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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

### THE READING OF THE WILL.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.



“‘I’LL TELL YOU WHAT KIN WAS MADE FOR.’”

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JOB FOSTER was dead. Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, frost and heat, had done their work upon his frame, and at three score years and ten he had laid down his weather-beaten head and gone home to take his wages. No wife and no child had Job to mourn him, no daughter had bent over his pillow with words of love, no son had held his dying hand in a tender grasp; Job had never thought much of matrimony, women were a poor lot in his opinion, and he preferred to have little to do with them.

And yet in his last hours Job had not been untended by a woman's gentleness. The young people in whose house he lodged had a kindness for him, and in the slow decline of his strength he had wanted for nothing, while his ailments and infirmities were carefully nursed. Not that Job was without relations; his two brothers lived in Melton, only the length of the street dividing them from the Marshes' cottage; but Job and his brothers did not "speak," and his nephews and nieces ignored him when he tottered past on his stick.

How the quarrel had arisen none exactly knew, perhaps not even the Fosters themselves; the feud, whatever it was, dated from the dim distance of the past; but though the facts were forgotten, the feelings they had evoked were as vivid as ever.

"Don't you ever let me catch you speakin' to him!" said John and Jonas to their children, and the boys and girls passed him by as though he had been a leper or an outcast. But now Job was dead, and instantly the whole aspect of the case was altered; blood is blood and kin is kin all the world over, and no sooner was the breath out of his body than John and Jonas felt their interest in him revive.

"So he's gone at last, poor chap!" said the elder brother as he leaned over the paling that divided Jonas's house from his own.

"Yes, he's gone, sure enough," said Jonas. "Seems odd too, to think as we shall never see him no more."

"It'll be nice to have some 'ut to remember him by," said John reflectively; "he'd got a few sticks o' furniture, as far as I can make out."

"Ah! that he had," said Jonas. "He told me so one day when I says to him as he'd have to go into the House. And he'd a sight o' clothes too and a watch and chain made o' silver."

"Well, I doubt we shan't quarrel over the things," said John; "it's poor work quarrelling over the dead. Let bygones be bygones, that's what I say."

In this amiable frame of mind the two brothers walked down to Marsh's cottage that night that they might make their arrangements, but on the way they were met by an unexpected piece of news. Mr. Brown, the village shop-keeper, was taking the air on his doorstep and he gave them good evening as they went by.

"So your poor brother's dead," he said. "I can't say I'm surprised, for he seemed dreadful tottery the night I went in to witness his will."

John looked at Jonas and Jonas looked at John; the rustic mind is slow to take in ideas, but there was a word in this speech which would have roused the dullest yokel in a moment. Job's will! How had he come to make a will and what dark intention lay behind such a deed? It was all very well for rich folks to play tricks with their property, but when poor men took to meddling with law, mischief was sure to follow; what strange freak could have possessed him?

The shop-keeper watched their faces with interest; he saw at once that the existence of the will was news to them, and it gave a touch of drama to the matter which he relished strongly. Life was dull in Melton as a general rule, and Mr. Brown felt that his diplomatic talents lacked opportunity.

"Yes," he said, rubbing his hands complacently, "it's better than a week ago since Mrs. Marsh's Johnnie ran down and asked me to see 'grandpa,' as he called him. 'There's a gentleman come to see him,' he says, 'and he wants you to come too.' I slipped on my Sunday coat and was off in a twinkling, but when I got there who should it be but the schoolmaster. 'Now, Mr. Brown,' he says, 'all you've got to do is to sign your name at the bottom of this paper, and then Mr. Maples is to sign his.'"

"What, Maples the sexton?" asked John, breaking into the voluble narrative for the first time.

"Yes, Maples the sexton. He was sitting there, quite at home as you may say, with his hat between his knees, and when I'd signed my name he got up and signed his with a flourish just for all the world as if he was signing it in the church registers."

"But what was in the will?" asked Jonas, who had been listening to these irrelevant details with some impatience.

"Ah! there you go beyond me," said Mr. Brown, who, like most people, objected to being asked questions that he could not answer. "But I mustn't stop talking any longer," and so saying he hid his discomfiture by beating a hasty retreat.

Left to themselves the two brothers stood looking at one another in utter perplexity; some information they were determined to get, but to whom could they apply? George Marsh was naturally the first person to suggest himself to their minds, but he had been included in their quarrel with Job from the fact of his having given the offender a shelter under his roof, and therefore they turned their steps to the house of the schoolmaster, Mr. Hawkins. Here, however, an unexpected difficulty presented itself, for Mr. Hawkins declared himself bound in honour not to reveal his client's secrets.

"Then I'll make Marsh tell me!" muttered John between his teeth.

Jonas looked at his brother admiringly. "Ah, you've got the right sort of spirit in you, you have!" he said.

Mr. Hawkins did not seem to be equally impressed however.

"I don't see why you want to be so inquisitive!" he said bluntly. "Of course it's no business of mine, but you ought to wait at any rate till after the funeral."

"Seems as if he wanted to put us off like," said Jonas as they turned away.

"So it do," said John; "but I'm not going to stand that, I know! Put it off, indeed! Who knows what knave's tricks he means by that? We'll go round to Marsh's now."

So, while the twilight gathered and fell, the two men made their way to the threshold across which their feet had never passed, and knocked solemnly at the door.

The reserves of life cannot be practised by the poor; but this need not in any sense detract from its reverences.

Marsh and his wife sat by the fire—by a paper, and she with her mending—while at the other end of the room the dead man lay in his coffin. But, shocked as some refined minds might have been by such a spectacle, the spotless sheet and the handful of flowers that lay upon it were eloquent proof that there was no want of respect.

Marsh rose from his seat at the sound of the knock and went to the door.

"Can we come in?" asked John in a gruff

tone which concealed a considerable amount of nervousness.

"Come in," said Marsh, and the two men entered and stood awkwardly in the middle of the room.

"Won't you sit down?" said Mrs. Marsh, who, womanlike, was the least embarrassed of the party.

"Thank you," said John. "We ain't come to stay; but we thought as we'd look round and say what we'd like done about our poor brother's bits o' things."

Jonas looked at his brother with greater admiration than ever. This was taking the wind out of the enemy's sails with a vengeance. Anybody might dispute the contents of a will, but to put the whole question of the will aside with a wave of the hand, as one might say, was a masterpiece of which John alone would have been capable.

But Marsh did not see the matter in the same light. He had been prepared for some move on the part of Job's brothers, but he had not expected it so soon.

"I think it 'ud have been more decent like to wait till he was buried," he said.

"Oh, you do, do you?" snarled John.

"Well, then, I'll tell you some 'ut, George Marsh. I think as it 'ud have been a deal more decent if there'd been no talk o' makin' o' wills. I don't hold with lawing, and I never did; and, what's more, it's a thing as no honest person has got any need of. If there wasn't some 'ut in this will as there didn't ought to be, folks wouldn't be so wonderful set on keepin' us out of the knowledge of it. I'll trouble you to read it to us, or else you'll find as law is a game as two can play at."

He fully expected to see Marsh quail before him, but he was disappointed.

"If you wish to hear it before the day of the funeral," he said, "I've no sort of objection. Mr. Hawkins knows what's in it, and he'll bear witness as it's Master Foster's own wishes. It was wrote down for him just as he said it, him being no scholar himself."

He turned towards the cupboard as he spoke and took a sheet of paper from between the leaves of the big family Bible.

John and Jonas sat forward on their chairs and leaned their hard horny hands upon their sticks. Their eyes gleamed ominously from under their bushy grey eyebrows as they prepared to listen, and Mrs. Marsh shivered a little as she watched them.

George Marsh stood opposite to them, his broad shoulders squared, and his head thrown back as if in defiance of their opinion, while his muscular hand grasped the paper firmly.

"This is the last will and testament of me, Job Foster," he began in his strong young voice, "the first will as ever I made, and, please God, it'll be the last. What I've got to leave ain't much, but I'll leave it to them as have been son and daughter to me and have treated me kind ever since I come under their roof. My clothes I leave to George Marsh; I don't know whether he'll find 'em a bit, but I know as his wife's a rare good one with her needle, and I doubt she'll better 'em somehow. And my bits o' furniture I leave to his wife, Anne Marsh, because she's a good woman, and I think she must be like my mother was, though I can't justly remember her now. And my silver watch and chain I leaves to her little Johnnie, what comes and stands by my chair and calls me grandpa, and I hope he'll think o' me sometimes when I'm dead and gone. And I've no more to leave, so I will now conclude, first saying as I forgive all them what have got any grudge against me as I hope to be forgive, and you can tell my brothers I said so."

"Witness my hand, this 20th day of March."

"JOB FOSTER."

There was silence for a few moments when

he had finished, and then John spoke in a sudden harsh voice that shivered the stillness of the little room.

"And you call that a just will?" he said. "Yes, I do," said George firmly. "Nobody asked him to make it, and nobody said nothing about what he put in it."

"That may be," returned John, "I don't say as it is, and I don't say as it isn't; but one thing I do say, and that is as it ain't just for a man to leave everything away from his own flesh and blood. You can call it law if you like, I call it thievin'!"

He struck his stick fiercely on the ground as he spoke, and Mrs. Marsh gave a little sob of fright, but her husband was not to be shaken; he was unready of speech but his opinions were firm, and when he felt that right was on his side he feared no one.

"A man may do what he likes with his own," he said in his slow way, "you can't call that thievin'."

"But I do call it thievin'!" retorted John, while Jonas nodded a chorus of approval. "Kin is kin, you can't deny that, and a man's kin have got the right to his property when he's gone; what's the meaning of kin if it ain't that?"

Marsh glanced up and down uneasily; he wished himself anywhere but where he was, for strong as he felt his case to be, he was a man who hated "unpleasantness."

But Mrs. Marsh was cast in a different mould; nervous and alarmed as she was, her very terror gave her tongue, and she no sooner saw her husband at fault than she rose from her seat and came to his side.

"I'll tell you what kin was made for," she said, her voice vibrating with her mingled stress of feelings and her mild eyes gathering fire. "'Twas God as made kin, and He made it so as there should always be love in the world. 'Twas He who put the little ones in families and called them brothers, and let them go playing in the fields together and set them round one table to eat their daily bread; 'twas He put a feeling in their hearts and a thought in their minds to keep them from forgetting, so as they should be brothers all their lives till the time come for them to lie down to die."

She paused to take breath, and John and Jonas sat staring at her as though some prophethood of old had flamed out of the darkness upon their astonished gaze. Nor was George Marsh less bewildered, such sudden eloquence on the part of his domestic companion was as strange a phenomenon as though some dumb household creature had turned upon him in sudden speech. But it is the occasion that proves the nature; the present moment was the most dramatic that Mrs. Marsh had ever known and an unsuspected quality of soul rushed forth to meet it.

"I'll tell you what kin was made for," she went on, gathering fresh courage as she saw the helpless amazement of her audience. "God made it so as folks might help one another when troubles come upon them; He knew as bad luck must come sometimes as well as good, and He meant as there should be always someone to take our part, someone as wouldn't turn a cold shoulder on us when things was going contrary like, but 'ud say, 'Well, after all he's the same flesh and blood as me and I ain't going to cast him off now."

There's some as have got a soft heart for other folks' troubles, as always have a hand in the pocket for any poor soul in need, and when their own hard time comes who should they look to but their own kin, what God gave them when they were born, to see to them a bit and help them on. 'Twas all very well as long as Job had got strength to go out to his work and bring back his bit o' money, but when he couldn't go no more, then was the time for his kin to come and make a home for him."

She scathed the brothers with her glance as she spoke, and Jonas shifted uncomfortably on his seat and looked at John in the hope that he would put a stop to this unaccountable woman whose words made you feel as "queasy" as the parson's when he took to letting fly at a man's faults and failings in the face of the congregation.

John caught the look and nerved himself to the combat.

"That's strange doctrine, that is," he said sulkily. "A man's to waste his money how he likes and then look to his kin to keep him from starvin'!"

George threw an uneasy glance at his wife, for this seemed to him an incontrovertible argument, but Mrs. Marsh was not to be daunted.

"There ain't no talk of starvin' as I knows of," she said; "Job had got his little bit laid by same as another; he could pay a shilling or two to keep a roof over his head and buy the bit o' victual he ate."

"Ah! I always knew you made a tidy lot out o' him!" said John with a sneer.

"Yes, we did," cried Mrs. Marsh; "you're right there."

A look of surprise went over the faces of her three auditors, for the answer was unexpected.

"Two shillings a week he paid," she went on, "and you may see for yourself what we got out of that when I'd cooked his food and done his washing for him. But we made a lot by him all the same, and I'll tell you how we done it. I ain't got no father alive, and George he ain't got one neither, and when Master Foster come to lodge in our house it seemed just like old days come back again. It was rare an' good to feel as there was always someone sitting in the chimney corner watching for us, and he'd a way of saying 'thank you,' as made your heart warm. Many and many's the night as my man 'ud turn out in the cold just because he thought maybe the poor old chap wanted something extry over him, and times and times he's gone without his bit o' bacon so as Job should have it when he couldn't relish his bread and cheese."

George shifted uneasily from one foot to the other while his virtues were thus unfolded, and looked as red and foolish as if he were being accused of some deed of shame; but Mrs. Marsh went on ruthlessly.

"There was nothing he liked so well as the old man's pottering after him when he was doing the garden. Job 'ud sit on the bench by the hour together and watch him weeding and watering; and he'd laugh as pleased as anything when Johnnie ran to show him the pertaters what his daddy dug up. He used to fret cruel sometimes when he thought of his own kin what acted so hard to him. 'I seed 'em to-day, Mrs. Marsh,' he used to say, 'and

they wouldn't, so much as pass the time o' day with me; but we wouldn't have parted with him, not if you'd made all the world of him; our place won't seem like itself without him, and that's a fact."

She wiped her eyes on her apron as she spoke, and John hailed the sign of weakness.

"Ay, ay," he said, "all that's well enough; but we ain't talkin' about them sort o' things, we're talkin' about property. Job hadn't got no call to act like he did, and if he'd lived with honest folk they'd never have let him do it."

Marsh's eyes flashed fire, but before he could hurl back the insinuation in his accuser's teeth, his wife was by the side of the coffin and had turned back the sheet.

"If you're going to say such words as that," she cried, "you shall say them to his face!"

An awestruck silence followed her words. There, on his last pillow, lay Job Foster in the calm majesty of death, the lines smoothed out of his wrinkled cheeks, a smile resting on his lips, and that indefinable look of youth which comes back to the face when cares and toils have taken their flight. He was no longer the bowed and meagre labourer who had excited their scorn and anger as he crossed their daily path; he was once more the brother of their childhood whose voice had mingled with theirs at their mother's knee, and who had shared their boyish pleasures in open-hearted happiness.

It was a vision of their past, and it startled them as much as a vision of their future might have done. John could not take his eyes from the face which drew him with a kind of fascination, and Jonas felt an unaccustomed lump come up in his throat. Step by step the two men drew nearer to the coffin, and at last their eyes met as they stood beside their long-lost brother.

"I never meant no harm to him, John," said Jonas, in a low tone.

"Nor I neither," said John; "I've spoken sore about him times an' times, but if I was to have the chance over again I'd take it all back."

"And I've spoken sore to him, and that's worse," said Jonas; "but he didn't bear no malice, for he had it wrote down as he'd forgave us."

"And may God forgive us all," said John solemnly, with uplifted hand.

Mrs. Marsh was weeping quietly behind her apron; her exaltation of spirit had departed, and she was once more a feeble, frightened woman; but her work was done and there was no need of further speech. The echo of John's brief prayer died away in the stillness, and for a moment or two no one moved, then, going up to Marsh, he held out his hand.

"If you let us know the time o' the buryin'," he said, "his kin shall foller him to the grave, and as for the will, I'll never say another word about it for one!"

"Nor won't I," added Jonas; "and what's more, I hope I'll have as good folks as you and your missus to see to me when it comes to my turn to go."

So, bowing their grey heads as they passed the coffin, the two brothers went out into the darkness, their long-cherished feud healed for ever by the Angel of death, who had come bringing with him not a sword but peace.



## HOW TO WRITE VERSE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

## PART II.

## IAMBIC VERSE.



Iambus, or, with its tail cut, the Iamb, is a short syllable followed by a long syllable, ♪ - . It is derived from a Greek verb, *ἰάμειν*, meaning "to rail"; and, verily, it has a tongue with a

tang. But one hardly feels the movement of a single foot. Let us take an Iambic line or two.

"The kirk | was decked | at morn | ing tide, |  
The ta | pers glim | mer'd fair : ||

The priest | and bride | groom wait | the  
bride, |

And dame | and knight | are there." ||

There, now! Mark that metre. Say the lines over and over till you feel their swing and cannot mistake it. It will carry you a long way into the mastery of English verse. Iambic metre is its characteristic movement, and this is iambic metre's characteristic mould.

Almost all the old ballads are written in this form; and so are fully half of our most familiar hymns. It is the C.M., or Common Measure, of the hymn-books; it is also known as 8 and 6 metre, the odd lines having eight and the even lines, six syllables each. That means very little, but if you call it Iambic 8's and 6's it will be significant enough, for that will give you the swing as well as the count.

Suppose we print the names again, big: "COMMON MEASURE," "IAMBIC 8'S and 6'S," "BALLAD VERSE." If you want to grind the thing into your brain in such a way that you will never quite get it out again, repeat to yourself a few times the refrain of Kingsley's ballad, "Lorraine Lorraine." Say it twice over and you will get a complete stanza—

"Barúm | barúm | barúm | barúm |  
Barúm | barúm | barée. ||  
Barúm | barúm | barúm | barúm |  
Barúm | barúm | barée." ||

I have put accents instead of the marks ♪ - , in case anybody ingeniously should have contrived to evade the beat of the verse.

But Iambic Metre may be written in lines of one iamb each, as in the case of this delicate little thing which I have composed especially for the present occasion:—

Hě jümped |  
In béd, ||  
And bümped |  
His hěad, ||

or, in lines of two iambs:—

Hě jümped | in béd, |  
Änd bümped | his hěad. ||

Now, please, write a poem after this model, and whenever I give a specimen mould something after its fashion; only, mind, go back again and again to your ballad metre. Mark, learn, and inwardly digest that. It holds, if not an ox in a teacup, the vital essence of English verse. Read the *old* ballad of "Chevy Chase." And when you have absorbed that, read and absorb Macaulay's "Armada." That is really written in ballad metre, only two lines are printed as one.

When the odd lines (first and third, etc.) do not rhyme this is very often done. The lines are then sometimes called 14's, or lines of seven iambs, but you must not fail to identify, in this slight disguise, your kind and good old friend.

Iambs can also be written in such lines as these, three iambs, or 6's:—

"Wě löve | thě pláce, | Ö Lörd, |  
Whěrein | Thine hön | öür dwells; ||  
Thě jöy | öf Thine | äböde |  
Äll cårth | lÿ jöy | äxcëls." ||

Again, these lines can be printed two in one. And it should be noted that in this shape the lines form the Alexandrine—that measure which has been adopted as the classical metre of the French stage. Only you should note that the double line gives far greater flexibility to the verses. The pause may be shifted about almost at will, and infinite variety of melody may flow from mechanical uniformity.

As a matter of fact, all lines composed of more than one foot, or accent, or period, may really be broken up into two or more. The way in which this distribution takes place is almost purely arbitrary, and very largely depends upon the absence or presence of rhyme.

Iambic verse has a very characteristic development in a modification of this form. Instead of lines of eight and six, we have lines of eight and eight. Instead of the alternate rhyme—the even line rhyming with the even, and the odd with the odd—we have the rhymes paired:—

"Cöme live | with më | änd bë | mÿ Löve, |  
Änd wě | will äll | thě pléa | süres pröve ||  
Thät hills | änd vål | lëys, däle | änd fiëld, |  
Änd äll | thě cräg | gÿ möun | täins yield." ||

When written, not in quatrains (or four-line stanzas), but in stanzas of various length, or in cantos without any such break, this octosyllabic verse—verse of four Iambic accents—is one of the elect vehicles of narrative verse. Samuel Butler adapted it in his famous satire *Hudibras*, and from that poem it has derived the name of Hudibrastic verse; but it reached the summit of its glory in the hands of Swift. Scott also made it the staple of his verse in the "Lady of the Lake." But in that poem, and far more in "Marmion," Scott varied the length of the line and the rhyme system, producing a combination which for swiftness and directness, with sufficient variety, is almost unequalled for story verse. Macaulay followed Scott, and contrived to add to the verse, by a certain breadth and freedom of handling, a weight and sonorosity such as Scott very seldom attained. As a poet, it need not be said, Macaulay belongs to a far inferior order to that of Scott; but he was a great master of narrative verse, and he brought this special genre to its utmost perfection of form.

The next Iambic Metre is one of supreme importance. It is Iambic verse of ten syllables, and it is commonly known as Pentameter Verse—pentameter meaning nothing more than ten-measure. This metre, when written in pairs of lines, or rhyming couplets, is known as Heroic Verse. It is the metre of Pope, Johnson, and Goldsmith. It is capable, in the hands of the wasp of Twickenham, of flash and glitter, and sting and prick, such as no other verse has ever attained. In the hands of the wise and sad Philosopher it became deep and sonorous, as other verse could never be.

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,

And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;  
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol."

And in the hands of a great modern master, William Morris, it acquires a new and far more pleasant music. It ceases to flash and clash; it ceases to roll; it moves with a natural sweetness, a various grace; it has the flowing line of a Grecian dress upon a Grecian figure.

I must say a great deal more about Heroic Verse by-and-by, but for the present please read over Goldsmith's "Traveler" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." On the whole, as it seems to me, Goldsmith managed this measure in a more characteristic manner than any other master. He suggests, not what a man of genius may do with the metre, but what the metre was meant to do. In his verse there is the ordered charm—the garden sweetness—which is the most essential gift of the Pentameter.

When you feel the flow of Goldsmith's verse you may write some Pentameters. And when you feel fairly safe about your Pentameter couplet, you may turn to Gray's "Elegy."

You will observe that in that exquisite poem we have the ten syllables, the five accents in each line, just as in Goldsmith and in Pope, only there is a re-arrangement of the rhymes. Instead of the clash of couplet we have the lengthened sweetness of alternate rhymes.

Now this slight formal change has an inestimable effect on the spirit of the verse. We have, instead of couplet stanzas, a music at once more varied and more limited, and an effect more periodically recurrent.

This particular form of Pentameter (four-line stanzas, with lines alternately rhyming) is known as Elegiac. That is why Gray's poem is called an elegy. Only the last three stanzas comprise an elegy proper—a sorrowful eulogy on the dead. But such poems were so commonly written in this metre that they have given their name to the form, and whatever you write in that form is an elegy.

When Iambic decasyllables are written without rhyme they make blank verse. Strictly speaking, of course, any unrhyming verse is blank verse. The Iambic decasyllabic form, however, is so much more common and—as being the vehicle of Shakespeare and the poetic drama—so vastly more important than any other, that practically it has monopolised the name. When we refer to other unrhyming lines we generally define the form with more or less exactitude. These ten-foot Iambic lines are what we mean by blank verse:—

"Ä lit | tlé ön | wärd lënd | thÿ gui | dÿng  
händ, |  
Tö thèse | därk stëps, | ä lit | tlé fÿr | thër  
ön." ||

By-and-by I shall have much to say about blank verse. It is at once the easiest and the hardest of all metrical forms. It is almost exclusively an English possession. It is, by excellence, the language of the serious stage. For the present I merely mention it, and pass on.

I hope that my readers have already grasped, from the examples adduced, a principle which has not explicitly been asserted.

Iambic stanzas can be composed in infinite variety. The lines can be of almost any number from two to thirty or forty, and the

modifications of rhyme and metre are practically limitless.

For the ingenuities and whimsicalities of Iambic stanza people should study Herrick and Herbert. But for the present let us keep clear of these elaborate experiments, lest they unsettle our weak heads.

Ballad metre acquires quite a new quality from a very simple variation. It is nothing more than the addition of an unaccented syllable to the even lines, i.e. the second, and fourth, and so on.

"I stéal | by lāwns | and grās | sy plòts, |  
I slide | by hà | zel còv | ers; ||  
I mòve | the swèet | forgèt- | me-nòts, |  
That gròw | for hàp | py lòv | ers." ||

Is there not here a marvellous change? In the hands of the great and consummate artist who wrought these lines, the verse acquires a liquidity, a flow, a recurrence, a continuity that make the brook audibly present.

But even when wielded by a mere mortal among artificers, that stanza always assumes an individual quality. A certain balance, a certain logicity, a certain sportive gravity commonly cling to its cadence. The influence upon music of that extra syllable is very remarkable. It produces suspension instead of clench—a kind of upward curve. The brook is its natural embodiment. It never comes to an end.

Another simple variation produces an excellent effect in the Iambic stanza of 6's. It is the addition of an unaccented syllable to the odd lines, first, third, and so on. Many of our finest hymns are written in this measure, which has a fine resonance, a sense of agility and verve. Heber's masterpiece is a wonderful example of what the measure is capable of.

"Waft, waft, | ye winds, | His stòry, ||  
And yòu, | ye wā | ters, ròll, ||  
Till, like | a sèa | of glò | ry, |  
It sprèads | from pòle | to pòle; ||

Till o'er | our ràn | som'd nà | ture |  
The Lāmb | for sìn | ners slāin— ||  
Redèem | er, King, | Crèa | tor— |  
In bliss | returns | to reign." ||

The one great fact about Iambic Verse is its movement of one foot in a slipper and the other in a boot—its "barum baree" movement;

"Iām | bies mārç | fróm shòrt | tó lóng," |

as Coleridge puts it.

I will stop. By this time you should be in the way of getting Iambic verse into your brain, or possibly on it.

But remember! Each of these papers, with the exercises and reading suggested in it, is supposed to provide poetical pabulum for a month. Don't consume them all at once, like a boy who was left alone with a three-dozen box of pills.

"THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON."

By FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

CHAPTER IV.



THE day of the picnic dawned. The sun shone down from a sky of cloudless blue, and as the girls stood behind the counter they were in high spirits.

"What a pity you are not going with us, Miss Day?" said Ellen Martin. "Can't you ask Charlie Burnett to bring you in the evening?"

"Half a yard of ribbon to match this?" said a voice, and turning to the counter, Clarice was saved a reply.

"Oh, I am glad it is a fine day!" resumed Ellen Martin. We are going to have a real jolly time. Artleton Manor is a lovely place. An old lady lives there who is immensely wealthy—as rich as Creases—isn't that the name of the old fellow who had such a lot of money?"

"Cressus," you mean," said Clarice. "I can never remember the names of those dry old fogies, they go in at one ear and out at the other, but I wouldn't go to school when I was a child. Ma used to bribe me with toffee sticks, and once she let me eat half a pot of jam on condition that I went. You know pa used to blow her up if I didn't go. By the way, I hope the ancient person won't pay us a visit. If she comes when we are closing, I am sure I shall be rude to her, horrid old thing! Fancy, she's not been for a whole week. No doubt she is waiting until one o'clock. But I'll give Dickie a penny to close at a minute to one. I say, Miss Pringle, what are you going to wear?"

"My heliotrope muslin, and a duck of a hat that cost a whole week's wages, but don't tell anybody. What are you going to wear, Miss Martin?"

"Oh, I've got a scrumptious confection of strawberries and cream, cream washing silk and strawberry ribbons. I shall be as smart as Miss Artleton herself."

"I wonder what she's like! We shall have permission to look through the manor-

house. I do hope they'll let us peep into her boudoir. I should like to know what sort of boots and gloves she wears, and I should love to see her ball-dresses and jewels."

"But Mr. Smith tells me that she is an old lady."

"I wish she would adopt me. If I have the chance I shall make love to her. What can I do to attract her attention? Think of something, girls!"

A slow smile crept over the face of Clarice. At last the hour for closing arrived, and with a delightful sense of anticipation Clarice hurried home. She found her mother already dressed in her Sunday gown of black merino, and a ruffle of chiffon around her throat.

"Mother, I declare, you do look pretty!" cried Clarice as she eyed her mother from head to foot.

"Oh, fie, you naughty girl! It is all this worldly ruffle that you have stitched into my gown. Fancy teaching your mother vanity in her old age. Now, not another word! Here is your white muslin waiting for you."

"Oh, what a surprise! You should not have ironed it for me. I thought my grey alpaca would do nicely."

"I am afraid the bloom has fled from your alpaca, and white muslin is always nice and pretty for young girls."

"Now who is teaching vanity!" laughed Clarice. "Oh, naughty, naughty mother!"

"Oh, Clarice, look out of the window, there is such a grand carriage coming down the street! Bless me, it is stopping at our door! what will the neighbours think?"

"That we are going to enjoy ourselves," said Clarice, and, catching up the muslin gown, she rushed up-stairs.

"I am so sorry, but my daughter is not quite ready," said Mrs. Day, nervously. "Will you come in and sit down for a few minutes."

"Oh, no thank you, ma'am, I will wait outside!" and with a stately bow the footman withdrew.

"Fancy Clarice taking my poor scones to the owner of that beautiful carriage. But after all wealth is but a passing good. I, in my poverty, am richer than Miss Artleton, for I have my dear little girl, while she is lonely!" murmured Mrs. Day. Then going to the foot of the stairs she cried—"Be quick, Clarice, the horses seem restive."

Ten minutes later Clarice and her mother

stepped into Miss Artleton's carriage, much to the astonishment of their neighbours.

"And this is your mother, dear?" asked Miss Artleton as she held out her hand to Mrs. Day. "I am very pleased to meet you, Mrs. Day; your daughter will have told you how she befriended me under rather trying circumstances," and a comical twinkle came into the brown eyes.

"When you have taken off your bonnets I will show you a view of the park from the west wing. I wish you to see it before the Philistines arrive, though I hope these Philistines will behave better than the last I entertained. They not only used my premises, but they stole my fruit, trampled upon and robbed my flower-beds, walked upon my carpets with muddy boots, and left me a cartload of broken bottles and refuse of various kinds. I was from home at the time or I should have driven them away. But I did not bring you here to listen to a chapter of woes. Step this way;" and opening a door Miss Artleton went into an oblong room one side of which was littered with books and papers.

"This is the view I wish you to see; it takes in the park, the village and the valley as far as the river."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Clarice below her breath.

"Yes, it is very lovely; it is the inspiration of my life. In Nature I always see God. When I am lonely, or weary, or sad, I creep to this window, and then I feel that God is good. This is my study; though my days for story-writing are almost over. Yes, you may well look surprised. You didn't think a little old maid could write love-stories, but my heart is full of them—true love-stories, my dear!" she said with a smile at Clarice.

"Have you ever read any by Heather Bell?"

"Oh, yes, ever so many," answered Clarice. "I am Heather Bell—rather a faded Heather Bell," and the old lady laughed.

"No, not faded, the name suits you splendidly. But I had no idea you wrote stories. And did you actually write the one about that poor nursery governess who was so unkindly treated?" asked Clarice.

Miss Artleton nodded.

"Ellen Martin said she cried half the evening over that story."

"Yet she could turn her back upon a poor broken-down governess. If I had described

her action in a story she would have been indignant with the offender," said Miss Artleton smiling. "But there is the bell for luncheon. We must descend."

"You will not be very angry with Miss Martin and Miss Pringle?" asked Clarice as they went downstairs.

"No, I shall not be very angry," and the old lady smiled. "I have arranged for the picnics to pass through the reception-room at a quarter-to-five, where I shall speak to them. Your friends will come with the rest, but I will be very merciful."

Having gained this promise Clarice felt more at ease.

After a delightful afternoon spent in a portion of the gardens reserved by Miss Artleton for her own use, Clarice and Mrs. Day went into the reception-room where Charlie Burnett was waiting. Miss Artleton scanned the young man curiously, and advancing, she bade him welcome.

Presently the superintendent and officers of the Sunday School entered the apartment and came towards Miss Artleton's chair. They seemed surprised when they saw Clarice and her mother, but after a few words with Miss Artleton they passed out of the room.

One by one the scholars followed, curtseyed, shook hands with Miss Artleton and received a rose and a spray of fern from her white jewelled fingers.

When Ellen Martin, smiling and curtseying, advanced towards the lady of the Manor, Clarice felt her heart beat tumultuously. Suddenly the smiles vanished, and Ellen Martin turned deadly pale.

"I see you recognise me, my dear," said the little lady gently. "May I with this rose

give you a word of advice. You are young and thoughtless, and so I pardon, but I would have you remember in the future, that in repulsing or treating unkindly the poor, the helpless or the aged you are repulsing Christ. Don't cry, my child—I forgive you. Good-bye. Send your friend to me."

"What has happened!" cried a chorus of voices, as Ellen Martin emerged from the reception-room with tearful eyes. The girl made no reply, but, walking to Dolly Pringle, she whispered a few words in her ear.

"I shan't go in!" said Dolly, with pale face and defiant eyes. "I wasn't as rude to her as you!"

"Hush!" said Ellen Martin irritably; and, to the astonishment of all, Dolly Pringle rushed from the house without her rose.

"Miss Day, you're a sneak!" cried Ellen Martin next morning, when Clarice entered the shop.

Clarice made no reply; she merely walked to the office and delivered a note from Miss Artleton.

"And you wish to leave at once, Miss Day?" asked Mr. Frogmore.

"If you can make it convenient, sir?"

"You have a valuable friend in this lady," said Mr. Frogmore, holding up the letter in his hand. "If you leave my shop what will you do?"

"Miss Artleton has asked me to be her secretary and useful companion."

"But are you fitted for such a position?"

"I think not, but she thinks I shall suit her."

Mr. Frogmore looked surprised.

"It is very strange," he said, "that, having

lived in Sandrington for four years, I have never once seen Miss Artleton. Bousfield the tailor told me yesterday that he had seen her come into the shop several times. If you knew her why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't know her until last week, sir."

At that moment an assistant entered the office, and Mr. Frogmore said—

"Under the circumstances I think you may go. We are not very busy at present. Good-morning." And Clarice fled.

Two or three weeks later Mrs. Day was installed in one of the ivy-covered cottages that Clarice had admired, and every day the girl tripped to the Manor to fulfil her three-fold duties of secretary, companion and friend. For a long time Miss Artleton intended to use her influence to obtain Charlie Burnett a more lucrative position than the one he occupied, but her affection for Clarice restrained her.

"I shall not live long," she said to herself. "If I bequeath the child a hundred a year, she will then be able to marry comfortably. No, I will not leave her more; I wish her husband to work for her. I know I am selfish, but I cannot part with her now. She improves daily—my sweet Clarice."

Miss Artleton's prophecy came true. One morning when her maid went to her room she found her asleep, but it was the sleep that knows no waking. The little old lady was dead.

Clarice sorrowed sincerely, and, though into her life have come fresh hopes, fresh joys and fresh anxieties, she never looks upon the face of a poor old woman without remembering with gratitude that "Peculiar Miss Artleton."

[THE END.]

## IN SPITE OF ALL.

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

### CHAPTER VII.

ONE Saturday afternoon Michael called at the Swanningtons' house. It was Mr. Swannington he wanted to interview, and he had hesitated as to whether he should go to his office, but had decided in favour of his private house because there was a likelihood then that he would see Beattie. His heart beat uncomfortably fast when the servant ushered him into the drawing-room, but it was for the present empty. When the door opened it was Mrs. Swannington who entered, and she was alone.

"Why, Mr. Anstruther," she said in a voice which, though amiable enough, had a perceptible lack of the warmth with which she had been wont to welcome his appearance at Crabsley. "This is an unlooked-for pleasure. At this time of year one scarcely expects to see one's friends in London."

She extended a small jewelled hand which was grasped with an almost painful fervour. She was at any rate Beattie's aunt.

"Your mother, I trust, is better."

Michael said he hoped she was on the way to recovery.

"And you," he said, "you are quite well? And Mr. Swannington?"

"In excellent health, thank you. I find the air of Crabsley marvellous. But," with a shrug, "it is not possible

that one should live on air alone. It palls."

The way in which she had turned the conversation made it difficult for him to inquire after Beattie without seeming ridiculous. So he said after a moment, "Miss Margetson is in town too, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. I think she enjoyed the latter part of her stay even more than the beginning, but I could not endure the dullness even to oblige her."

Mike reddened. If Mrs. Swannington found it worth while to tell him untruths, he could not flatter himself there was much hope of her regarding his suit favourably. But the consciousness of her opposition roused his obstinacy. If she were against him he would gain nothing by letting her put him off the tack.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing her to-day," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Swannington indifferently. "She will be down presently."

She pushed out one foot below her elaborate tea-gown and regarded it pensively.

"She is playing with her pets in her own room. Beattie, you know, is only a child still. I find she cares little to be in the drawing-room."

"She does not seem like a child to me," said Mike.

Mrs. Swannington smiled, and raised her eyebrows ever so little. The look implied that Mike was not much more than a child himself. But she only said—

"Ah, well, Mr. Anstruther, if a girl shows her desire to appear grown-up at all, it is in the society of young men. Beattie has only put her hair up since she left school."

Mike laughed.

"Putting one's hair up is an arbitrary marking of age," he said. "My mother wore hers in curls till long after I was born."

"And very becoming too," said Mrs. Swannington. "I often wonder English women do not hide their ears more; besides, they never understand how to do their hair becomingly. In fact pious women always seem to think they ought not to have any hair. I observe they all draw it tightly away from their faces and make it into a hard knot at the back of their heads."

Mike was wearied by the trivial talk. There was something, to his thinking, vulgar in Mrs. Swannington's shallow flippancy, as he in his youthful intolerance was inclined to consider it. To him, gentleness and reverence were two indispensable attributes of a lady, and on this renewal of his acquaintance he rejoiced as he had done when first he made it that there was no tie of blood

between Beattie and Aunt Ella. Perhaps Mrs. Swannington made a shrewd guess at the estimation in which Michael held her. She saw at any rate that he was *distrait* and nervous, and that she was not interesting him in the remotest degree. She wondered with secret amusement how long his good manners would be proof against his impulses. She had not long to wait.

"Mrs. Swannington," said Mike, rather thickly, and looking away from her, for her gay, hard, rather bead-like eyes were not encouraging to sentiment or seriousness, "I have come here today with a purpose."

"And that purpose, Mr. Anstruther, was not to see me," said she laughing. "And you dare confess this in my own drawing-room?"

"I did want to see you," replied Mike, refusing to respond to her mood. "I wanted to obtain your consent to my proposing to Miss Margetson."

Aunt Ella was silent. She still smiled, but the smile was not encouraging.

"If I had stayed at Crabsley I might have been tempted to speak to her herself," went on Mike, gaining courage, for he still did not look at Aunt Ella, "but I know I ought to ask you and Mr. Swannington first. I am afraid you will think me very presumptuous, and will feel Miss Margetson might have done better, but I love her so much and I will work so hard for her, and before many years I may be in a very good position."

He paused, but as Mrs. Swannington was still silent he ventured to glance at her. His face flushed crimson when he saw that hers wore a look of amusement. Then she stretched out her hand and patted his arm, letting the white palm rest for a moment on his rough sleeve, where she surveyed it approvingly.

"Silly boy," was all she said.

"But, Mrs. Swannington," said Michael angrily, "I am in earnest."

"Of course you are, just now. Yes, my dear Mr. Michael, you are too much in earnest to be able to realise the facts. The consent you ask for is impossible. My husband is Beattie's guardian. He has her good at heart, and he is a sensible man. He will tell you to go away and continue your studies. In ten years' time you may think of marriage. But Beattie by then will probably have been mistress of a house for eight or nine years. For me, I would not permit of her engaging herself to anyone who could not provide for her handsomely."

"But," stammered poor Michael, "there are other things to think of besides money."

"Nothing of importance, my friend," said Aunt Ella calmly. "Money improves a happy marriage and it makes an unhappy one tolerable. Fancy two people utterly unsuited who cannot buy distractions, indulge their tastes, and amuse themselves independently. But how horrible!"

"Are you going to leave love out of the question, Mrs. Swannington?"

"In this case I am," was the reply.

"At all times it is a mere detail. What does one see? People who love to distraction and run away together, presently bored to death and perhaps in

the law courts; and others who have had an arranged marriage and afterwards adore each other."

Michael had to restrain an impulse to throw something at this cruel little lady, thus trampling on all he considered most beautiful and sacred. He thought of how his mother had listened to his confidences, and of her tender sympathy. She had understood him; but how could he make this apparently heartless woman realise that his love was a holy thing and that no worldly considerations could alter it?

"You will see," Mrs. Swannington was saying, "that this fancy will pass away. Some day you will laugh at it with your wife. *Tiens*, do I not know? Have I not my husband's confidence? I do assure you we have often laughed together over some of his love affairs. When he was twenty he adored his sister's governess, who was thirty-five, and had protruding teeth. When she refused him he threatened to take poison."

Mike stood up. He felt it impossible that Mrs. Swannington should be the arbitress of his fate. It was desecration to speak of the matter to her.

"Have I then offended you, my dear Mr. Anstruther?" said Aunt Ella. "Surely you are not going, and without tea? Ah, there is my husband. He shall speak with you. Listen, Arthur, here is our friend, Mr. Anstruther. He is wanting to marry Beattie. But I tell him it is impossible. And he is very angry with me. See, now I leave you together a little while that you may talk it over."

And with much rustling of silken skirts and a backward look at her husband that he well understood Mrs. Swannington left the room.

Mr. Swannington treated Mike at once more seriously and more considerably than his wife had done. Men do not trifle with each other in these matters, and Mr. Swannington was too sensible to behave in such a manner to the young man as should lead him in the impetuosity of youth and love to probably set his authority aside and go direct to his ward. It is true that he no more than his wife conceived of love as Michael conceived of it, but he was inclined to regard the young man's prospects more favourably than that lady. Unlike her, he was not anxious for Beattie to be soon married. Her presence in his home added to the pleasure of his existence, and he anticipated much gratification from the society of his beautiful niece now that she was grown up. At Crabsley he had enjoyed the walks and drives he had taken with her, her abundant vitality gave a zest to all she did, and communicated itself to others. It is just possible that Mrs. Swannington was clever enough to see the possibility that he might prefer Beattie's companionship to her own, and she was jealous of everyone whom her husband cared for. Perhaps one of her reasons for wishing Beattie to be married young was that she herself could not bear not to be always first with him, and first by a long way. Mr. Swannington would have been fairly satisfied that Beattie

should be engaged to someone whose duties would keep him from haunting the house and who could not take her away for some years. He could see, better perhaps than his wife, that Michael was socially their superior, and he had a respect for birth which, if it did not equal, was only second to his respect for money. He knew a gentleman when he saw one, and if Michael had possessed no other advantages in Mr. Swannington's sight he at any rate possessed this. But, as a matter-of-fact Mr. Swannington did not consider the question very deeply. Depth was not one of his attributes. Like his wife, he lived on the surface and cared for nothing beyond the shallow. His affair was to please Mrs. Swannington, and if she wished Michael to be dismissed he would do so as kindly and with as little fuss as possible. But inasmuch as decided measures were not greatly in his line, and he had a happy faith in the postponement of disagreeables leading to their disappearance, he merely advised Michael to wait.

"I cannot sanction your proposing to my niece, you see, Anstruther. She hasn't seen anything of the world yet, and I don't believe in a girl making a decision before she has had any choice. A young fellow like you can surely afford to wait a bit."

"But you see sir," said Mike, "I don't want to prevent her choosing. I only want her to know I love her."

"But that would bias her, my dear fellow. Young as she is, and sensitive to any affection, that would be almost enough to bind her to you."

"And why not?" said Mike bravely. "If she loves me she will not suffer by being bound. If she does not love me she will lose nothing by knowing that someone cares for her. I don't see myself why a girl should learn a lot of worldly wisdom before she gives away her heart. If we are to believe the books we read, a generation or two ago the first love was the best love, and few women had another."

"Well, that's all very romantic, but we have to be more sensible now. Men as well as women married much younger. Perhaps living was less expensive or people had fewer needs. At any rate we don't belong to that generation, and I'm afraid, Anstruther, you'll find Beattie, who has been used to luxury, would make a sorry poor man's wife. Perhaps there's another thing I ought to tell you, she will have hardly any money of her own. Her parents left her almost dependent on us. It is probable, as we have no children, she will inherit what we leave; but if she marries against her aunt's wishes it is more than likely she at any rate may alter the disposition of her property. She has a nephew in France, a sister's child who is more nearly related to her than Beattie. So you see in urging your suit you may be damaging the girl's prospects. No, no, take my advice. Come back in a couple of years, and then if Beattie is free you can propose to her. In the meantime when you are in England, you are welcome to visit her like any other friend, and see her occasionally provided,

[Continued on page 555.]

## FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."



TWO OF THE NEW CAPES.

THE most popular gowns at the present moment are in black materials, thus showing no alteration in general taste which has prevailed for the last year or more. Of course, when worn for mourning they are quite unrelieved; but otherwise, all of them show some colour, or else white, which takes off the sombre character. The colours selected are usually very bright indeed; orange, or the new rose-pink, apricot or emerald green. A very deep red, inclining to scarlet, is also in vogue, and a bright purple which seems to go with mauve without a quarrel. These black gowns are of every and any material; cashmere for preference, *merveilleux*, corded silk, satin, hopsack, alpaca, grenadine, *chiffon*, gauze, and fine ladies' cloth; so, in the way of materials, there is a wide choice, and we need not fear to be out of fashion. The new *crispans* are very pretty but expensive; and the grenadines are to be seen at all prices and in all colours, as well as black and cream.

Black gowns are chiefly trimmed, or more correctly speaking, decorated or relieved with colour at the fronts, the *revers*, and by means of waist-bands, collar-bands and yokes. One black silk gown had very large *revers* and a folded front of a very red silk, the *revers* being edged with a very tiny black ribbon, *ruche*. A very pretty cashmere was made with one of the new flounces, deep at the back, and much narrower in the front. The bodices were of the Russian blouse order, and here the front was of tucked cream-colour and the *revers* in turquoise-blue velvet. The black gowns that I liked the least I think were those in which orange formed a part. One cashmere had a vest and pointed yoke of orange silk, laid in half-inch tucks, which was relieved at the neck by a white lace frill and *jabot*. The hat worn with this dress was entirely black, with upstanding ostrich feathers at the side.

Black grenadine, over either colour, or black, will form quite one of the popular gowns of the season, and for those who have half-worn silks, there could be no better wearing, as they can use them up, and wear them out in this way. Fashion now allows us to use figured silks for under-gowns. Indeed, some of the prettiest have quite large patterned *chine* silks under the green-gold cover.

Pink *chiffon* over pink satin is a very favourite colour-relief for black grenadines; and I think, except in cream, that it looks the best. The *en-tout-cas*, or parasols, used are of black, lined through with either pink silk or *chiffon* to match in colour; and there are sometimes pink *chiffon* *ruches* to decorate the outside of the parasol.

I am sure now that you will want to hear something of the new flounced skirts, and how they look when worn? At the private views I cannot say there were many to be seen; but these occasions, though most useful, as showing how fashions are tending, are of rather early date, and perhaps that will account for their scarcity. But I gather on all

sides that they are thought to be unbecoming. The new French skirt with flat flounces, modelled on the skirt beneath them, had several representations, all of them in cloth. This skirt was introduced so far back as the year 1893; and I saw several of them in Paris, and in London then, but they did not succeed in either country, and are not very becoming, except to tall, slight, and very smart figures. There is nothing at all ugly about the new skirts, and even their extreme tightness seems to be "managed" by the clever dressmakers; and one sees the most portly (not merely stout) people wearing them, and they do not look extreme, nor peculiar.

I see that a great deal of biscuit-coloured canvas over colour is worn, and this forms a most useful gown for young people. The canvas is very moderate in price, and wears extremely well. White and cream-coloured

serges are very fashionable, and these are also useful dresses, as they can be cleaned and be done up several times. The stouter order of grenadines are suitable gowns for country use, that can be worn at any time without looking over-dressed. Some of them are very cheap, but care must be taken that they be of a good enough black, for if they have a weakness it is that a faint rusty tinge is developed by wear, which spoils their beauty.

I observe that the French fashion of wearing mittens runs a chance of being adopted here. There were several people to be seen in them at the private views. Just now, that our eyes have become unaccustomed to their use, they seem ugly and a little unbecoming, as they give an artificial width to the hand; but it is certainly a useful fashion, as it saves gloves, which are more expensive, and are far cooler in the summer.



TWO BODICES AND ONE HAT.



AN ORGANDY MUSLIN GOWN.

Veils are to be dismissed, I hear, and no one is to wear them in future. Of course they too are hot in summer, like gloves; but whether we shall cease to patronize them is doubtful, considering how many people find them becoming. Meanwhile, I have seen many white net and lace veils, which are popular for wear on the bicycle, as they save the complexion from tan and keep off the dust and wind.

The shirts of the season are, some of them, very much ornamented; but there are plenty of the simple ones which are so useful for morning wear and on the bicycle. Most of them have a knife-pleated frill at the side of the centre pleat, and the cuffs are made to be

long, though they are lace-edged. Two yards of spotted net of good quality will cut into four. Then you must hem the sides and ends very neatly, and finish the ends with lace. A wide Valenciennes answers best for them, and the ties will wash, and look fresh throughout the summer campaign. Some of these lace-trimmed ties are of silk, and are tied like a man's, and these are generally to be worn with shirts. The *chiffon* scarves are very pretty, but so perishable, and expensive. I notice that sailor collars are likely to be much worn, and also collars of linen, which are cut like a square yoke. These will be greatly used by children.

I also observe that a great difference of

worn with couples—not the single stud which we have so long affected.

The muslin blouse of to-day is beautiful; the designs so graceful and pretty and delicate in hue. They are frilled, and tucked, and lace-trimmed, and will be as much used as ever. Those of white-spotted muslin, such as were used last year, are still worn; but the lace worn on them seems to be more white than cream. Silk blouses are produced in any quantity, and the silk for them is so reduced in price, that one would think it must be manufactured from some other material than cocoon silk. Lace yokes are in great favour, and many of them are unlined, which will make them very cool for the summer. The newest yokes have a point turned upwards at the back—not down—and this is said to make them more comfortable to wear. The yoke is often edged with gathered frills of the silk, which have a narrow black velvet as a finish.

All the girls seem to be busy in the manufacture of cravats, which are to be quite a feature of our summer fashions. The ends are not very

opinion exists on the subject of capes. On one side we are assured that they are quite *demodé*; and we are quite surprised to find how many *à la mode* ones are to be found in the best West-End shops. So we may take it that "doctors differ," and therefore illustrate two of the very newest and prettiest to be found. The first, to the extreme right, is of lace and *chiffon*, with long stole-like ends and ribbons floating from the front. This is the newest shape. When the ends are not so long, the cape is perhaps more suitable to young people. The pointed capes are also new, and constitute a change from the round ones we have been wearing. So are the three-tier capes, like the one illustrated on the left of our sketch. This is made in biscuit-coloured cloth, with tiny *ruches* of white silk baby-ribbon on each of the capes, a charming cape for a young girl, for a little extra warmth on a chilly day. The dress in the centre has a lace yoke, and sleeves with black velvet butterfly bows. The material is grenadine over apricot silk.

Our illustration of one of the Organdy muslin gowns shows exactly how they should be made, with the new skirt and flounces, and trimmed with lace, and lace insertion. The lace in use is generally Valenciennes. The original dress was of cream-coloured Organdy, with pale apple-green spots of different sizes on it. It was made over a pale green silk of the same hue. Muslins of all kinds in boxes with the skirt made-up and trimmed are being shown in the shop windows. Most of these have a small *ruche* of silk or muslin at the edge of the skirt, and all are trimmed with insertion, which is put on in every sort of fashion, mostly in a kind of lattice pattern over the edge of the skirt.

"Two bodices and one hat" is our next picture, and the important gown in this is of a grey-green cloth, with a front and high collar of white satin, and narrow black velvet ribbon. The cloth was a summer one, very thin and light, and the dress was a very charming production. The other sitting figure shows a dress with the front open to display a tucked *chiffon* under-vest, the bodice being slightly pouched. For morning dress, and skirts, the plain waistband is still worn; but where a better, and more dressy gown is needed, the waistband is more ornamental, and is very generally of velvet twisted into a roll, with a bow but no ends. Often this band, and that at the neck, forms the only touch of colour in a black or white frock.

In hats we find a new feature, and that is a drooping, rather turned-down brim, which is shown in our sketch. The back of these hats is often turned up sharply, and this accentuates the droop in the front. The trimming tends to the back this year, and a great feature characterising this style is the covering up of the under trimming with lace or tulle. For instance, white gauze, rolled and twisted, would have a covering of black tulle or yellow *chiffon*, with black over it, or lace, either black or white, would cover rose-colour. The feathers would be both black and rose-colour.

I hear that white stockings are to be used this summer, and that white kid gloves will be superseded by pink ones. Green morocco shoes are very pretty, but are said to wear badly; and I daresay we shall cling to our tan and patent leathers. Shoes with two straps are much worn in the last-named leather, and they are both of good wear, and becoming to the foot.



of course, no word of love passes between you."

Michael was obliged to admit that Mr. Swannington had a good deal of common sense on his side, and to agree, though very down-heartedly to his plans. He felt convinced that unless her affection for him had taken a deeper root than he dared to hope, especially as he was compelled to keep silence with regard to his own feelings, someone else would be sure to want to marry Beattie long before the two years were over. However, he was as thankful for small mercies as the consideration of the greater ones denied him permitted him to be. He shook hands with Mr. Swannington and thanked him.

"I mayn't be able to see her again till many months have passed," he said, after a few moments' uncomfortable pause, during which Mr. Swannington had been heartily longing for his departure or his wife's return. "You'll let me say good-bye to Miss Margetson this afternoon, won't you, sir?"

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Swannington. "Doesn't she know you are here, I wonder?" And he rang the bell.

Beattie had been looking after the various pets from whom she had been temporarily separated, and was quite ignorant of the fact that Michael was in the drawing-room. Her aunt had not informed her. She was not anxious for Beattie to see him. Not that she believed her niece to be in love with the young man, but that she knew her to be at once so affectionate and so impressionable, that should she guess he was in love with herself she would be incapable of repulsing him, and would probably give him the warm young heart which was to be reserved for someone with a considerable balance at the bank. When he had left Crabsley there was no doubt she had missed him very much, and had been given to fits of meditation not much in accordance with her usual habits. Aunt Ella did not think the quiet seaside place any longer desirable for her, and being herself thoroughly tired of it, and hearing that her sister was going to Switzerland, had suddenly determined to take her niece where she would have plenty to amuse and interest her, and would have no time to indulge in silly fancies.

When the servant announced that her uncle wanted her in the drawing-room, and that there was a gentleman there,

Beattie never gave a thought to its being Mr. Anstruther. She said "bother," and turned the happy kittens in a heap off her lap on to the rug, put Polly in his cage, much to the disgust of that worthy bird, who expressed his displeasure more emphatically and even less elegantly than his mistress, and having waited to wash her hands and tidy her hair, which needed these operations sorely after fur and claws had made free with them, she ran down the stairs, jumping the three last of every flight in the school-girl fashion she had not yet abandoned. Aunt Ella heard her as the girl passed her room, and opened the door and followed in her own deliberate style. She thought Beattie's haste was due to her knowing who was there. Had she done so it is probable her progress would have been more hesitating and less direct.

When she saw who was with her uncle she paused a moment just within the door, blushing a sudden red. Then, closing it, she went to meet Mike who was striding towards her, and her eyes fell before his ardent gaze.

Then as he still held her hand she looked up with a bright smile of welcome.

"I did not know you were here," she said frankly, "I am so glad to see you again. And your mother is better, then."

She sat down near him and began talking merrily about Crabsley. In the happiness of being with her again, Michael's cloud was temporarily pierced by sunshine. Mr. Swannington left them to enjoy each other's society for the short time that remained to them and stood looking out of the window, but the prompt reappearance of Aunt Ella reminded Michael of his disappointed hopes. Still, he stayed on as long as he decently could. At any rate he was with Beattie; it was something to be able to look at her, and his memories would be all he would have for some months at least. By degrees something of his mood stole over Beattie. Her spontaneous joyfulness seemed to lessen. She grew quieter. She was naturally sympathetic, and she began to perceive that Michael was depressed and unlike what he had been on his holiday. She longed to ask him if something troubled him, but the presence of her aunt and uncle restrained her. When at last he rose to go the elders bade him good-bye very cordially, by no means sorry to see the last of him.

"You will much enjoy life in Paris, Mr. Anstruther," said Aunt Ella. "When next we meet you must tell me your experiences."

"Shan't we see you again before you go?" asked Beattie.

"I am afraid not," said Michael sadly, turning to her. She was the one to whom he said good-bye. And if the look of his eyes and the pressure of his hand could have told her anything, she might have guessed something of what it cost him to part from her.

Uncle Arthur accompanied him to the front door, talking loudly and cheerfully. Aunt Ella bade Beattie give her some more tea.

"That young man depresses me," she said. "And you, my dear Beattie, look tired. You had better have some too."

Beattie's mouth was drooping and her eyes were full of tears; she could not drink the tea which she obediently poured out. On her uncle's return she slipped away to her own room. She was not sorry for herself so much as for Michael. She recalled the look with which he had parted from her, and she realised that he was very unhappy. A longing to see him again, to comfort him, possessed her, and in an impulse she seized her little desk and began to write him a note. But it was scarcely finished before she remembered her aunt's prohibition. She hesitated. Those few lines, in which was nothing anyone might not have read, would have been of infinite consolation to poor Michael, just because they were from her, and he could have carried about the note as a precious thing which her fingers had penned. However, he never received it, for after a few minutes' indecision, Beattie tore it into fragments. But the mere writing of what she had not been able to say, the expression of her good wishes for his future and her hope of meeting again had been a relief to her, and though she was still saddened, the wretchedness she had felt was lessened. Still, for many days, even when she was far away in Switzerland, the thought of Michael was with her, and often, when in some sublime scene she was with less congenial companions, she longed for his presence.

However, Aunt Ella talking over the matter with Madame Lemerrier, her sister, received congratulations on her decision, and had no doubt whatever but that she deserved them.

(To be continued.)

## VEGETABLE COOKERY.

LEGUMINOUS vegetables and seeds, peas, beans, lentils, etc., yield double the amount of muscle-making food that we find in beef, at less than a quarter of the cost. Fresh peas and beans contain more water, and are therefore less nutritious, but on the other hand they are more easily digested. All dried vegetables require long and slow cooking, and sometimes a pinch of carbonate of soda will be needed, if they are very old.

Green vegetables such as spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, cucumber, kale, asparagus, turnip-tops and French or kidney beans, should be cooked in boiling salted water; immersing in hot water makes them more wholesome, as it dissolves the objectionable alkaloids. But green vegetables should never boil too long, as the flavour and quality will then be utterly spoilt.

Of all vegetables rice is the most nourishing

and most easily digested, and it forms the chief diet of half the inhabitants of the earth. The potato follows rice in the matter of nourishment, though it falls far below, and the parsnip runs the potato very close.

Potatoes alone are poor food; where meat is taken they are absolutely essential on account of the carbon they contain. If to potatoes, however, we add butter and milk, we give all the needful constituents to make a "perfect" food.

Potatoes cooked in their "jackets" are very much more savoury, and the salts in them are more pronounced; on the other hand, there is a poisonous alkaloid which lurks immediately beneath the skin that is better dissipated by removing a very thin peeling. In old potatoes this alkaloid is very pronounced, and they should not only be peeled but allowed to soak in cold water for a quarter of an hour.

Here is an American recipe for cooking cold boiled potatoes, which is excellent as a vegetarian dish.

*Delmonico Potatoes.*—Chop finely sufficient cold boiled potatoes to make a pint. In a saucepan dissolve an ounce of butter, mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, then add half a pint of milk, pepper and salt to season. Stir over the fire until it boils then add to the chopped potatoes. Turn all into a buttered baking-dish, sprinkle over the top two or three spoonfuls of grated cheese, and set the dish in a brisk oven until the surface is crisp and brown.

Potatoes which have been boiled and become cold should never be fried, as this is to make them most indigestible; there are many ways of serving these without having recourse to the frying-pan. For fried potatoes throw them whilst raw into boiling fat and cook quickly, but do not let them get too dry.

One of the most difficult of all vegetables to cook is *cabbage*. If the water boils rapidly while it is cooking the cabbage is unpalatable and the odour goes all over the house; if, however, it is put into boiling salted water with a pinch of carbonate of soda, allowed to boil up once, then drawn to the side of the fire and simmered for half an hour or so, it

will be found to be tender, green and full of flavour. Press it well in a colander to extract every drop of water, sprinkle it with pepper and chop finely, then arrange neatly in a dish. If liked a simple cream sauce could be made and poured over the cabbage, and this makes a very dainty dish—again a vegetarian one.

*Onions*, wholesome as they are, should be partly boiled in salted water, in order that the essential oil in them, which makes them disagree with some people, may be dissipated. An excellent way of serving large English or Spanish onions is to peel and quarter them, boil them for about twenty minutes, then set them in a stewpan or baking-dish with a little butter, pepper and salt, and cook them until they are thoroughly done through. Lift the onions out on to a dish, mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk, add a quarter of a pint more milk and pour this to the butter and onion-juice in the pan, stir until it has produced a thick creamy sauce, then pour over the onions.

Leeks may be cooked in precisely the same way, and a very dainty dish they will make.

A very delicious way of cooking such vegetables as tomatoes, beans, peas, potatoes, artichokes, carrots, turnips, and salsify is to place them after paring in a fireproof china pan with lid, to add to them a little nice dripping and seasoning, and to cook them in a moderate oven for an hour and a half to two hours. Carrots are particularly good done this way, and with seasoning, chopped parsley, and a little sauce or gravy, make an excellent dish.

*Jerusalem Artichokes* are one of our best winter vegetables, served alone with white sauce, à l'Italienne, with butter and chopped

parsley, or as the foundation of an excellent soup.

*Chestnuts* are not altogether as well known as a vegetable as they deserve to be; but, after boiling and peeling, they make a capital dish if served with a thick brown sauce.

*Salsify*—the oyster plant—is somewhat troublesome to prepare and difficult to keep white. As the roots are scraped they should be thrown into vinegar and water until all are ready for cooking.

Boil them in salted water until perfectly tender, then they may be drained and dipped into batter and fried, or added to a stew of meat (without frying), or mashed finely, mixed with a little dissolved butter, seasoning, and a beaten egg, put into scallop shells and baked in a brisk oven until slightly browned.

Fresh peas may be cooked with a little butter, a split onion, salt and pepper, and covered with a lettuce cut in half, then the lid of the stewpan put on, and all stewed gently for upwards of an hour. Remove the lettuce and onion, add the beaten yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of milk, then serve altogether.

*Cucumbers* pared, cut in finger lengths, and boiled in salt water until tender, then drained, are a nice accompaniment to veal, or with sauce, are very good also, with or without grated cheese.

It is worthy of special note that the addition of grated cheese is a very valuable one with many dishes of vegetables, besides supplying the fatty ingredient necessary to the perfecting of a vegetable diet. For this same reason we prefer the French method of finishing the cooking of vegetables in butter after part boiling them. L. H. YATES.

## DOCTOR ANDRE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

### CHAPTER IX.



It was a brilliant afternoon and Génie had finished all her household tasks. She took off her pretty white apron and sleeves and went into the kitchen, where Madame Féraudy was engaged in counting eggs by the dozen and putting them by in wooden cases buried in salt for sale.

"*Maman!*" she exclaimed, for of late she had learnt to call her old friend lovingly by that name, "I have a

great favour to ask of you. First of all, can I do anything more to help you?"

"Nothing my child. You have worked hard all the morning, go and play now. I shall be busy all the afternoon, for when the eggs are finished, Jeanne and I are going over the linen-press to put out all that wants mending."

"Then may I go to the shore, *maman*?" I would not ask to walk alone in the roads, but on the shore. There will be nobody within miles except perhaps old Battiste catching sand-eels. He will not hurt me, and I will bring some home in a basket, they will please Madame Canière."

"What can anyone find to amuse

them in walking in the sand by that melancholy sea!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy. "Yes, *mignonne*, if such is your taste, go, but do not stay too late. And wait, take these with you; young things like you grow hungry in the open air."

She took a handful of biscuits and some beautiful purple plums lying on a shelf and put them into a little basket.

"You can bring back the sand-eels when the basket is empty," she said. "The shore is quite safe, there are no treacherous sands; the tide comes in slowly, you can come to no harm, and just now the tide is out. Ah, foolish child!" for Génie had thrown her arms round her neck and kissed her fervently over and over again.

"Go away, *mignonne*, and do not interrupt me any more."

But when Génie with her basket had bounded off Madame Féraudy followed her to the door and stood looking after her with tender eyes, till her active little figure disappeared down the field-path which led to the sea.

She started, for a telegraph boy came up to her.

"For Féraudy—Maison Féraudy!" he explained briefly, and she opened the paper and read, "Shall arrive by six-thirty, stay one night—André."

"So he is coming," she said to herself, and the look of care settled once more on her brow. "He is coming!

my poor boy. I am glad he has lost no time, and we shall know the worst without delay."

She went slowly indoors, then calling Jeanne and Maturin she bustled them about to prepare all that was best for his comfort that night.

Génie tripped away down the grassy track to the shore. Little larks sprang out of the harsh grass growing on the sandy dunes, and winged their way up into heaven's blue, rapturous with song.

Génie would stop and with clasped hands watch till the tiny speck disappeared, and then go on her way, gathering the shivering grasses and trying her fate as she went.

"*Un peu! beaucoup! passionnément! point du tout!* *Un peu, beaucoup!* That is right! and now the thistle-down once! twice! away! Let me try again. *Un peu! beaucoup! ah! point du tout!* I deserve that for asking the flowers and grasses to tell me pretty stories. I wonder, how I wonder when Dr. André will come again; and when he does come, will he be so kind, so cold as he was when he said good-bye? Ah well, I shall never, never be able to thank him as I should, for this home of mine. He will not let me."

She went down the rocky steps on to the sands beneath, walking softly, for with all her love of sweet, wild nature, Génie Lacour was town-bred, and timid about climbing among rocks and difficult

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

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

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

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

"Battiste! Maitre Battiste!" she

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

## FOREIGN COMPETITION ESSAYS: "MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

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

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

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

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

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

wood and river, refreshing to mind and eye alike. These are all the work of my hands, but there is, one, a gem, on an oval section of an elephants tusk four inches high and eight long showing the great Hall of Audience, in the Fort at Delhi, when the famous Akbar once sat on his peacock throne. This painting shows the long rows of pillars and the many hued mosaic floor, in lovely perspective

with a glimpse of blue sky and trees at the far end. I look at my treasures, and feel thankful that God has given me so delightful a home, and raised me up so many friends who have contributed many curious and pretty things to my collection. I nearly forgot a stone which is nearly two thousand years old, which was found in excavations about the ruins of an old Buddhist temple. When I

think of the changes that have come and gone, since that stone left the sculptors hands, I feel most grateful that I was born under the present dispensation.

I declare that this is a true and unaided account of My Room.

HELEN JACKSON.  
Bengal,  
India.

### "MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

THE room where much of my time is spent is a quaint yet comfortable one of a large and rambling bungalow in North China. It is general sitting-room, and we often spend a long day in it most comfortably.

It is full of souvenirs, and odds and ends, collected from many places in "The Far East."

The pattern of the wall paper is soft and beautiful. It has a gold base, on which are large peonies in harmonious shades of pink and green. There are two French windows opening on to a broad veranda, full of flowers, both in summer and winter. The room faces the west, and the outlook on to the garden is very pleasant. Below two grass terraces laid out in flower-beds are the tennis lawns, and behind them lies the shrubbery. Looking over it, and the top of a small white summer-house, the eye falls on the harbour, dotted over with countless junks, and never-resting 'sampans.'

On the opposite coast there are the near hills, on the top of the largest of which is a Chinese mud fort; and to the right is a large pine-forest, and a long stretch of sea and sand. Still further away are more water and more hills, till those most distant are mingled into a purple whole, gorgeous in the evening sun-set.

The ceiling is a low one of a deep shade of blue, bordered with a white cornice. In the centre, above the chandelier, are two large dragons, carved and coloured, and made to look as life-like as possible. Their bodies are curled round a white and gilt circle about four feet in diameter. Open-mouthed, their long teeth and tongues showing, and claws outstretched, they reach across to each other, fighting for a large imitation pearl that lies between them. The dragon is the emblem of China; his figure adorns the national flag; and the annual feast and procession held in his honour, is one of the most striking and interesting spectacles to be seen in the East.

On the floor, over the carpet, numerous soft rugs are laid before the lounges, door, windows, and fire-place.

The walls are hung with many oil-paintings, hanging brackets, (of old gold plush and gilt with a candelabra attached to each), plates, and jars fixed on to carved stands.

The room is full of small tables bearing jars of antique jars, some of rare china, others of the celebrated Foochow lacquer, clasonné, or of inlaid Japanese ware; books of photographs of places visited, of poems, and of arts; easy chairs; pots of small bamboos and palms; and tall vases.

On entering the room from the hall by the only door, one's eye immediately falls on the

well-known engraving of the meeting between Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo. The original wall-painting by Daniel Maclise R.A. is in the Palace of Westminster.

A heavy black-wood table with a marble top, and inlaid with mother of pearl, stands under the picture. On it among other things is the figure of a man made from the root of a tree.

The Chinese are wonderfully clever in making different articles and ornaments from roots of trees. For this purpose the roots of the Banyan, which are very knarled and knotted, are principally used. Quick to see what the grotesque shapes the roots naturally assume most resemble, they model and prune them, so that with but slight alteration they take various ornamental forms.

A table made in the same quaint manner stands to one side, and on it a handsome bronze ornament is placed. It is shaped like a monstrous lotus, with a small bird perched on the top of a large pod, out of which it is pecking seeds. This ornament is in reality one of the many varieties of incense-burners, which are used by Chinese priests in the native temples. On the mantle-piece of white-marble—over which is a large mirror, and which is inlaid with a brass fire-place—there is among other photographs of well-known characters, a photo of General Gordon, ("Chinese Gordon" as we always call him). My parents met him in Tienstin some years ago, and for him my father prepared a house in which he spent a few days.

In that very house not long after I was born. Behind a sofa, and a tall standing lamp of brass, is that part of the room known as 'the Korean corner.' A collection of things made during a visit to Korea is arrayed here. There is an embroidered screen which was given to the friend who gave it to us by the late queen of that country. It is a folding one, about four feet in height, but it is of great length when stretched out to its fullest extent. It is embellished with wonderful temples, and trees, and men, depicted in gorgeous silks, and brightest colours.

A native dinner-service of brass for one person, consisting of eighteen pieces, on a characteristic table also attracts much attention. Quaint wine-cups, bowls, pipes, fans, boxes, hats, figures, shoes, and many other articles of like description are arranged on a Korean cabinet. The Koreans are rapidly losing the art of making the ornaments, and delicate nick-nacks, which are so much valued by travellers.

### "MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

THE room in which we usually sit, is the library; it is a large oblong room with two windows over-looking the street. The wall-paper is of a soft, dark-green shade which matched with the carpet, the two cosy corner-sofas, and the two low easy-chairs on both

sides of the fireplace, as well as with the covering of the table which is placed under the gaz-lamp in the middle of the room. The window-curtains are cream and pale-pink; the heavier ones over them are of the same dark-green stuff than the sofas and the easy-chairs.

Of all our collection, the most valuable thing we have is a red lacquer box of royal ware. The surface is divided into little squares, on each of which is a grotesque painting of an animal or plant. It was stolen from the palace in the scramble that ensued after the murder of the late queen. Koreans if not of royal blood are prohibited, under severest penalties, from having such a box in their possession. The bracket in this corner is draped with yellow, and native gods in china, marble and soap-stone stand on it.

Opposite to this corner, and behind a large and handsome screen of carved black-wood, with china panels on which are depicted scenes of Chinese life, is that in which the piano, violins, and other musical instruments are placed. To one side is a stand full of music books, and a tall lamp with a pink shade throws in the evening a softened light over the whole.

Between a lacquer table on which are chess-boards, draught boards, cards, and other games, and another blackwood and mother-of-pearl table bearing jars and boxes, is a corner devoted to art.

Here is an easel, draped with native silk embroidery, on which is a large painting, and another stand containing numerous books of art, both ancient and modern.

The bracket here holds small pagodas of fine soap-stone and fans.

In the fourth and last corner there is a large and comfortable lounge, over which is spread a satin cover, embroidered by the Chinese in which art they excel.

On the bracket above it, draped with red plush, stand an ostrich egg, and small ornaments of mother-of-pearl.

Before one of the windows is a black writing-table with silver-fittings and a Japanese blotter.

Between the door and the Korean cabinet, along with pipes four feet in length, is a short sword which is interesting as a trophy from the late war in Formosa. It is broad and thick, and the handle is red and octagonal in shape.

Many of the curios have an interesting history attached to them, and others from their rarity and quaintness merit attention, but space forbids each being separately mentioned; most bring back to the writer old faces, and scenes, and so varied and sweet is the association of the ideas that they bring, that I can never feel in this room the need of either book or companion.

MURIEL F. CARRAL.  
Cheloo,  
China.

Opposite the chimney is the piano on which there is a metronome; beside it, is a whatnot on the uppermost shelf of which is placed a group; it represents a shepherd sitting on the ground and dressed like the peasants of this country; he has a white shirt on, with sleeves

a little upturned; over that a kind of dark-blue zouave, without sleeves; a pair of very wide brown trousers, which are attached just over the knee, and bear a strong likeness to the ones worn by lady-cyclists; he has also dark-blue leggings and a pair of coarse shoes. A broad red belt with pistols complete his accoutrement. On his both sides are two lambs stretched in the green grass; before him is placed his bag and he is playing on a shepherd's pipe. The whole is of earthenware and made in this country; it looks very true and picturesque. On the other shelves are my notes; exercises, easy sonates, Salon-Albums, a few dances and a great many songs.

On one side of the chimney is my writing-table, in the drawers of which are the letters of my numerous correspondents; there are from England, United States, Sweden, Germany, Italy, Cape of Good Hope, Peru, Paraguay, &c. I have never seen them, but made their acquaintance in the following manner. My German paper, the *Kränzchen* prints offers of international correspondence, like *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* has begun to do now; it is thus that I have known them all. Each one's letters are neatly tied up together with a narrow silk ribbon. My writing-table has the shape of a desk, and a shelf on each side; it is a venerable piece of furniture which Father used when he was young and which he has given me last year. On one of the shelves are placed my letter-book (for I copy all the letters I write), a bottle of Stephens copying-blue-black ink, the brush and other &c.s. necessary. On the other shelf is my portfolio, and my ink-stand which is carved out of a piece of olive-wood; there is also the pen to match; on the inkstand is

carved the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre; both were brought from Jerusalem, when I was a little girl, by a Bishop who is a great friend of Father and who came from there. On the wall just above my writing-table is hung up a Japanese cabinet which Mother gave me on my last birthday, and in which I put the letters I have to answer.

On the other side of the chimney is another whatnot on the uppermost shelf of which is placed my album with illustrated cards which my correspondents have sent me from England, France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Italy, Constantinople and Egypt. There are also a small ink-stand in the shape of a *genericshoe* drawn by a Chinese, and the photo of one of my correspondents which is in a frame she painted herself very prettily. On the other shelf is my stamp-album which contains now more than 1500 stamps. Below is my album for photos; it is of embossed brown leather with ornaments of steel and was given to me on Christmas three years ago. The fourth wall is occupied by the book-shelves which contain Armenian, English, French and German books. And what else is there in the room? A large terrestrial globe, my little working-table near the window, which I received at Christmas when I was twelve years old. On the wall above it, is hung up a pretty pin-cushion which I worked last Summer; it has the shape of a crescent; one side is covered with dark-green silk on which is embroidered a branch of forget-me-nots. The other side is covered with pale-blue silk, and it is hung up with pale-blue ribbon. On the working-table is placed a work-basket which I received on my 9th birthday.

On the walls are hung up four pictures

representing the story of Genevieve of Brabant. I remember how, when quite a little girl, I stood before them, looking at them admiringly and asking always Mamma to tell me that wonderful story again. I never grew tired of listening at it and looking at those pictures. Above the piano is hung up the portrait of an old friend of Father's who died long ago and whom I have never known. Above the chimney is a mirror, and on the mantel piece is an old-fashioned clock representing Flora with a basket full of flowers and fruit; on both sides are the photos of Father and Mother in steel frames and two vases which look like old Egyptian urns.

On each sofa is a cushion made of brown cloth; on one of them wild poppies are embroidered and the other side is covered with red satin. On the other one is a branch of daisies and the other side is covered with yellow satin.

I believe there is nothing left undescribed in our sitting-room. In short, though there is nothing precious or brand-new in it, and many pieces of the furniture are old-fashioned enough, I think it is the most agreeable and cosy room one can imagine; at least it is so for me who love it dearly, as everything in it is full of remembrances from the days of my childhood.

I am sure I did many mistakes, but excuse them please, as I have studied English for 2½ years only.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

"ARMENIAN SWEET SEVENTEEN."

Smyrna,

Asia Minor.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## MEDICAL.

**JENNIE WILLIAMS.**—Is it a bad thing to take quinine every day when it has not been ordered by a physician? Most decidedly it is a very pernicious habit! What do you take quinine for? You say "to keep away influenza." We tell you that for that purpose it is useless. Quinine is not a specific for influenza, and even if it were, it would be useless to take it before the occurrence of the disease. To take a drug—because it is used in an affection—as a preventive against that affection, is about as logical as to wear a crutch as a preventive against breaking your leg. Give up this silly and dangerous habit of taking quinine, which is a most powerful drug and one that produces symptoms of an alarming character, quite as bad, if not worse than over-indulgence in alcohol. We have seen cases of deafness and a kind of catalepsy develop from taking quinine. Noises in the ears and headache, following the use of this drug, are of every-day occurrence.

**MARTHA.**—Of all fishes, the whiting is the most easily digested; then follows sole, trout, plaice, haddock, cod, in the order mentioned. Salmon, eels, mackerel and herrings are indigestible. All shell-fish except oysters are indigestible. Oysters (except the hard "gristle" in the middle, which is indigestible) are perhaps the most digestible of all foods, as they digest themselves. When giving oysters to invalids the "gristle" should be removed; there is no need to waste it for it will help to make excellent soup.

"PANSY" asks us for something to relieve a stiff knee, which she has been told is due to "rheumatic gout" (a bad name, for it has nothing to do with either rheumatism or gout). You should keep the knee warm, wearing a flannel knee-cap. At times when the knee is painful, a small blister applied, either above or below the joint, will often remove the pain. Massage is sometimes of great value (see answer to "Philippa" in No. 595). Residence in a warm climate; sulphur or vapour baths; treatment at a hydropathic establishment, or a sea-voyage may be tried by a very rich sufferer; but, for a poor, or even fairly well-to-do person, none of these measures are worth the expense. As you know, there is no specific for rheumatic gout, and but few drugs have any effect upon it. It occurs in elderly people and is chiefly due to senility. It is one of the diseases included under the name of "Anno Domini."

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

**JANE W. BARR.**—The quotation you give is from a poem entitled "The Bridge of Sighs," by Thomas Hood. We insert your request for international correspondence.

**HERRO.**—The letter "h" is now usually sounded in humble. Uriah Heep in Dickens' *David Copperfield* gave the death-blow to its omission, and in the General Thanksgiving in the English Prayer Book the expression "umble and hearty thanks" is inconsistent with euphony. "H" is not sounded in honour, heir, hour, honest and their derivatives, but is frequently sounded in herb. Consult any good up-to-date little grammar, as usage has changed on this point.

**ONE OF OUR GIRL READERS.**—We presume you mean Invergarry Castle in Glegarry, Inverness-shire. It was the ancient seat of the MacDonnells of Glegarry, and the interior was burnt by the Duke of Cumberland in 1748. Colonel MacDonnell, who died in 1828, is supposed to have been the original of Fergus McIvor in *Waverley*. The castle stands on a rock called Craig-an-Fhithich (rock of the raven), which became the war-cry of the clan. We think a good local guide-book would be the best source if you wish for further information.

**NINETTE (Budapesth).**—We think the book you mean must be *The Prince of the House of David*, a well-known work. You can get it from any English bookseller, such as Messrs. Sothran, Strand, London. Your letter does you great credit, and is very well written and expressed.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Russian girl of 15, who wants to go to Oxford, wishes to correspond with an English girl of the same age, who is also going to Oxford.

Many thanks, Miss MAY CLARK, for telling us that you have found two foreign correspondents. We have often wondered if any result followed the requests we so often print.

**ERICA of Budapesth, Hungary.** "would love to exchange correspondence in English or German with refined young ladies from 20 years upwards, who live in India, Japan, Africa or Australia."

**MISS JANE W. BARR, Fortune Villa, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland,** who is sixteen years old, would like to correspond with a French girl.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

**A WELSH GIRL'S** question is rather vague for she gives no information. What is to be included in the 6s. per week? Rent she says is 3s. 4d., but she does not mention coals, nor whether they have a garden, poultry, or a pig, which, being in the country, they may have. Nor does she say anything about light nor clothes. So we answer her question merely as to housekeeping with three men in the house. Her meat bill will be heavy of course, but if she can use rabbits and fish they will reduce it. Butcher, 10s.; grocer, 5s. 6d.; baker, 3s. 6d.; vegetables, 1s. 6d.; coals and wood, 2s. 6d.; milk, 1s. - 21s. a week. This was taken from the accounts of a family of two grown people and five children. Of course you should be saving a little, and you must allow for the wear and tear of the household things. You will find a daily diary of money spent a great help to you, and the weekly accounts will always be a guide to every housekeeper. Cash should always be paid for all you buy, and this habit will be a great bar to careless expenditure.

**READER.**—You appear to require to complete your drawing-room, besides pictures and ornaments, a large Chesterfield sofa, as many pretty easy chairs as you can afford room for, and two or three pretty little tables. Stain the edges all round to a distance of about two feet, and get a carpet for the centre space. You do not tell us anything about colour, so we cannot suggest those suitable.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ANXIOUS SISTER.**—Your father and mother are the best people to tell about your brother, and they if wise will keep your information to themselves while acting upon it, so as to save him from an undesirable marriage.

**A. H.**—The only method of finding a sale for large quantities of fancy work of all kinds would be by advertising it in the various papers for ladies. Many people would be glad to know of it, as it is sometimes very difficult to get enough for bazaars and fancy fairs.

**CONSTANT READER** had better write direct to the Y.W.C.A., 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W., for their list of Homes, published yearly, we think. **CATHERINE.**—There is a Diocesan Deaconess Institution at Chester to which you might apply for training and information respecting it. Address, Sister Violet Hyde, Head Deaconess.

## OUR SUPPLEMENT STORY COMPETITION.

## A CAGED NIGHTINGALE.

## A STORY IN MINIATURE.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).  
S. Elizabeth Hughes, Stoke Newington.

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.).  
Cécile Rahier, Brest, France.

THIRD PRIZE (10s. 6d.).  
Letitia E. May, Alton, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION.  
B. W. Angus, Aberdeen; A. Baker, Streat-  
ham Hill; L. Ballard, Herefordshire; F. A.  
Bolton, Leicester; S. E. Bryans, Bultin; A.  
A. Campbell, Glasgow; D. A. Cory, Burton-  
on-Trent; M. A. C. Crabb, Rickmansworth;  
K. Gillespie, Edinburgh; E. C. Harding,  
Coldharbour; A. F. Hepple, N. Shields; L.  
Hope, W. Hartlepool; M. F. Jamieson,  
Portobello; E. M. Millard, Hitchin; A. S.  
Murphy, Ireland; C. M. T. Reindorp, Beck-  
enham; S. Rimmer, Southport; U. Rogers,  
Chelsea; H. S. Simmonds, Plumstead; H.  
M. M. Tapp, Cheltenham; D. Vallance,  
Devonshire; L. Ward, Nottingham; A. M.  
Whichelow, Muswell Hill; "White Heather,"  
Edinburgh.

## TO THE COMPETITORS.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—Have you ever stood before a quaint, many-sided mirror that flashes back reflections from surfaces placed at different angles? If so, you can understand a little what the effect must be of seeing my own fancies flashed back at me from hundreds of varying points of view. It has been a delightful, though rather a bewildering task to examine every paper, and I felt grateful to the writers.

Many, apparently admirable, sketches, I may say in parentheses, were disqualified by non-attention to the rule that they were to be written "on one page of foolscap only."

The exercise afforded by these "Stories in Miniature" is specially adapted to train young writers in "selection," which is one of the most difficult principles of the art of fiction. What to omit and what to dwell upon—to choose these fitly is essential to the right proportion of the story. For instance, very many competitors slurred over, or omitted altogether, in papers otherwise excellent, the heroine's encounter in the *Trümleten-Thal*, which had so important a bearing upon her fortunes.

But the standard generally reached has been a high one and makes me wish that the competition were like the race in *Alice in Wonderland*. "All have won and all must have prizes." Your affectionate friend,

LILY WATSON,  
Author of "The Caged Nightingale."

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.  
A CAGED NIGHTINGALE.

On the slopes of one of the Bernese mountains, just above the village of Tannenwald, stands the pretty *Hôtel Schöfels*. Here, amid mountain and valley, torrent and waterfall, Marie Courtenay had grown from childhood to womanhood, and during the season was to be seen from early morning to nightfall in her pretty Bernese costume waiting on the visitors. For Marie's ready help and fluent English made her always in request. But though she worked so hard, she was by birth and education a lady. Her father was an English barrister, but when he died a year after his wife, his relations, who had looked coldly on the gentle Swiss mother, sent Marie to be brought up in her uncle's home. Her aunt, a grasping woman, was very ready to find fault, but barely praised, doing her best to make her niece feel her dependent position. In her loneliness Marie had been guided to the Friend of the friendless, and in Him found strength to perform bravely and cheerfully her daily duties. Her one recreation was singing, and she was eagerly looking forward to the *Gesangfest* at Interlaken, for

which the village choir were diligently practising and which her aunt had reluctantly consented she should attend.

Hugh Godfrey, a young Englishman staying at the hotel with his mother, was exploring a lovely glen near the foot of the Jungfrau, when the strains of Gounod's *Prière* fell upon his ear. The rich contralto voice and the passion of the singer delighted him, and he was about to seek the vocalist, when Marie came into view. She blushed deeply, but answered his polite questions with dignity and went on her way in search of a missing cow. He continued his way upward, when he heard a loud noise above him and became aware of a large mass of snow that was rolling down the mountain side. He took shelter under a projecting rock, but a stone glancing aside struck him and he fell to the ground. When he opened his eyes, Marie was bending over him, bathing his forehead. He made light of the accident, but was glad to return with her to the hotel, finding her a charming companion.

Meanwhile a letter from a London lawyer arrived for Marie, announcing the death of an aunt and a bequest of £50 per annum. Madame Mühlbach opened it, and persuading her husband that it was for Marie's good, took possession of the letter. Mr. Gibson, some days later, received a letter signed, "Marie Courtenay," which caused him great amusement, and his son determined to see the writer if possible when he should join his friend Godfrey in Switzerland. In due course Marie's first cheque arrived. Madame opened the letter and signed the receipt. She could not yet bring herself to endorse the cheque, but locked it safely in her cashbox.

The *Gesangfest* drew near, and having arranged for her absence, Marie sought her aunt. Madame absolutely refused to allow her to go, she could not possibly be spared, for her aunt had discovered that Mr. Gibson was staying at Interlaken, and after earnest pleading Marie retired to weep over her shattered hopes. She was interrupted by her cousin, who laughed scornfully at her tears and advised her to act for herself; she would bring her the door key and make peace with her mother, as she believed she was the cause of this disappointment. Marie yielded: tyranny had outreached itself. Long before the light, four days later, Marie quietly opened the door and passed into the darkness. She was full of nervous fears, and was very thankful when she reached the outskirts of Interlaken, where she would be joined by the remainder of the *Liedertafel*.

Godfrey, walking disconsolately about the town, caught sight of his Swiss friend in one of the many Choir processions parading the streets, and suddenly became deeply interested in the National Festival.

Marie received a letter from her uncle that night. As she opened it a cheque fell out: he had roused himself at last and insisted that justice should be done to her.

The Tannenwald Choir did not win the prize banner, though its excellent work was highly commended, but

on the evening of the great concert one of their number was brought forward to take the place of a soloist, suddenly indisposed. The vast audience hung on every note as she put the yearning of her life into Gounod's beautiful *Prière*. Hugh Godfrey could restrain himself no longer. Seeking her as she left the Hall and leading her away from the crowds, in passionate words he declared his love for her. And Marie did not hesitate to trust her life to him, if he could win his mother's consent; and the lonely Swiss girl found a resting-place in his great loving heart.

S. ELIZABETH HUGHES,  
32, Heathland Road,  
Stoke Newington, N.

## OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

## STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject:—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR JUNE."

"A VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS," By Harriet Hughes, Author of, "Cousin Madeline," "Adelaide's Reward," etc.

We offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to the Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope with the words "Stories in Miniature," written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is June 20th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

## Examiners:—

The Author of the Story (Harriet Hughes), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Now Ready.

Price Sixpence.

## "HONIED HOURS":

BEING THE

## Extra Summer Number

OF THE

## GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 1898.

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**Without an Oven.** By L. ORMAN COOPER.  
**Francesca's Wooing.** A Tale of the Riviera. By L. C. SILKE.  
**Tennyson's Female Characters.** By the Rev. C. H. IRWIN, M.A.  
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