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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

Now that Michael knew he could not see Beattie again there was nothing to keep him in London. Indeed he longed to escape from it to his own home. He was in no mood to seek any of his friends, and he felt the impulse of his childhood to go to his mother when he was hurt return to him. She could not cure the pain but she could sympathise; and now, as then, although pride would bid him conceal from others that he suffered, there was no sacrifice of dignity or manhood in telling her that he was in need of comfort.

Accordingly he telegraphed for the late train to be met, and bought the return ticket with which, in doubt as to the period of his stay,



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"SHE KNELT ON IN THE MOONLIGHT, SILENT AND THOUGHTFUL."

he had not provided himself. He could hardly believe that it was only yesterday he had left the station so full of hope and ardour. His quick return would tell his mother all she needed, and he would be spared making explanations until he was inclined to. As for his father, whatever Sir John's faults might be, he was the last to wound his son by alluding to a matter of this kind. Lady Anstruther had told him of Michael's hopes, and he had remarked irascibly, "Who on earth were the Swanningtons?" and hoped that Mike had not been too precipitate. He would have liked to make inquiries. However, although had Mike been accepted he might have tempered his congratulations with comments that he could have done better, yet the consciousness that this was so, and that he was delivered from relatives who were "no one in particular," would make him more gentle to Mike and more sympathetic in his disappointment. The Anstruthers were poor, and Sir John wished his sons to make good matches from a monetary point of view, but he had a great deal of family pride, and was wont to remark that to be with "cads" (his term for anyone not well-born) made him positively ill. As want of money somewhat debars gentlemen from the society of their equals, it is no wonder that Sir John, who would be so select, was without friends or at any rate intimates.

Michael got a carriage to himself. He had not provided himself with either refreshments or literature to wile away the three hours' journey that lay before him, but when the boy from Smith's stall shouted "Paper, sir," in his ear and almost thrust it into the carriage, he took it mechanically. It was a special edition and placards in large black type were posted about, but Michael in his self-absorption noticed nothing.

He had been travelling for an hour, during which time he was living over again his interview of the afternoon, recalling Beattie's expression, and trying to extract a little hope for the future of two years' distance, when the stopping of the train at a junction showed him how far he had already gone on his journey. He rose, shook himself vigorously, and said, "Well, it's no use thinking any longer. I've got to have patience I suppose."

He pulled down the window and looked out. The platform did not present a very animated appearance at that time in the evening. The usual boy with chocolate and buns and bananas was strolling past the windows where he was not wanted, oblivious of a third-class passenger, leaning eagerly out and calling him in the faint, timorous voice of a diffident single woman of advancing years. Michael shouted to the boy and despatched him to the hungry spinster. An old fat gentleman was quarrelling with the guard over a missing hat-box, which he declared ought to have been with the luggage, but which was afterwards found in the compartment he had quitted; two or three men were swallowing glasses of spirit and water with the speed necessary on these occasions, and

Michael suddenly remembered that since the cup of tea and slice of thin bread and butter he had had at half-past four he had tasted nothing. Indeed his excitement had prevented his eating much all day. A glance at the clock showed him there would be just time to procure a glass of wine, and he stepped on to the platform. To get to the refreshment room he had to pass the paper stall, and as he returned his eye was momentarily arrested by the posters. There he saw in large letters, "Fighting in South Africa. Repulse of the British force. List of killed and wounded."

He snatched up an evening paper, and flung himself into the carriage just as the train began to move.

He read the few lines. The fight was only a skirmish with a tribe of natives, but it had resulted in the loss of two officers, and one of them was Captain Geoffrey Anstruther.

Ever afterwards that journey through the night, alone with his own disappointment and the first knowledge of the awful grief which had fallen upon him and his, the consciousness that he was travelling to a blighted home, that he was himself perhaps to be the bearer of the dread news, remained in Michael's mind as the most miserable he had ever had. Better, he told himself, that when last he came this way, he should have found his mother dead than that he should see her as she would be now. Would she survive this blow, the loss of Geoff, the soldier son of whom she was so proud, in whom the hopes of both his parents were set, for was he not the heir, and had he not to make up to them for all the disappointment of their eldest born?

How this would affect himself Michael could not think at the time. His whole mind was with his dead brother and his parents.

Once a hope seized him that perhaps there was a mistake in the name. Such things happened sometimes, and drowning men it is well known clutch at straws. He remembered the other paper he had bought. He tore it open only to receive additional evidence of the truth. There were more details than in the first, but the names of dead and wounded were identical.

For the remainder of the journey he sat dry-eyed and white, waiting till he should be at its end. He wondered if those at home already knew, if any telegram had been received, any notice from the War Office. He felt he could not break it to his mother, and he could hardly trust his father to do so; for, overwhelmed with his own grief, would he not rush to her with vehement outbursts and lack of proper control? And the poor old father himself, embittered as he was by the spoilt career of one child, and the death of a second, was he to learn that of those that remained yet another was cut off in the flower of his youth, and that one, as Michael sometimes thought, the dearest to him of the two.

At length as he neared home a thought came to him. If the news had already reached the hall the servants would have heard of it, and the demeanour of the

groom, even if he did not impart the evil tidings, would show him they had preceded him. If they had not done so, he would go first to the rectory and ask the help of Mr. Gilman.

It was a dark night and the light of the carriage lamps did not fall on the groom's face, but his cheerful "Good evening, sir," did not sound as if he had received any depressing intelligence. To the young fellow Mr. Geoff's death would be a personal grief.

Mike asked him after his mother, and heard that she was well and had been in the afternoon to take flowers to Miss Evelyn's grave. Mike swallowed a lump in his throat.

"I say, Richards," he said, "don't go straight home. I want to look in at the rectory a minute."

His voice sounded strange to the groom and he wondered at the request. The ladies'-maid often expressed a conviction that Mr. Mike and Miss Norah would one day be engaged, and Richards, who was himself keeping company with the kitchen-maid, had a tender spot in his heart for all lovers just then; but his young master struck him as very unlike a lover in his demeanour. Something had changed him, he thought, for now, as on the last time he had driven him home, he was silent and abstracted. Yet he had been merry enough going to the station.

It was already past ten, and the rectory people were in the habit of retiring early, with the exception of the rector himself, who was a bad sleeper and had the habits of a student. Mike expected to find him in his study among the musty volumes from which he was learning Arabic. He knew it was no use ringing, as the study was at some distance from the entrance and the rector was too deaf to hear him. He had the run of the house, however, and as the front door was never locked he turned the handle and went in. He knocked at the study door, somewhat loudly, and the voice which said "Come in" was Norah's.

She started up at sight of him, blushing crimson and dropping her work.

"Why, Mike," she stammered, "I thought you were in London."

"I am only just back," he said; "I wanted to see the Rector."

Norah was recovering her self-control. "Father has had bad neuralgia all day," she said, "and I have persuaded him to go to bed. Shall I take him a message? Mike, how pale you look. Has anything happened? Lady Anstruther?"

He shook his head wearily.

"Norah," he said, "Geoff is dead."

"Geoff! Oh, my poor Michael." Her voice and look and the fact that her first thought was for him touched him inexpressibly. It was the first sympathy he had had, and he was thoroughly tired. He turned away his face and for a moment hid it on his arm.

Norah drew forward her father's arm-chair. This was not the first time she had had to comfort sorrow, but if she had never been with anyone in grief before her instinct would have told her what to do for Mike.

She avoided looking at him, and for a little while she did not speak.

Mike broke the silence.

"I mustn't stop; Beauty isn't good at standing, you know, but—I felt I must come here first. I saw it in the paper—and they don't know. I—I thought the Rector would tell them. But if he's ill—"

Norah looked at him with sweet, friendly eyes which were dim with tears.

"I think it will be best, dear, to keep it to ourselves to-night. There will be time enough to grieve in. Let them get their rest. I will tell father the first thing in the morning, and if they have not heard by then he will break it to them. You needn't see your mother to-night, need you?"

"I expect she'll be keeping awake for me, and if not there's the father?"

"Yes."

Norah puckered her brow for a minute. Then she said—"Why not tell Richards to drive on? He can send a message to the house that you had had to call here a minute and are walking up. They'll think nothing of that; they will naturally suppose, after sitting so long, you are glad of a little walk, and they won't wait up for you. It isn't as if you were coming home after a long absence."

Mike was grateful for her common-sense. Norah had always been such a helpful little woman when there was any difficulty in the way. He went out and told Richards to go home, saying he would not want anyone to wait up for him. Then he returned to the study. It was empty. Norah had slipped away to the kitchen to bring him such refreshment as she could obtain at short notice. Fortunately there was generally some little delicacy in the house in readiness for one or other of Norah's *protégés*. Without compunction she warmed up old Mrs. Crook's chicken broth and carried it to him. Everything Norah did was done quietly, and without fuss. Her gentle movements disturbed no one, not even her father, whose bedroom, because he needed warmth, was over the kitchen. Her restful manner and the absence of excitement with which she received the news, though she had, as he could see, been crying when she returned to him, did much to calm himself, and when he had drunk the soup they sat a little while talking as if they had been brother and sister, of the sorrow which had come so suddenly to them all.

"You have done me so much good, Norah," said Mike when he rose to go. "I feel I can face things better now, though I dread to think of to-morrow."

"You will have strength for to-morrow when it comes, Mike," said Norah. "You will try and sleep to-night."

"I am not likely to do that; nor you either, I am afraid. I've been a selfish brute to trouble you like this."

She smiled through her tears.

"I am glad you came," she said simply, and as he looked at the pure, earnest, kind, little face, a sudden feeling of reverence made him take the hand which had ministered to him and raise it to his lips.

Michael was right in thinking Norah would not sleep. She went up to her little white bedroom and, drawing up the blind, knelt long by her window. The moon had risen, and through the trees she could see the Hall. She prayed for all within it, her heart going out in love and sympathy, not only to Mike and Lady Anstruther, but also to poor Sir John. He cared for so few people, it was hard indeed for him to part with any of them, and he was without the hope in the blessed future when the tears should be wiped from all eyes which gives comfort to those that mourn as Christians. But it was chiefly of Mike that Nora thought. He would be the heir now. The future would be changed for him. And then she laid her cheek against the hand he had kissed and knelt on in the moonlight, silent and thoughtful, looking, though she knew it not, the ideal of pure and loving and sanctified girlhood. When at length she lay down on her bed it was to remain wakeful still, dreaming and praying, with her hands folded across her breast and her eyes gazing out through the uncurtained window till the moonlight faded into the dawn and the birds awakened to a new day. Then she rose with them and prepared herself to meet it.

She made some tea for her father and carried it to his room. His neuralgia was better and he had slept well. She was glad she had not disturbed him, but she felt she ought not to keep the news of Geoffrey's death from him any longer. He was only less grieved than if it had been one of his own boys that had been taken. Of course there had always been this possibility before the young soldier, and he knew, although she said little, of Lady Anstruther's fears. Alas, that they should have been so soon realised! Norah told him of Mike's desire that he should go to his parents. There was little doubt now, that even if no official notice were received, they would see the news in the paper, and it would be less of a shock to have it broken to them gently than to suddenly be confronted with it as Michael had been. It was still early, the postman had not arrived. Mr. Gilman knew Sir John's habits, and Lady Anstruther would not probably see either letters or papers till she went into the breakfast-room. If he started at once he might be able to forestall the intelligence.

The butler, though too well trained to look his astonishment, marvelled what had brought the rector with so sad a face thus early. As he was informing him, in answer to his question, that no one was yet down, the postman's cart drove past.

"Marks," said the rector, "I wish to see either Sir John or Lady Anstruther before they receive their letters. I am afraid there is bad news for them."

The man's face grew grave.

"Oh, sir," he said with genuine emotion, "I hope there's nothing come to the Captain."

The Rector nodded.

"Don't mention it yet, Marks," he said.

"Not—not dead, sir?"

"I am afraid so."

"It will kill my lady," said the butler.

A message was sent to Sir John, who was in his dressing-room, begging him to say nothing to her ladyship, but to grant an interview to Mr. Gilman as soon as possible. The Rector waited for him in the library. He would have liked to see Michael, but the young man, contrary to his expectations, worn out by his emotions and tired by his journey, was sleeping heavily.

Sir John appeared, looking anxious.

"I hope there's nothing wrong, Gilman," he said, "to bring you at this unearthly hour."

He was not best pleased at having been hurried over his toilet, and was inclined to be irritable.

"There is, Sir John," said the Rector in his gentlest tones, and his voice shook. The task before him was no less hard that he himself was sorrowing.

"Sit down," said Sir John, as an excuse for sitting himself. His knees were trembling. He had not guessed what brought the Rector, but his heart sank with a foreboding of great evil. "Now, then, out with it. You know I hate beating about the bush."

And the Rector told him.

For some seconds the squire was as one turned to stone. His cheeks were ashen, his unseeing eyes stared before him, his hands stiffened, and his dry lips refused to speak. When the Rector spoke to him he did not seem to hear. Mr. Gilman, fearing for him, was on the point of going to look for a stimulant, but the squire, as if suspecting his intention, made a motion with his arm to detain him and uttered some inarticulate sound. The Rector divined that he was thinking of his wife.

"God will comfort her," he said gently.

At mention of that name there was a swift change in the squire. The blood rushed back to his face, the fire glowed in his eyes, he rose to his feet and gave a mocking laugh.

"Ah," he said, striking his hands together, "God will comfort her. Then it is well with her. Such cant may do for parsons and women. With me it is different. If there be a God He has taken my son. Your Bible tells of miracles. The dead are raised, and men see and believe. When my son is restored to me I too will believe, but not till then—not till then. I have no faith in this God of yours—and Geoffrey is dead."

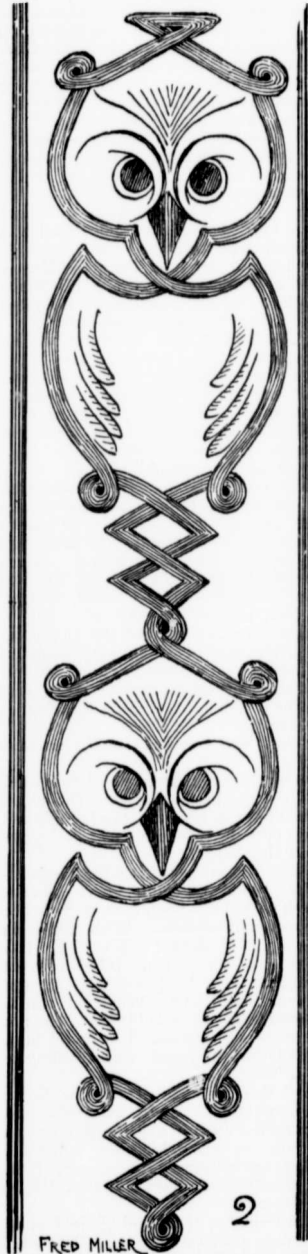
And then as suddenly as the flame had leapt up it expired. The words had scarcely left his lips, and the Rector had not time to reach his side before his failing limbs refused to support him, and paralysed and senseless he fell to the ground.

The thoughts of all had gone first to the frail, delicate mother. But after all it was Sir John who was stricken almost to death. To Lady Anstruther strength was given to bear the double grief.

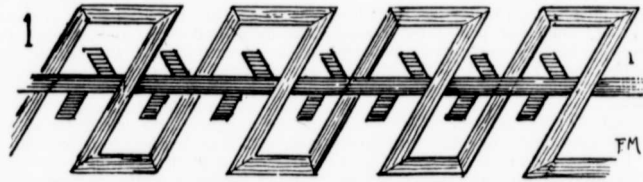
(To be continued.)

"KELTIC EMBROIDERY."

THE suggestions for this article were gained from a visit some time since to an exhibition of Irish embroidery shown at the rooms of The Donegal Industrial Fund, in which old



Original design of a quaint owl border, suitable for blue and red thread or flax. Though finished off at both ends it can be repeated ad lib.



Original design for repeating border, suggested by Keltic work, to be wrought in two colours.

Keltic designs, many of them of the eighth century, were mainly employed. There is something so marked in character and so ingenious about these Keltic designs that endless variations are suggested to the mind, some few of which I have worked out here and in a future number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Take A and B, which are from the

needle. Flax is the material employed by the Donegal peasants.

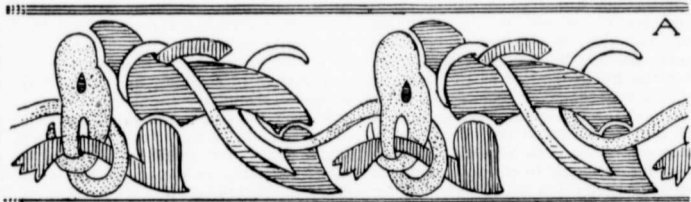
D and E are ingenious strap-work borders, and readers might exercise their ingenuity in evolving fresh patterns on these lines. My attempt is seen in Fig. 1, where the stem running through the strap-work should be in a different and darker colour. Such designs



Original design of repeating quaint fish border, suitable for working in red and blue thread on linen.

Durrow Bible of the eighth century. The suggestion conveyed of extinct monsters is grotesque and ingeniously clever. It is difficult to trace the genesis of such designs. A seems to hint at a mastodon or other elephantine animal, while B has a suspicion of the winged dragon; yet while they and others of this class distinctly convey to the mind the idea of

as these would come well worked in red and blue thread on linen, or could easily be adapted for Berlin wool work or canvas. In the Donegal embroidery the stitches run longitudinally and are crossed at intervals as indicated in the sketches. They use a woollen fabric not unlike serge, and some curtains I saw were a rich brick-red with the embroidery



Design from Durrow Bible, eighth century Keltic work.

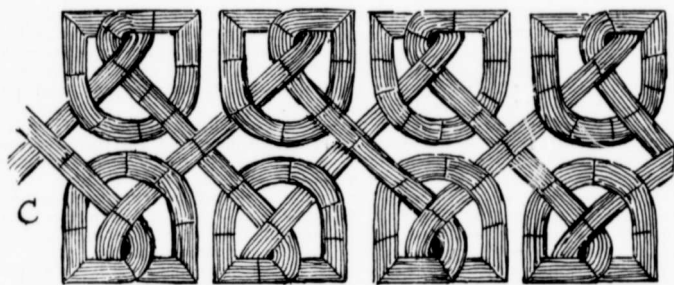
some strange beast, they are at the same time pure ornaments, having no reference to any particular creature.

In C we have a most intricate and ingenious "strap-work" pattern, a class of ornament seen on runic crosses. This style of design is very effective when wrought with the

in yellows and browns. The effect of the shining flax upon the dull woollen ground is most effective, and the tone of the work being yellow produces a fine harmony with the red textile. Schemes of colour, such as yellow on red, are safer than where you get contrast, say green on red. In Figs 2 and 3 I have essayed



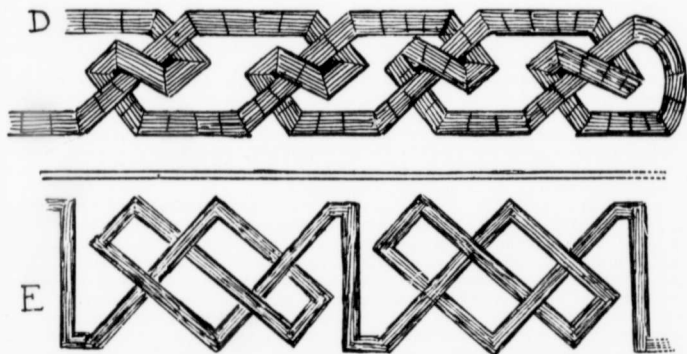
Design from eighth century Keltic work.



Keltic "strap" work design. Notice the ingenuity shown in taking the strap over and under.

designs suggested by the Keltic work, for I have attempted to combine the strap-work with the quaint animals. The emphatic parts of the designs are the strap-work, and this should be worked in some distinctive colour, say blue if in thread on linen, or red-brown if in flax on a greenish grey fabric. The details which in Fig. 2 suggest an owl and in Fig. 3 a fish could be in red if in thread, or yellow if in flax. I want the strap-work to first catch the eye, for that is the ornamental portion of the design, and the filling out to be in a softer colour as of secondary importance. Though I have finished off the top and bottom of the design it can be continued *ad lib.* I have a *penchant* for the quaint and grotesque in art, and it is certainly very effective in needlework. In another article I shall give some few other patterns in this style, as I think it is a somewhat new departure which my readers can follow up for themselves.

In selecting animals for decorative purposes choose those which in themselves are curious. The John Doree and gurnard among English



Keltic strap work borders for flax.

fishes are so decorative as to require little alteration beyond simplification. Some of those curious Chinese carp with developed fins and tails are also very ornamental.

Among birds, owls are obviously amongst the quaintest. Some of the hornbills too lend themselves to ornamental purposes.

Insects can be drawn upon with advantage, for some of the most curious forms in nature belong to the insect kingdom.

A good natural history will furnish material, but a visit to the Natural History Museum or the Zoological Gardens is more stimulating to the mind. Nature starts the imagination into activity as well as suggesting novel treatments and fresh combinations better than dead specimens or drawings made by others.

FRED MILLER.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER X.

GÉNIE had never been round that point before; it was composed of a long strip of broken brown rocks, and she could not resist climbing among them. She delighted in gathering the delicate fringes of rose-coloured sea-weed at the bottom of the clear pools of water left in the fissures of the rocks by the tide, tripping on sea-weed vividly green and slippery under foot, kneeling to gaze with wonder and enchantment at the red and green sea anemones, some waving their turquoise-crowned transparent tentacles to and fro, others tossing long sea-green arms, like living grasses in pursuit of their prey.

Génie went over the rocks to the other side, and found herself in an exquisite bay surrounded by picturesque broken rocks. The fine sand covered by a thousand varieties of delicate little shells.

For a long time Génie wandered from one treasure to another, filling her pockets and her handkerchief with shells. Then she bethought herself of Maître Battiste's commission, and looked for the breakwater. She found

it as she thought easily, a flat stone jetty running out over the sands for some way, and ending in half a dozen wooden piles supporting a wooden causeway made with open bars of wood. She observed that under the furthest end of the wooden platform was a huge stone between two of the supporting stakes.

The tide must have turned, but was far out. The causeway stood on dry sands about four feet above the level of the shore, or possibly more.

Génie ran out to the very end, there she sat down, putting her feet through the open wood-work on to the big stone beneath, which made a very pleasant foot-stool.

The time slipped away fast as she sat there and the afternoon drew towards evening. The sky and sea seemed blent in one sheet of exquisite opal colour. The hour of sunset was foreshadowed by a shade of the palest pink slowly creeping over the horizon and touching the edge of the water with a softened sparkle. Far out in the distance Génie saw the white sails of a fishing-boat seeming to glide so softly, so slowly across the horizon that she

watched it with fascination. Presently it vanished out of sight, and as it disappeared she was conscious of a momentary feeling of loneliness, the last sign of human life was out of reach, and it was so very still.

Génie bethought herself of her basket, and she began to eat her biscuits. Never in her life had anything tasted so good. She was quite sorry when the last purple plum was gone.

Génie began to look about her to see and choose the way she would take on her homeward walk, and then she gave a little start, for she saw that after all she was not on the boatman's causeway. There was another one, a larger, more important one a good deal higher up from the sands. It made her shiver to perceive that the tide would rise far above the level of the place where she was seated, which was, she now saw, only a slender jetty used by the fishermen at low tides to enable them to use shrimping nets in deeper water than they could wade.

Génie looked out to sea, the white line of waves was coming towards her.

"I must start homewards," she said to herself, gathering up her basket and

preparing to rise. The sight of the tide coming in gave her a sensation of fear.

Génie extricated her first foot easily from the wooden bars, and then began slowly to draw up the other, when suddenly the large stone on which it had rested rolled over against one of the wooden piles and wedged it sideways. It had been loosened and uprooted by many rising and falling tides, so that the moment had come in which even the impetus of the girl's small foot had dislodged it.

It was an awkward movement and Génie nearly fell, but she was quick and active and saved herself. She then tried to bring her foot from between the wood-work, but the whole thing was jammed close and her foot was imprisoned fast between two strong wooden bars.

At first Génie could not understand that by putting out all her strength she could not push open the bars, and she tried resolutely and quietly at first, then with growing fear; and as the tough timbers remained fixed as iron under her poor little fingers the horrible truth became more and more clear to her. She was fastened in, as if by a vice, and the tide was coming in.

Génie tried to compress her foot so as to drag it through the narrow aperture, but it was too small. She tried every possible twist and contortion, then sheer force, but she only succeeded in bruising and tearing the tender flesh, and the torn stocking was wet with blood.

For a time, while the least hope remained that some effort of her own would release her, she managed to stave off the moment in which she must realise her terrible situation, but at last she was forced to give up hope, and then a cold fit of shuddering shook her from head to foot. She covered her face with her hands.

For a space she had to fight with deadly terror, an agony of fear, sharp and unbearable as physical pain, and when that passed off she was still white as a sheet and shivering, but quite calm.

It was difficult to believe the reality of it all; that she, who felt so well and

strong, so full of brilliant life and young power, in two hours (if no help came), would be a lifeless, senseless thing lying quiet and still under the green sea. A sort of dull stupor for awhile stole over her senses. It was so still and monotonous, the distant roll of the waves, the throb of pain in her wounded foot seemed alike in rhythmic repetition. She must have become insensible, for a long time must have passed when she was aroused suddenly by the cry of a pair of sea-gulls swooping past her, turning their snow-white pinions to the light of the setting sun.

The sun was going down fast. The opal hues had changed to a glorious blaze of colour. Heavy clouds arched overhead and framed in a cavern of living fire which poured out its radiance in a pathway of shimmering gold over the sea.

Dazzled by the light Génie put her hands before her eyes, and then, then with a sick shiver she saw that the sea was very near, was creeping slowly up—tenderly, unwillingly, drawing back each encroaching wave with a sighing sound.

"When one is about to die, one must commit one's soul to God," said Génie gently half aloud. "And at sunset He stood on the shores of Genesareth and healed the sick. Ah, if I could see Him now, it would be so easy." Then with a sudden start, "But perhaps very soon, in one hour even, I shall see Him." Then she clasped her hands, and prayed, always repeating, "Father! Father! have mercy!"

Once she said plaintively, "I wish I were good like André. If he were here he would go to death with outstretched arms, but I—I am so frightened."

As the waves drew nearer, the cold air off the sea stirred the roots of her hair, and the icy freshness brought tears to her eyes.

"I think they will all be sorry," she murmured. "Poor *maman*, the sea is very cruel to her, and Madame Canière and Monsieur Jean."

Génie cried a little, then she wiped

her eyes resolutely, and looked out. The water was within two feet of her now, and the next wave carried its rush of foam up to the causeway; another moment and it was gurgling round the posts.

Génie looked up and prayed. "Father, make me brave! no one can save me now. Give me courage, and oh! Father in Heaven, let it not last too long."

But it seemed as if hours passed as the tide rose and at last reached the wounded foot. The cold water dashing over it eased the hot pain.

Génie could not find words for prayer now, but her lips framed the glorious old hymn—

"Oh God our Help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!"

The water had reached the top of the causeway now, she was kneeling in it.

The sea-gulls uttered their loud wild cries as they raised their white wings on the crests of the waves.

The sun disappeared, the sky was dark and gloomy, the gold had changed to blood-red. The waves dashed up more heavily and sent sheets of foam over the pale girl from head to foot.

Suddenly from the sea itself came a sound which fell faintly on her ears—a human shout! a man's voice in agonised cry, "Génie! Génie!"

They were coming! coming to save her! She struggled up, and once more tore frantically against the cruel bars, till exhausted and spent she fell on her knees again. It seemed as if she was in a whirl of spray and mist now, and the water was swirling in her gown and rising to her waist. She heard the voice again, but she could not see the boat; she could not hear the mad, despairing efforts the rowers were making to arrive in time, for a great green wave towered above her, and fell in a crash of foam and spray beating all sense and consciousness out of the brave young life.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

In 1803 one hundred and sixty offences were punishable with hanging. It was death for a bankrupt to conceal his assets, or for an insolvent to perjure himself. It was death to pick pockets of goods worth more than a shilling, or to lift wares more than five shillings in value from a shop, or to steal to the value of forty shillings from a dwelling-house.

The same penalty awaited him who cut the banks of a pond in order to let the fish escape, who damaged a highway or canal, who destroyed a tree in a garden or avenue, who stole horses, sheep or deer, who stole hops in the field or cloth from the loom.

It was a hanging matter to assemble with arms for smuggling, to personate bail, to acknowledge judgment in another person's name, or to challenge more than twenty persons in a capital trial.

DESSERT-SPOONS IN SCOTLAND.

What is called a dessert-spoon was not known in Scotland in the earlier part of this century. The two houses in which it was first introduced were the ducal seats at Hamilton and Dalkeith.

A rough country squire, dining for the first time at Hamilton Palace, had been served with a sweet dish containing cream or jelly, and with it the servant handed him a dessert-spoon.

The laird turned it round and round in his great fist and said to the servant, "What do you gie me this for, you stupid fule? Do you think ma mouth has got any smaller since I lappit up my soup?"

A DEFINITION.

"How would you define '*ennui*'?"
"It's whca you are tired of doing nothing and too lazy to do something."

THE FIRST ROBIN.

One day two ladies, one of whom was very deaf, were walking by the railway. Suddenly an express train rushed by, and, as it passed, the engine gave a shriek that seemed to rend the sky. The hearing lady's ears were nearly split, but the deaf one turned to her suffering friend and said, with a happy smile—

"That's the first robin I've heard this spring."

HANNAH MORE ON WOMAN'S MISSION.—
"They little understand," says Hannah More, "the true interest of women who would lift her from the important duties of her allotted station, to fill with fantastic dignity a better but less appropriate niche; nor do they understand her true happiness who seek to annihilate distinctions from which she derives advantages, and to attempt innovations which would depreciate her real value."



"GLORIFIED" WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

PART II.

DEAR ELSIE, it was nice of you to write so promptly, and nicer still to find that my last letter had really been of service to you. I think you and Annie wise in choosing the two rooms and scullery, for the small weekly difference in cost is more than made up by the extra space and comfort.

You say you want more advice about furnishing, and that you want to do it cheaply. Well, dear, it is quite possible to do this, only you must spend brains, if not money, and you must not run away with the idea that any low-priced furniture will do. For your sitting room, which you say you will cover with matting, I should recommend some good bamboo furniture. This is light and pretty, and you can have almost everything now in bamboo. You will want a fair-sized table—but not too large—for meals. Then some strong, serviceable chairs, three or four, for table use, and at least two easy chairs; for you both will want to rest when the day's work is done. If you are sufficiently in funds, I should strongly recommend an ottoman couch, which you can often buy second-hand, and cover with a pretty chintz, and for this and your easy chairs you will want nice cushions. If you buy a couch, it will be found very handy for holding extra dresses, or for putting away winter clothes; which you must remember to pepper well and pack in brown paper. I think you most likely have a cupboard in the room, although you do not say so. Now I am going to give you a pet idea of mine and I think you may be able to carry it out without the aid of a carpenter. I take it for granted you have not lost your taste for carpentering? Well, then, with a screwdriver, carefully remove the cupboard door from its hinges, leaving the hinges fixed to the door. Place the door in safety in your scullery, so that you may be able to replace it safe and sound when—or if—you leave your rooms.

Now for the decoration of the cupboard! As you have not told me your prevailing colour, I am rather in the dark, but your taste will have to guide you in this. If the cupboard is shielved throughout, you had better enamel it *all* inside with any pretty shade which will harmonise with your curtains, and at the same time be dark enough to show up your bits of china, etc. Across the second shelf from the bottom fix a brass rod, and do the same at the top. Then make curtains, which ought to match your window hangings. The top ones should be short enough to just cover the rod below, and the lower ones reach the floor. On the bottom shelves you can keep your tea-cups and little eteteras for your small tea-parties, which you will doubtless indulge in! These curtains may be kept closed. The top ones should be drawn aside, and the finish to the whole may be made in the shape of a Moorish arch which you can procure in white wood now, very cheaply. This should be enamelled like the inside of the cupboard, and fixed so as to allow of the curtains being freely drawn.

In all these recommendations, I am taking it for granted that you have invested in a step

ladder, and that you have sufficient tools "to carpenter a nail" as a friend of mine puts it. Should you have these, you will find it easy to fix up the bamboo poles for your window curtains, and to do many other "odd jobs" as well, or better, than a paid workman.

There is another way of utilising your cupboard, but in this I fear you will want the help of a practical carpenter. Instead of the curtained off lower shelves, get a shelf fixed at the right height for writing. This ought to be hinged to the cupboard shelf, and supported from below with folding arms, which can be pushed back when not wanted. Cover your shelf neatly with baize or cloth, and on the cupboard shelf to which it is fixed your inkstand, blotter, diary, etc., can stand. You will then have a commodious writing-table, always ready for use.

You do not tell me if you are keeping up your music, or if you have a piano? If so, you will want a music stool, and I remember you used to have an old croquet box at home. Curious mixture of ideas, is it not? However, it is not quite so queer after all. I made a lovely music seat and box out of a discarded croquet case, and it is so easy that I make you a present of my experience. If you have the box, get a sufficient quantity of Indian matting, with which you must cover top and sides. The edges can be finished off with split bamboo, the legs (which you must carefully arrange to have cut the right height for comfort) you can procure at any wood-turner's. Screw holes with a large gimlet down through the bottom of the box, at the four corners, right into the legs and then screw in large, strong screws, till the legs are absolutely firm. You may add castors, if you care, but these must in that case be allowed for in the height of the legs. When the outside is complete, paper the inside with some pretty scraps of wall paper, and you will then have a delightful receptacle for music. The advantage of such a stool is that you can use it for duets.

Now I really do not think I shall tell you any more of my "dodges" till I hear from you again, but I must grow practical and give you some more good advice on household matters.

First of all, be sure you have in your little scullery plenty of hooks and nails for hanging brooms and dustpans and so on. Then I should strongly advise having a thick piece of galvanised wire firmly placed across one corner, high enough to clear your heads, but not too high, to hang your tea-cloths, dusters, etc., on. Apropos of these, as you are going to do your own housework, I would recommend your washing out your tea-cloths at least every day. If greasy plates and knives are rubbed with paper before washing, there will be little risk of your cloths being very greasy, but "prevention is better than cure." You will find that a cake of sapolio and one of sunlight soap are invaluable aids, and they should live just by your sink. A "sink basket" placed just over the escape pipe is also a *sine qua non*. It makes a capital strainer when you want your tea-leaves washed for carpet-sweeping, and it also catches all scraps

which might choke up the sink. While on the subject of cleaning, let me give you another "wrinkle." You will not need a knife-board if you will try the following. Have a small piece of board, dust some knife powder on it, and with the smooth end of a damp cork, rub the blade of the knife. The dirt disappears in a marvellous manner, and the wear and tear to the knife, or to the cleaner, is *nil*. Clean your knives as soon as possible after using, they will then give you half the trouble. For your spoons and forks—they should at least once a week have a special wash in ammonia and water. Dissolve a piece of rock ammonia in boiling water, and leave the spoons and forks, etc., in it for an hour. Then dry with a clean cloth thoroughly, and rub immediately with a soft wash-leather. Perhaps you are saying, "How horrid our hands will get over all this!" I can only say from experience that they need not. If you have glasses to clean, or rooms to do out, commonsense will prompt you to wear gloves, and it is a splendid way of using up old gloves, let me tell you! Then as to the "washing up." If you will have a kettle full of water on the stove to heat, while you wash the dishes, you can at once wash out your cloths, and there is no better way of thoroughly cleansing the hands than this. When you have used a saucepan for milk, or anything likely to stick, pour cold water into it at once and let it stand. It will then be easily cleaned with a birch brush; and if necessary be given a final rub with sapolio. Always use enamelled saucepans if you possibly can.

You will find it a very good way to leave your scullery window open during the day, from the top if possible. And if you bring your towel-horse in to the scullery, your towels will have a good chance of drying in your absence.

I hope you will not think this too personal a hint, for it is one that I feel very certain you will see the good of. As you and Annie are going to walk to and from your offices daily, I strongly recommend you not to wear the same stockings two days in succession. You will find this applies to almost all your underwear, but especially stockings. And another bit of experience! wash your stockings at home. They will wear twice as long, and the comfort is infinite. I was first indoctrinated into this idea during a hot summer in Paris, where the friend with whom I stayed told me she washed her stockings every night. They were dry by morning. This is very easy to do in your own rooms. Soap the stockings well with sunlight soap. Soak for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then squeeze them well; turn inside out, soap again and give a rub, to finally remove the dirt. Rinse in tepid water, squeeze very dry and hang them on your line to dry. You will soon find the comfort to your tired feet quite balances the slight bother of washing them.

Above all, do not neglect your food, and live as carefully as if you were at home. That is one of the secrets of good health, and one of the reasons why "working women" so often break down through neglect of it.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

TERROR within her bosom, and without
The cries of men, the breathless rush of flight,
The bellowing of oxen, mad with fright,
The chaos all confounded of the rout;

II.
Under a smoky pall that clouds the sky
From blackened homestead and from burning farms,
Pale Panic stumbles, clasping in her arms
The hapless children of calamity—

III.
Ruin and desolation and blank fear!—
Poor fugitives! and all too scared to tell
The bitter agony of that farewell
To home, to love, to all that they hold dear.
Alas, poor broken hearts!—that such a thing should be,
And being, should be called *A Famous Victory!*
G. K. M.



A REMEMBRANCE CONNECTED WITH THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

IN the "good days of old," of which it is a very great pleasure to write, there were floating in the air seeds of great movements, great changes; and it is sometimes interesting to trace the hidden first causes of these changes and sometimes inspiring to us (the humble unknown workers among the multitude who, like Henry Lawrence, try to do their duty) to find what small beginnings, with His blessing, will lead to very great results, like the little grain of sand which begins the river bar, and the falling stone which starts the avalanche.

For instance, in the great anti-slavery movement which thrilled and roused England a hundred years ago, Wilberforce's name shines in letters of gold, but behind Wilberforce there is the moving force of Clarkson's energy, and to those who know well the history of those times it is an open secret that the hidden fire of his zeal, which roused Wilberforce and through him the nation, was lighted by the burning enthusiasm of a noble lady, who befriended and inspired Clarkson with her own horror of the slave-trade, till he fought through all obstacles to the emancipation of the slaves. Many other great movements will, if traced out to their beginnings, be found to have been started by the faith and courage of one resolute benefactor to his race.

The Sunday schools, which all over England give, not only religious teaching to hundreds of thousands of children, but kindness and sympathy between rich and poor, started in a poor cobbler's cellar in Bristol. The Sacred Harmonic Society, which has contributed so much to the love and culture of the highest music, was founded in a shop-parlour by one energetic man. And in the "Devil's Acre," called the moral plague-spot, not only of the metropolis but of the kingdom, one man, a City missionary, "by his energy, tact, and perseverance, has acquired such an influence over its turbulent and lawless population, as makes him a safer escort to a stranger than a whole posse of police, and has reared up within the district two schools and reformatories, and an industrial school, which has been attached to the Ragged School Union."

So courage, all ye solitary, perhaps weary, workers in a blessed cause. A small torch

may kindle a beacon to flame far and wide and give a signal to the nation and safety to its people. To return to our subject. In the "good days of old," before home meals and hours were revolutionised (despite the comfort of parents) for the convenience of children and school-hours, when it was considered that daughters were to be a help to the mother and to make the social circle of home bright and interesting, even then (in Arcadia, as it were), affairs were not perfect.

Felicity is hard to get in this troublesome world, and to see where the shoe pinched at that time, let us draw a curtain from the veiled past, and see the interior of an old city home. There was much society there of a very easy and intellectual kind, for many friends lived near, and in the neighbourhood of those lighted drawing-rooms, where the welcome was so hearty and hospitality so genial, there was also an old mathematical society of eminent scientists, friends of the house, and in the near vicinity were homes of friends (for men of business then lived over their counting-houses or banks), in Devonshire Square, Union Street, Sun Street, Finsbury Square and Circus, close to us, and after Exchange and Stock Exchange hours, friends would stroll in and little knots of eager talkers, discussing science or art, or the events of the day, filled those pretty, old-fashioned rooms with animation and interest, partly on account of the attraction of the host, a great scholar and linguist, a cultivated musician, and an inventor much interested in mechanics. Also partly for the sake of the hostess, who had the talent of holding her *salon* and guiding the conversation, drawing out the talents of her guests and interesting herself in their pursuits. She was not in the least like what is called the New Woman, but a very gentle, pretty high-bred lady of the old school, more intent on making others shine than on any display of her own great abilities, so charming and unassuming and humble-minded that the most timid would expand in the sunshine of her influence, and be sure of her sympathy. In this *salon*, many wonderful ideas were started, and curiously it happened that many of the most important inventions of modern life were dreamed of.

Mrs. Gaskill's hints in *Wives and Daughters*

of putting the kettle on and driving out by its steam, were foreshadowed when my mother spoke of possible future days when little carriages would go without horses, and a new crotchet of paving our streets with wood was seriously debated.

But of all the ideas and inventions which floated (amidst some lovely music, for host and hostess were too excellent musicians to omit that luxury in their social gatherings), one thing troubled my mother most, for it bore upon her daily anxieties for her daughters' education. "When I want a governess for my daughters," she said to an old friend, who took a deep interest in education, "how can I test the testimonials which I get with regard to these applicants. Ladies possessing every accomplishment under heaven, music drawing, languages, even science, are recommended to me. The very people who praise these modern Crichtons are possibly, even probably, ignorant themselves of the very studies they profess to judge. There should be," my mother continued, "a public body, a recognised authority, for testing and certifying the fitness of teachers. And besides, there should be some college or institution which could train teachers, for teaching (unlike 'reading and writing, which comes by nature') is an art, and a very difficult one, and a system which needs study."

A bright idea struck my mother as she turned to one of the friends, who was listening very earnestly.

"You," she said, "are intimate with Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. The education of her child, our future Queen, must interest her in the subject generally, and her influence, if it could be thoroughly awakened to the good cause, would be a wonderful help towards ventilating the subject."

The idea struck fire, and began to kindle warmth and interest. Evening after evening the matter came up, and was argued and debated from side to side, the Duchess being still kept well in the foreground, and also the zeal of the friend who had access to such a splendid auxiliary well pricked on. He could not expect to have such a shield for the project, amongst a crowd of excited intellects, without being called to account for it.



"POOR FUGITIVES!"

But the friend was more than willing to be zealous in such a cause, for he was a school-master himself, and knew the need and the danger, so from time to time he reported progress—progress, alas! sometimes slow, but “Slow and sure” is a good motto, and often a true one, and my mother kept the matter going, speaking of this hope and of her increasing difficulties in education. But we had first-rate masters, and as the project seemed to take form and life those masters were ultimately taken into the first series of professors for the new college, to be called “The Queen’s,” which started in the year 1848. Dr. Bernays, the first German professor, was

our master, Henry Warren (afterwards President of the Water-Colour Institute) was my father’s and sister’s drawing-master, and Sterndale Bennett was a friend.

The circle of teachers grew till it included the most eminent teachers in England, and my mother’s plans were expanded into becoming a college to train pupils, as well as to form teachers.

The professors for the first term, which began on the 1st May, 1848, were the Rev. F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley, the Rev. A. B. Strettell, and Isidore Brasseur, Dr. Bernays, Dr. Beolchi, and the Rev. Samuel Clark. The Rev. C. G. Nicolay, the

Rev. M. O’Brien, the Rev. T. G. Hall, John Hullah, Sterndale Bennett, Henry Warren. Amongst the early pupils we find the honoured names of Dorothea Beale, now headmistress of Cheltenham College, Miss Bishop, late headmistress of Holloway College, Miss Octavia Hill, Miss Louise Twining, and many other eminent women.

But no one in the crowded assembly that gathered for the first lecture would have thought that the quiet old gentlewoman, who would have been utterly unobserved amongst that brilliant audience, was in reality the first mother of the great college they came to honour.

THE STRIDES OF WOMEN.

By NORMA LORIMER.

The women of Queen Victoria’s reign stand out in the history of our country as the pioneers of woman’s rights. It is mainly owing to the fact that, in the history of our own time, we have been blessed with a sovereign who has had the self-respect and good name of her women-subjects so strongly at heart, that the women who have been foremost in the fight for the advancement of self-reliance and independence among the women of England, have been able to accomplish the astonishing work which they have achieved during the last twenty years.

If we look at the way in which our Queen has educated her daughters to be in every way intellectual and capable companions to their husbands, as well as loving wives and tender mothers, we have the proof very clearly before us that women who are, as far as possible, men’s intellectual equals, and have their natural talents for art or literature cultivated beyond the conventional parlour-trick accomplishments, do in every way fill the capacity of mothers and wives more completely and happily than the women of the past, who were considered blue-stockings if they had the independence to insist on having an education in proportion to that bestowed upon their brothers. The old-fashioned idea that it was necessary to give the male portion of the family only (the bread-winners) a thorough and practical education is, we are thankful to say, dying out. Even without ill-health or force of adverse circumstances, the painful fact that the “bread-winners” very often failed to make a sufficient income to provide for the future of their wives and children, has proved to the more intelligent parents of our own days that their daughters must be qualified as well as their sons to take their places in the daily struggle for existence. Women are now no longer dubbed “blue-stockings,” or regarded as unwomanly if they go in for a college education, or adopt a profession which at once places them on the plane of equality, intellectual and practical, with men. Even in the lifetime of some of the youngest of us, we can look back upon the intellectual strides of women, and there is not a self-respecting, active-minded girl who will not be thankful that she is commencing her womanhood on a higher level, and in a healthier period than fell to the lot of the pioneers who opened up the way for the coming generation. Poorly-paid governessing is now not the only means of livelihood open to the impoverished daughters of our middle-class, those distressed sisters of twenty years ago who tried to hide their own ignorance at the expense of their pupils. What they did not know themselves (owing to their miserable education, which had not been given

to them in a manner that would enable them to impart their knowledge to others, or to earn their own livelihood, although in all probability their parents were well aware that their daughters would have to provide for themselves) was not advisable for their more intelligent pupils to know. We have to thank America to some extent for uprooting this most detrimental system. Our more independent and self-respecting cousins were wise enough to see that if their children had a refined and intellectual home-training with a gentle home influence surrounding them, it would not hurt them to attend the excellent grade-schools in their towns. This, to some extent, was a matter of necessity, for in the early days in the United States it was almost impossible to get a refined gentleman, however poorly educated, to enter a family as a governess—unless governesses were imported from England, in which case they usually got married soon after they landed. They were *rare aves*; and so it came about that the sons and daughters of refined parents went to the grade-schools along with the children of smaller tradesmen and simpler people. In England high-schools took the place of grade-schools, but it was some time before parents began to see that a high-school education was both cheap and thorough, and that the girls who attended them had a chance of receiving as good an education as their brothers, up to the point of a university career. When this was once understood, governesses soon found that to earn a living and compete with high-school education, they must equip themselves thoroughly, and not only receive a superior education, but learn how to educate others.

This general infusing of knowledge amongst women and the new independence of mental thought, naturally awoke in the women of our day the desire to do something with their knowledge, and to take their place as possible factors in the busy world of workers. That women enjoy working and are in every way happier and healthier both in mind and body when employed (I am speaking, of course, of the great body of middle class women who have not money enough to live a broad and developing life, and who are limited by their means and surroundings to a busy life narrowing one), we have very practical evidence. If we look over the autobiographies of eminent men and women in *Who’s Who* we shall see there are one hundred and thirty women, mostly English women, or at least women whose work depends largely on England for support.

Has Mr. Douglas Sladen in his eminently readable and now universally recognised handbook to the celebrated English men and

women of the day, done full justice to the latter? Judging by numbers only I should say not, for I note that among seven thousand biographies only about one hundred and thirty belong to women. But upon examination, the discrepancy is not so great as it appears, for a great many professions are denied to women, some of them necessarily so. And much of the book is naturally devoted to members of parliament, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, and clergy of the national church. But there are a few lady doctors, and most of them are in the book. Among the occupations which are open to women are the literary, artistic, dramatic, musical, and philanthropic. Especially among those who are distinguished in various departments of philanthropic work are women honourably numerous and prominent. And there is much to be gathered from the lives of eminent women, if we know something about their chosen forms of recreation and how they were educated, for in one or other generally lies the keynote of a woman’s character. For instance, Edna Lyall’s favourite recreation is yachting, and this seems thoroughly in keeping with the healthy tone of her writings. From this too short autobiography she gives of herself in *Who’s Who* of 1898 we learn that her real name is Ada Ellen Bayly, and that she is the daughter of the late Robert Bayly, barrister. She was educated at Brighton, and she published her first novel, *Won by Waiting*, in 1879. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, our most eminent lady novelist, does not tell us how she amuses herself, but she is as a matter of fact a good cyclist. She was born in Hobart, Tasmania, in 1851, and is the eldest daughter of the still surviving Thomas Arnold, who was the second son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby. She married Mr. T. Humphrey Ward, who was a Fellow and tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. It is interesting to know that she had published three novels before she wrote the famous *Robert Elsmere* in 1888, which made her literary reputation. Besides being a writer of fiction, Mrs. Ward has published other deeper literary works of very high distinction. “Marie Corelli” who is perhaps the most widely read woman novelist among the middle classes in England, has a hobby for collecting wild flowers, and rare old books, of which she has a unique collection. Her favourite recreations are reading and music; her adopted father, Charles Mackay, a well-known song-writer and *litterateur*, though best known as the editor of *One Thousand and One Gems of English Foetry*, intended her to adopt music as her profession. She was sent to France and educated in a convent, where she received an excellent education and musical

training. When she was barely fourteen years old, she began to write an elaborate opera entitled *Ginevra da Siena*. She also wrote two songs, *My Sweet Sweetening* and *Romeo's Good Night*. Her first attempt at literature was three sonnets on Shakespearian themes, written when she was studying for her musical career. In her autobiography she tells us that it was a curious physical experience which occurred to herself, which caused her to write *A Romance of Two Worlds*, which was published in 1886, and proved such an instant success that she adopted literature as her profession instead of music. She is still, however, an excellent musician. Her very vivid imagination and her wonderful flow of language may be partly accounted for by the fact that, mingled in her veins there is Italian and Highland Scotch blood. She is unmarried and lives the greater part of the year in London. One of our older and simpler favourites, Helen Mathers, whose *Coming Thro' the Rye* was perhaps more widely read than any novel of its day, was born at Misterton, Crewkerne, Somerset, in 1853. Her maiden name was Mathews, and she is now the wife of the famous orthopedic surgeon, Henry Albert Reeves, who is a leading member of the X rays society. She was educated at Chantry School, Frome, and her favourite recreations are needlework and gardening. She also lives in London the greater part of the year.

Miss Braddon, whose literary fame in England has waned in the last ten years, has still, however, a prominent position in literature, for her works, along with those of Ouida's, are more widely translated into foreign languages than any of our living women writers.

I asked a Norwegian friend of mine, who is well qualified to know, who amongst our novelists of the present day were best known in Norway and Sweden, and she told me unhesitatingly that Ouida, Miss Braddon, Edna Lyall, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward were certainly the most popular: she did not think that any of Mrs. Molesworth's were as widely read or as well known.

This sounds a curious selection for a nation that has produced Ibsen and Bjornsen.

Miss Braddon is now a widow—her husband, the late Mr. John Maxwell, having been the publisher of her books. She was born in London, and was the daughter of a solicitor. She was educated at home, and at a very early age was devoted to literature; and when only twenty-three years old she published her first novel, *The Trail of the Serpent*, in serial form. Her next publication was the popular *Lady Audley's Secret*, which at once made her famous. This was an unusual piece of fortune, as it is very seldom that an early book brings the writer either great literary or great financial success.

If we look over the list of novels written by eminent novelists, men or women, in *Who's Who*, we will find that it is more often a third or fourth book which makes a mark; and, indeed, there are many instances amongst them of a writer's fame not being acknowledged until many years after the publication of his first book.

Miss Braddon has published about fifty-two novels. Her favourite forms of amusement are riding, gardening, and music. She lives in a charming old house at Richmond-on-Thames.

Among our more modern writers Sarah Grand's name is very prominently before the public. She was born in Ireland of English parents; her father was a lieutenant in the English navy. When only sixteen she married the late Surgeon Major McFall. She travelled for five years in East China and Japan, and wrote her first novel when she was twenty-six. As every one knows, she has always

interested herself in the woman's movement, and is an active member of the Pioneer Club and Vice-President of the Mowbray House Cycling Association. Her favourite pastimes are sociology, music, and country life. She is a graceful and expert cyclist. According to the *Literary World*, she adopted the pseudonym of Sarah Grand because Dr. McFall objected to her using his name for publications, and has since adopted it for her sole name.

Margaret Woods, whose delightful books are not as widely read as their exquisite beauty and literary excellence would justify, is the wife of the Rev. H. E. Woods, D.D., late President of Trinity College, Oxford. She is the second daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminster, and was educated at home and at Miss Cawthorpe's school at Leamington. Her two best-known books are *A Village Tragedy* and *Esther Vanhomrigh*; the latter is the most exquisite account of Swift's romance with Stella that we have in fiction. Mrs. Woods' favourite amusements are skating and bicycling; she is also extremely fond of gardening.

Amongst our most famous artists we have Lady Butler, whose "Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras" are world-famed pictures. Her maiden name, under which her most famous paintings were exhibited, was Miss Elizabeth Thompson. She was born at Lausanne in Switzerland, and married in 1877 General Sir William Francis Butler, the well-known author of *The Great Lone Land* and other books of travel. She lived for some years in Italy, and studied her art in Florence.

Rosa Bonheur, whose famous picture "The Horse Fair" we are all familiar with, was born at Bordeaux in 1822. "The Horse Fair" was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1853.

The list of lady artists who are English by birth is singularly small, and very few of them have achieved a position of great eminence. On the other hand the stage is represented.

Amongst the eminent women who are doing the best philanthropic work, we must mention Miss Octavia Hill. She was educated principally at home, and first undertook the management of homes for the people in London in the year 1864. She takes an active part in the Charity Organisation Society, Commons Preservation Society, Kyrle Society, and the Women's University Settlement, etc. She has written and published a good deal of literature connected with her own work. Her principal recreation seems to lie in bettering the condition of the poor and in doing good generally.

Another lady who has made a great name for herself whom one might class under the same heading is Mrs. Fawcett, widow of the late Right Honourable Henry Fawcett, Post-Master-General. She was born at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and her maiden name was Garrett. She has published beside her books on political economy, *A Life of Queen Victoria*, and *Some Eminent Women of Our Time*. Mrs. Fawcett is a good cyclist and is fond of music and needlework. Her sister, Dr. Elisabeth Garrett Anderson received her M.D. degree at the University of Paris in 1870. She was educated privately and began to study medicine in 1860. The Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians refused to admit her to their examinations; she was admitted to the examination of the Society of Apothecaries and obtained a license to practice in 1865. In 1890 she was elected senior physician to the New Hospital for Women, and Lecturer on Medicine, and Dean of the London School of Medicine for Women in 1896. Her principal amusements are travelling and gardening.

Three other very able and eminent women

whom it would be well to mention before passing on to a few of our Society Leaders. The first is Miss Eleanor Ormerod, F.R. Met. Soc., F.E.S., whose works on Natural History are so well known, and whose position as a naturalist is quite unique. She is, I believe, our only woman naturalist who has attained a widely recognised position as an authority on agricultural entomology, and her recreation is also part of her profession, namely a great love of flowers and gardening. She was born at Sedbury, and is the daughter of George Ormerod of Sedbury Park, Gloucestershire.

The second is Miss Flora Shaw, author and journalist, who holds the unique position of the only woman writer on the staff of the *Times* newspaper. She is the head of the Colonial department of the *Times*, and has undertaken special commissions to South Africa and Australia in connection with that paper. She has, besides her journalism, written a good number of works of light fiction. With her should be mentioned Miss Billington, the well-known author, who is now at the head of one of the chief departments of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Among the great ladies who are leaders of society, as well as writers, we have Lady Duferin, who accompanied her husband, Lord Duferin, to Canada and India. She was Ambassador in Russia, Turkey, Italy and France. Her first publication was an account of their Viceregal tour in India, the next was her *Canadian Journal*, and her last work is *A Record of the Three Years' Work of the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India*. Another Canadian Viceroys' wife, the Countess of Aberdeen, has also published an account of her tour through Canada called *Through Canada with a Kodak*. The beautiful Countess of Warwick is one of the busiest women-workers of the day. Lady Warwick is the only peeress whose name appears over the door of a shop. It is the depot of a successful needlework school in Bond Street. Lady Warwick is identified with many public movements. Both at Warwick Castle and at Easton Lodge she has established a complete organisation for the welfare of the poor and the nursing of the sick. Her special hobby is the encouragement of gardening, of which she has published an interesting account. The Countess is an expert horsewoman and an energetic cyclist; she is also a great reader, and looks out for every important new book on cycling. Her beautiful half-sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, in addition to being a clever authoress, also takes a great interest in the welfare of the poor, and has often given her able support to the Society of Women Journalists. Among the aristocracy there is one well-known artist, the Marchioness of Granby. Almost everyone is familiar with her delicate and charming silver-point drawings of her children. The Duchess of Bedford, whose name is so well-known in connection with good works, has for her recreations reading fishing, shooting, and natural history, in connection with which last it may be recorded that the Duke has the finest private zoological gardens in England, if not in the world.

We hear on every side, especially from young men, who are, perhaps, a little jealous of our studies, "Yes, you women are doing great things, but there has never yet been a woman in any art or profession who has been greater than any man in her particular line." Granted that this is so, let us ask them to consider how long we women have been competing with men; how many generations of us have been taught the need of mental concentration and taking life seriously; and then let us ask them to look at what we have accomplished in the short time we have been working.

SWEET WILLIAM.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By the Author of "That Horrid Boy Next Door," etc.



CHAPTER I.

OUR AND-EIGHTPENCE, not a penny more, and there's Willy's cod-liver oil to get out of it, and the coal to pay for, and two loaves we owe the baker at the street corner!"

Betty Merrick laid down her pen, and propped her chin on her elbows.

"Yes; it has made a difference, having to have fires," she said slowly. "Coal is coal here, and wood is wood, when one can't really afford them."

"And we can't," said Meg, still fingering the two florins and few coppers ruefully. "Things have been different since mother died."

"She was so clever," said Betty. "And her pictures always sold," put in Meg mournfully, with a glance at the painting on the easel.

"Yes, and so will yours, Meg," said Betty hopefully. "It really isn't half bad. In fact, there's something little short of wonderful in the way you've caught the right expression in the eyes," coming over from the table and standing before it. "And—now I look at it in this light, I think it is simply splendid. Oh, Meg dear, I didn't know before you were so clever. It must sell. Why, it's just enough to make one cry." Betty choked something down in her throat, which sounded strangely like a sob. "What shall you call it, Meg darling?"

"I had thought 'Sweet William.'"

"Capital!" cried Betty, clapping her hands. "He was mother's sweet William. Meg, you're a genius." And she threw her arms round the elder girl with an excitable little hug.

"No, I'm not, Bet. I'm not a bit clever. If I were we shouldn't live in this hole and be poor as we are. We should have proper food and decent clothes and plenty of friends. And you, Bet, would be at school now, where you ought to be at your age, instead of grubbing away from morning till night for dear life."

"But, Meg, I'm seventeen," began Betty, in a little injured tone.

"I don't care, my dear. You are still a child."

"I'm sure I try to look grown-up," Betty went on, struggling to get a peep at herself in the bit of cracked mirror over the cornice. "I've done up my hair and lengthened my frocks."

"And you are still seventeen. Beside, you've been left school a year. Mother wouldn't have neglected your education, cost her what it would."

"You don't neglect it either, Meg dear. Don't you spend hours helping me to grind away at my Latin grammar and French verbs, when you could be doing other things? And copying MSS. is only strengthening and improving my handwriting."

"Not when you burn the midnight oil to do it."

"But that's only because I want to get it

finished. There is seventeen shillings when I take it home."

"You always say the same. But I tell you your health won't stand it no more than your tender years. Poor living and long days, shut up in a bad-smelling, sunless old garret——"

"And you, Meg?"

"Oh, that's another thing! I'm old and hardy. I can stand anything."

"No you can't," said Betty solidly; "and it's no use trying to think you can! Flesh and blood can only put up with a certain amount of wear and tear. And you're all we've got now, Meg, and if anything were to happen to you—well, I don't know what would become of us."

Betty had caught Meg's hands and raised a pained tearful face.

"There—there, Bet," said Meg, kissing her. "Don't go bothering that little head of yours about me. You need it all for your work. I shall take care of myself for your sake—and Willy's."

Margaret and Betty Merrick were sisters, renting the top floor of a cheap lodging-house, where they had lived with a little sick brother since their mother died. It was not in the nicest of localities, but the Merricks could not pick and choose with their slender means, and they were glad to get anywhere to be able to make them eke out. And Brookfield Street was cheap, though dirty and common and saturated with an everlasting odour of fried fish and chip potatoes. But the Merricks kept to themselves, and while they had lived at number thirteen three years, they knew little or nothing of the other people in the house. The man on the next floor below chose to nod to them when he was sober, but he only received a stony dignified glare from Meg, though Betty responded cheerfully enough. He was a workman with a large family, who very often came home tired and kept them awake all night "having it out with the missis."

Margaret Merrick was twenty-three—a tall, pretty, brown-haired girl with soft blue eyes and a "better-class" air about her which the landlady vulgarly described as "stuck-huppish," in spite of the shabby, thread-bare gown and worn straw hat. Betty did not look the six years younger, though she was bright and girlish, with little feathery ways and a merry tongue which even poverty could not check. She was lithe and graceful, with hair inclined to redness, a tender coppery shade and plenty of it, twisted round her head. Her eyes were blue—three shades deeper than Meg's. She had a small mouth, rosy and prettily shaped, and a saucy chin, with a white throat, round which she wore always a thick beaten gold chain with an old-fashioned gold cross curiously wrought at the end of it. It was her mother's when she was a girl, the last gift of a fond eccentric old uncle, and as Betty was her living portrait, the locket fell to her keeping. Willy, the boy, had a look of Betty, only he was thinner and paler, with fair limp hair and brown eyes, which long suffering had made sad.

As Meg pushed open the door leading into an inner room, a narrow bit of a place with a bedstead stuffed up in a corner, and just room enough for a chair and a washstand, the evening sun stole through the little window, for once finding its way through the crowded chimneys, and fell in a pure strip over the bed and the boy sleeping there. It lay softly and

sweetly on the small white face on the pillow, brushing the young pain-drawn mouth, and turning, with the same soft touch, the yellow head into golden.

"Still asleep," said the girl, in a queer, strangled voice as she let the door fall noiselessly to again. "But how he sleeps!"

"Yes—he isn't so well again to-day." Meg sat down in a chair near the window and stared through at the flaring posters on the wall opposite.

"The doctor is right—London is killing him, slowly but surely. He's dying by inches, and we can't help ourselves—our hands are tied. It is fresh country air—far away from here—he's dying for."

"We couldn't raise the money?"

"Only by selling my picture. We might manage it then. I came across a bundle of mother's old letters the other day. They're all tied up together there in the dampenport. There was one—here it is—from mother's old nurse, Emma Crossland. It is written from Scarcroft—Elm Tree Cottage, Scarcroft. Shall I read it to you? It begins—"

"DEAR FRIEND,—I got Your letter tellin me master Merrick was Dead, it was a grate blow to me as it was all so Suden, and its awful for you miss Polly, Who has always been used To bein a lady to have been left without a penny in the world, with your Little children. But you wer always one to look on the Brite side of things and brave always, but paintin picturs a't So payin nowadays, i hope you will forgive me what I am goin to Say, i know i am only an old woman and You are the bewtiful young Lady miss Polly that you Always was. But i wud be glad if ever you wer wanting to Cum down to the old place agen if you wud cum and make my poor cottage Your home, there is 2 rooms upstairs that is Never used, And the front parlor cud be your privet sitting-Room and ther is a goodish Bit of garden strip with Plenty of stuff in it That is only spoilin For the want of catin, i hope that you will Forget what i have sed, miss Polly, i know it aint for such as Me to hope that you'll cum under my roof, But i wud Always be Glad to see any of you if a rainy day Shud cum and we never know, i can't forget you Miss Polly and all those happy days we had together Up at the Big house tho you did go away like That and the old man was never quiet Rite after. But they have buried him now and Ther was your uncle old silas Hebblethwaite cum down all the Way from Barclay to the funeral and he was askin about you miss Polly And i spoke you fair Dearie, And he sed He used to be So fond of you and he did miss your bonny face Them wer his words and i know it was a tear that fell down his coat. "i am an old Fool, emma," he said, "but i cant Help it." And i konclude Now with all my harts luv for you Dear miss Polly and the little girls and Boys. your old friend,

Emma.

P.S.—Ther is sum new folk Cum up at the Hall and they is makin terible atralrions and Puttin up things moden they says, it aint The same old place now.

emma Crossland."

"Well?" asked Betty, as Meg tied up the letter again with the others.

"Well, you could write to Emma and tell her all about ourselves. How mother died from a cold she took tramping one wet night to Hatton Garden taking home a picture.

And that Willy is very, very ill. You can tell her what a sickly baby he was, and that he has never really shaken off a bad attack of scarlet fever he had when he was four, and what the doctor says about getting him away from here before it is too late. You might say I am selling my picture, and, if she will take him, we should like to pay her a little something a week to have him down at Sea croft a few months."

"Yes," said Betty, "and I'll just write it straight away"—sitting down at the table and rummaging in the drawer for note-paper and envelope. "You might ring for some coal, Meg. The fire is nearly out, and the nights do get chilly."

"And I'll just slip round to Caleb Stretton with my picture before it gets too dark to see it properly," said Meg, rising and proceeding to put on her out-door things.

"Did you ring, miss?"

"Yes, Mrs. Moreton. May we have some more coal? I am afraid we have forgotten the fire and let it get quite low. We were so busy talking."

"Oh, yes, miss," said the landlady meaningly. "Oh, yes, you can have some more coal. But maybe you are aware that the last two lots ain't paid for yet?"

"Yes, I know," began Meg timidly, "but I had meant—"

"You shall have your money to-morrow, Mrs. Moreton," said Betty, scratching away with her pen, "only do hurry up with the coal

now. I'm all shivery"—making a sound of chattering teeth.

The woman called down the stairs to Sarah Ellen to bring another scuttle up.

"An' don't go pilin' it on as if coals was picked up in the streets," she grumbled, as Sarah Ellen made up the fire with generous good-nature, "when the others is owin' for yet."

"Oh, we mean to pay you, Mrs. Moreton. We shan't rob you of a farthing. We shall have plenty of money to-morrow. Meg's going to sell her picture and get a lot for it."

Mrs. Moreton regarded the canvas with evident disfavour.

"Humph," she snapped, "I don't know as 'ow some folks is so much prouder nor others, when they is beggars just the same."

Meg coloured painfully. Betty made a great ink blot trying to contain her feelings.

"Ther' is plenty o' better folk nor you as would ha' turned out an' done some work afore now, instead o' sitting a-twisting their thumbs here, an' puttin' on fine lady airs an' making decent folks believe they is everything when they is nothink. Call it paintin' pictures, do you? Sorry's the penny you'll get for that daub, I'll be bound; an' I may starve to keep you fine ladies."

"Mrs. Moreton!"

"And ther' is him ther', as is as well as I am, only that you mamby-pamby's him up to nothink. Why don't you prentis him to the green-grocer down the street, as is wantin' a grand-boy?"

"But, Mrs. Moreton, Willy is so ill."

"Ill, does you say? It's lazy he is, an' if he wer' mine I'd thrash him till he hadn't a whole bone left in his body, but he'd work, and hard too."

"Oh, hush, Mrs. Moreton; he will hear you. He sleeps so lightly."

The woman laughed a discordant, mocking laugh.

"Sleeps so lightly, does he? Well, he ought to know 'ow to by now, he's done it long enough, any'ow. No, he'll not die just yet, more's the pity. He knows when he's got a good shop, he do, an' he'll stick in it as long as he can. Die—"

But Betty had sprung between them, with flaming eyes and hot cheeks, her fists tightly clenched.

"Mrs. Moreton, you've said enough—more than enough. Look there."

The door leading into the bed-room was open, and the boy, half-dressed, stood listening.

"We've paid you your rent, and you shall have the money for the coal to-morrow—first thing. You should have had it for the last time if we could help ourselves. It is only a thousand pities we are left to your mercy. You can go now."

"Well, come along with you, Sarah Ellen, and don't go a-stoppin' ther' all day," said Mrs. Moreton doggedly. "As for him," pointing to the boy; "ther's no occasion to take care o' him. He ain't a-goin' to die yet."

(To be continued.)



THE BENEFITS OF A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

OF the six millions of people who inhabit this vast metropolis more than one half remain within it throughout the year, and a very large number have never, in the whole course of their lives, left its suburbs. Yet these people live, many of them to an advanced age, often without ever having suffered illness save such ills as are endured by every one. In other words there are people who live entirely in great cities living long healthy lives. From this it is obvious that a stay in the country during the summer is by no means a necessity. But is it beneficial or only a luxury? Let us see.

For some months before taking the usual summer holiday the thought of the approaching vacation is a great stimulus to mental

energy. When the vacation is over we look back to it as a time of rest and enjoyment and this likewise is a mental stimulant, stimulating us to work well that we may again enjoy a like holiday next year. When the holiday is in progress the worries and anxieties often far outdo the pleasure.

This is especially so in very busy city men and mothers who take their families for the annual fortnight to Margate. But even these look forward and backward to their summer vacation.

To children the idea of a few days at the seaside is ever fraught with delight, and as at this time of life anxiety has no place in the mind, the enjoyment of children when on a holiday is far more genuine than any earthly

pleasure can be to their elders. Perhaps the most interesting and enjoyable part of a seaside holiday is to see children paddling and building sand-castles. Now if you let children paddle in the sea, you must pay attention to certain cautions; first, never let a child paddle for more than two hours a day; secondly, always make them dry their feet on a rough towel before putting on their stockings, and thirdly, let them wear a pair of old shoes or sandals, or best of all, Japanese matted shoes while in the water. The first and the second rule if attended to, will prevent any serious affection following wading. Unfortunately, many mothers allow their children to paddle all day long, and the stay at the seaside, instead of ensuring the health for the coming

year, is too often the starting-point of a serious complaint. Children cannot stand exposure, and is not paddling in cold water all day exposure of the severest kind?

Children often come back from the seaside and a few days afterwards develop some illness. Now in nine cases out of ten the mother will tell the physician, and really believe it herself, that the child caught the illness from the house where they were stopping while at the seaside, when in reality the cause of the sickness was exposure. Few people seem to recognise what a serious accusation it is to bring against a lodging-house, that a disease was caught from it. Illnesses are very rarely caught from lodging-houses, though most people who feel "seely" after a holiday think that they have caught something from the house where they were staying.

The second caution—to make children dry their feet with a rough towel after paddling—must be observed. Some people think that it is good for the health to let the sea-water dry upon the body. This is a great mistake, for wet feet are always to be avoided.

It may seem a little unusual to suggest that children should wear shoes while in the water, but the very large number of cases of cut feet that occur every year at seaside resorts is a sufficient reason for not entering the sea without some protection from broken bottles and hungry mussels.

The enjoyment and rest given by a holiday would alone be sufficient reason for advising all, to whom it is possible, to take an annual holiday. But from the earliest times it has been recognised that there is a special physical benefit in a holiday.

The good derived from the summer holiday varies considerably with the place chosen. Thus of two persons if one goes to Margate and the other to Bournemouth, they will not be affected in the same way. But the benefit depends not so much on the place itself as upon the person going. Thus, though Margate will agree thoroughly with three people out of four, it will make the fourth feel ill and miserable. Now if these four people go to Torquay, it will make the three of them miserable and depressed, whereas it will just suit the fourth. It is obvious it would be a great blessing if we could tell beforehand what place will suit us. But we do not want to visit the same place every year. We want variety of scenery with a constant form of climate.

We often talk of a "relaxing" or of a bracing climate, and this is the first division we can make. All bracing places are, to a certain extent, alike; and so are all relaxing places. But we must go further than this, for some people can stand one bracing place, whereas they are completely prostrated by another place equally bracing. We can make the following arbitrary divisions of the health resorts in Britain:—

1. Seaside, north aspect.
2. Seaside, east aspect.
3. Seaside, south aspect.
4. Mouths of rivers.
5. Channel Islands.
6. Moors.
7. Mountains.
8. Undulating country.
9. Woodlands.
10. Lakes.
11. Riversides.
12. Baths and hydropathic establishments.

Besides this classification one might divide resorts in a more scientific but less convenient way into the various soils, and so talk about a gravelly, clay, loam, chalk, or all-vivial soil.

The first division has been chosen for the following reasons. It can be followed by anyone. Every one knows what a "moor" or a mouth of a river is, but it is not very many of my readers who have a very clear notion

as to what is chalky loam, or "Wealden clay."

Again, the classification I have chosen corresponds in a certain degree to the kind of climate. All woodlands have much the same climate, though one may be on sand and another on clay or chalk. But the soil does have a certain, often a very marked, influence.

Seaside watering-places with a north or eastern aspect are very bracing. Margate, Folkestone, Hunstanton, Cromer are the best known of these, and the order in which they are named is that of their severity. For an ordinary hard-worked Londoner these are the best places for the summer holiday. But it is not all that can stand them. A day at Margate when there is a good wind will take your breath away, and does it not make you hungry? You could stow away twice as much food in Margate as you could in London, and instead of doing harm it does you good.

Seaside places facing south are far less bracing than those with a north aspect. The south coast of Devonshire and part of Cornwall is most enervating. For delicate people the South coast is better than the more vigorous north. People with poor digestions, or who suffer from rheumatism and neuralgia, do better at the south coast than elsewhere. If ever you are compelled through illness to winter at the seaside, it will almost invariably be Brighton or its neighbourhood that you are advised to go to. For Brighton is bracing all the year round, but it never has the rigorous climate of Margate, and is therefore far more suitable for wintering at.

The mouths of rivers are not good places for a holiday. Most towns at the mouth of rivers are liable to have rubbish thrown up on their shores.

The seaside does not agree with everybody. Asthmatics are usually made worse by a seaside holiday. This is said to be due to "ozone," which is always present in sea air, and is a violent irritant to the lungs. Gouty people and very stout people do not, as a rule, feel well at the seaside.

The moors of Yorkshire and Scotland stand second only to Margate in the keen fresh bracing air which is always present there. Personally I believe that a summer holiday on the moors is one of the best of all holidays for health and enjoyment. The Scotch moorlands are very healthy, notwithstanding their mists and chronic foul weather. The Scots that inhabit them are, indeed, among the most healthy people in Europe. For the dyspeptic old alderman a month's grouse shooting, or better still, tramping on the moors is the finest thing going, the air will just suit him, and the scarcity of port wine and other luxuries will help in an astonishing manner to pull him together again.

There are few spots in England more beautiful than the Peak of Derbyshire, but there are few more depressing. If ever you go there you will feel as though you had no energy, hardly sufficient energy to eat. Parts of Somerset, Devon, Cornwall and Dorsetshire are also terribly relaxing, and though delightful resorts for the very aged or for those suffering from certain serious incurable diseases, they are bad places for an ordinary mortal to spend her vacation.

The hydropathic stations in England are not so popular as the Continental ones, but there are several that are quite equal in their way to those of Homburg and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Chief among the English baths is Harrogate, with its nauseous and ill-smelling, but withal valuable sulphur baths. Bath, with its indifferent water, is also supposed to be of value in certain diseases.

There can be no doubt that the chief benefits obtained from "hydrotherapy" are

due to the strict regimen in force at the hydropathic establishment and the change of air and scene. The waters themselves play a very secondary part in the treatment. The elaborate ceremonies necessary before drinking the waters and the complex and ingenious methods of bathing and being bathed owe most of the efficacy they possess to the effect on the mind of the sufferer. Personally I do not believe much in the virtues of the waters themselves but that hydropathic institutions do cure certain ailments, especially such as are due to over-eating, there can be no doubt whatever.

The best place at which to spend a vacation of a week or two is undoubtedly the ocean. To be upon the sea in a boat, a mere speck upon the vast sheet of waters, with no land in sight, with nothing but sea and sky and wind is undoubtedly the most healthy position on this earth. There are no microbes here. A small pinch of dust of a London room contains many, many millions of germs, sometimes some so virulent, that if inhaled they might produce the most fearful diseases. But on the sea, were you to examine every particle of air, you would not find one single microbe.

If you are a good sailor a sea voyage is healthful and delightful, but if you suffer from sickness, it is not only not healthful, but it is downright hurtful to go upon the sea, and as all who have suffered know, it is anything but enjoyable. People seem to get stranger ideas every day! I was told last week that sea-sickness actually did you good! Where does this remarkable assertion hail from? For apparently it is very commonly believed, but it is absolutely untrue! Sea-sickness does you harm, and it may do you great harm.

We may, therefore, take it for granted that a holiday away from town is beneficial both for the mind and body. Let us see how it is good for the body.

Undoubtedly the most important item in a holiday is the change of employment and the change of scene. I take this to be true because people feel better even after a stay at an unhealthy place, whereas we do not get much benefit from stopping at a healthy spot if we carry on our professions as we do in London. Besides this, the great cities themselves, thanks to modern sanitary science, are by no means unhealthy places. Many of the suburbs of London are among the most healthy places in England.

The second point is "the air." This is undoubtedly purer in the country or at the seaside than it is in London, and fresh air is the finest necessity of existence.

A third reason why country life is more healthy than London life is the amount of exercise indulged in. We think it a tremendous journey to walk half a mile in London, whereas most of us do our five to twenty or more miles a day when in the country. And here again comes in the vast importance of change of scene, for is not the exploration of unknown regions the chief stimulus to long walks?

At the seaside there is another healthy item, the bath. These baths are of two kinds, sea-baths and sun-baths. Both are very beneficial in moderation, but are liable to be abused.

Take your sea-bath when the sun is on the water, and do not remain in the water for over half an hour. Thoroughly dry yourself when you emerge, dress rapidly, and take a small meal afterwards.

Sun-baths are less troublesome than sea-baths. They consist in lying down on the sand and passively allowing the sun to bake you. That this is absolute idleness is unquestionable, but except that it is conducive to freckles, it is most healthful in moderation, especially to elderly people, who do not care for, or cannot stand the shock of the sea-bath itself.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

ADA.—Hairs grow upon the arms of every man, woman and child, only they are not equally conspicuous in all. We advise you to leave your arms alone. Of course, you might be able to bleach them with peroxide of hydrogen, and there is no harm in trying it if you wish to do so.

ENDOR.—You have, indeed, had a lot to suffer, but it is not uncommon for young women to suffer in exactly the same way as yourself. We have carefully read your letter and there is no symptom that you give us that cannot be accounted for by anaemia. There is a profound belief in the minds of girls that if you have anaemia you should take iron. This is quite right for nine anemic girls out of ten; but for the tenth, iron is far worse than useless, if taken carelessly. This tenth girl has indigestion, serious indigestion, and her stomach cannot digest iron, for iron is a very indigestible drug. In these cases, it is absolutely necessary to treat and cure the indigestion. When this has been done, but not before, iron may be cautiously tried, beginning with the mildest preparation, *i.e.*, dialysed iron. If you will read the article on "Diet in Health and Sickness," which appeared in this Magazine last year, and the article on "Indigestion" which appeared in December, and also the various "Answers to Correspondents" which we have brought out from time to time in the present volume, you will obtain every detail in the treatment of indigestion. Remember to take an aperient such as liquorice powder, or a pill of aloes and nuxvomica as often as it may be necessary, and be very, very careful about your diet.

A CONSTANT READER.—1. You will find "brilliantine" a useful application for making the hair grow. American hair cream is also a very efficacious hair cream. For red and rough hands wear gloves whenever you go out; wash your hands in warm water and be careful to thoroughly dry them afterwards. Glycerine and rose-water or glycerine and cucumber are useful applications for keeping the skin soft.

FLORENCE.—"Housemaid's knee" is an inflammation of the tissues in front of the knee-joint, and in ordinary cases does not affect the joint at all. It is caused by kneeling on hard floors, and therefore most commonly occurs in housemaids, whence its name. Prevention is better than cure, and if you cannot always prevent the occurrence of housemaid's knee you can at least reduce the chance of getting it to a minimum. You do this by always using a pad to kneel upon. Every housemaid should have a knee-work pad or "kneeler" which she has not got one she should ask her mistress to obtain one for her; and when she has got it she should use it and use it always. Because it is a little extra trouble nine housemaids out of ten refuse to use a kneeling-pad. Of the very many cases of "housemaid's knee" that we have seen, not one has occurred in a maid who used her "kneeler" invariably. When once the condition has developed, rest from kneeling is essential. Rest in bed, with the knees elevated on a pillow, and the application of a hot fomentation or poultice to the knee, often cut short the condition. But when the affection has occurred once it is very liable to return. In these cases, strapping the knee, inunction with ointment and massage are often useful, but when a servant is incapacitated by often recurring attacks a surgical operation should be performed without delay, as this will cure her for good. The popular remedy of painting the knee with iodine is of exceedingly doubtful value.

UNHAPPY.—You evidently suffer from deafness due to obstruction in the tube leading from the throat to the ear. The treatment for this most troublesome condition is, first to get the throat in order, and then to try to "clear" the tube (Eustachian tube). You have had your throat seen to and an operation performed upon it. But what was the nature of the operation? Of this you tell us nothing. The second point, clearing the tube, can be done in two ways, first by introducing styles into the tube—this, of course, can only be done by a skilled specialist—the other way is by introducing special drugs into the throat, closing the nostrils, and swallowing. The action opens the mouths of the tubes and allows the drugs to get into them. The best preparation is menthol in paroline (1 in 8) sprayed or painted upon the back of the throat. Menthol is an antiseptic, and is very volatile, and its vapours very readily enter the Eustachian tube. This simple manoeuvre may be repeated two or three times a day. These cases of so-called throat deafness are always difficult, often impossible, to cure, but slight mitigation may be expected in nearly every case.

CANARY.—Decidedly the cause of your bird's trouble is insects (or rather mites). You should give the bird a bath of salt and water every day. Let him come out and have a fly round the room occasionally. If you can, you had better get another cage. Metal is far better than wood for cages, and you cannot get a new cage, thoroughly scrub out the old cage with soap and water, and dry it in the sun.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

B. J.—We think there must be some mistake in the copying of your musical passage. Two persons performing a pianoforte duet cannot possibly play the same notes in the same place on the keyboard! The sign you quote usually means that, in a repeated passage, the bar so noted is to be played the first time only, but in such a case it would occur in "Primo" and "Secondo" alike. We cannot help you further unless we were to see the music in question.

LILIAN.—1. We have inserted your quotation in "Our Open Letter-Box." The time you give us for answering your query is far too brief. We go to press some time before the magazine reaches your hands.—2. Koko for the hair is said to be harmless, but we cannot take the responsibility of recommending any patent toilet preparations.

E. GLADYS LAW.—Your quotation is not quite accurately given; it should read thus (with the next line):
"The light that never was, on sea or land;
The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

The passage, which you will agree is one of the most beautiful in the English language, is found in a poem by Wordsworth, "Elegiac Stanzas: Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle after a Storm."

E. BRYAN.—We have pleasure in telling you that *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen* is by Mrs. Opliant, and the publishers of the book are Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

HUBBLE AND SOUAK.—We do not think you could hope to see your story in any magazine. You dwell too much on details which are unimportant, and the story of a grisly bear attacking a holiday-maker in a Yorkshire village is not "convincing." Your style is fairly graphic, but we are afraid to give you hope of future possibilities of earning. Note that "oblige" is not spelt with a *d*.

PANSY.—The duet you mention must be adapted from the song "Pestal," which, now out of date, was once a favourite of the melancholy strain. It was said that words and music alike were composed by a Russian political prisoner before his doom. The first verse was something after this style:—

"Rest! it comes at last!
And from a troubled dream awaking
Death shall soon be past,
And brighter worlds around me breaking.
Hark, I hear sweet voices sing to me
Soon thou shalt be free,
Child of misery," etc.

Perhaps, guided by this information, your music-sellers could tell you the publishers of the duet "Pestal," or one of our correspondents may help you.

A. DEVONIAN.—We can hardly tell you whether you can study for the Trinity College examination without the aid of a teacher, as so much depends upon your taste and ability, and your musical acquirements up to the present date. Probably you could do so, but we should advise you to apply to the Secretary, Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, London, asking what music you would need to study, and all details as to the examination. We sympathise with you in your delicate health, and hope you will grow stronger.

SPIDER'S WEB.—We go to press some time before you receive your magazine, so that we can never answer queries in the "next number or two." For this we are sorry, as we should like to express our sympathy with you. Your sad verses are certainly, as regards literary merit, fully up to the average of the poems we receive for criticism. We trust that before this time you have come to feel less lonely. At first, in bereavement of the sort you have evidently experienced, the desolation seems intolerable, but the possibilities of life are wonderful, and we hope you have found comfort. We should encourage you to express your thoughts in this way if it is a relief to you.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.—1. You are certainly not too young for us to be pleased to receive and answer your letter, although your age would forbid us to criticise your verses too severely. You should not use the pronoun "they" in the line

"Be near me when rough winds they blow,"

although it is needed for the length of the line. Never use superfluous words only as a make-weight. The adjective "balmy" occurs too often. The longing expressed in your lines for your own country is touching, and we praise you for trying to express what you really feel instead of what you know only at second-hand.—2. The 21st of August, 1886, was a Saturday.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—We do not advise you to try to write poetry. There are four mistakes in spelling on the untidy sheet you send us, and you use "knowest" for "knoweth." We should urge you to work hard at lessons, though we do not know you. The recitation of good poetry, which we are glad to hear you enjoy, will be an excellent thing for you.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

PEO (Medical Profession).—We are afraid that to a girl who means the medical profession is closed. To become a doctor involves five years' training and residence in one of the cities where there is a medical school open to women. Moreover, an excellent general education is needed as a preparation, and although you are doing your best to profit by the opportunities afforded you of Extension Classes, you will probably be at a disadvantage compared with a girl who has continued her general education at a high school up to the age of eighteen, instead of leaving school at fourteen, as you have done. Our advice to you is to continue to avail yourself, as you are doing, of all the educational advantages you possess, but to turn your attention rather to a business career than to the profession of medicine. A position in a superior kind of wholesale manufactory—for example, electrical works, a manufacturing chemist's, or a firm dealing in typewriting machines—would probably be one in which you might eventually do well.

AN OLD READER (Hospital Nursing).—Your friends have been misinformed. You are a suitable age for admission to the matron's office. Apply in Liverpool, to the Liverpool Training School and Home for Nurses, Ashton Street; Liverpool Northern Hospital; Royal Southern Hospital, and the Workhouse Infirmary, Brownlow Hill; and in London to the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, E.; St. Bartholomew's, East Smithfield, E.C.; or to St. Thomas's, Palace Road, Lambeth, S.E.

HOPE (Poultry Farming).—Poultry farming is, like many other occupations, a good stick but a bad catch; that is to say, some money may be earned by it, but generally not enough to constitute a regular income. There are now many places where you could be trained in poultry farming alone; although you might be taught this business in connection with gardening, hosiery, or some other subject. You might apply to the Director of the St. Leonard's Poultry Farm, near Kingwood, Hants; ladies have occasionally been received there as pupils, we believe.

GREENHOEN (Teaching).—For a post as teacher in very best schools, including the first of those you mention, preference is given to candidates possessing a University degree or its equivalent; but to have passed the London Matriculation would be sufficient qualification for a post in many schools, or for a governessship in private families. We recommend you to consult the Teachers' Guild, 74, Gower Street, further on the subject. Elementary teaching is a branch of the profession which might offer you good opportunities for distinction at the present time.

DARINANT (Music Teaching).—This offers a very precarious living to a girl, unless music is one subject out of many which she can teach, as in the case of a private governess. It is a great pity to overlook, as you evidently are doing; for loss of health means loss of money, as well as the deprivation of many sources of happiness. You should consult a doctor at once about your eyes.

ASPIRANT (Book-keeping).—You find you cannot settle down to domestic service, and, consequently, you are taking lessons in book-keeping. You must remember that there are book-keepers and book-keepers. We have known a woman earn £50 a year with board and lodging by acting as head book-keeper to a draper in a country town. Book-keeping in the drapery business, however, is very exacting work and implies long hours. In the lighter kinds of book-keeping, such as those you mention, the pay is often very low, and girls have difficulty in obtaining situations. At a butcher's, for instance, you would not be likely to earn more than fifteen shillings a week, out of which you would be obliged to support yourself and family. You must be at all so well off as you now are. The point for you to consider is whether you have sufficient aptitude for business to become a first-rate book-keeper and to work long hours without over-strain. If not, you had better try to improve your position in domestic service by becoming a first-rate waitress and parlour-maid.

SCHOOLGIRL (Savings Bank Clerkship).—Examinations are usually held about twice a year in London and other centres; the dates are announced some time beforehand in the London daily papers. These announcements should be looked for on a Thursday. You had better try for a vacancy as Female Sorter. The subjects required are reading, copying MS., handwriting, spelling, arithmetic and geography. Sorters may be attached to any department of the Post Office. If you think of entering the Civil Service you had better not lose time, as you are sixteen, and, consequently, old enough to enter the examination for a post as sorter.

MADCAP (Post-Office).—See reply to "Schoolgirl."
GARNET (Dressmaking).—1. The address you require is the Scientific Dress-cutting Association, Oxford Circus, London.—2. December 13, 1871, was a Wednesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.—The white heather means "luck to find," and we have heard that it owes its introduction in England as a flower at marriages, or love-token, to the wedding of the Princess-Royal.

HONORAMUS.—Cards are left on the occasion of a first visit on the hall table on going out for the purpose of giving your address, even if the lady were at home and you saw her. If you be married, you should leave your husband's card, in case there was a gentleman.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.



GOVERNESS.—Kent House, 91, Great Portland Street, London, W., a boarding house for students, clerks, teachers and others, is most comfortable and home-like. Single rooms can be had as well as double cubicles. The terms are moderate, and those who have been there speak most highly of the management. Address the Hon. Superintendent, or go and see for yourself.

EPILEPTIC.—We should think the Working Colony, Chalfont St. Peter, offered the best hope for your afflicted daughter. We are unable to find any homes under 10s. or 12s. per week. Perhaps some Incurable Home might undertake the charge of her for rather less.

HOLLY BERRIES.—It is a fact that the sun does put out the fire. The following is the explanation given. The action of the sun's rays, by rarefying the air causes it to flow more slowly to the fire, and even that which reaches the fire affords less nourishment—for it contains less oxygen than the same quantity of condensed air.

FLEURESIENE.—All persons born in Her Majesty's dominions, whether of British or foreign parents, are deemed to be British subjects.

M. K. M.C. (Jamaica).—There is a book called *Unclaimed Money*, by Mr. Sydney H. Preston, and published by E. W. Allen, London, in which you could find all particulars. Other lists are also published by various agents who advertise, but we cannot say anything of their value.

ANNIE.—If the descendants are unable to support themselves, arrangements are obliged to maintain them to the able to do so.

T. B. C. W.—The months of the year could be represented by the children being attired as the flowers or shrubs of each month. December and January, mistletoe and holly; February, snow-drop; March, violet; April, hyacinth or lent lily; May, Hawthorn and lilac, and so on.

MOTHER.—Let your children have the benefit of real holidays, not partial ones. An eminent physician expresses very strong disapproval of "holiday lessons." The brain of a growing child needs absolute rest. We have just read a *résumé* from a German medical journal of an article from a Berlin head-master, who has been making experimental studies on the now serious question of mental overpressure in the education of children, and more or less applied himself all engaged in brain-work. After the rest of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday are the best days for study; the best working hours are in the morning after the rest of the night. After the holidays a strengthening and refreshment of the brain lasts for a period of a month. Thus the professor urges the necessity for a holiday in the middle of each week—on Wednesday or Thursday. He has discovered that the most fatiguing studies are mathematics, foreign languages, and above all else gymnastics, all of which should be the morning's work; while natural science, English (or the native language of the pupil), history, geography, and religion should be relegated to the afternoon as the least trying of all, but there should be an interval of rest in the three hours' study of the afternoon.

MUCH WORRIED ONE.—We sympathise with you although not sufficiently acquainted with your circumstances to be your adviser. But we may remind you of the Divine admonition given in Philippians iv. 6; and by our Lord, see St. Matt. vi. 34. Fretting and worrying over present troubles, and anticipating others that may never be realised, is not only unchristian but it weakens certain of the brain-cells, wearing them out just as the continual dropping of water will act on a stone. All the other organs are affected through the brain, and causes disease in one or more of them; but the origin of the evil lies in the unhealthy and never intended wear and tear of the brain through worry—and worry kills at last! If you have but little time at your disposal for doing needlework for the poor of the parish, we recommend you always to have some knitting on hand, to be taken up at odd moments, the wool or "fingering" being inexpensive. We are great advocates for the acquirement of this kind of work, as well as crochet wool-work, which are more universally practised abroad than here. So important is knitting regarded in Norway as a part of a girl's education, that a law has recently been passed rendering a girl ineligible for marriage until she has obtained a certificate of proficiency in this homely yet pretty art, as well as in spinning and in baking.

WINTON.—The special verse which the inquirer appears to have in her mind is, we imagine, that in the 1st Cor. xv. 58, "always abounding in the work of the Lord." There are many such injunctions to lose no opportunity in working for God, such as in 2 Tim. iv. 2, "Preach the word, be instant, in season, out of season;" also St. Luke xix. 13, "Occupy till I come," and St. Mark xiii. 35, 36, 37.

M. W.—Persons troubled with any weakness of the heart should beware of certain things. There is more to be avoided than done. The treatment is more of a negative than positive character. They should never run, nor mount more stairs, nor ascend more hills than might be avoided. Their food should be specially nutritious, because taken in small quantities, and of an easily digestible character, so that the action of the heart may not be impeded by pressure. For the same reason there should be no tightness in the stays or waistbands. There should be an ample amount of warm coverings over the bed, for when recumbent and asleep the heart makes ten strokes less in a minute than when upright, and in an hour 600 beats less! So, as an American Scientific Journal observes, you should compensate for lack of warmth in the blood-supply by special warmth in your external wraps.

IRIS.—The form of invitation might be "Mr. or Mrs. Jones request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Smith's company at the celebration of their silver wedding on the evening of April 30, 1898, from 9 to 12 o'clock." In America these invitation cards are printed in silver letters and sometimes tied with silver cords, as they were in former times in England. They should be sent out a fortnight previously. Coffee and tea, with cakes and bread and butter should be ready in an anteroom as people assemble, and at 10.30 the supper should be served. This would be a "stand up" one, and you would arrange for that sandwiches, jellies, ices, and everything that could be eaten either standing or at small tables placed round the room. Bouillon in cups, and coffee will be required. A simple supper is easily arranged, but the handing round of refreshments is a great additional trouble, especially in a small house. If you have many people you will find it best to have a man in to wait, for if he be a clever person he is an immense assistance.

W. E. A.—We cannot decipher the fourth letter. It does not exist. Pronounce Don Quixote, as Quicks-ote; and Cervantes, as Sir-van-tees. De Stael is French, and the sound is not rendered by English letters. Your writing is too accurately formed to be described as "a scribble." If you wish to form it otherwise, select a hand you like, and copy it carefully every day till the habit is acquired of writing in the same style.

KITTY.—1. The Mount of Olives was the scene of the Sermon on the Mount.—2. The value of the crown-pieces of Queen Anne is very varied, from 7s. 6d. to £3 5s., according to date and condition. A hammered shilling of Queen Elizabeth is worth from 2s. 6d. to £1 13s., a milled one from 7s. 6d., and one was sold in London a few years ago for £10 5s. You give no description nor date, so we cannot say any more about them than give a general idea of values.