there was no hurry about being married, and besides, if Beattie found she could care for him, what reason was there for withholding their consent? His position was different from what it had been when he first spoke, and he could not see why—though of course in his estimation no one was good enough for Beattie—Mrs. Swannington should despise for her the position which his mother occupied, and which would eventually be hers. Indeed, it was quite likely, if he married, that his father and mother would wish him to make Woodfield his home. It is true there was not much money, but the value of land might improve, and besides, he could soon be independent of it. He was anxious to practise as an eye-specialist, and more than one of those whose opinion was as valuable as prophecy, foretold for him a brilliant career. He had more worldly knowledge than he had possessed a year ago, and it was with less humility that he prepared to approach the once formidable Aunt Ella.

As it chanced he came down to Crabsley on the same day, though by an earlier train, than Cecil Musgrove. The walk from the station in the exhilarating air, the sight of the sea, the brilliant sunshine and holiday aspect of the clean little place, and above all the consciousness that he was near his lady-love, all combined to make him particularly cheerful. And the world, which he had so often heard was a vale of tears, seemed made for hope and happiness and delight. He lunched at the hotel and then strolled out on to the sea-front. From what he remembered of the habits of Mrs. Swannington, he hardly expected to see her yet, but perhaps he might catch sight of Beattie, and if she were alone it would be all the better. Many a fashionably-dressed young lady who approached from a distance made his heart beat violently, and then, as she drew nearer, sink in the miserable manner of which only lovers know the full wretchedness. But no Beattie came, and then he made up his mind that, as it was late enough in the afternoon for tea, and she might be at home, he would call. He was walking in the direction in which their house lay, when suddenly he was confronted by the sight of a small person in grey under a crimson sunshade, whose walk and appearance were unmistakably those of Aunt Ella. But who was her companion? With the ready jealousy of one who was prepared to see in every man near Beattie a possible rival, Mike noticed that he was remarkably handsome. Aunt Ella was talking and laughing with great animation, but she never failed to notice any one she

passed, especially if he were a gentleman, and suddenly she pulled up short with an exclamation of surprise, and, the discerning would have said, of dismay. But she was a woman of quick perception, and she saw at once that she must rise to the occasion. She was neither so sure of Cecil nor of Beattie as to wish Mr. Anstruther to appear upon the scene until her plans had come to a more decided issue. She greeted Michael, therefore, with a show of warmth, and, without introducing the two men, turned to her companion, and contriving to convey to him the impression that if she could not have his society to herself, it was wasting it to dilute it by that of any other, suggested in a voice audible to poor Michael—who would far rather she should have given him the necessary directions—that if he went on the cliffs he would probably find Beattie. The gentleman raised his hat and departed with alacrity, and Michael, taking his place at her side, tried to perform the difficult task of adapting his pace to Mrs. Swannington's.

"So you, like ourselves, have returned to Crabsley, Mr. Anstruther. But you are looking very well! Ah, and so much older! Come, now, we must have a talk together. I am just taking my constitutional; will you accompany me?"

"I should be very glad to," said Michael. "I was, in fact, on my way to call upon you."

"Ah," said Aunt Ella, "you have discovered my whereabouts then. I have that charming little house with the thatched roof. You remember; the one we admired so much last year, and which was occupied by those sticks of girls and their so ugly mamma."

Michael inquired after Beattie with ill-disguised eagerness.

"Already!" thought Mrs. Swannington. "Dear, dear! I had hoped one of my compatriots would have succeeded in helping him to get over that fancy." Aloud she said, "Oh, she is quite well; she usually is. My niece enjoys such enviable health; but then she never worries. She will be pleased to see you again, I am sure."

"I hope so," said Mike.

"Do you?" thought Mrs. Swannington. "But I am not going to let you spoil my plans. I don't think myself you are to compare to Musgrove, but there is something attractive about you, and girls are such fools. I should like to prevent your seeing her if I could."

Mike broke the momentary silence.

"Mrs. Swannington, I am going to ask a favour of you. You forbade my speaking to Miss Margeton last year. Since then my brother's death has placed me in a better position. I want you to tell me I have waited long enough."

Aunt Ella's heart beat fast. Michael was all very well, but what could he offer in exchange for Cecil's present secure position and prospective thousands?

She hated long engagements, and she was determined to have Beattie soon married. Besides, she had taken such pains to secure Cecil Musgrove, and though the presence of a rival might bring him to the point, yet suppose, after all, that rival should have greater power over Beattie? It was possible. What should she do? There was only one thing she could think of, and though she was not a stern adherent to truthfulness, she shrank from a deliberate lie, especially when there was not only the risk of discovery, but of putting herself in a most uncomfortable position. Still, in her opinion the end would justify the means.

"My good friend," she said, laying her delicately-gloved hand lightly on his arm, as if to express sympathy, "you have waited long enough—for it to be just too late."

Michael stopped short and faced her, shaking by his sudden action the hand from its resting-place.

"You don't mean to say—" he began vehemently.

"Hush, hush, my dear friend" (Aunt Ella was wonderfully affectionate now that she was killing his hopes), "not so loud; you will attract attention. Come, now, I see a seat across there; it is not so close to the people. But mind, what I tell you is in the strictest confidence."

"You are not going to say she cares for someone else?" cried Michael.

"When Beattie loves," said Mrs. Swannington, "it is with the whole heart."

Mike felt crushed. He had found Aunt Ella out in prevarications before, but he had been generous enough to forget them, and her manner was so unwontedly sympathetic, so perturbed, that even if he had been in a humour to analyse her motives he would scarcely have credited her with the cold-blooded falsehood she was about to perpetrate.

"Is it," faltered Mike—unable to wait till they had reached the seat which Aunt Ella, in the hope of gaining time, had selected as the secluded spot for confidences—"is it—that gentleman I saw with you?"

Aunt Ella nodded assertion. Mr. Anstruther was making her task a very easy one, and she was momentarily gaining confidence.

"It is," she said. "I am glad you have seen him. Can you wonder that any girl should be attracted by him?—even Beattie, who has been hard to please, I can assure you."

"They are engaged, then?"

"Privately," said Mrs. Swannington. "That is why I want you to consider what I tell you as in confidence. Now here we are. Sit by me." Mrs. Swannington looked hurriedly round. She was not so sure of Beattie's whereabouts as to feel quite at ease. "It was a case of love at first sight, I do believe, though I am generally sceptical of such things. But his devotion is ridiculous. He is at present staying with us. I am very well satisfied. I am sorry for you, my dear Mr. Anstruther; I wish you had been more fickle, but there it is. They are well suited, and both my husband and I congratulate ourselves."

Mike felt cold and sick at heart. The sudden fall from hope to despair had stunned him. Only those who have gone through a like experience, who have learnt that someone or something they had ardently desired is lost to them, can realise how the aspect of all things is changed by a word. To Mike there was no longer any beauty or charm in the place in which he found himself. It was grey and cheerless and empty of delight—he longed to be gone from it, to flee away, he cared not whither. His first disappointment seemed as nothing compared to this; his loss had been less inevitable. And if Beattie had not been his, at any rate he had been spared the anguish of knowing she loved someone else. And she might have loved him. The "might have been!" If Whittier's words do not contain a universal truth, there are many hearts which can echo his words as a fact of their own experience:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these: 'It might  
have been.'"

But whatever Mike might feel he did not show much to Mrs. Swannington. Indeed, when he was no longer tortured by anxiety, and knew the worst, he was so quiet and self-possessed and looked so much as he had looked before that the little lady, who only believed in emotions when she saw their manifestation, was inclined to think that Mr. Anstruther did not mind so very much after all, and that if absence had not cured, it had very much weakened his boyish passion. She was glad it was so, for though her conscience was not a very troublesome one, yet she would not like to think she had made him unhappy sooner than necessary. Of course he would have had to know he could not marry Beattie, as soon as she was engaged, and so really she did not think she had acted otherwise than was justified by a needful diplomacy.

"May I ask you his name?" said Mike presently.

Aunt Ella hesitated. A handsome stranger who was nameless was one thing, in the event of her having made a false step. Mr. Cecil Musgrove was another. However, there was nothing for it, and she not only informed Michael of his identity, but drew a highly-coloured picture of his personality, his position, and his prospects, which had the effect of so much further depressing her listener with a sense of his comparative unworthiness as to take the heart out of him altogether. He ought, perhaps, to have rejoiced that Beattie had escaped being his wife to attain something so much better; but, though he loved her very sincerely and unselfishly, somehow that aspect of the matter did not present itself before him so vividly as to outweigh other considerations.

But now Mrs. Swannington began to feel a little restless. She must not let that impulsive girl come upon them at any moment, to betray her pleasure in meeting Michael or to say something of or to Cecil which might prove their relations were not what she had represented them. She must part from Mike

as soon as possible, and in her own interest she gave him an exhortation. Again the grey-gloved hand was in requisition. This time it reposed for a moment on his.

"My dear Mr. Michael, I am sincerely sorry for your disappointment, though I never concealed from you—did I?—that I desired for Beattie more than you had to offer. Do not blame me. I am to her instead of a mother, and her well-being I must consider. Still you have indeed my sincere sympathy, though I think you will get over this fancy. No, no, be not impatient with me. I have lived longer than you. You are not the first young man who has met with reverses in love. And Beattie, though amiable and charming, is by no means the only nice girl the world produces. But let me give to you a little advice. It is this—that you do not see her. You came, I am convinced, for that purpose. Now you will but suffer more if you break the separation which has lasted this year. My niece is prettier than ever, the sight of her would make your affection more ardent. But besides, Mr. Musgrove is for ever near her, and what would you not endure at feeling yourself an interloper? Jealous he is not, he is too sure of her love; but as you can well understand, more especially as the engagement is not yet declared, he likes to have her to himself."

"You need not be afraid that I shall force my society on Miss Margetson or her fiancé, Mrs. Swannington," said Mike bitterly. "I am glad she is happy, but I am not yet able to witness her happiness without a pang, and, as you say, it is no use torturing myself for nothing."

"If you stay here you can hardly avoid meeting. This little Crabsley favours not solitude."

"I shall not stay here an hour longer than I can help," said Mike.

Mrs. Swannington breathed more freely.

"You are very wise, my dear boy. It is what I would have said to you. But now I must say good-bye. My husband will be wondering what has become of me."

She would not allow him to accompany her any part of the way. She would not feel comfortable till the evening train had left Crabsley, perhaps not till the next day had passed; but the only thing she could do now was to endeavour to keep her party, her husband included, from encountering the superfluous visitor. By the time she had reached home she had planned an after-dinner drive to some neighbouring ruins which hitherto she had never considered worth the trouble of a moonlight visit. The next day there must be another excursion, and then she would be safe. There was only one imaginable contingency to dread then, and of that she would not admit the possibility. It was that Cecil Musgrove might not propose after all.

Left to himself poor Michael felt sufficiently wretched to fling himself into the sea, but he did nothing so desperate. His dream was over, and though he had known before what it was to awake to disappointment, it had

been only to dream again of a roseate future. The future had come, and it was chill and grey enough. He could never cease to love Beattie, he imagined, but it was no longer right for him to carry her image in his heart, to think of her as he had done, since she was betrothed to another. But what put her farthest from him was the knowledge that she loved that other.

He sat still for a little while, watching with unseeing eyes the incoming waves on which the summer sunlight no longer danced so gaily. Mrs. Swannington was right, he thought. There was no advantage in his staying on at Crabsley. Yet he would like to see Beattie once more, not necessarily to speak to her, but just to look at her whose face had been before him in so many lonely hours. He remembered what Mrs. Swannington had said as to her whereabouts. She might have returned home by now, but there was just a likelihood that he would catch a glimpse of her, though alas, not alone. He started up suddenly, and began to walk quickly in the direction of the cliffs. One or two people lazily sauntering on the esplanade turned to look at him as he passed. His set face and resolute walk, and his complete unconsciousness of his surroundings, seemed out of keeping with the general Crabsley atmosphere. No one was expected on such a summer's day to do anything but flirt and dawdle and kill time with idleness.

But Mike had not gone very far when he saw her, and for a moment his heart

almost stopped beating. The sun which was behind him was shining upon her, and she seemed to him like an angelic vision in her radiance and her white robes, with only the sky for a background. At her companion he scarcely looked. What did he matter after all? It was the sight of Beattie for which he hungered. For one moment there came to him the temptation to forget all that he had heard, to go straight to her and greet her as he had often dreamed of doing? But, unfortunately for himself, he did no such thing. He drew to one side, and Beattie, who had been thinking of him scarcely an hour ago, with feelings which, had he known of them, would have given him power to overcome any difficulties, now passed by in ignorance of his propinquity. If Mike had had any reason—and why should he have—for believing that Mrs. Swannington was lying to him, it would probably have been dispersed when he saw these two together: the man with his eyes fixed on the girl, and she apparently oblivious of all else but his presence, and looking the picture of happiness and content. And yet, if he had not had a preconceived idea perhaps he would not have seen anything remarkable in this. Why shouldn't Beattie delight in her life on this beautiful day, with all things smiling upon her? And was not one of her charms to Michael himself the way in which she threw herself into everything she did, as if at the time there was nothing else worth doing?

So they moved past him, and then he turned and stood watching them till they were out of sight in the winding way, and he went on alone till he came to a lonely spot, and there he stayed and fought a desperate battle with his misery till the light had faded out of the sky and the sea was only a moving darkness.

But when the moon rose and Aunt Ella and her husband and the other two were driving away from Crabsley, Mrs. Swannington full of uneasy gaiety and eager to laugh and talk to her companions, he went quietly down the grassy path that led him back to the town. He walked slowly, for he was tired; but there was a great peace at his heart. It is in the hours of trial and weakness that men learn the reality of those truths which they have accepted and tried to live by for many years.

It was from that hour of wrestling on the lonely cliff with none but God to hear his prayers, that Michael dated the beginning of that conscious spiritual life which was henceforth to make the other life worth living. He had gained a deeper knowledge than had yet been his, and its memory would be his most priceless possession.

Early the next morning he went away from Crabsley. "I seem fated to leave you in haste," he said, as he watched from the windows of the train the little village vanish from sight.

That very day Cecil Musgrove proposed to Beattie.

(To be continued.)

## PRESENTATION DAY AT LONDON UNIVERSITY.

By A LADY GRADUATE.



ESTERDAY beauty, wit, and fashion repaired to Buckingham Palace to make obeisance to the greatest Queen on earth; the Mall was crowded with carriages, from which looked bright-eyed debutantes, eager to

take the first step into the world of fashion. To-day, science and art are in the ascendant, and graduates—girls as well as men—in their Academic robes fill the theatre of London University, awaiting presentation to the chancellor of their alma mater.

The theatre—all too small—is crowded! The graduates of the year, with the flush of success still upon them, sit together, the girl "bachelors" for the most part young and pretty, the classic gown with its flowing hood and the stiff college cap, in strange contrast to winsome faces and bright locks.

On the highest tiers are the friends, usually the fathers and mothers, of the graduates. As I sit in the seat reserved for me and look around whilst awaiting the arrival of the chancellor and senate, I mentally contrast this occasion, when we are happy in our success, and the May sunshine streams in upon us and lingers lovingly on bright heads, with that gloomy October day which ushered in the examination. Then we were worried and

anxious, our faces pale, our hands trembling, as we eagerly took our papers, quickly scanning them with practised eye, searching for questions we could answer easily. Now we feel content; we have won. We are even ready to give up ease and pleasure and commence hard work again.

My meditations are interrupted by the arrival of the chancellor and the senate. We all rise as they come in, Lord Herschell (the chancellor) in Court costume, with robe of rich black silk, heavily embroidered in gold, walking at the head with stately step, and we do not resume our seats until he takes the chair of honour and the others sit near him on the narrow platform. Immediately in front of them sit those who present the graduates—Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., in black silk gown and college cap, Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., in red robe with light silk facings, Frederick Taylor, M.D., Miss Hurlbatt, principal of Bedford College, and many more. The registrar, who sits to the right of the chancellor, then calls out the names of the undergraduates who have won prizes and exhibitions, and these are presented first, then the graduates.

Quickly they come, the men cheering lustily the girls as they leave their places, each in answer to her name. Lord Herschell shakes hands with all as they are presented, giving to each the diploma, daintily tied with green ribbon; in a few cases medals as well. The medical women, in their bright robes, receive the most cheering, though the one lady D.Sc.

is greeted with quite a storm of applause, whilst the doctors of law, in scarlet robes with bright blue facings, secure a goodly meed of praise.

It is delightful to see so many women reap honours, and in truth they look sturdy and strong, fitting mothers for the next generation, able to educate their children in the fullest sense of the word.

When the last presentation has been made, the chancellor rises and begins his speech by heartily congratulating all those who have taken degrees and won distinctions. In well-chosen sentences he begs them not to rest satisfied with their present success, but to be spurred on to greater efforts, ever having a higher end before them. Having touched on other matters relating to the university itself, he closes his speech with the fervently-expressed desire that, whatever changes are made, London University will still be as useful and of as high repute as in former days.

Then Sir John Lubbock also offers his congratulations to us, and remarks how difficult were the examinations and how high the standard. Many of them within the theatre would, he said, in the future occupy high places in the world. He encouraged the students of law to work on, telling them that each one must ever keep before him as his model their own chancellor, the Lord Chancellor of England. As for the scientists, worlds of undiscovered truths lay before them; it was for them to probe and lay bare the secrets that would place the universe on ever

higher planes. Then he again congratulated all on their success, and amidst ringing cheers sat down.

I think in that moment when Sir John Lubbock, the member returned to Parliament by the university, spoke of the fame of our university, its great work and high standard, there was born in the breast of each one of us a feeling of reverence for our alma mater, a hope that we should never do anything which should make her sorry for her "alumni," but rather should add to her glory, and ever remain worthy children of a noble mother.

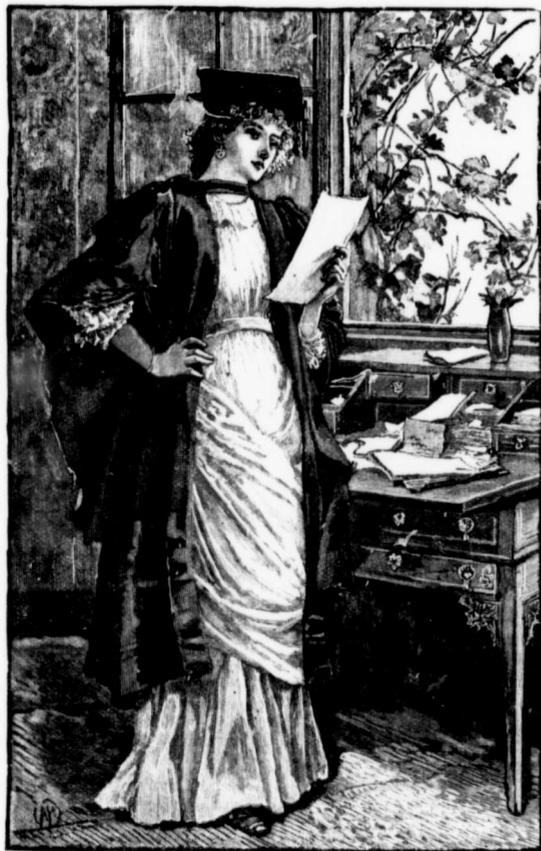
We all rose as the Lord Chancellor walked from his seat to the exit, followed by the members of the senate, and then we, too, moved from our places and ran hither and thither, seeking out friends, some only made in the examination-room in October. The most ardent opposer of higher education for women could hardly have disapproved of these happy-looking girls, their bright earnest faces glowing with health. Among them one saw no jaded looks or weary eyes, as one sees among girls who have no aim, no ambition, but to shine at a ball or get an eligible *parti*. One hears so much of the injurious effect study has on girls; many men deplore the strides women are making in the pursuit of knowledge; they prognosticate early loss of youth, bright eyes, and good looks; and yet here to-day I see a goodly number of English maidens as healthy, happy, and comely as surely were the women of bygone ages, who watched their brothers' progress, sighing as they ruined their sight over their tapestry.

Study, as Sir John Lubbock wisely remarked, leaves no time for dulness; the girl who has hard brain-work to do every day has not time to feel miserable. Petty worries and small annoyances leave her as she becomes immersed in Greek, mathematics, or whatever particular branch she has taken up. That study does not rob her of her high spirits and merry laughter is amply proved by the joyous sounds that issue from the robing-rooms. The grey old corridors resound with girlish voices; one catches snatches of conversation as each relates how the scene affected her, how much she has hoped for success, and so on.

It is sweet to work and reach the appointed goal—only those who have given up pleasure and sacrificed ease can say *how* sweet. Let us hope amid the joy which is here to-day, some feelings of compassion are raised in our hearts for those who strove like us, but did not win. To my girl-readers I would say: Work, keeping the thought of success ever before you. Cultivate the brain-powers which God has

given you. Read, and widen your knowledge; think, and broaden your views, and I can

next exam. we intend to work for. Somehow, the whole ceremony has fired us with zeal.



safely say dulness will not often trouble you, nor weariness make you its victim.

As we leave the university we talk of the

We long to climb yet higher, and silent vows are registered to work steadily on, not content with what is already won.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MANY town people taking a holiday in the country are distressed at seeing horses tethered in the fields exposed to the swarms of flies which the switching of their tails is powerless to get rid of, but which wound and torment them beyond endurance, and in our drives and walks we are subject to the same annoyance.

The remedy is simple. Tie a bunch of the scented oak-leaved geranium on the heads or bodies of your horses, and wear a few of them in the front of your dress, and do not forget to place some on the tethered animals.

If you want to keep your room free of the flies, put some plants of the scented oak-leaved geranium in your windows. They will hardly venture through them, for they are always scared at the scent of them.

One word more. This is just the time to get the raspberry leaves, fennel, and parsley fresh from the gardens, so do not forget to prepare the remedy I gave in the November numbers for tired eyes.

**PICKLED FRENCH BEANS.**—Be careful to choose them freshly gathered and quite young. Put them into a brine, made strong enough to float an egg, until they turn colour, then drain them and wipe dry with a clean cloth; put them into a jar and stand as near the fire as possible, and pour boiling vinegar over them sufficient to cover, covering it up quickly to prevent the steam from escaping. Continue to do this until they become green by reboiling the vinegar about every other day. They should take about a week.

**PICKLED CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.**—Slice the cabbage very finely and cut the cauliflower in small pieces on a board or colander (a pastry board I find answers very nicely), and sprinkle each layer with salt and let it stand for twenty-four hours, sloping the board a little that the brine might run away from it. Procure as much ordinary pickling vinegar as you think will be required to

cover the cabbage, and boil a small portion of it with a little ginger and a small quantity of peppercorns, also a small beetroot peeled and cut up to give it a nice colour; after it has boiled pour it in the remaining vinegar, but take out the beetroot. Put the cabbage and cauliflower into a jar and pour over the vinegar and spices; tie down and keep in a dry place. Will be ready for table-use in about a month.

**PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.**—Gather them when quite young, and let them remain in brine for twelve hours; have sufficient vinegar to cover them, and with a small portion of it boil a little Jamaica and a little black pepper; when it has just boiled, add to the remaining vinegar. Strain the nasturtiums and put them in a bottle or jar and pour over the vinegar and spices, and tie down. These are very nice to use instead of capers for sauce with either boiled beef or mutton.

## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

## CHAPTER XVII.

IN the early morning, while the dew was sparkling on every blade of grass and the fresh morning air was keen and cold, Sœur Eustacie went over to the farm.

She met Madame Féraudy on the threshold, just starting with Génie for the Hospice.

One glance at her face was enough. "It is over?" cried Madame Féraudy.

"Yes, there was no time to fetch you; it came so suddenly and swiftly at the last; no long struggle or suffering. You will see him lying asleep."

"Let us come."

She took Génie's hand and drew it on to her arm. The girl was white as a lily and looked stunned. Sœur Eustacie led them in through the vestibule. The door of the large, sunny, dining-room was open, and they could see the long tables with the snowy linen covered with abundant country fare. The convalescents sat by them in long rows, curly-headed children, wan women, haggard men. All silent and subdued, except one little golden-haired baby which laughed and crowded with the gay ignorance of its babyhood as it played with its toys.

Sœur Eustacie led the way through the house and out at a door. Here there was a little chapel of grey stone, very simple and solemn, and already their darling was lying there.

Génie could not look; trembling violently she hid her face and clung to Sœur Eustacie. The woman who had loved him as mothers love, stood looking down on the beautiful young face in its marble stillness in terrible yearning agony. So noble and pure, dead on the battlefield of life in all the glory of his young manhood.

Presently the *pasteur* came in; he looked white and aged, and the tears streamed down his face.

"Come to my room," he said; "madame and Sœur Eustacie will tell you how it was."

She obeyed in a dull, mechanical manner, only turning back to put her hand on Génie's.

"Come, my child," she said.

Doctor Simon met them. He was a gruff man, and to-day grief made him more abrupt than usual.

"I grieve for our profession," he said. "We have no one like him. He would have been at the very top of the tree."

Sœur Eustacie gave Madame Féraudy the note she had written last night. She scarcely glanced at it; she gave it to Father Nicholas.

"You will telegraph?" she said, her stern face working.

Then she took Génie home—to soothe her violent weeping and caress and pet her into composure was the only task of which she was capable.

In the afternoon a telegram came from Jean Canière; he would arrive by ten o'clock the following morning. Then Madame Féraudy suddenly remembered the letter André had confided to her care, and hastily fetching it, she put it into Génie's hands.

It was very short.

"DEAR CHILD—As all tell me that I am your guardian, I may dare to address you thus. Jean Canière is a good man. Your own mother would have trusted him even with so precious a treasure as yourself, and I am willing to do so. Be very happy and may God bless you."

"ANDRÉ FÉRAUDY."

The next morning at ten o'clock Jean Canière arrived. Madame Féraudy was out. She had gone to the Hospice to kneel for the last time by the coffin which held what was dearest to her in life, and which at noon that day was to be taken to its last resting-place.

So that Génie was alone when he arrived. When she saw him come in

with his kind face full of sympathy and eager hands stretched out, she flew to him as to a sure refuge and comfort, and as he poured out to her tender words of love and pity, she sobbed in his arms.

She gave him André's little letter and watched him as he read it.

"This shall be our treasured sanction to our marriage, my Génie," he said earnestly.

"But, Jean, you do not mind? I loved him so."

He looked up generously.

"Mind, my Génie! No; such love is an honour. We will both love and cherish his memory as we love the saints of God in heaven. I think, dear one, from his letter, that he would have rejoiced had he known that his little Génie would be safe with me when his rest was won."

After awhile they left the flower-strewn grave in Normandy and went back to Féraudy, and when some weeks had passed Génie and Jean Canière were quietly married.

But all felt when the time of separation came that they could not leave Madame Féraudy alone. A joint household was established which, as time went on, ended in Madame Canière taking up her abode altogether at the Maison Féraudy, while the young people spent all the time they could spare from Jean's professional engagements in Paris with them. They formed one family happy and united.

Once a year, while strength and health remained to her, Madame Féraudy spent a few days at the Hospice, and when there she saw with tenderness how the children who yearly owed their restoration to health to its hospitality, were taught to strew with flowers the green mound and low grey stone cross which marked the last resting-place of Doctor André.

[THE END.]



## RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

## PART II.

THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND MEDICINE IN THE PAST.

THE art of healing the sick has occupied a prominent position among all nations, and, moreover, it has been more or less related to the various religious beliefs of the races that have passed away. In the early days of our history, medicine was practised by the head of the family. Later by the chief of the tribe or "patriarch." This in time gave way to a

regular profession of "medicine-men" who combined the practice of medicine with sorcery and witchcraft, such as is still practised by the uncivilised races of to-day. Such medicine as was practised by the patriarchs was undoubtedly of a rude and simple kind, yet one cannot help thinking that it must have produced great results, else medicine would not have risen to the high position that it has occupied from the earliest ages.

I wish we knew what was the state of the sciences in these early times. Had Abraham

knowledge of drugs that are unknown to us? It seems extremely probable that he had. Yet on the other hand it is improbable, for it is unlikely that a drug which possessed great power would be forgotten. Rather would the knowledge of its name and characters be cherished and handed down from one generation to another and so eventually be known to those whose duty it was to attend the sick throughout the world.

As the practice of medicine has been from time immemorial confined to certain families,

the discoveries of one "medicine-man" would be told in confidence to his son, who again would keep the secret from all save his own flesh and blood. Thus the "medicine-man" eventually obtained a vast store of knowledge from which his fellow-countrymen were debarred. He would consequently be looked upon as something above the ordinary run of men, as a person with almost superhuman power, and would be trusted without reserve. But human nature is weak, and pride and ambition soon work havoc in a soil which is ripe for their mischief. The medicine-man, recognising the superstitious reverence with which he was invested, and knowing the shortcomings of his powers and the unreserved fidelity which the people had in him, turned away from the laborious and unprofitable accumulation of facts and began to practice by deceit what was so irksome by legitimate means. Gradually these early practitioners of medicine added sorcery and quasi-supernatural means to attempt to cure the sick. Thus it gradually came to be thought that the medicine-man was working in connection with evil spirits, and though he was made the chief and high priest of his tribe, it was through fear and not from gratitude that he achieved his position. It being no longer necessary for him to retain the true knowledge handed down through countless generations, that knowledge which had taken centuries of labour and observation to gather, was disregarded and so eventually lost.

In races that had advanced beyond the state of savagery, the practice of medicine was usually confined to the clergy, and so the intimacy between religion and medicine became very close. Down to comparatively recent times the knowledge of the healing art was almost confined to the religious; but I will refer to this later.

At the present day the practice of medicine is vested with the clergy in many parts of the world. The Dervishes of Arabia are both priests and physicians, and indeed, this is the rule in the East. Here, again, medicine is considered as a supernatural gift, but instead of being ascribed to the influence of devils, it is looked upon as a special gift from God. This, indeed, is a great advance.

The Greeks and Romans had physicians much as we have them now. For the first time in history, the records of their labours are written, so that at the present day we know the exact state of the medical sciences at that period. Had they handed down their knowledge by word of mouth, the fruits of their labours would almost for certain have perished, even as the races to which they belonged have died out. The antique physicians and surgeons advanced to a very high point of excellence; in fact, they knew more about the subject than has been known at any time except the latter half of the present century. The names of Hippocrates and Galen, and of many others, stand among the first of medical authors, and what they taught centuries ago, we practise to-day.

In the Middle Ages we meet with two sects of medical men. The first among the clergy, the second among the laity. Most of the knowledge of disease rested with certain orders of monks, and here we get the first examples of medical "specialists," for certain religious orders confined their attention to limited branches of practice. During this period medicine was in a flourishing condition, but as most of the books written at that time have been lost or destroyed, we cannot tell the exact state of the sciences at that period.

But besides the monks, there were members of the laity who carried on the practice of medicine in the same way as the "medicine men" already alluded to. These, at first few in number, gradually increased as the ages rolled on, and became divided into two distinct parties. One set ascribed their powers to magic, and were called "alchemists," and their science the "black arts." Though their knowledge was in most cases undoubtedly genuine, their methods of practising by secret means was justly punished by the severe treatment they often received from the clergy, who practised openly. This was the beginning of the feud between religion and science.

The second class to which I have alluded was, unfortunately, a very small minority, but many of the names of these medical men (who practised much the same as we do at the present day) will be remembered as long as our civilisation endures.

The period following the Renaissance is one of which those interested in the welfare of medicine would say but little. The science at this time had fallen into a state of degradation far more deplorable than it had ever done before in the whole course of its eventful history. Superstitions and hopeless ignorance had taken the place of true knowledge. Of the extraordinary superstitions of medicine at this date, I may tell you at another time, for they would be out of place here. Here is another cause of contention between religion and science.

Great as was the ignorance at these times, there was nevertheless an element of true learning, at first small, but steadily increasing till, at the beginning of this century, it had swept away the superstitions against which it had for so long contended. Many were the great surgeons and physicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and their names will endure for ever, for from their teaching originated the science of modern medicine. May God prosper its course through the ages to come.

## PART III.

## CHRIST, THE PHYSICIAN OF THE SOUL AND BODY.

"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (St. Matt. viii. 17).

THE duties of pastor and physician are combined in a most striking manner in the work of our Redeemer. A glance at the New Testament will show the very important part which the cure of the sick maintains during His mission upon earth. These accounts are of especial interest to the physician, and the better he understands them the more does he feel convinced that there exists a close intimacy between theology and medicine.

Most noticeable is the great frequency with which the miraculous cure of the sick is mentioned in the gospels. There are over thirty references to these miracles in the four gospels. Doubtless the immediate cure of a severe malady would make a deep impression on the minds of those who witnessed it, and this may have been one of the reasons why these miracles are so often mentioned. Christ came into the world to redeem us from the curse of the sin of Adam. Disease came into the world by the fall of man, and Christ, by curing disease, typified His complete victory over sin with His death upon the cross.

Before Jesus left the earth He gave His apostles power to continue the work of

healing that He had practised during His own lifetime.

"And when He had called unto Him His twelve disciples, He gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease" (St. Matt. x. 1).

In the first ages of Christianity the care of the sick and of the sinner was carried on by the same persons, but in later times, as I have shown before, physicians became separated from the clergy. Yet still do they both carry on the duties entrusted to them by God.

I have heard it urged against my arguments that the apostles cured disease by miraculous intervention, and, therefore, are incomparable with the physicians of to-day, who heal by physical means. But did not the disciples convert sinners by supernatural means? If we look at the clergy of to-day as carrying on the spiritual work of the apostles, must we not also grant that physicians continue the lower, yet very important, mission of curing the sick?

It is held by many at the present day that man ought not attempt to cure disease by his interference, for if it has pleased God so to afflict him he has no right to rebel against the Divine decree. St. Luke was a physician, and yet he was chosen to describe the works of his Divine Master. If the practice of medicine were opposed to the will of God, surely He would not have appointed a physician to such a supreme calling.

I will conclude these remarks by referring to certain points which occur in connection with some of our Lord's miracles, but I will leave the interpretation of them to those who are more capable than myself to express an opinion in such matters.

The first point is the employment by our Divine Lord of physical means. Thus when He cured the blind man.

"And when He had spoken He spat on the ground and made clay of the spit, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay."

"And said unto him, go wash in the pool of Siloam" (St. John ix. 6, 7).

The second point is that in some cases a condition was imposed upon those soliciting physical cure from Jesus before they were made whole. For instance, when Christ cured the lepers He commanded them, "Go, show yourselves to the High Priest" (St. Luke xvii. 14).

Christ is indeed the type of the true priest and physician, and surely, as He did not find that the duties of the one calling interfered with those of the other, we cannot say that the practice of medicine is contrary to the teaching of Christianity. Let us try to copy this Divine example.

"For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you" (St. John xiii. 15).

Before I finish I wish to call your attention to one other point. How often do we hear people say and really think that disease is a punishment for our sins or for those of our parents. Christ Himself, when curing the man who was born blind, refutes this untrue and uncharitable doctrine. Listen to what He tells us.

"And His disciples asked Him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

"Jesus answered, neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the wishes of God should be made manifest in him" (St. John ix. 2, 3).



## BENEDICITE.

By ELIZABETH GIBSON.

Who from the brimming of your joy can spare  
Wine for the thirsty soul, bread for his need,  
And from your sorrow—comfort for his care,  
From your sore pain—ease when his heart doth bleed,  
Whose bonds the captive free—  
Blessed are ye!

Who from your lap of gathered flowers let fall  
Such blooms as crown the poorest life a king,  
Who from the soul's far fount the glad tears call  
That weave with your eyes' sun the spell of spring  
Till buds grace every tree—  
Blessed are ye!

Who of your largesse grant the sudden smile—  
The shaft of sunlight on a wintry morn—  
Who of your mercy cherish hearts the while  
They shrink and flee before the whole world's scorn,  
Who pity when none see—  
Blessed are ye!

Who give the peace of moonlight on the wave,  
Who arm defenceless lives with strength of steel,  
Who from his last dread foe the warrior save,  
Who Love's hid scars with one sweet touch can heal—  
The touch of sympathy—  
Blessed are ye!



## THE PRIZE DESIGN.

## CHAPTER V.

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth, two in the tangled business of the world."

THE days which followed Mr. Hamilton's arrival were filled with happiness for me, what with the long walks and talks, the picnics in the forest, the drives, the visits round the estate to see my host's peasants, farmers, and dearly-loved poor. Wherever he went he was greeted by his folk with shouts and cheers. He was their king and their friend as well as their master.

When we came home from such excursions we would find tea waiting for us under the trees, and we would talk and laugh together as happy as the birds.

One afternoon, being rather chilly, we had our tea in the *salon*. A north wind had suddenly sprung up, chasing away the sunshine, and sweeping through the pine trees and the pleasure, and scattering the leaves like chaff.

Madame had ordered a small fire to be kindled, and as the wood spluttered and crackled in the open chimney we drew our chairs round it.

How well I remember that afternoon! Even now I can see the silver tea-service on the oak table, and notice the ruddy gleam of the fire falling across the tapestries and lighting up the armoury on the walls. Even now I can feel that delicious sensation which the proximity of dear friends affords one, and I can hear the rich voice of my host singing a snatch of melody whilst the tea was simmering.

It was the calm which precedes a storm. I was just handing Mr. Hamilton the tea in its dainty Sevres cup when the butler came in and presented me with a letter.

I knew the broad handwriting in a moment. It was from my mistress. I took it with trembling hand from the salver, and then I stood for a moment rigid and almost stupefied.

Since my arrival in Abbotsford I had lived in a fool's paradise. The elegance, beauty, and harmony around me had become part of my life. I had forgotten what I was, I had forgotten whence I came, I had forgotten everything. My patrons had been too good; they had, as it were, deprived me of all thought, all memory. This letter had broken the spell. In an instant I was myself again—the penniless beggar who had lived in a garret half her life, the ugly governess, scoffed at by the servants. I was myself again; my eyes were opened. I went upstairs to my room and read the following—

"MARIE CLAIRE.—Will you return at once to 'Wee Nestie'? I do not hide from you the fact that on your return you will be expected to make up for lost time. The housemaid has gone home for a week, so I hope it will not be beneath your dignity to help cook with the washing-up."

I sighed, threw myself on my bed, and wept as I had never wept before.

"Marie! Marie! What is this?"

I was awakened from my grief by a soft voice in my ears, and I turned round and saw sweet eyes glancing into mine, whilst a small white hand drew my head upon her bosom. I let it rest there for one moment and then I recovered myself, and was ashamed of my passionate outburst.

"Oh, madame," I cried, "do not touch me! I do not deserve your sweet caresses—I am so ungrateful! Instead of thanking you, instead of thanking Heaven for the blessings poured upon me, I moan and sigh. This

little spell of happiness which should have given me fresh courage and energy has completely unstrung me, and I shun my duty instead of running to embrace it!"

"The contents of your letter have pained you, dear. Have you received bad news?"

I offered her the note, and turned aside to hide my tears.

She read it and returned it to me, but she did not speak.

"The picture is finished," I said to her, regaining my composure with an effort—"quite finished. To-night after supper I will put this dress aside and you will give me back my grey gimp, and I thank you. Oh, I thank you!"

Again the tears filled my eyes.

She looked at me curiously for a moment, then quietly left the room.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust in me."

It was evening, cloudless and still. There was not a voice, not a whisper amongst the trees, not a sound even upon the earth nor in the air. Mr. Hamilton had been talking with his aunt, and I had wandered out under the pine trees to the broad sweet walk beyond.

As I walked along I culled for myself a bouquet, not of the tall proud flowers that glistened in the moonlight, but rather the little wild flowers that hid themselves modestly at the feet of the great trees. I passed by a creeper that was twining around an oak. It reminded me with a sudden pang of my past life in the little darksome garret, and I plucked a sprig tenderly for old remembrance sake.

Still I wandered on, not heeding where my footsteps led me. My mind was peaceful though my heart was torn. On the morrow I was to return to my life of obscurity and bondage, but this night, so peaceful and so calm, I would be happy.

"O flowers and trees and sky!" I said, addressing them aloud in the transport of my

awakened me and stirred in my heart a love I could not hide.

"Do not turn aside, do not misunderstand me," continued that dear voice noting my foolish blushes. "From the very first moment when I saw your sad pale face you interested me, and I pitied you; but when I got to know you more, and heard you talk and

happy one, if you can love me!" If I could love him!

A faint breeze rising suddenly sighed around us through the open window, the moon poured down her flood of burnished light, till every tree and blade of grass seemed silver.

I plucked a sprig of creeper climbing over the house and offered it him in silence.



THE WINDOW-SEAT.

admiration. "Voiceless, yet beautiful companions, I love you! O Nature, infinite and sublime, if I must part from you tomorrow, let me at least on this last night be glad!"

"What an artistic, ardent soul you have!" said a voice close by me as I finished my rapture.

I turned away. That voice had suddenly

witnessed your actions full of modest grace, you charmed me, and my pity turned to love and admiration."

The tears welled to my eyes, but I could not speak as I returned to the house and sat on the window seat.

"Yes, dear, I love you," he continued, "and I want you to be my wife and make me happy. Our life will be a peaceful one, but a

He took it from me gently and pressed it to his heart.

So after all it was my design that won. Little indeed did I dream, whilst painting in the petals of my scarlet flower and creeper, that a prize so dear, so great should be awarded.

[THE END.]

## FEW PERSONAL NOTES OF AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.



ONE day, whilst living at Hampstead, a friend, Eliza Miteyard, named by Douglas Jerrold "Silverpen," called upon me and asked if she might introduce a young literary fellow-worker at the British Museum, who lived in the heart of the city and had very little change of air or scene.

The day was soon named for the introduction to the young student, who was named Amelia B. Edwards.

Her appearance was pleasing. She was of medium height, and had a fine intellectual forehead; her eyes were grey, and never at rest; they were always taking in objects and looking into your brain—nothing escaped their notice. Her mouth and chin were well shaped.

We took a fancy to each other, and she became a constant inmate of our house and our intimate friend. She was a great lover of nature. My sister took her to see Hampstead Heath, and was greatly amused by her saying, "I feel quite giddy going up and down these hillocks." Little did we think that she was destined to become a great traveller! Birds were a great joy to her, and she frequently addressed the public, asking them to feed the feathered songsters when snow was on the ground and to put water for them.

Her home life was happy but very quiet and monotonous. She was an only child; her father had been a Peninsular officer; her mother was a very clever woman—descended from the Walpoles. Her means were not abundant, and she wished to add to her purse in order to buy books, which were a part of her existence. One day there was a prize offered for a story on temperance, and, although only nine years old, Miss Edwards wrote one, and, to her delight, gained the prize. At eleven she wrote a tale called "The Egyptian Princess"—this showed an early taste for the subject of Egyptology, which was to make her name famous.

She had great talent for drawing and

painting, and her sketches of the Nile and of Italy are beautiful, though she had had very little education from artists.

She studied music under Mrs. M. Bartholomew; she played the organ for years in one of the London City churches. She was a born teacher; her lessons on harmony were most interesting, and she induced even the least promising of her pupils to try their hands at composition.

Her library was her hobby and delight, and at one time she was in the habit of buying rare editions and having them handsomely bound. She had hundreds of books, but no catalogue; still she knew what books she possessed and where to find them. She had a shelf for Homer and the classics, and one for her own published books.

Miss Edwards was a most careful writer; her manuscripts were very neat and contained very few erasures. She spared no trouble and read up her subjects with great diligence. She writes, in one of her letters, "I require some accurate knowledge of the politics of the last hundred years—before I write the history of Italy. I am doing the miscellaneous things now; a few more pages are wanted—sea songs, drinking songs, about sixty pages of political songs—so I think four weeks of 'hard labour' will complete the book." She wrote short histories of England and of France. She has tried her hand at every sort of literature.

She was a constant contributor to *Chambers' Journal*. She translated Béranger's troubadours' songs; she wrote political leaders for newspapers, criticisms on the drama, reviews, words for songs which have been set to music, and numerous tales and novels. Her first novel was *My Brother's Wife*, a real life-history, published by Routledge; it was translated into Spanish. Several of her books have been translated into French and German, and have had an extensive sale. Tauchnitz has just published some of her best works—*Barbara's History, A Thousand Miles up the Nile, Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys, Pharaoh's Fellahs and Explorers*, illustrated from her original sketches, four hundred of which she made during her sojourn of two years in Egypt.

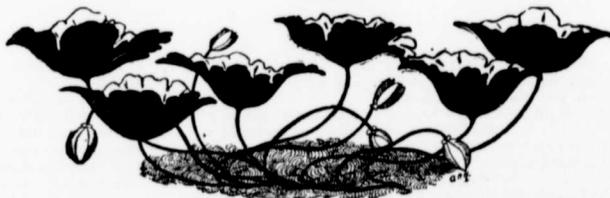
The following extract from a letter shows what an appreciation she had of good writers. "I have the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*, by Ruskin, and am absolutely luxuriating in it. That man is the greatest poet of his age. I do not agree with his philosophy, his aesthetics or his religion once in a hundred pages, yet I read and re-read him with delight. Every sentence is an outpouring from the finest mind, the most childlike heart, the most fervent brain in all our literary world. His very errors are delightful from their innocency and their enthusiasm, and no language that I have ever yet read, whether moulded into prose or poetry, approaches the glowing eloquence of his pen—the loftiest

and the lowliest alike command his sympathies, and summon forth the marvellous imageries which inform every thought and sentence with beauty. At times one feels Ruskin is mad and has no common sense perhaps, but is uncommon poetry; there is a method in his madness which reaches almost to the divinity of inspiration and bears him up oftentimes to the gates of Heaven. I assure you such is the elevating tone, the loveliness, the sculptured purity of Ruskin's thoughts, that I believe no one could read his works without feeling the better and the wiser for them." Her admiration of Browning was great.

Miss Edwards taught herself hieroglyphics, and was complete mistress of Egyptian inscriptions and papyrus manuscripts. During her sojourn in Egypt she made a valuable collection of MISS., vases, instruments, mummies, jewels, etc. She was so deeply interested in the monuments and temples, that in 1883 she founded the Egypt Exploration Fund, which, by the munificent aid of Sir Erasmus Wilson, has now become a national undertaking. She writes, "I want to enlist my friends' sympathy and co-operation in this work, which is the great work of my life, to which I have devoted years and sacrificed everything—time, health, and the most lucrative branch of literature, taking in hand Egyptology, which does not pay at all." She writes, "All my time and all my energies having been swallowed up by the gratuitous work I have been doing for the last five years. I have lost from £700 to £800 a year." It was three years before she could enlist the interest of Mariette Pasha, Marpus and others. The labour has been great but successful. "My dream has become a reality." All who visit the Egyptian collection in the British Museum will be greatly struck and deeply grateful for all she has accomplished by founding the Exploration Fund, which is doing marvellous work. All her colleagues miss her wonderful power of organisation, tact and knowledge and influence. She left money to found a professorship of Egyptology, for which she lectured in America—"A Series of Lectures on Egypt and her Arts." She had £1,500 offered her and all her expenses besides. She unhappily met with a severe accident—fell and broke her arm in two places. Unwilling to disappoint the public, she lectured the same evening on which the accident occurred. She had had two subsequent accidents to the same arm. Her health was greatly affected by the accident and the fatigue of lecturing and travelling, and she died from an attack of bronchitis in 1892.

For the last twenty-five years of her life she scarcely put out her lamp before two o'clock in the morning. She enjoyed a joke immensely, and often made clever caricatures, a few of which have been published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ESTHER DU BOIS.



## Odds and Ends.

THE Bébé Jumean doll with its movable and unbreakable limbs is made in thousands in the village of Montreuil near Paris, where the majority of the villagers of both sexes are employed in the manufacture. The factory was founded in 1843 by the father of the present proprietor, when the dolls were made of sheep-skin stuffed with sawdust, and were given china heads. A few years later they were made of turned wood, and despite the suggestions of his two sons, Jumean père refused to make any others, content to make a profitable business of the then clumsy productions. It is to the second son, M. Emile Jumean, who gave up his career as an architect to follow that of a doll-maker, when his father and elder brother died, that latter day children owe the Bébé Jumean which he brought out in 1878. Not only do the Jumean dolls serve as a delight to the nursery, but they are used by Parisian dressmakers to send to all countries dressed in the latest fashion, each doll being supplied with a complete wardrobe for every possible occasion, in the making of which as much skill and delicate workmanship has been lavished as upon the dresses they represent.

EVERY year in China a national festival is held in honour of the Empress Si Lung Chee, who is worshipped as the goddess of the silk-worm. She was the first person in the world to raise silk-worms for the purpose of taking the silk from the cocoon, and upon her festival day the reigning Empress and her attendants repair to the temples that have been erected in her honour and lay oblations of flowers and money upon her altars. More people wear silk in China than in any other country, as in its plain raw state it is as cheap as cotton. Layers of wadding placed between the lining and the outside of silk garments make them warm enough for winter wear, and as fashion never changes in the Flowery Land, new clothes are never bought until the old ones are worn out. The tailors are naturally not very prosperous, but as they are always fat from lack of exercise, they are regarded by the Chinese as a high type of humanity, fatness being the desired condition of all Chinamen. Their workrooms are generally open on all sides, as many as ten men squatting round a low table in the centre, covered with matting, sewing and cutting busily all day long, for an average wage of about one pound a week.

THE Duchess of Orleans is a clever musician, and has composed several pretty pieces. Some time before her marriage she was staying with her family at one of their country châteaux, and one day a band of strolling musicians arrived, and asked for permission to play in the courtyard. The permission was granted, and the Duchess's father, the Archduke Joseph of Austria, went down to talk to them. The bandmaster told him that they were very badly off, as they had to pay such exorbitant royalties upon the songs and pieces they played. "Why don't you write something to help these poor people?" the Archduke said to his daughter. And sitting down she immediately composed "Après la pluie, le soleil"—sending it to the bandmaster with all rights and powers. Some little time afterwards she received a letter from the musicians saying that the piece had met with tremendous success, and was bringing them in a great deal of money.

RAILWAY engines like human beings have ailments, some of which baffle all the efforts of those who have charge of them. Two good locomotives may be made upon exactly the same plans and may each cost the usual price £2,200, and yet one will be a good one, and the other always out of order. A first-class railway engine of 300 horse-power is expected to travel 200,000 miles during its existence, that is to say, 13,000 miles every year for fifteen years, but over and over again engines are found that are so strong and so well-made that they go on for many years after their allotted decade and a half has been passed.

A BELGIAN naturalist tells an extraordinary story of the monkeys of Java. The crabs in that island, he says, live in holes on the edge of the sea, and the monkeys, when driven by stress of hunger, kill and eat them in the following manner. Creeping close to one of these holes the monkey lets his tail fall into it. The crab naturally at once seizes hold of the tail in his claws, and the monkey, sometimes screaming with pain, pulls his caudal appendage quickly away and with it the crab holding tightly to its end. Then, twisting it round and round in its paws, it dashes the crab violently against the rocks until its shell is broken and it obtains the reward of a considerable amount of suffering by eating the flesh. The writer points out that the monkeys only eat the crabs when they are unable to get other food.

THERE is a charming legend with regard to the origin of lace-making in Venice. A Venetian fisherman was, some centuries ago, engaged to a pretty and industrious girl who gave him a finely-woven fishing-net, made with her own hands, and the very first time he threw the net into the sea he drew to land a beautiful piece of petrified seaweed. Soon afterwards war broke out, and all the young fishermen of Venice had to go with the fleet and fight in the East, the girl's lover amongst them. Every day after her betrothed had gone the young weaver sat at her work, the petrified piece of seaweed close beside her, and as she plaited the meshes of the nets, she was constantly looking at this souvenir of her lover. Unconsciously her fingers reproduced the thin and delicate fibres of the seaweed in the fishing-net; and this first lace-making, primitive and coarse as it was, finally led to the invention of pillow lace.

THE expression "blue blood" had its origin in the Middle Ages. Then the aristocracy were the only class who washed themselves with any regularity, and consequently the veins, especially in the hands, showed through the skin. Veins contain impure blood which is of a bluish purple hue, and those which lie just beneath the skin appear quite blue in comparison with the delicacy and whiteness of the rest of well-kept hand. Hence the term "blue blood," and its always being applied in indication of noble birth.

"LIFE is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on and encompassed by eternity. Find out your work and stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work."

"WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

WHEN gilt picture-frames have become discoloured they may be brightened, if not altogether restored, by washing them with a preparation of flowers of sulphur and water. Enough sulphur should be used to make the water yellow, then two cut-up onions should be put in it and the mixture boiled upon a fire. When the liquid is cold, it should be strained from the sulphur and onions and applied to the picture-frames with a soft brush.

"How simple great men's rules are! How easy it is to be a great man! Order, diligence, patience, honesty—just what you and I must use to put our dollar in the savings-bank, to do our school-boy sum, to keep the farm thrifty, and the house clean, and the babies neat. Order, diligence, patience, honesty! There is wide difference between men, but truly it lies less in some special gift or opportunity granted to one and withheld from another than in the differing degree in which these common elements of human nature are owned and used. Not how much talent have I, but how much will you use the talent that I have? is the main question. Not how much do I know, but how much do I do with what I know? To do their great work the great ones need more of the very same habits which the little ones need to do their smaller work. They share not achievements, but conditions of achievement with you and me. And those conditions, for them as for us, are largely the plod, the drill, the long disciplines of toil. If we ask such men their secret, they will uniformly tell us so."

IN the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a large section of a pine tree which has been cleverly used as a means of teaching history. The age of a tree can always be told by the number of rings disclosed when it is cut down, and this particular tree shows 533 rings and must be of the same number of years. It was therefore born in 1352, and has existed from the reign of Edward III. to within two years of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, since it was cut down in 1885. The rings have been marked off in white paint, and the dates of the important events which occurred whilst each ring was growing are also indicated, showing that when the Battle of Poitiers was fought the pine was four years old; it was twenty-five when Edward III. died. When Caxton introduced printing the tree had seen 119 summers and winters, and when Columbus discovered America it was 140 years old. Two hundred and twelve rings had appeared when Shakespeare was born, and 240 when Raleigh colonised Virginia. At the time of the Great Plague, this tree was 14 years over its third century of existence, and within six years of its fourth when the Battle of Culloden was fought. The Independence of America was proclaimed in the 424th year of this remarkable tree, and it was 485 when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the stirring events of the greater part of the present reign being enacted during its existence.



SOME PRETTY VOCAL  
DUETS AND NEW TWO-PART  
SONGS FOR GIRLS.

"WHEN at night I go to sleep," is an exquisite little duet for soprano and contralto out of Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel" (Schott); it has German as well as English words.

Girls will remember that this small opera is by Englebert Humperdinck, who is a contributor to this magazine, having written some music especially for it. He was a friend of Wagner, and had great success in England some little time ago, and it abounds in refreshing and delightful music. There are two well written duets by Mary Carmichael (R. Cocks), another contributor to the "G. O. P.," which are exceedingly useful to have, namely, "Under the thorn tree," and "It is the hour;" they are melodious, not difficult, and of convenient length, with interesting words. In a light and simple style, "Hark to the Mandoline," by H. Parker (Cramer), transports us pleasantly to sunny Naples, while "Hark, the goat bells ringing," by H. Smart (R. Cocks), is Swiss in colouring, and it is a pretty little ditty for two sisters to sing together.

Yet another setting of Tennyson's "Sweet and Low," by L. Vivarelli (Cramer), for soprano and contralto, will be found very musical and effective in a quiet, restful way.

Something rousing and merry is Franco Leoni's "Haymaking" (R. Cocks), which is most characteristic and full of the country charm and stir of haytime.

"The sun is a-shining! Come make hay,  
Give the boys and the girls all a holiday."

This would wake an echo in many a girl's heart, longing for summer-time and all its sweet delights. It is a duet that wants singing with plenty of spirit, and to ensure this with due neatness of execution it requires to be well studied.

Now as to new two-part songs: the "St. Cecilia" collection (J. Williams) is an interesting one which includes some that are valuable and effective as duets.

A new one of these is "Echo's Song," from "Cynthia's Revels," by "rare" Ben Jonson, set to music of "lingering sweetness," by F. Pascal, with very artistic result.

Another new one of this series possessed of the same quiet attraction is Spohr's "Evening Song."

Messrs. Enoch have a similar little sixpenny edition of two-part songs some of which make capital duets also. The redoubtable "Washington Post," Poplewell Royle's Toreador, the Estudiantina (student's song) and other popular pieces vocalised, are some of the cheeriest numbers, and of the more serious we recommend César Franck's beautiful "Guardian Angel," Chaminade's characteristic "Angelus," and a most tender "Lullaby," by Gerald Lane. All these are easy, and girls could easily work them up by themselves. There are Six Country Sketches, by Myles B. Foster (Weekes), an old friend of our readers', which are two-part songs, three being exceedingly pretty as duets, namely, No. 1, "By the River." No. 2, "In the Orchard." No. 6, "A Moonlight Ramble." Their modest price is twopence each; they are short, and very useful and simple for the home circle.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

## THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

"WELL, of all the rum, out-of-the-way holes that I've ever set foot in, this is the queerest," said David Russell, aloud.

He was alone, and the sound of his own voice startled him, breaking, as it did, the excessive stillness around him. He seemed the solitary representative of youth, in a place where all was old. Even the trees, whose fresh green leaves betokened that spring had scarcely given way to summer, were clearly affecting a youthfulness that did not belong to them. The oak, at those far-reaching branches David stood gazing with something akin to reverence in his glance, needed much propping to prevent those same boughs from breaking off from the parent stem, so gnarled and knotted were they with age, so bowed down with infirmity, and the magnificent group of elms a little further off leant towards each other rather pathetically, as though they had found the storms of many a winter too much for them. The cedars which half-obscured, half-revealed the low wide house in the distance, spread out their sombre arms with an air of sturdy independence. They wore no garb of youth, but they seemed able to defy time to leave any mark upon them, and David noted that the weeds which covered the mile of drive from end to end were certainly not of this year's growth. They had evidently been left in undisturbed possession for years past.

David Russell, with the strong blood of youth coursing through his veins, felt the atmosphere of the whole place depressing. True, there was a certain melancholy beauty in it all, but it was a beauty that would appeal rather to the old than the young.

The young man's knickerbockered legs and the knapsack on his back showed that he was on a walking tour, and he had availed himself of a short cut through the park of Boscombe Hall, and after delivering himself of the one outburst of astonishment at the forlornness of his surroundings, he pursued the narrow pathway that cut at right angles across the path, whistling as he went, to shake off the subtle sadness that seemed to weigh upon his spirit. A sudden curve brought him to the side of a dell, on whose steep sides a few late bluebells blossomed, and he stooped to pick them. At the very bottom he saw a little girl seated on a big stone. Roused by the sound of his footsteps, she lifted her head, pushing back the flapping Leghorn hat that shaded her eyes, and surveyed the stranger with a grave questioning glance. She looked so quaint and old-fashioned, with her hair parted on her forehead, and left to fall in irregular curls on her neck, and a holland overall covering her from head to foot, that David broke into a merry little laugh.

"Little Miss Muffett," he began, but the child shook her head in quick denial.

"No; they don't call me that. My name is Deborah—Deborah Menzies."

"Then may I come and talk to you, Miss Deborah Menzies?" said David, clambering down the sides of the dell. "You've found a lovely place to sit in, quite the jolliest place in the park, I should say."

"Oh, please take care! You'll tumble them all down, and it takes me such a time to prop them up," said Deborah hastily.

In a circle round her were about a dozen fir-cones, that by dint of digging holes for them in the ground, and with the help of a few supporting twigs, had been induced to stand on end. They were not all the same size. Some were big and decidedly the worse for wear, and some were small, and round one was laid a little wreath of flowers.

"Is it a game?" inquired David, treading with delicate care.

"Yes; the fir-cones are the people who come to stay, you know. There are such a lot of them. When I run short of cones I make up with chestnuts. I keep the fir-cones in a box in the school-room."

"Do so many people come to stay, then?" asked David wonderingly.

"Lots," said Deborah laconically; "but no little boys and girls that I can play with."

"Is not that a little girl with the wreath round her chair?" asked David, pointing to the decorated fir-cone.

"Oh, no; that's Miss Laing. She's very beautiful, mother says, and I think so too."

"Does she live here?"

"No; she's come to stay. I suppose you have too."

"I hadn't thought of it," laughed David, feeling as if he had suddenly been landed in a fairy tale. "Then mother is the mistress of the big house yonder?"

"No; it belongs to grandfather," touching with a small finger the tallest of the fir-cones that was left of a few of its scales. "The one next to him is step-grandmother. Grandfather has had three wives, and this is the last one."

"A very Blue-beard of a grandfather," was David's mental comment. "Has he many children?" he asked aloud.

"Only father, and that's what makes him so sad, mother says. He had four sons, but the three others died, and father does not live here. He's a long, long way off in South America. That's where I was born, and I talk Spanish always to mother."

"Dear me, how clever! Then mother lives with you here?"

"Yes; if you bend down your head you can see her room through this weeny hole in the trees. Look at the window with the torn blind. That's mother's room and mine."

David prostrated himself as desired, and was rewarded by catching a glimpse of the torn blind.

"Thank you," he said, re-seating

himself. "Now I know all about it. Couldn't you have dolls instead of fir-cones? It would make it seem more natural, and they'd sit up with much less propping."

"I should like one, just one," admitted Deborah, lighting her desires to the realm of possibility. "A very beautiful one, like Miss Laing."

David began to feel some curiosity about the beauty who had so fired the child's imagination.

"It should have dark hair—lots and lots of it, and eyelashes all round its eyes, beautiful curly ones, and it should have a white frock. Miss Laing wears white frocks."

"Then have you no playthings, no china tea-service, nor doll's-house?" inquired David, struck with a sort of amused compassion for the little girl who seemed to have neither playmates nor toys.

Deborah shook her head. "There's only the Noah's Ark, and I don't have that except on Sundays. It belonged to step-grandmother when she was a little girl, and she keeps it in the store-room. It's very old. Noah's all right, and his wife, but he has only one son left, and two of the son's wives. When Sunday is fine I bring the Ark down here to let the animals feed. Last Sunday I broke the elephant's leg off and buried it because I daren't tell. You won't tell, shall you?"

"I can't if I wish. I don't know step-grandmother," replied David, smothering a laugh.

"But you will, if you've come to stay," persisted Deborah.

There came the sound of a voice calling from above, a musical girl's voice.

"Deborah, De-bo-rah," more slowly, and the child's face flushed with pleasure.

"It's Miss Laing; she said perhaps she'd come and fetch me. Please help me to pick up my fir-cones. There are twelve, and two chestnuts. You must put them gently in my pinafore; they break so easily."

"Deborah," called the voice again, and, by the nearness, David knew that its owner must be close upon them. His desire to see Miss Laing was apparently to be granted.

A tall girl in a white frock peered down into the dell with laughing eyes. She answered accurately to Deborah's description. Even at this distance David could see the curling lashes that surrounded those eyes, and the masses of curling hair. That passing glimpse made him long for a closer inspection.

"The little one is right. She's beautiful as a goddess," thought David, who, at twenty, was readily stirred to enthusiasm over a pretty face. As a tribute to the beauty he instinctively took off his cloth cap, and smiled, and she smiled back.

"Who is it, Deborah?"

"Somebody who's come to stop,"

asserted Deborah, a little breathlessly, as she climbed up the sides of the dell, holding her pinafore high and disposedly for fear of injuring its precious contents. She was clearly a child of one idea! "I don't know his name."

The absurdity of the situation struck David forcibly, and he laughed loud and long, and by the time the laugh was ended he had reached Miss Laing's side.

"It seems as if I had strayed in a moment into Wonderland," he said, half apologetically. "What does Deborah mean? Do the owners of the old house yonder hold out a sort of feudal hospitality to all who pass this way?"

Miss Laing answered the question with the frankness with which it was put.

"Yes, under two conditions. You must give references, or bring some recommendation, and you must pay."

So here was the solution of the mystery! Poverty and bad times had evidently reduced the owner of the Hall to the strait of receiving a few "paying guests." David bethought himself that he might find considerable amusement in spending a few days of his vacation at the Hall if the matter of references could be quickly settled, and he fumbled in his pocket for his card-case, which he shortly produced. He handed one of his cards to his companion.

"Do you think that would do it?" he asked, "and the fact that they can find

my father's name and address in Crockford? He is a clergyman, and I am out on a walking tour, but I think I should be glad of a few days' rest."

Truth to tell, the idea of rest had not suggested itself until he had seen Miss Laing.

"It might, but the Menzies are very particular. They are a very old family, dating back to the Conquest or thereabouts"—with a little smile.

"In that case I'm not in it. I fancy we were not heard of until Charles I.'s time," David answered, with a mischievous twinkle.

Deborah was looking from one to the other with puzzled eyes.

"Are you going to stop? for, if so, I will take you to set-up-grandmother," she said, slipping her hand into that of her new friend.

"Yes, Deborah, I'll stop if they will have me."

It must be confessed that his audacity failed him as they drew near the house, and a tall, spare lady issued from the hall door, whose look plainly betrayed enquiry as to what brought David there.

The awkwardness of the situation, however, was relieved by Deborah, who ran forward hurriedly, and pulled down the lady's head close to her own.

"He's very nice," she said, in an audible whisper, "and he wants to stay dreadfully, but he does not know whether you will have him."

"I did not know that I had the happy chance of putting up for a few days in this delightful neighbourhood until I quite accidentally learned from Miss Laing that you might perhaps take me in. My only credential is my calling card and my father's address, which you may know by chance."

Mrs. Menzies coughed, to give herself time to think, and took the proffered card.

"Russell," she said. "My husband knows the Russells of—shire."

"I believe we are distantly connected with them," said David gravely.

Mrs. Menzies glanced furtively, uneasily, at David through her spectacles, and the wrinkles round her mouth relaxed a little. He was so pleasant to look upon, with his fresh, ruddy face, his tall, well set-up figure. He was undoubtedly a gentleman, and she could detect no sinister purpose in his simple request to become an inmate of her house for a few days.

"Come in," she said, more cordially. "I will introduce you to my husband."

Then David knew he had won the day.

"I think that you said that you and Miss Laing knew each other?" said Mrs. Menzies, when the party were assembled at lunch.

"Yes," David replied quickly. "We have met before."

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

### WOMEN IN BURMA.

Before the law, in religion, and in regard to the moral code, men and women in Burma are perfectly equal.

The women administer their property themselves, and, when they marry, it remains in their full possession. The Burmese husband has no jurisdiction over his wife's belongings, nor over her person. She is perfectly free.

Married or single, all Burmese women have an occupation besides their home duties. Among the upper classes they look after their property; among the middle and lower classes they generally manage stores. Most retail stores are in the hands of women. As business is conducted during three hours of the day only it does not interfere with their home duties.

Women may, however, adopt any calling they please in Burma without fear of shocking public opinion. Curiously enough, sewing and knitting are specially occupations, not for women, as with us, but for men.

### FAITHFUL TO HER PROMISE.

Here is an original love-story.

Mademoiselle Adelaide de Brigisse, a French poetess, when she was a young girl wrote a letter in the form of a sonnet, promising her hand to the finder. She placed it in a secret drawer in an old bureau and then forgot all about it.

Years after, the poetess having reached the mature age of seventy, the bureau was bought by a romantic old colonel in the army. He found the love-letter and considered himself duly engaged to the writer. The poetess resolved to be faithful to her promise, written when she was seventeen, and the marriage only recently took place.

### THEY DON'T COMPLIMENT US.

Many hard things have been said about women, and criticism being wholesome to listen to, we here quote a few:—

"Women's friends are cushions in which they stick their pins."

"A woman has never spoiled anything through silence."

"Who takes an eel by the tail and a woman at her word holds nothing."

"Friendship between two women is usually a plot against a third."

"Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless."

"In going to ask a favour a man says to himself 'What shall I say?' But a woman asks herself 'What shall I wear?'"

### POEMS WE SHOULD ALL READ.

Which are the ten noblest poems in English literature "measured by the test of poetic form, ethical insight and spiritual inspiration?"

This question was recently addressed to a large number of eminent Americans, and from the replies received the following list has been constructed.

"Intimations of Immortality."—*Wordsworth*.

"Saul."—*Browning*.

"Elegy written in a Country Churchyard."—*Gray*.

"Rabbi Ben Ezra."—*Browning*.

"Ode to a Skylark."—*Shelley*.

"Commemoration Ode."—*Lowell*.

"The Ancient Mariner."—*Coleridge*.

"Thanatopsis."—*Bryant*.

"The Eternal Goodness."—*Whittier*.

"Tintern Abbey."—*Wordsworth*.

### AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Once upon a time in Barnstaple, in North Devon, there were two old women who sat in the market every Tuesday and Friday and sold apples. Each one regularly brought thirty apples, and one of the old women sold two for a halfpenny and the other old woman sold three for a halfpenny.

In that way the first old woman—"ole dummon," as they say in the West—got fifteen halfpence for her basket of apples, while the second old woman received ten halfpence; so that together they made twenty-five halfpence each day.

But one day the old apple-woman who sold three for a halfpenny was too ill to go to market, and she asked her neighbour to take her apples and sell them for her.

This the other old woman kindly consented to do, and when she got to market with the two baskets of apples, she said to herself, "I will put all the apples into one basket, for it will be easier than picking them out of two baskets."

So she put the sixty apples into one basket, and she said to herself, "Now, if I sell two apples for one halfpenny and Kitty Webber"—which was her old friend's name—"sells three for a halfpenny, that is the same thing as selling five apples for a penny. Therefore I will sell five for a penny."

When she had sold the sixty apples she found she had only twenty-four halfpence; which was right, because there are twelve fives in sixty, and twice twelve are twenty-four.

But if the other old woman had been there, and each one had sold her apples separately, they would have received twenty-five halfpence. How is this mystery to be explained?

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

H. MILLER writes—"In your interesting account of Essex churches, you mention 'Horn Church' as having a singular peculiarity. Instead of a gable cross at the east end there is a carved head of a bull, in stone, etc. I thought you would like to know that the church formerly belonged to the convent on Mount St. Bernard, in Savoy, and it has been suggested that the ox's head, with the horns, may, perhaps, be the crest or the arms of the convent. Is the church dedicated to St. Luke? If so, that might account for the head of the ox."

The letter about Horn Church and the bull's head on its eastern gable is very interesting, especially the information that this church was connected with the celebrated Abbey of Mount St. Bernard in Savoy. I do not see, however, that the bull's head is accounted for by this fact. I have never heard that the cognizance of that monastery is a bull's head, nor is it likely that a mere heraldic device would be likely to occupy the position nearly always assigned to a cross over the altar gate of a church. I rather think that Horn Church is dedicated to St. Mary; but of this I am not sure. The object in question in no way resembles the Evangelistic symbol of St. Luke. A curious thing about it is that the

head of the beast is carved in stone, but the horns appear to be genuine horns, or are, possibly, of metal. I only know of one other church in England where the eastern gable cross is replaced by another object, and that is Blithborough, in Suffolk, where there is a statue in this position. It is much mutilated, but appears to represent the Trinity.

The name Horn Church seems to suggest some connection with this bull's head.

H. W. B.

DILETTANTE inquires—"Is there any trace in antiquity of the modern custom by which artists invite their friends to inspect paintings in the studio before the time of public exhibition?"

We can give DILETTANTE one instance very much in point. The famous Greek painter Apelles, when he had completed a work, used to exhibit it to the view of any who chanced to enter his studio, while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms unobserved.

The latter part of his method of procedure is not modern, and may be recommended to Royal Academicians and others who wish to obtain a candid opinion.

The story goes on to say that Apelles one day overheard a shoemaker objecting that he

had painted shoes with one latchet too few. Like a man of sense, the artist recognised the justice of the censure, and at once rectified the error. Next day the shoemaker came again, and was delighted to see his advice had been overheard and acted upon. Emboldened at his success, he began to criticise aloud the drawing of the leg that wore the shoe; upon which the indignant Apelles thrust forth his head and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes.

This piece of advice has become a proverbial saying: "*Ne supra crepidam sutor judicet.*" "Above the shoe let not the shoemaker judge."

There is an excellent moral in this anecdote (told by Pliny the Elder), which may apply to many a modern would-be critic.

INVESTIGATOR asks, "What is the meaning of the expression I so often meet with in historical stories, 'By my halidom?' What is a halidom?"

The question is a natural one, but there is no such thing as a "halidom." The expression comes from the Saxon Haligdom—"holy" and "dom." "By my halidom" is, therefore, equivalent to an adjuration by all that is holy.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### STUDY AND STUDIO.

MORAG.—You are not at all too young to go abroad *en pair*, that is, to give your services in teaching English in exchange for lessons in French or German. Numbers of English girls about your age go to Switzerland and elsewhere on these terms. Would you like to advertise in some Swiss paper, e.g., the *Feuille d'avis de Vevey* or the *Gazette de Louanne*?

AN ENQUIRER.—We can never answer questions so quickly as you propose, for we go to press a very long time before you receive your magazine. We are afraid therefore that our reply will come too late to help you with your composition. Any of Miss Edgeworth's stories would be useful, or *History of our own Times*, by Justin McCarthy, or the *Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, or one of the books that were so numerous last year about the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—You have eight years' advantage over our correspondent Doris (see N. 965), but you, also, are too old to begin with much prospect of success. You could buy an instruction-book, such as "Hamilton's," or the "Academy" Pianoforte Tutor, 15, 4d. net; Davenport's Guide to Pianoforte Students, 6d.; or Charles Halle's Practical Pianoforte School, Section I., 1s. 4d. But we fear none of these would stand you in stead of a teacher. If you are bent on learning, we can only answer you that the "cheapest way" is either to get a friend to give you a few lessons to see whether you think it worth while to go on, or to apply to some local teacher in your town whose fees are low. Your eagerness to learn will prove a great help to you.

CÉCILE RAHIER (Brest).—We are delighted to be able to award you the second prize for the April "Stories in Miniature." You make a mistake in saying "unscrupled" for "unscrupulous," and there is now and again an un-English expression which experience will teach you to avoid; but in the main your work is admirable, and we congratulate a French girl upon being able to express herself so well in a foreign tongue.

PENMANSHIP (Cape Colony).—1. Both styles of writing you submit are very good, but we prefer that marked B. We do not like the introductory strokes to the letters in A. You might, however, make B a little less plain, thus combining the beauties of either style.—2. We cannot give a downright "yes" or "no" to your second question; for much depends upon the companions likely to be met with, the hours kept, and the general effect upon the girl herself, whether that of dissipation or recreation. Each one must judge according to circumstances and conviction, avoiding everything, however delightful, that she feels is harmful to her personally; but not shunning diversion just because it is pleasant.

PAULINE MARY.—Would you like to sit for the Queen's Scholarship Examination, which will qualify you for entrance into a Training College? If so, write to the Education Department, London; or to Alfred Bourne, Esq., British and Foreign School Society, Temple Chambers, London, E.C. Those who pass this examination obtain two years' board, and tuition at a Training College at a small fee. You might also consult the Secretary, Association for the Education of Women, Clarendon Building, Oxford, for particulars of teachers' training.

S. J.—We are very sorry that our rules do not allow us to answer queries by post. As you distinctly say you do not want a reply in "Answers to Correspondents" we feel a difficulty in advising you, but you will find suggestions to those in like case with yourself, by glancing through our back numbers.

MISS MARGARET TODD writes to inform us that the secretaryship of an amateur "Poetry and Essay Club," formerly mentioned in *The Girl's Own Paper*, has come into her hands. "The club is intended to promote the study of the works of our great poets," and essays are written, which are corrected by a competent critic. There is room for a few more members, the terms are moderate, and all details can be obtained from Miss Todd, at Fairview, Barningham, Barnard Castle.

STUDENT writes most kindly offering help to "Aspirant" in the study of Euclid and algebra. She says, "As a student who has experienced the difficulties and drawbacks of studying alone, I should be pleased to give 'Aspirant' any assistance in my power by correcting and explaining her work at intervals, should she not be able to obtain personal tuition as you advise. I feel fully qualified to help her, as for over ten years my time has been given to the study of mathematics in various branches, Euclid and algebra being naturally my first subjects." "Student" does not wish her address published, so, as we cannot undertake private communication, perhaps "Aspirant" will send us hers. We thank "Student" for her kind letter.

MARIE.—Your verses, "The Return of Spring," are not at all bad for your age. They are correct in metre and rhyme, which is more than can be said of many amateur efforts we receive. You use the adjective "dreary" too often—three times in four verses!

KADJ.—We remember you well, and are sorry you have not as yet been successful in the competitions. Your essay was, however, not at all bad, and nearly obtained Honourable Mention. You labour under a disadvantage in your writing being so small and cramped. "Try, try again!" The sketch of the Choral Society is very amusing. You can describe cleverly, but you need practice in composition, and—dare we hint it?—you sometimes spell incorrectly.

### MEDICAL.

SHRIMP.—We have already answered the questions you ask us. If you will read the correspondence in the last two months' numbers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* you will obtain all the information that we can give you about superfluous hairs and "open pores." The answer to "Milly" will tell you about freckles.

GRACE.—It is natural for the palms of the hands to perspire more freely than the other parts of the body. When the perspiration is far in excess of what it should be, as it is in your case, we must try to seek some cause for it. There must be a cause for it though we are by no means certain to discover it. In indigestion this condition of excessive perspiration of the palms may occur. It also occurs as a symptom of rapid and weak action of the heart, of over fatigue and of anaemia. Among local causes, excessive use of the hands for delicate work is the most important. Wearing kid gloves does not really increase the perspiration of the palms, but as leather prevents evaporation, it appears to increase the amount of moisture. Bathing the hands in a warm solution of borax (1 in 80), or bicarbonate of soda (1 in 40), or ammonia (about 1 in 200) are advised for this complaint. It is much better, however, to use an acid wash, and the most convenient of these is toilet vinegar. Ordinary table vinegar is nearly as good, but not so pleasant. Aromatic sulphuric acid, very much diluted (one part of the acid to ten or twenty parts of water) is the best of all preparations for the purpose.

LUCY.—1. You have no doubt got a return of the anaemia. It is by no means uncommon for the face to be very high coloured in anaemia, but the white of the eyes is always bluer than normal and the lips are always pale. Flushings are constant symptoms of anaemia and the commonly concurring indigestion.—2. We strongly disavise you from using sulph-hydrate of calcium for superfluous hairs. The skin of the face is very tender, and you should be very careful in applying any preparation to it. Our experience of this drug has been exceedingly discouraging. We have found it dangerous and useless.

BROWN EYES.—If we could produce a plentiful supply of eyebrows at will we would be millionaires by this time! Still, if we are not sure of success we can nevertheless try our best. Is the skin surrounding the hairs in your eyebrows perfectly healthy? If not, find out what is wrong with it and cure the condition, and your eyebrows will grow better. But from your letter it appears that there is nothing wrong with the skin. A solution of boric acid (1 in 40) may do good, or you may try one of the milder stimulant lotions or pomades used for the hair of the head such as "cantharidine," "brilliantine" or "rosemary."

**Gussy.**—Your teeth are in a very bad condition, and must be seen to by a competent dentist. You can no more stop your own teeth than you could cut off your own leg. If you cannot afford the fees of a private dentist, we strongly advise you to ask your mother's permission to go to a hospital. Her fears that "cheap material might be used, and injury thereby result," are without foundation. At none of the London hospitals do they use anything but the best materials in any department. You will have to be very careful about the tooth-powder that you use.

**Hippie.**—Certainly you may use boracic acid for your hair. One teaspoonful of the powder to a pint of hot water is the correct proportion to use.

You should not use soap with the lotion. Boracic acid injures neither the face nor the eyes. Scurfiness of the head has nothing whatever to do with scrofula, which is an old-fashioned and almost obsolete name for some forms of tuberculosis.

The condition of your head is what is known as seborrhoea or dandruff.

**MARY.**—You wish to change a "nasty dark red-coloured complexion for a nice pink and white one." Doubtless you do, so do very many girls. We wish we could tell you how to effect the exchange, but, unfortunately, it is beyond our power to do so. We will, however, give you a few hints on improving the complexion. Avoid indigestible food; wear a veil when you go out on windy days; use a very fine soap for washing your face with; and never use any cosmetics containing poisonous drugs or coloured material. Glycerine and cucumber, and glycerine and rose-water, are nice preparations for the face, and may be used occasionally with advantage.

**F. S.**—The small holes "like pimples" which are left after an attack of acne has been cured, are the dilated orifices of enlarged glands. They are not produced by the sulphur, indeed they are made less prominent by that drug. Do not give up using the sulphur ointment just yet; it is apparently doing you a great deal of good, and will cure you completely in a short time. You can do nothing special for the minute holes, except keeping your face very clean, and using a fairly rough towel after washing. The holes will gradually get less and less conspicuous. You must be very careful not to use any powder or other material to "fill up the holes." Acne is due to these holes becoming plugged, and so if you try to fill up the holes you will have a return of the pimples.

**MABEL.**—Wear gloves when you go out; wash with a good soap, and if necessary use a little glycerine and rose-water. Attend to your digestion if it is not up to the mark. Remember that every one who does hard work with her hands has red and hard hands.

**WELINGTON.**—We cannot give the address of any tradesman in this column.

**A. M. B.**—Decidedly your hair may grow thick again. Cannot you discover any cause why your hair is thin? Read the answer to "Absalon" again, and also the other answers about the hair that appeared in this column about the same time. Very often, when you have found the cause of hair falling out, the cure is quite simple. If no cause can be discovered, treatment must always be difficult, and the results very uncertain. Bay rum or cantharidine and rosemary lotions are sometimes very useful.

**KATE.**—You have acne and must follow the advice that we have given to the great many correspondents who have asked this question before. No; eating oranges could not have the effect of producing acne, nor of injuring the complexion in any way, unless it produced indigestion or nettlerash.

**QUESTION.**—Spectacles of  $f=2$ ; D convex contain glasses of the strength of 24 dioptries. Both lenses would be of equal power.

**"AZALEA"** suffers from noises in her left ear, of some years' duration, and she asks us to tell her what is the cause of this condition and how it may be remedied. Noises in the ear may be due to affections of the ear itself, of the auditory nerve, or of the brain. It is not always easy, or indeed possible, to tell which of these parts is at fault. If the noises are confined to one ear, it is probably the ear itself that is abnormal. If it is confined to the head and is not in the ears, either the brain or the nerve is wrong. If the noises seem to arise in the head, it is probably the brain that is wrong; if they seem to come from outside and the sufferer cannot tell whether the noises are real or imaginary, it may be any one of the three organs that is affected. Besides these "organic" diseases, noises in the ear may be due to "functional" troubles such as anæmia, sleeplessness or hysteria. One of the commonest causes of this condition is "wax," and very many people have been cured by simply syringing out the ears. If the noises are due to anæmia or sleeplessness, these conditions must be treated. If due to organic disease of the ear, other than wax, surgical operation may sometimes do good. When the noises are due to brain disease, they are secondary to the other symptoms. When the nerve is at fault, bromide of potassium, hydrobromic acid, and borax are sometimes very useful. In other cases, tonics are more efficacious. In your particular case we think the "nerve" is affected, but we strongly advise you to syringe out the ear before trying any other means to cure the complaint.

**A CONSTANT READER.**—It requires a very strong electric current to pierce the human skin and make itself felt. A battery which will light a three-candle power incandescent lamp will produce little or no effect on a person grasping the terminal wires in her hands. The contact of dissimilar metals, such as zinc and copper, produces a most minute quantity of electricity, ten thousand times less than the friction of sharpening a lead pencil. It is an absurdity to suppose that such an amount of electricity would be able to pierce such a resisting structure as the skin. And if it did pierce the skin what good could it do for rheumatism?

**GRANIE.**—Yes. We strongly advise you to have your heart examined by a doctor. All your symptoms may be due to anæmia, but then they might also be due to organic heart disease. The diagnosis could only be settled by the examination of your heart.

**"GREY AT THIRTY YEARS."**—There is no doubt that the various made-up hair dyes are the best. These preparations are made of very various drugs. Some are composed of lead solutions with sulphur. Others contain nitrate of silver, and others again are purely vegetable. We believe that one of the last kind is made from walnuts. Avoid any preparation containing silver. The lead and sulphur lotions are very efficacious and fairly safe, but minor degrees of lead poisoning can result from their use. The vegetable dyes are mostly harmless.

