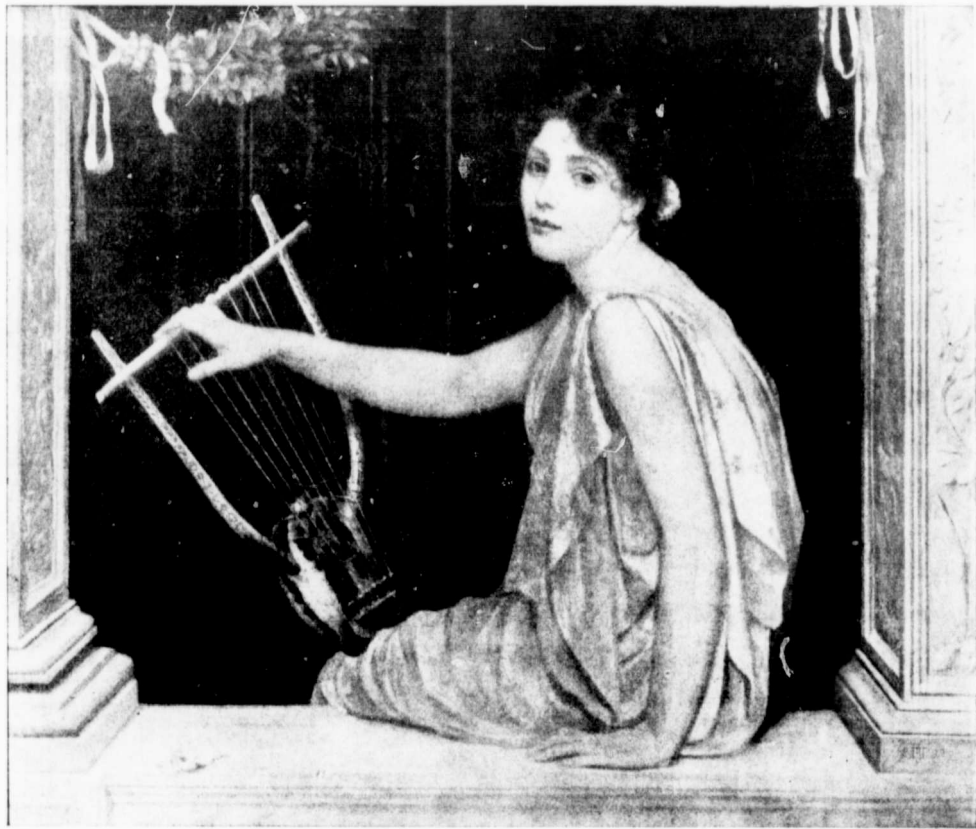


*From the painting by Edward J. Harper  
restored in the Royal Academy  
A. D. 1871*



*Edwards in 1871*

THE  
GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL



[From the Painting by SIR E. J. POYNTER, President of the Royal Academy.]

CHLOE.

Illustrated.

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## SISTERS THREE.

Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

"I WISH something would happen," sighed Norah.

"I it were something nice," corrected Lettice. "Lots of things happen every day, but they are mostly disagreeable. Getting up, for instance, in the cold, dark mornings, and practising, and housework, and getting ready for stupid old classes—I don't complain of having too little to do. I want to do less—and

to be able to amuse myself as much as I like."

"We want a change, that is the truth," said Hilary, bending forward on her seat, and sending the poker into the heart of the fire with a vigorous shove. "Our lives jogtrot along in the same way year after year, and it grows monotonous. I declare when I think that this is the first day of another January, it makes me ill! Fifty-two more Mondays to sit in the morning-

room and darn stockings. Fifty-two Saturdays to give out stores. Three hundred and sixty-five days to dust the bedroom ornaments, interview the cook, and say, 'Well, let me see! the cold mutton had better be used up for lunch'—oh, dear me!"

"I'll tell you what—let's have a nice long grumble," said Lettice, giving her chair a hitch nearer the fire, and bending forward with a smile of enjoyment on her face. "Let's hold an



"LITTLE GIRLS HAVE NO BUSINESS TO LISTEN TO WHAT BIG PEOPLE ARE SAYING."  
*All rights reserved.*



indignation meeting on our own account, and discuss our grievances. Women always have grievances nowadays, it's the fashionable thing—and I like to be in the fashion. Three charming and beautiful maidens shut up in the depths of the country in the very flower of their youth, with nothing to do—I mean with far too much to do, and no amusement, no friends, no variety. We are like the princesses shut up in the moated tower, in the fairy tales; only then there were always fairy god-mothers to come to the rescue, and beautiful princes in golden chariots. We shall have to wait a long time before any such visitors come tramping along the Kendal high-road. I am sure it sounds melancholy enough to make anyone sorry for us."

"Father is the dearest man in the world, but he doesn't understand how a girl of seventeen feels. I was seventeen on my last birthday, so it's worse for me than for you, for I am really grown up." Hilary sighed, and rested her sleek little head upon her hand in a pensive, elderly fashion. "I believe he thinks that if we have a comfortable home and enough to eat, and moderately decent clothes, we ought to be content; but I want ever so much more than that. If mother had lived—"

There was a short silence, and then Norah took up the strain in her crisp, decided accents. "I am fifteen and a half, I look very nearly as old as you do, Hilary, and I'm an inch taller. I don't see why I need go on with these stupid old classes. If I could go to a good school it would be another thing, for I simply adore music and painting, and should love to work hard, and become really celebrated, but I don't believe Miss Briggs can teach me any more than I know myself; and there is no better teacher for miles around. If father would only let me go abroad for a year, but he is afraid of trusting me out of his sight. If I had seven children I'd be glad to get rid of some of them, if only to get a little peace and quietness at home."

"Mother liked the idea of girls being educated at home, that is the reason why father objects to sending us away. The boys must go to boarding schools, of course, because there is no one here who can take them in hand. As for peace and quietness, father enjoys having the house full. He grumbles at the noise sometimes, but I believe he likes it at the bottom of his heart. If we do happen to be quiet for a change in the evening, he peers over his book and says, 'What is the matter; has something gone wrong? Why are you all so quiet?' He loves to see us frisking about."

"Yes, but I can't frisk any longer—I'm too dull—I want something to happen," repeated Norah, obstinately. "Other people have parties on New Year's day, or a grand Christmas-tree, or have crowds of visitors coming to call. We have been sitting here sewing from ten o'clock this morning—nasty, uninteresting mending—which isn't half done yet, though it is nearly four o'clock. And you never think of me! I'm fifteen, and I feel it more than either of

you. You see it is like this. Sometimes I feel quite young—like a child—and then you two are too proper to run about and play with me, so I am all alone; and then I feel quite old and grown up, and am just as badly off as you, and worse, because I'm the youngest, and have to take third turn of everything, and wear your old washed-out ribbons! If only something would happen that was really startling and exciting—!"

"I sink it's very naughty to wish like that!" A tiny, reed-like voice burst into the conversation with an unexpectedness which made the three sisters start in their seats; a small figure in a white pinafore crept forward into the firelight, and throwing back a tangle of curls raised a pair of reproachful eyes to Norah's face. "I sink it's very naughty to wish like that, 'cause it's discontented, and you don't know what it might be like. P'raps the house might be burned, or the walls fall down, or you might all be ill and dead yourselves, and then you wouldn't like it!"

The three girls looked at each other, undecided between laughter and remorse.

"Mouse!" said Hilary, severely, "what are you doing here? Little girls have no business to listen to what big people are saying. You must never sit here again without letting us know, or that will be naughty too. We don't mean to be discontented, Mouse. We felt rather low in our spirits, and were relieving ourselves by a little grumble, that's all. Of course we know that we have really many, many things to be thankful for—a nice house, and—ah—garden, and such beautiful country all round, and—ah—good health, and—"

"And the bunnies, and the pigeons, and the new carpet in the dining-room, and because the puppy didn't die—and—and—me!" said the Mouse, severely; and when her sisters burst into a roar of laughter, she proceeded to justify herself with indignant protest. "Well, it's the truth! The bunnies are pretty, and you said, 'Thank goodness! we've got a respectable carpet at last!' And Lettice cried when the little pup rolled its eyes and squealed, and you said to Miss Briggs that I was only five, and if I was spoiled, she couldn't wonder, 'cause I was the littlest of seven, and no one could help it! And it's 'Happy New Year' and plum pudding for dinner, so I don't sink you ought to be discontented!"

"You are quite right, dear, it's very naughty of us. Just run upstairs to the school-room, and get nice and tidy for tea, there's a good little Mouse. Shut the door behind you, there's a fearful draught." Hilary nodded to the child over her shoulder, and then turned to her sisters with an expressive shrug. "What a funny little mite she is! We really must be careful how we speak before her. She understands far too well, and she has such stern ideas of her own. Well, perhaps we are wrong to be discontented. I hated coming to live in this quiet place, but I have been ever so much stronger; I never have that wretched, breathless feeling now

that I had in town, and I can run upstairs to the very top without stopping. You can't enjoy anything without health, so I ought to be—I am!—very thankful indeed that I am so much better."

"I am thankful that I have my two dear hobbies, and can forget everything in playing and drawing. The hours fly when I can sit out of doors and sketch, and my precious old violin knows all my secrets. It cries with me, and sings with me, and shrieks aloud just as I would do if I dared to make all the noise I want, when I am in a temper. I do believe I could be one of the best players in the world if I had the chance. I feel it in me! It is aggravating to know that I make mistakes from want of proper lessons, but it is glorious to feel power over an instrument as I do, when I am properly worked up! I would not change places with any girl who was not musical!"

Lettice said nothing, but she lifted her eyes to the oval mirror which hung above the mantel-piece, and in her heart she thought, "And I am glad that I am so pretty. If one is pretty, everyone is kind, and polite, and attentive; and I do like people to be kind, and make a fuss! When we were at the station the other day, the people nudged each other and bent out of the windows of the train as I passed. I saw them, though I pretended I didn't. And I should look far nicer if I had proper clothes. If I could only have had that fur boa, and the feather for my hat! But what does it matter what I wear in this wretched place? There is no one to see me."

The firelight played on three thoughtful faces as the girls sat in silence, each occupied with her special train of thought. The room looked grey and colourless in the waning light, and the glimpse of wintry landscape seen through the window did not add to the general cheeriness. Hilary shivered, and picking up a log from the corner of the grate, dropped it into the fire.

"Well, there is no use repining. We have had our grumble, and we might as well make the best of our circumstances. It's New Year's day. I shall make a resolution to try to like my work. I know I do it well, because I am naturally a good housekeeper, but I ought to take more interest in it. That's the way the good people do in books, and in the end they dote upon the very things they used to hate. There's no saying, I may come to adore darned stockings and mending linen before the year is out. At any rate I shall have the satisfaction of having done my best."

"Well, if you try to like your work, I'll try to remember mine—that's a bargain," said Lettice solemnly. "There always seems to be something I want particularly to do for myself, just when I ought to be at my 'avocations,' as Miss Briggs has it. It's a bad plan, because I have to exert myself to finish in time, and I get a scolding into the bargain. So here's for punctuality and reform!"

Norah held her left hand high in the air, and began checking off the fingers

with ostentatious emphasis. "I resolve always to get up in the morning as soon as I am called, and without a single grumble; always to be amiable when annoyed; always to do what other people like, and what I dislike myself; always to be good-tempered with the boys, and smile upon them when they pull my hair and play tricks with my things; always to be cheerful, contented, lady-like in deportment, and

agreeable in manner. What do you say? Silly? I am not silly; it's you two girls who are silly. If you are going to make resolutions at all, you ought to do it properly. Aim at the sky, and you may reach the top of the tree; aim at the top of the tree, and you will grovel on the ground. You are too modest in your aspirations, and they won't come in your good, but as for me—with a standard before me of absolute perfection—"

"Who is talking of perfection? and where is the tea, and why are you still in darkness, with none of the lamps lighted? It is half-past four, and I have been in my study waiting for the bell to ring for the last half-hour. What are you all doing over there by the fire?" cried a masculine voice, and a man's tall figure stood outlined in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF GIRLS IN DAIRY-WORK AND OUTDOOR INDUSTRIES.

By LADY GEORGINA VERNON.

THE problem of how to obtain the most profitable and suitable employment for women of the upper classes is one which is daily pressing for an answer.

An absolutely new class demanding work and remuneration has sprung into existence of late years. Offices for the employment of women are thronged with applicants, young and old, culled from what not long since was known as the leisured class, but whose diminished, or indeed in many cases lost, incomes, have thrust them out into the large company of toiling women. A few years since when a girl undertook some definite work away from home, it was generally surmised either that she was unhappy at home, or for some reason was weary of social life, and sought interest and pleasure in the activity of some philanthropic scheme. But now, as we all know too well, the sad need to "make a living" is limited to no class or age; and yet, though I have said the word sad, it is through the ennobling influence of work that many a woman has cast off the trammels of her old fashionable life and risen to higher womanhood, proving herself capable of conquering difficulties, and through hard work and self-denial made a home for those near and dear to her.

It is greatly for the sake of such as these, whose early days have been passed in the sweet luxury of country homes, with out-door exercise, with their horses and their dogs, with their gardens, and healthy sports in the fresh air, that I desire now to speak, and to show that there is a sphere of what would prove most congenial work to many, but which has been so far greatly overlooked and neglected, and I believe in a great measure because it has not been put before women what interesting and absorbing work can be found in activities connected with agriculture, and I will preface what I have to say by the remark that all that I describe in the following suggestions is work suitable for an average strong and healthy woman.

Dairy-work first claims our attention, and here we can find not only work which pays well, but work with a special charm, and in which the quick instinct and neat, deft fingers of the cultured woman will find a field for exercise.

The first necessity for success in whatever branch of dairy-work is eventually taken up, is that the learner should be thoroughly grounded in the very first details, and in those things which might appear to many ladies as quite unnecessary for them to learn. I mean the keeping the floors clean and sweet, the art of thoroughly cleaning the dairy utensils, keeping every tin and pan bright and shining; spotless cleanliness is one of the principal secrets of all dairy success.

The work of a dairy is marvellously lightened in these days by the aid of machinery and the various appliances now in common use; for instance, the separator, which minimises the labour to such an extent that a dairy-maid, instead of spending half a day in scalding and washing and keeping the pans for the milk clean, can now finish the work connected with the milk, of even a large dairy, I mean from fifteen to twenty cows, in a couple of hours.

Then there is the butter washer, which obviates the handling of the butter, and instead of the old laborious process of washing and turning and squeezing the butter-milk from the butter, by a few quick turns rapidly cleanses the golden mass of sweet, fresh butter from the butter-milk and makes it ready for rolling into marketable shapes. Then also the charming little Victoria churns without beaters, which are so easily scalded out and kept sweet. Indeed like most work, this has been greatly simplified, but none the less does it require care, attention and cleanliness. There is a good deal in the care of the milk and the cream, which should be thoroughly mastered. For instance, the knowledge of the proper time to keep cream and the amount of acidity or ripening required for first-class butter-making, this and a great deal else must be learnt, and it is want of attention to these matters which has given our English butter a less good name in the market than the Danish or Normandy butter. But I can assure those who will take the trouble and spare no pains to ensure perfection, that English butter, when really good, can always command a higher price in the market than the foreign produce.

The whole labour of butter-making is clean and dainty; eminently women's work, and can be made a very profitable industry. I should, however, strongly urge all those who are thinking of embarking in dairy-work, that they also learn to make cheese. I am not an advocate for women making the large English cheeses, such as Cheshire or Gloucester, because for these a man would be required to lift the heavy vats of milk during the process as well as each day during the turning and ripening of the cheeses, but I should urge women to take up more thoroughly and definitely than has ever been done yet in our English dairies, the making of what are known as soft cheeses, the *Framage mou* of France, which is daily becoming more popular in England, and for which I foresee a great future if we could bring these easily made little cheeses quickly into the market at reasonable prices. I know that efforts have already been made in this direction, but more in an amateur way. Here and there a few Camembert or cream cheeses are being made,

but the work of production is not carried on seriously and on a large scale. At one time I hoped to see Camembert brought to perfection in England, but for some unknown reason, whether it is the climate or the pasture of the cows, or whatever it is, no one has been able to do this. Camemberts have been made and are made, but they just miss that captivating flavour which one finds in these little cheeses in Normandy. Still, if I were starting a factory for soft cheeses I should not despair, but I should go straight to the home of the cheese, which is not far from picturesque Lisieux in Normandy, and I should learn the whole system there. Doubtless the great stumbling block is the varying temperature of our English climate, and the consequent exceeding difficulty of giving these capricious little cheeses not only the warmth (which may be achieved by stoves or pipes) but the right quality of pure, fresh air which they demand. Still I should urge another serious trial of making these cheeses. Then I may mention there are a whole list of easily made and easily ripened soft cheeses, and I desire so especially to call attention to this industry, that I must dwell rather more fully upon it.

The simplest of all, the old-fashioned English napkin cheese or cream cheese, needs no comment, it is no trouble to make and sells for nearly double what the cream composing it is worth. Gervais is another highly popular cheese, much used, I believe, in clubs, very easily made, and fit for the market in three days. Bondon takes longer to make, but it may be made from skimmed milk, and thus can be used to work up the milk from which the cream for the richer cheeses has been taken. Livarot is a cheese which is also made of skimmed milk, but it is so strong in flavour that I do not think it will ever become a very favourite cheese here, still it has the advantage of using up the skim milk. Pont l'Évêque is a charming cheese, rather larger than those named before, and in France is very often sold green or unripe and ripened by the purchasers in their own cellars, and this is a great advantage to those who have not large and suitable cellars for the ripening. The same advantage belongs to the various cheeses known as Brie, which are firm enough for the market at the end of a fortnight. I can confidently name the varieties of the Brie and Coulommiers cheeses as easy to make, and very profitable to sell.

The plant required for the making of all the six soft cheeses which I have named is also of the very simplest kind. There are none which could not be made in any ordinary dairy, and I do not hesitate to say, would repay the maker fifty per cent. for the worth of the milk or cream employed.

If the difficulties of a journey to Normandy, where all these could be learnt, are too great, I can speak with pleasure of the excellent teaching given in this branch of dairying at the British Dairy School at Reading, where it has been made a special subject.

I wish what I say on this subject to be so purely practical, that I have refrained from dwelling on the fascinations of cheese-making, but I can truly say that to those who embark on the work it soon becomes a passion, and I have often watched the creator of one of these interesting products stand breathless with anxiety as the first plunge of the taster is made into the tender sides of the little cheese, and the verdict awaited for with the keenest emotion.

I have advised a course of study for these soft foreign cheeses, but there are one or two kinds of English cheese—notably Wensleydale and Edish—which are small, easily handled, easy to make and very saleable; and for the making of them, or if it is wished to learn to make common, sound, English cheese, such for instance, as are known as Derbyshire cheeses, I should strongly advise a residence for three months or so during the summer, in a farm-house where this work is carried on; indeed, whatever special branch is adopted afterwards, I think there is no better grounding than is to be found in some of our well-managed large English dairy farms. The pupils would live with the family, work with the daughters of the house, and let me say would find in many of our English farms most refined and kindly companions. The life is healthy, full of interest, and the expense would be slight. I think I may safely say that for the three months, a pupil could be received and trained and taught for £6 for her board and lodging, and £5 premium for the teaching, and many a pale, delicate girl would find herself at the end of the three months a rosy-cheeked and healthy being.

When once dairy-work has been thoroughly mastered, there are many doors of lucrative employment open. Teachers are now required and highly paid by County Councils in connection with the schemes for technical education. Then I think with a little enterprise and energy anyone who had been initiated into the mysteries of French cheeses could make a very good living by giving lessons at farms on this subject; or again, dairy-maids are in continual demand and are highly paid. A short time since I knew of an offer being made to one girl who was thoroughly qualified in all branches of dairy-work, to take the management of a large dairy with servants under her, and her salary was £100 and a house.

I know there are not many such places as that, but it is a very common thing on large estates for a dairy-maid to have a house or rooms, and a salary varying from £30 to £50.

I think that if one or two girls could join together in a small dairy farm, they could, with energy and care, make a good and pleasant livelihood, but in this case, of course, capital would be required to start it. I should not advise embarking in a large business which would entail a number of men for the care of the cows, but on what in the Midlands is known as a "little place," that is a small house and land for two or three cows; there are few external expenses, and these small places pay in proportion infinitely better than the large farms; and I should like to add here, that a very profitable industry can, with very little trouble and a minimum of expense, be combined with other work, and that is an apiry. We read of tons of honey brought over yearly from Switzerland, while in many districts in England you hardly find a bee-hive. There are few more purely lucrative employments than bee-keeping, for when once

the hives are provided the cost is almost nil. Bees will often be given by some kind neighbour who entertains the happy superstition, that it would direly affront her bees if she were to sell any, and thus your bar-framed hives can be stocked free of expense. A really good hive and all appliances necessary can be bought for £2. The work connected with the care of the bees is very light, and no one need be afraid of stings, as the only time when bees are apt to sting is when their honey is being taken, and this is so easily accomplished with the little sections which are slipped on and off the tops of the modern bar frames, that a pair of thick woollen gloves and a veil are quite sufficient protection. The work that most amateurs dread is hiving the bees when they swarm, and certainly the large dark mass of little insects hanging from some branch or hedge are formidable in appearance, and sometimes heavy to lift, but at such a time the bees rarely, if ever, interfere with the person who hives them. Many of the women near my home turn up their sleeves to be free in their movements, and bare-headed and bare-armed, work amongst the thronging insects without the slightest fear.

With respect to profit, one may calculate in a tolerably good year, on one large hive giving a yield of from forty to fifty pounds of honey, and this, if sold in the comb, will generally fetch a shilling a pound, or if extracted, the run honey will command a ready market at about ninepence, or if sold wholesale in large quantities about sevenpence. Therefore one year's return will more than pay for any initial expense.

I have spoken of the apiry in connection with the dairy-work, because it can be so easily and profitably kept upon a small farm.

Next in order of importance to dairy-work, as a most fascinating and paying industry, I shall place gardening. This is a branch of work which could so easily be carried on by ladies in their own homes and their own gardens. I think it is terrible when one sees how many splendid gardens are left almost to go to waste, because in these days the number of gardeners that used to be kept has had to be reduced, till one or two have to do the work that formerly was accomplished by six or eight men; but here we have ground already cultivated, probably hot-houses, or at least green-houses, all capable of producing good crops. This is so evidently a source of income lying absolutely unused, that it appears to me one of the most obvious ways in which ladies with reduced incomes can employ themselves, but I should like strongly to emphasize the fact that, if it is to pay, it must not be carried on in the fashion of too many amateurs, being attended to one day and not the next. A garden to be profitable demands knowledge of horticulture and constant care and attention, and I should advise a course of instruction at the Horticultural College at Swanley in Kent, if this occupation is to be taken up seriously. The cost of such a course would be £70 a year, and two years of instruction are required before a diploma is granted.

This appears at first sight a large outlay, but this diploma would fit a student either to cultivate her own home garden with profit, or to take a situation as head gardener. I hear that there are now many ladies working in this capacity and receiving good salaries, and that there are openings for many more, as many ladies with large estates and gardens to manage prefer to have a lady to deal with, and one who can help her in various matters, such as the arranging of flowers and table decorations, which are a heavy tie to any person with much business on hand, and which can be more tastefully and better carried out by an educated lady than by the average gardener.

There are many parts of Ireland so singularly well suited for carrying on gardening and the production of fruit and vegetables on a large scale, that it is sad to know how little is achieved in this direction. Doubtless one difficulty has been to obtain a good and regular market, but from what I have heard of this, I think the English market must be looked to, and with the reduced charges for freight of agricultural produce the cost of carriage need be no bar to this scheme. But a vigorous effort should be made to extend the same cheap rate of freight from the interior of Ireland, which I believe has not yet been done.

A ready sale can always be obtained very easily in our large towns for fruit and vegetables. Careful packing is required, and this must be learnt, and is an art that could soon be acquired by a few lessons from a market gardener, or if the Swanley course is taken, it is made there a regular branch of instruction.

I have not dwelt upon the details of this work, as so much depends on whether a lady takes up the work as a paid gardener, or undertakes it upon her own account; if the latter, and unless she has a large garden at her command, then I am strongly of opinion that she will find the growing of flowers and plants for sale more profitable than vegetables. Our markets are now so full of imported vegetables from France and the Channel Islands that the remuneration is very small, but by a system of advertising, and the aid of parcel post, small plants, cuttings, early flowers, even those of the commonest kinds, obtain a ready sale, and I know that many ladies add to their small incomes in this way; but there is in gardening the possibility of a good return for the labour, and there is no pursuit more absorbing in the daily interest, from the promise to its fulfilment, than the sowing and the gathering of a garden brings.

One more industry must be mentioned on my list, or it would be sadly incomplete, and that is poultry keeping. I have placed it last, because in our English climate there are so many risks of failure, and also if poultry rearing is carried on upon a large scale, it rarely succeeds for more than one or two years in the same place, on account of the ground becoming tainted. For this reason if poultry keeping is taken up, I should advise that the object aimed at should be the production of eggs and not the rearing of chickens.

Upon two acres of grass land, with a few good cheap wooden structures, 100 fowls could be profitably kept, and if the plan was adopted of dividing the run and changing the fowls monthly from one side to the other, with a yearly dressing of a little lime, there would be no fear of disease amongst the poultry.

The first outlay in buying the stock of good laying hens should not be more than £10, and the erection of the houses required another £5. The cost of keeping poultry is supposed to be a penny per head each week, and the 100 fowls should on an average, in the summer months, give 24 dozen eggs a week, at prices ranging from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. a dozen—here I am speaking of the London market. In the winter rather more food is required, and we should put the cost of 100 fowls at 10s. per week, but the eggs, now perhaps only 10 dozen a week, would be worth from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a dozen, and still leave an ample profit. I think if poultry keepers would devote their energies more to this question of supplying the markets with eggs than to rearing chickens, they would find it a more certain profit. There is such an unfulfilling demand for eggs. Here again, comes the necessity of careful packing and regular supply, but this is no real difficulty, and only requires care and attention.

I think that I may be charged with being an optimist in my view of the various out-of-door



industries open to women, but I have only stated facts, each one of which can be verified; I am sure that it merely needs that many of the women now living at home unoccupied, and therefore unhappy, should see that there is a sphere of work open to them, calling for merely average capacity, although certainly demanding business-like habits and energy, but which offers interest and a good livelihood; and we should have many more embarking in these various branches of work allied, if remotely, to agriculture. Above all I should like to urge upon our Irish sisters the voiceless petition of their richly endowed and beautiful country, that her resources should be called forth.

Look at the rich garden land uncultivated, see mile upon mile of sweet pastures, which could support double and treble the number of cows, tread the hundreds of miles of sweet, heather-clad hills and moors, and see where are the bees to gather the honey distilling from the fragrant flowers. Surely Nature calls us not to leave her treasures wasting and uncared for, and richly will she reward those who, in the peaceful scenes of country life, find active employment and interests, and last, though not the least, the blessing of health, which is rarely denied to the worker in fresh air and out-of-door industries.

I have, in what I have said so far, only touched upon life in England and Ireland;

but I desire very earnestly to call the attention of all those who are interested in this great question of employment for women to the useful work being carried on at the Leaton Colonial Training Home, near Wellington, in fitting young women in the most thorough manner for life in the colonies. Training in all branches of housework is given, as well as in dairy-work, the care of poultry and bee-keeping. There are many who feel that life in the old country offers a sense of home and rest which cannot be obtained elsewhere. But to those who feel drawn to the wider sphere of work in the colonies open to women, I would heartily commend the training given at the Leaton Home.

## HOW WE FURNISHED OUR FIRST HOME FOR £150.

THERE are very few young girls who do not enjoy talking over and planning a possible home of their own.

Let me tell you who I have in my mind in writing this paper. Young people who because they are really in love, are prepared to sacrifice many unnecessary luxuries, who are not afraid while they are full of health and strength of helping to make their hard-worked husband's home lovable even although this result can only be attained by a good deal of hard work on their part.

Those of my readers whose marriage is in the near future may not have the necessary time at their disposal to buy one thing here and another there, until they find out where the most artistic and durable things are to be had for a moderate price. Two months ago when choosing furniture for a friend's flat in London, we discovered how enormously prices vary for the same piece of furniture. At one shop in the West End a Sheraton sideboard bookcase and table, were exactly double the price elsewhere.

Some rooms must be furnished inexpensively, but I have avoided everything which will not last. By all means have a strong kitchen table in the dining-room with a deal top, but it is a great mistake to have a very cheap carpet. Artistic art squares are to be had from 9s. 6d. to 24s., but they will be shabby in two years. Feather pillows can be had for 2s. 11d. each, but what sort of feathers do they contain? I leave one sitting-room unfurnished. The dining-room table and chairs will do admirably for this room when we are able to afford Chippendale ones upholstered in tapestry. Those who have time to look about can often pick up really good furniture for very little at an auction, but it is always safer to buy second-hand things at a gentleman's house rather than at a shop.

Space prevents my saying much about the all-important question of choosing a house. A vital point is of course the drainage. Ask for a sanitary certificate, and if there is none, it is money saved in the long run to pay a guinea to a competent inspector. Inquire if town's water is laid on. Well-water, where there are many houses near, is pretty certain to be infected. Remember sparkling water is often the most unsafe for drinking purposes. Clay soil means rheumatism to all predisposed to it. Where money is an object, never take a friend on a repairing lease. Quite lately a house took a house in London at £80 a year, and the compulsory papering and repairs, etc., come to that sum every three years. Many people do not realise how much is thus added to the rent. Find out who the previous tenants were, and whether there have been any cases of fever, etc., since it was papered, for germs are well known to remain

on wall papers for years. Do not hesitate to go to several agents. The firm known to be the best in the neighbourhood may not happen to have exactly what you want. Calculate the cost of railway journeys to and fro before you decide on a house some way out of town, and recollect that a larger house generally means an extra servant. If possible the principal rooms should face south or west, although an artist must of course have a north light for painting. I must not omit to mention that it is wiser to buy rather than rent a house in a neighbourhood where the demand is greater than the supply, and property is increasing in value, for it is often a very good and safe investment. In any case arrange with the landlord that you shall choose your own papers, for colour is almost everything. Quite recently I went over a house in Kensington, the rent of which was £110 for a long lease, and the paper and paint were so hideous it would have been a constant eyesore to any tenant.

The rent of our house I have fixed at £50 in town and £40 in the country. There are three sitting-rooms, a bathroom and five bed-rooms; if a third sitting-room is wanted it must be upstairs. We will now proceed to choose the papers, and here I will let you into a secret. Beautiful papers at 2s. 6d. the piece can often be had for 9d. if you are content with last year's patterns, many of which are prettier than the newer ones.

### THE HALL.

If we live in the country we may be fortunate enough to find a "cottage residence" with a small square hall which of course makes all the difference to the appearance. These picturesque old houses however are few and far between for this rent, and in town we should only have a passage hall, if we were willing to pay double the amount.

If the house faces south or west, I would suggest pale green or soft china blue for the hall paper with a conventional pattern in a deeper shade, or plain paint would look equally well. Nothing is so restful as plain colour or so fresh and pretty as white paint. A pale olive green with a panelled wood or lincrusta dado painted white or a darker shade of green always looks well. The doors of the sitting-room facing the hall should be mahogany colour. The front door would look best painted a soft olive green. If you like a knocker, have one made for you, after

an old pattern; the one I like best, is a thick large ring almost round in shape. There is a new kind of panelling for dados even better than lincrusta or anaglypta, made of very thin wood. I was told it was to be used instead of linoleum for a hall, and would have much the same effect as parqueterie, but I cannot



THE HALL.

believe there is enough substance to make it wear long enough for this purpose. It struck me, however, that it would be capital for a wood-panelled dado, and last week I heard that Messrs. Fraser of Ipswich had for the first time used it in this way, with a most satisfactory result. If your landlord does not think it too expensive I would decide on this for the hall and staircase, and paint it white with a plain lettuce-green paper above it. All the rest of the paint should of course also be white. It does not get dirty sooner than light colours. If however there is much smoke in your neighbourhood substitute a dark olive-green dado, and yellow paper above. The umbrella stand is a very pretty one, and occupies a minimum space: it is of wrought iron with copper knobs.

A Japanese china drain-pipe would of course answer the purpose and cost less, but if you have room for the other I feel sure you will prefer it.

Over each door have a shelf matching the sitting-room door, which I hope may be polished mahogany; on these shelves blue china jars or plates are a great improvement.

On the hall side of the front door hang a thick curtain of dark olive-green sheeting from Burnet's, with a twelve-inch border of Friesland velvet at the bottom. On the small oak table with turned legs there should always be writing materials and a Bradshaw. If you have any family swords, etc., a rack can be made by a local carpenter for a few shillings. Our limited sum will only allow an ordinary carved oak chest. A very nice one can be had at any old furniture shop.

The passage to the right of the staircase can be curtained off by placing across the hall about twelve inches from the ceiling an ordinary shelf. In front of this fix a brass curtain rod. Lovely, inexpensive, striped Indian curtains can be had for a mere song. The shelf should be stained to match the

doors. Blue plates or Devonshire art pottery can be added when you can afford a little money for oddments. Pegs for coats can be hung in the passage behind the curtain, although I cannot help hoping that all the necessary things having been bought, we may still be able to afford a delightful piece of furniture which I saw at an old shop in London for £8. The carved back draws forward and has hooks for coats, the seat is a box for holding rugs or hats. Modern ones are to be had for about the same price at most good shops. In any case do not have coats and waterproofs hung in our pretty hall!

The etchings or autotypes for the hall and up the staircase should all be framed alike in narrow black frames. Our only chair is one of Chippendale's best and simplest designs.

One warning with regard to the arrangement of a hall (which I see constantly recommended) I would beg you to avoid: bamboo furniture and bead curtains of any kind. The latter always remind one of a dentist's. They are by no means cheap and certainly very hideous.

In a long, narrow hall the oak chest must of course be the only table. There will be room for two plants and a silver or brass salver to bring notes into the drawing-room.

I hope the hall will be tiled, but as this is very probable I would suggest a green tiled linoleum from Oetzmann.

The lamp is of wrought iron. This and a gong complete the furniture of our little hall. I have only one parting injunction. Be content with three pictures hung low. Really beautiful sepia photographs of pictures by Romney, Vandyck and Gainsborough, etc., can be had for 2s. 6d. Lithographs of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge which only an expert could tell were not real etchings, can be had for 10d., and plain narrow wooden black frames three feet by two feet can be had

for 1s. 9d. You may like to substitute your favourite musicians, painters, poets or statesmen, for it is always more interesting when the house indicates the character and tastes of its owner.

Do not add any bookshelves or small cupboards which give a gimcrack appearance. Although if there is a recess, a number of bookshelves are a distinct addition. Below I give an estimate of the exact cost. You may think the stair carpeting is expensive. I can only say it is very poor economy to buy poor stair carpeting, the wear and tear is so great, also first appearances go a long way: I always imagine that I can judge to a great extent the character of the inmates by the appearance of the hall.

## ESTIMATE FOR HALL AND STAIRCASE.

	£	s.	d.
Wrought-iron umbrella stand			
with copper knobs . . . . .	0	10	9
One Chippendale chair . . . . .	1	10	0
One oak chest . . . . .	2	0	0
Linoleum . . . . .	1	10	0
Six brown lithographed etchings			
at 10d . . . . .	0	5	0
Six frames at 1s. 9d. . . . .	0	10	6
Twelve yards best Axminster			
carpet (Hampton) at 3s. 9d. . . . .	2	5	0
Two dozen stair rods . . . . .	0	15	9
Four dozen stair eyes . . . . .	0	4	2
Heavy door mat (Fraser,			
Ipswich) . . . . .	0	4	9
Three yards art sheeting or			
serge (Burnet's) . . . . .	0	5	9
One palm 5s., pot 1s. 11d. . . . .	0	6	11
Brass and copper hall lamp . . . . .	0	12	6
	£11	1	1

During a sale last year's patterns can often be had for nearly half price.

(To be continued.)

## AN AFTERNOON WEDDING.

By MARY POCOCK.



SINCE it has become the fashion to be married in the afternoon, a "breakfast" is seldom given. Twenty years ago the so-called wedding-breakfast was the rule, though it then was really a luncheon, being generally served between one and half-past one, and frequently commencing with clear soup. I remember about that time a wedding at the Grosvenor Hotel, at which, besides clear soup, two hot *entrées* were handed. I never saw tea or coffee at a wedding-breakfast, but longer ago than that, both of these used to be on table at weddings. Breakfast was then usually at noon, sometimes even earlier. Of course, if the newly-married pair were going any distance, it was necessary to leave much earlier in the day than it is now; express trains did not run fifty years ago at the present rate of speed. It was not possible to start for a long journey after afternoon tea with the expectation of arriving at one's destination in time for dinner! The quickness of locomotion, I think, has had a great deal to do with

the change to the more comfortable and convenient arrangement of afternoon weddings, which were made possible by the alteration of the law which formerly obliged people to be married before noon.

A wedding reception now is much the same in most respects as an ordinary afternoon party.

The drawing-room is usually reserved for the display of presents, which are placed with the donors' cards (usually sent with gifts) on them.

If there are many presents, they are placed on tables round the room, jewellery, and small articles of value, being put in glass cases. At wedding crushes in towns, it is necessary to have a detective in the house, for it is impossible that the bride's family should know all the bridegroom's friends, consequently strangers can go in with little risk of detection, and many thefts have been perpetrated in that way. It is only necessary for a well-dressed person to present himself at the door to gain admission to the house.

On the return from church, the bride and bridegroom go to the drawing-room, where the guests follow, and offer their congratulations. After the newly-married pair go into the tea-room, followed by as many of the guests as can find room. The bride cuts, or, if she cannot cut, she sticks the knife in the cake. The remainder of the guests come in

for refreshments, as there is space made for them by others leaving or returning to the drawing-room.

The refreshments are usually in the dining-room; if a very large party, special arrangements must be made. A long narrow table should be provided, and would be placed back, only allowing room for the waiters or waitresses (the latter are generally preferred, and really seem more in place pouring out tea) between it and the wall. On the narrow table a white cloth is used that reaches within eight or nine inches of the ground. Milk and cream-jugs and sugar-basins are arranged along the front of the table, the tea and coffee-pots, urns, cups and saucers, are arranged along the back of the table conveniently placed for the attendants to fill the cups, leaving the guests to help themselves to sugar and cream. The cake occupies the centre of the table, the remainder being covered with flowers, light refreshments, fruit, etc., with piles of small plates, fruit-knives and forks, spoons and glasses for wine and lemonade. Ices are usually served; these the servants hand from the back of the table, the ice-pails being placed on the ground out of sight. Sometimes Neapolitan ices are liked; being in papers ready to serve, they are rather convenient.

In this article I wish to speak more especially of the arrangements for a moderate-sized

reception in a moderate-sized house, than of a crush-party; of one where the whole could be carried out by the servants, with little or no help, except the assistance at the tea-table of one or two of the daughters of the house or other relatives of the family.

In this case one would use the ordinary dining-table, leaving it very nearly in the middle of the room, just a little more space on the door side. Put a rather large cloth on, as the effect of the cloth hanging well down is better when no one is to sit at the table. If the table is square-cornered, fold the corners of the cloth round at each end of the table so as to leave it to hang straight and flat all round the table and fasten each edge with a pin.

A white embroidered centre—I have seen some lovely ones late,—white flowers and green leaves embroidered in silks on very fine white linen, or white china silk or *crêpe*, may be used for the centre of the table; if soft silk or *crêpe* is used, it is placed loosely on the table and pushed up into puffs; around the edge of it place a long trail of smilax or some asparagus fern. Stand the wedding-cake in the centre of the table. This is more elegant decorated with natural flowers than with chalky ornaments and artificial flowers.

Place four medium height glasses to form a square enclosing cake, then two high glasses near each end of the table. All the glasses must be filled with white flowers; then attach the four glasses at each end of the table with eight trails of smilax hung in festoons between them. If needed a strand of the very finest wire may be used to support the green trails.

Should the table be very long, it may be necessary to use two more glasses of flowers half-way down each end of the table, to carry out the idea, or one higher glass in the centre of each half; then the droops would meet half way down each end of the table and make a sort of canopy. It would be very pretty if the smilax could be festooned from the flowers on the cake; but it is not practicable, as they would have to be removed when the cake was cut, and at once spoil the appearance of the table. With the glasses of flowers, which should be very lightly filled, nothing more will be required in the way of ornament except a few loose flowers or ferns to lie on the silk or a few specimen glasses, depending on the size of the table. The tea-service and cups would be placed at one end of the table, the coffee at the other; wine and lemonade glasses on the sideboard. It has been the fashion to serve iced coffee, but it is not usual now, but iced lemonade is liked.

The refreshments consist of sandwiches, for which it is an advantage to have small labels; they can be made in the shape of little flags and fastened on to white-headed pins, or the names simply written on tiny white and silver cards; patties, brown and white bread-and-butter, small moulds of various kinds, biscuits, cakes of all kinds, fruits and sweetmeats.

The twisted wire-plate handles are most useful and also very ornamental when trimmed, as they should be, with white-satin ribbon twisted round and a bow at the top, and one at each side. The wires will fit any plate and convert it into a basket, which is easily handed about. They only cost a few pence each.

Those who are lucky enough to have silver baskets, use the larger ones for fruit or cakes, the little ones for sweetmeats.

With regard to the dishes the following list may be useful to choose from: Sandwiches, ham, tongue, potted meat of any kind, with a little mustard (green) and cress, hard-boiled egg, with or without cress, chicken and water-cress, shrimps that have been pounded in a mortar with very little nepaul or cayenne

pepper, anchovy paste, or potted anchovies, cucumber, mustard and cress, water-cress, shred celery, guava or quince jelly, or jam of any kind.

While writing of sandwiches, I would like to remind those who have to provide, that their success depends on the sandwiches being nicely cut and evenly buttered, and most important of all, that the bread of which they are made should be suitable and quite fresh, the general complaint being that the sandwiches "are so dry."

I always use newly-baked tin sandwich-loaves, and after they are made lodge a small plate on the top of each pile, then cover with a cloth until wanted. In the course of cutting, the bread loses its newness, but at the same time, when put on table, the edges are never curled and hard, as with dry bread. A variety is made by having some of the tins rolls made for sandwiches; they are an inch wide, and about three inches long, they are cut open, and what is wished is put in, each making one sandwich. They are convenient and look tempting; the outsides are glazed brown. It is well to have a few dishes of these on table as well as the cut sandwiches.

The following recipe is for a very good cake. Having no fruit in it, it is very suitable for covering with chocolate, coffee, or other fancy icing.

*Piedmont Cake.*—Ingredients: six yolks of eggs, three whites of eggs, seven ounces of sifted flour, seven ounces of castor sugar, three ounces and a half of melted butter. Mode, beat the yolks of the eggs for half an hour, dredging the sugar in as you beat them; beat the three whites of eggs to a hard froth, add them to the yolks and sugar, then sift the flour in slowly, add the butter, which should be melted, not oiled; beat all the time you are adding the ingredients. Put into a tin that you have lined with buttered paper, put a buttered paper lightly over the top of the tin, and bake in a moderately hot oven. This cake cannot be properly made in less than three quarters of an hour. It is best when made with Hungarian flour.

This recipe for chocolate icing is very simple, and quite suitable for covering the above.

Dissolve over a slow fire two ounces of grated good chocolate in a gill of water, add half a pound of castor sugar, stir until it is the consistency of smooth thick cream, when it is ready for use.

Queen drops, or bars of Genoese pastry, are very nice covered with this icing, which must, of course, be used while it is warm.

*Queen Drops.*—Beat three eggs ten minutes with two tablespoonfuls of good rose-water, sift in six ounces of castor sugar, beating all the time; add a few drops of vanilla, sift in a quarter of a pound of fine flour, add two ounces of butter, previously warmed and stirred to a cream; finish by stirring in two ounces of currants. Drop a small teaspoonful of the mixture on a well-buttered paper and bake. If they are to be chocolate-iced, omit the currants. Do not make the icing until the drops are cool; it is easier to join them in pairs with the chocolate than to cover the outsides.

*Pistachio Cake.*—Ingredients, eight eggs, their weight in castor sugar, the weight of three eggs of fine sifted flour, the weight of one egg of pistachio kernels weighed after they are blanched and skinned. Method—beat the yolks of eggs with the sugar until they are quite thick, then add the flour slowly, beat for ten minutes; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir them into the mixture. Last add the pistachio kernels, which must have been previously pounded to a paste in a mortar. Bake in a slow oven. Ice with the following—

Put a tablespoonful of lemon-juice into a

basin with the whites of two eggs, work half a pound of icing-sugar into it gradually, using a wooden spoon; work it a long time, until you can break a piece off short from the spoon, when it is done, and should be used at once. If you are obliged to keep it, cover the basin with a damp cloth. Ice the pistachio cake, and cover the top with finely-chopped pistachio nuts, put in the oven a minute to set, then in a cool dry place until wanted. The above cake may be made with pounded almonds instead of pistachio nuts; the icing then would be ornamented with angelica and dried cherries.

Few people now trouble to make biscuits, but some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may like to try the following; they are very simple, and I find them much liked at teas. Make a dough with half a pound of flour, and four ounces of golden syrup; add a quarter of a pound of melted butter, two ounces of brown sugar, a large teaspoonful of grated ginger, and one ounce of candied peel chopped small. When well mixed, roll out thin and cut into biscuits with fancy cutter, bake on greased baking-sheets in moderate oven. They should be quite thin cakes.

The following is a very good lemonade. Take three large lemons, cut off the peel, as thin as possible, put it in a jug and pour a quart of cold water on it, squeeze the juice from the lemons, being careful to extract it all, strain the pips out and pour the juice to the peel and water, sweeten to taste with castor sugar (do not make it too sweet), add a slice of pine-apple (fresh or canned), and let the lemonade stand until wanted, when the peel and pine-apple can be strained out. This lemonade being made with cold water should be prepared at least four hours before it is wanted. Add a lump of ice before serving. Three or four lemons to each quart of water, depending on the quality of the lemons.

While writing of weddings, I am reminded of some that, when I was a girl, were hardly noticed. I allude to silver weddings, the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of a marriage. I have been to several of these lately, and really they have seemed to me to be made almost more of than weddings, and perhaps there is some reason in it, for a silver wedding entails no parting, as a marriage does, where a girl is leaving home for her new life. The day should really be a joyous and happy one when two people can look back on a quarter of a century passed together happily with reason to expect many more peaceful years in one another's company.

For silver wedding festivities the invitations are sent in the names of the husband and wife. If for an afternoon reception the arrangements are the same as for a wedding, though some do not care to have a wedding-cake.

Presentations of articles in silver are made and guests offer their congratulations and good wishes to their host and hostess as they would have done on their wedding-day.

At a twenty-fifth anniversary dinner at which I was a guest a few months ago the husband took his wife in to dinner, and sat next her at table, as he had done on his wedding-day; but I fancy most English people prefer to adhere to the ordinary dinner arrangement: our insular objection is always so great against doing anything that might be construed into a demonstration of feeling, that we cling by preference to our every-day customs.

However a silver wedding-party is a very enjoyable one, especially as most people like to get together as many of the original guests as they can, even though the missing guests must give one some sad thoughts, one can give one's hearty good wishes to host and hostess and hope to meet them again on their golden wedding-day in good health and with happiness round them.

## THE NIGHT IS PASSING.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

## I.

Two spirits passed each other in the mist,  
That day's sweet eve when God and man had kissed.  
One swept along trailing a lovely light,  
The other wore the garments of the night;  
The one had tasted love, the other hate,  
And either bore the strain, content to wait  
Till the seven thousand years had killed the world;  
Each wore a tangled scroll, which, when unfurled,  
Read, as they neared the earth, and mortal eyes—  
"The night is passing."

## II.

The night is passing"  
Sang out the stars to the heaving sea,  
Where wild waves tossed in a fiendish glee,  
And the long, low-lying mountain ranges,  
With a deep, dark silence that never changes,  
Fold the lakes and the valleys sweet,  
Till the night and the morning meet.  
And a rippling murmur ran up through the land,  
And the cold, sad earth seemed to understand  
That "the night was passing."

## III.

So, too, I hear the selfsame song of light  
Flooding th' abysmal chasms of the night;  
Where each dark charnel-house and lazar den  
Reeks with the passions and the wrecks of men.  
O'er silent graveyards, where the willows wave,  
And broken-hearted ones have ceased to rave,  
Pealeth, like music of some deep-toned bell,  
Into the gathering night that "all is well,"  
"The night is passing."

## "IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

## CHAPTER I.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



HERE are you going, Margaret? Supper is quite ready."  
"Is it? Well, I don't want mine yet. I'm going to meet Jack," and with a determined toss of her head Margaret Harcourt started across the lawn where she had been sitting at work until her step-mother joined her.

"Stay, child! Jack may be half an hour late, and you know how I dislike irregularity at meals. Besides, it is too late for you to go across the fields alone; I wish you to come in."

"I'm sorry," replied Margaret, "but Jack never yet came home without finding me at the stile, and I don't think he will to-night. I don't in the least mind going without supper, so you needn't wait;" and without waiting to hear more, she walked quickly out of sight, leaving Mrs. Harcourt to fume alone.

But that was not that good lady's way.

Instead she hastened indoors to find her husband and tell him for about

the sixth time that week, that his daughter Margaret was the most ungrateful, disrespectful girl in the world, and to make various other complaints to relieve her mind. Mr. Harcourt, as usual, listened in silence until she ceased for lack of

words. Then he calmly remarked, "I'm sorry, my dear; perhaps she'll grow better as she grows older. Girls will be wilful, you know," and proceeded with his supper.

Not that he was indifferent to his wife's displeasure or his daughter's wilfulness, but he was not sufficiently strong-minded to cope with the matter, and so, after several fruitless efforts, he kept to himself and took no part whatever in these frequent disagreements.

He was naturally a kind man and would have been glad to see both mother and daughter happy together, but had already given it up as hopeless.

He was also a deep reader and a man of intellect, spending most of his time in the seclusion of his own study, for the most part oblivious to household affairs. On the death of his first wife, he had been persuaded by his sister to marry a lady of her choice, whom she assured him was admirably suited to act a mother's part to his little daughter. On her

account he had yielded, but a few months only sufficed to show him he had made a great mistake.

From the very first Margaret resented the new-comer, who quickly proved herself unfitted to overcome such resentment. In consequence an invincible dislike grew up in the girl's heart, and had now, at the age of nineteen, embittered her whole nature.

But, although Mr. Harcourt felt he had in some way made a mistake, he remained practically indifferent to the evil consequences resulting from it, and made no attempt to counteract them.

When his wife insisted upon drawing his attention to various details, in which, according to her step-mother's version, Margaret certainly did not shine, he would generally comfort himself by thinking it was only the girl's way; she was a little too self-willed, she would grow wiser by-and-by. He did not take into consideration what effect such a narrow-minded, unsympathetic nature as his wife's would have upon the proud, passionate girl, who had inherited from her Italian mother, not only her warm Southern beauty, but the keen sensitiveness and fiery spirit of her race, and, combined with these, the questioning intellect of her father.

But to return; while her step-mother was pouring her grievances into Mr. Harcourt's ears, Margaret made her way quickly to the spot where she expected to meet her brother Jack. She had started off very briskly, with a hard look on her face and her lips together, while the poise of her head gave no slight indication of that rebellious spirit which was such a source of daily grievance to her step-mother.

As she neared the stile, however, the





"LOVE DIVINE—ALL LOVE EXCELLING."

[Copyright 1896. Photographische Gesellschaft.]

quiet beauty of the summer evening seemed to soothe her; she slackened her steps and a soft, expectant look dawned in her eyes. On reaching her destination, she leaned her elbows on the top rail, and resting her chin on her hands, surveyed the scene before her.

Madge possessed a deep love for nature, and the remembrance of her step-mother's harsh voice faded for the time being before her beautiful surroundings.

The June sun was just lingering over the summit of the distant hills, shedding one last brilliant glow over all the silent earth around her, before making way for the coming night. It seemed almost as if he were loath to leave a scene so fair, as if he would like to have stayed his course a little to gaze with her on the still beautiful earth. The Cumberland hills stood out dark and soft against the deepening sky, while a gentle breeze swayed the trees and murmured through their leaves, sometimes ceasing, as if afraid to break the wondrous silence. From the little village nestling in a hollow below her, came ever and anon a sound of life. Now it was a boy's shrill whistle; now a child's shout or a mother's call, and mingled with these the blacksmith's hammer or the passing of feet down the village street as the labourers went home to a well-earned rest.

Madge heard the faint sounds, nothing escaped her, but they did not, as far as she was concerned, add any beauty to the scene. It was the hills and the heavens, and the great stillness that appealed to her, not her fellow-man, and as she looked away to where the last rays of the sunlight were fading, a half-stifled sigh escaped her parted lips and she clasped her white hands convulsively. But at this she turned sharply away, and with a resolute expression gazed in the direction from which she expected Jack. She knew from experience what sort of an effect gazing at the sunset would have on her, and to-night there must be no unnecessary sadness in her heart, for was it not the gladdest night in the whole year—the night that brought her Jack? So she banished her usual bitterness and stood there on the hill-top waiting hopefully, her tall, slim, erect young figure and perfect profile rendering her far from the least beautiful object in that beautiful scene.

It was not altogether easy however for her to banish all unpleasant thoughts, for she was still conscious of an angry feeling at the tone in which her step-mother had addressed her. She hated to be called "child," and the result was generally flat disobedience.

"Keep me from meeting Jack indeed, just for a paltry supper," she said to herself, after waiting some time and growing impatient in consequence, "and to talk of being out late at this hour. I expect she'll go and pour a long tale of wrongs into father's ear, and be as cross as a bear when Jack and I get in. No one would think I had been trying to please her all day for his sake. I did want his first evening to be a pleasant one, but it's no use hoping for anything, much less trying to please a step-

mother," and she knit her brows with a frown as she gazed anxiously into the dusk.

She was beginning to fear Jack had missed his train, which would have been a bitter disappointment to her, for his visits were the one bright spot on her shadowy horizon, and he the idol of her existence, the object upon which the deep love of her strong nature was almost solely lavished.

And these precious visits of his were so few and far between, for life in the little Cumberland village possessed few attractions for lively Jack. He contrived to pass his time much more happily in London on a yearly income of £500 which his mother and an aunt had left him.

He had studied for the bar with a view to becoming a barrister, but as time passed and no briefs appeared, he changed his profession for the more congenial one of enjoying himself. Of home affairs, beyond anything connected with Margaret, he took little note, his yearly visit being entirely upon her account.

If he did not love his sister with the same devotion she showed for him, at least he loved her better than anyone else in the world; indeed, as deeply as his light-hearted, happy-going nature was capable of loving.

With his step-mother he had always managed to keep friendly; but then Jack was friendly with everybody, and had the happy knack of turning unpleasantness aside and forgetting all about it.

He was very sorry for his sister, for he could not help seeing that she was unhappy, but he was at a loss to discover means for helping her, so he let matters rest.

He had tried to persuade her not to notice their step-mother's fault-finding, but to make friends among some of the neighbouring families on her own account, and to amuse herself in the way she liked best.

But, like everyone else, he totally misunderstood her. He could not realise that the quiet life, with the solitary hours and deep reading which had grown to be her pleasures, had made her vastly different from the girls he knew in London. He was only vaguely conscious that somehow she was different, and on the whole it was a circumstance to be deplored. However, he did not often trouble about it, having come to the conclusion that "Madge was a caution, but would turn out all right when she got married and mixed more with others."

His thoughts were something of this description as he walked quickly from the little station in the direction of their usual meeting-place, and there was a slight shadow on his usually sunny face. It vanished instantly, however, as he turned a sharp curve on the hill-side and came full in view of the anxious watcher.

He whistled the bugle-call, which was their usual signal, but not before Madge had descried him and was half-way over the stile. Another instant and she was in his arms, embracing him with a fervour that those who only knew the silent, haughty girl at home would have believed impossible.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, "it's worth living just to have you again! I am so glad you have come. I was afraid you had missed the train. Let me look at you," and she held his face between her hands and gazed lovingly into his eyes. "You dear old fellow, you're splendid," she said. "You look handsomer than ever."

"Thank you," he replied, disengaging himself and making a low bow. "May I return the compliment?"

"If you really mean it,"—and there was a half-eager questioning look in her face as she drew his arm round her and proceeded homeward.

"Mean it indeed?" he echoed; "I should think I do mean it! Why, Madge, I believe you're one of the prettiest sisters a fellow ever had to be proud of."

A quick gleam of delight shot through Madge's eyes. Not that she cared for the compliment particularly, but to win Jack's praise was one of the sweetest things in life to the lonely girl. If she were beautiful in his eyes, the rest of the world might think what they liked; it was a matter of no concern whatever to her.

"I only wish you were a little more rosy and not so thin," he continued. "I sha'n't be able to call you my little Madge now, you must have grown quite a foot since I was last here! I suppose I shall have to call you 'Margaret,' and treat you with respect now."

"What nonsense, Jack! Just as if I should ever be anything but 'Madge' to you," and the dark glossy head nestled very lovingly on his shoulder.

Jack bent over and kissed her, saying: "Then you shall be 'Madge' all my life, and we'll have a downright jolly time together for the next two weeks."

"Two weeks!" she exclaimed, looking up quickly. "Surely you'll stay at home longer than that?"

"I'm afraid I can't," he replied hastily. He had not meant to approach the subject that evening, but the words had slipped out unawares. "I'm going yachting with some fellows then, and it's too good an opportunity to miss. But I'll tell you all about it another time, Madge; don't let's think of parting directly we have met. Why do you look like that?" he continued, as a bitter smile hovered round the girl's mouth. Anyone would think you were thirty instead of nineteen. Are you angry?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with a hard little laugh. "I was only thinking of the difference between what this visit is to you and what it is to me. There's a little difference, too, between the pleasures we think too good to miss. For instance, when step-mother goes to Coleve to do a day's shopping, I settle myself in the library, to read in peace, the whole day. I refuse to see anyone because it's too good an opportunity to miss."

Jack looked serious for a moment; he did not like his sister's tone, or the look on her face as she spoke. However, he let it pass and remarked, laughing—

"So you still persist in calling your dear mamma 'step-mother'?"

"I don't know what else to call her,

except 'Mrs. Harcourt.' She shall never be 'mother' to me."

"Well, tell me, how is the good lady? I hope you have got her into a good temper for my benefit."

"Indeed, I haven't. I should think she is probably pouring a long tale of complaint into father's ears about my sins and shortcomings at this very moment."

"Now, Madge," he remonstrated, "what have you been up to? I gave you special injunctions to get her into a good humour. You see, I have a favour to ask—I shall want you with me all day long."

"Well, I did try, Jack, but, as I've told you before, it isn't the faintest use. If I pleased her for ninety-nine days and offended her on the hundredth, she would forget the ninety-nine in a moment. I came downstairs this morning full of good intentions. I managed to keep them too, for, although she told me I was late when I wasn't, and that my hair was untidy when it was perfectly smooth, I never said a word. In fact, I was successful all day until this evening. She found me reading on the lawn and told me to go and practice. I declined, as it was the first time I had opened my book all day. Presently she came again and tried to prevent my coming to meet you; as if anyone in the world could do that! Of course, I just came, and you can imagine the rest. I might as well not have tried at all, all day."

"What a tale of woe!" remarked Jack, pulling a long face and heaving an unnaturally deep sigh, "I wonder you have survived! Never mind, we'll soon bring her round," and then, to change the subject, he gave her a brief account of his own recent doings, which lasted until they reached home.

"It's a beautiful old place, after all,

Madge, in spite of its drawbacks," he said, standing for a moment to gaze at the dark pile of buildings sharply outlined against the sky. "If only it was nearer to London and not in such an out-of-the-way corner, how I should enjoy coming home oftener."

Madge was silent, and her eyes assumed a strangely wistful look, as she too gazed thoughtfully at her home. It made a pretty picture in the dim light, with its bodyguard of giant oaks, and behind them the Cumberland hills stretching away into the far distance.

"Oh! yes, it's beautiful enough," she answered presently, with a little catch in her voice, "but it isn't like home. I should be glad to see the last of it," and she shuddered a little. "Do you know, Jack," she continued in a softer voice, "I often wonder how it looked to mother, and if she ever felt like I do. I wonder if she loved those distant hills, or if they made her feel hemmed in and crushed down, as they do me. If I look at them for a long time I feel like a bird in a cage, beating its wings hopelessly against the unyielding bars. I feel as if all the hoping in the world would not help me to pass those hills and get out of my prison into the big, free world beyond; as if, for me, the hills stretched on and on interminably, and I should never reach a spot where I could see beyond them."

"But you shouldn't think such gloomy thoughts, Madge," he answered. "It isn't likely you're going to stay here all your life. As soon as ever we can manage it, you shall come up to town and have no end of a time."

"Perhaps by then I sha'n't care about coming. I shall always feel I am different from other girls, and that will make me dislike to mix with them. Besides, I don't think gaiety is what I want; but

come, we are very late, we must wait until to-morrow for a long talk," and she drew him forward quickly.

"You do think such queer things, Madge," he said, as he followed her; "I don't know anyone else who thinks as you do. Fancy dreaming of not liking London! It's glorious! Wait till you've tried it. You'll forget all about these dull times."

Madge made no reply, but her heart did not feel any lighter at the prospect held out to her. Deep down in that heart she knew only too well that it was not London and gaiety that would take the aching restlessness out of her life.

On reaching the house they found their father and Mrs. Harcourt waiting anxiously for them, for they were very late through lingering on the way. However, as Jack was there, Mrs. Harcourt expressed nothing but anxiety, and after the usual greetings he turned to the table and sat down.

"Aren't you going to keep me company, Madge?" he asked, as she remained standing.

"No, I'm not hungry."

"Nonsense, you must want your supper; where are you off to?"

"I'm going to bed," she replied quietly.

"Don't let Madge go to bed without having something to eat, *mater!*" he exclaimed, turning to Mrs. Harcourt. "It's half-past ten and I expect she had tea before five."

"I can assure you Margaret is quite capable of looking after herself," replied Mrs. Harcourt coldly.

Jack was about to answer, but something in Madge's expression stopped him. Without a word he returned her kiss and let her go.

(To be continued.)

## HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

### LOCAL APPLICATIONS.

The object of poultices, etc. is to relax the skin and the surrounding tissues and to apply warmth and moisture to any one part of the body, so causing a superficial redness to relieve a deeper inflammation causing pain.

**Linseed Meal Poultice.**—Pour boiling water into a basin, stir quickly with one hand and shake in with the other, sufficient linseed meal to make the poultice of a consistency to spread smoothly on a piece of rag or flannel, the edges of which should be turned over the ends of the poultice in order to make it look neat. See everything is in readiness before beginning to mix the poultice. Warm the utensils, and see that the water boils. Let the poultice be light and not too wet. Change the poultice frequently so that the person never feels it get cold.

**A Bread Poultice.**—To make this, coarse bread crumbs from stale bread should be stirred into a basin of boiling water, covered up and put to stand by the fire for three or four minutes, strain the water off, and add fresh water, boiling, pour it off and spread the poultice on rag or flannel and apply with muslin or tissue-paper over the surface, otherwise the gluten in the bread is apt to stick on to the skin and form a crust.

**Mustard** should be mixed with cold water

and warmed after being spread on a piece of flannel by the fire; it should have a piece of muslin over the surface next to the skin. A mustard poultice is also made in the same way as a linseed poultice with mustard stirred in, in equal parts, or two parts of linseed to one of mustard.

**Charcoal Poultice.**—One ounce of charcoal to four ounces of linseed meal or bread crumbs, stir the charcoal in while mixing, and sift finely-powdered charcoal over the surface before applying. Useful in cases of old sores and ulcers.

**Bran Poultice.**—Make a flannel bag, partly fill with bran, sew it up and pour boiling water over it, wring out, and apply; or the bran may be baked and applied dry. Salt bags may be used in the same way.

**Fomentations.**—Wring folded flannel out in boiling water and apply with oil silk over it to keep in the heat. **Soda Fomentation.**—Two ounces of soda to one pint of boiling water; useful in some cases of rheumatism.

**Poppy-head Fomentation.**—Break up the heads of two poppies, and boil them in two pints of water, till the quantity is reduced one-half. Wring out folded flannel in decoction, and apply; useful in cases of pain, when severe.

**Laudanum Fomentation.**—Sprinkle folded flannel after being wrung out in boiling water

with from one teaspoonful to half an ounce of laudanum, according to the size required, and apply with oil silk over it to keep in the heat.

**Turpentine Stoup.**—This can be made in the same way as a laudanum fomentation, or a better plan is to sprinkle the folded flannel first with from two spoonfuls to one ounce of turpentine, and then wring out in boiling water; by this method the turpentine gets more equally distributed all over the flannel, and is not so likely to cause little blisters.

When carrying poultices from one room to another it is a good plan to put them between two hot plates to keep them hot. Always if possible use a wringer made like a small round towel with a stick run through each end; when wringing out fomentations it saves burning the hands. A patent fomentation heater saves all heating of water or trouble of wringing, and may be bought for about 2s. 6d.; it also warms up poultices, so that they may be used again if necessary.

**A Cotton Wool Jacket** can be made with cotton-wool tacked inside a calico jacket; it is useful, and often better than a poultice in cases of lung disease. When applying blistering fluid mark out the size the blister is required with oil or ointment to prevent the fluid running down the skin and so causing a blister of too large an extent.



### A PAINTED SILK OR SATIN PIANOFORTE FRONT.

THE want of designs among amateur artists is so often felt that this one, which would do admirably for a pianoforte front, may be helpful to some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

There are two ways you can enlarge it if you do not wish to do so merely by the eye. The first is by the "pentagraph," which can be purchased for a few shillings. This is entirely a mechanical method, and as the design is a long one, you would have to enlarge it in sections.

Another plan is to divide the design up into say one quarter or one third of an inch squares by drawing lines lengthways these distances apart and then crossways. If you want to enlarge it to say three or four times the size of the original, you have only to make corresponding squares on fine paper three or four times the size of those dividing the design and then fill these in with the corresponding portions in the original design. This method of "squaring" guides you in getting your proportions correct, but you must go over it afterwards, trusting more or less to your eye if you would avoid the "wooden" appearance the enlargement will have if you merely fill in the various squares purely mechanically.

Having obtained a drawing the size you wish to paint it, you must transfer it to the silk or satin, and as we propose to paint on a very delicate colour, this must be done carefully. The ordinary carbon paper would do provided you do not press your hand on it as you follow the design over with a hard point. A piece of tissue-paper rubbed over with a little ordinary stove black-lead, which must be well rubbed in so that no loose black-lead remains on the surface of the paper, would do almost better, as you only want a delicate outline just to guide you in the painting.

The first thing to do now is to outline the design, and I think diluted Indian ink is the best thing to use, as it is easily applied and is indelible. But it must not be used too strong, as on white silk or satin your painting should be delicate. It should be thinned down to a grey. Use a fine sable rigger for outlining, following the design with feeling and with a certain freedom, as the merit of your work will not lie in a slavish adherence to the original, but in a spirited and spontaneous rendering which is much more to be considered than painstaking accuracy.

The Japanese paint silk in a delightful way, and if my readers could refer to some Japanese paintings it might give them some valuable hints very helpful in their own efforts.

Water-colours are the best for silk painting, as they are more easily handled and are more delicate than oil. Advantage should be taken of the transparency of water-colours, so as to obtain the maximum of fair effect with transparent washes: in fact, treat water-colours as though they were dyes. The grey for white flowers could be obtained by cobalt blue and yellow ochre put on highly diluted, leaving the silk untouched in the lights, which can be heightened if desired with a little Chinese white. The flowers of the may might be very pale rose madder, with deeper rose madder for stamens. The yellows of the polyanthus narcissus should be aureolin for the petals, and Indian yellow for the centres. This colour would also do for centres of ox-eye daisies. The wild anemones should have pinkish stems and pinkish buds.

The leaves of the narcissus in both cases should be glaucous or grey-green, made with cobalt green toned with yellow ochre, and even a little pure cobalt made very thin might be used in the lights. The flower-stems themselves should be dark green, viridian, and Indian yellow. The pansy and anemone leaves should be a cold green, say Prussian blue and raw sienna, while the grass should be varied, washes of yellow ochre, gamboge, cobalt green, blended or glazed one over another, gradually getting lighter and greyer in the distance, so as not to interfere with the positive greens of the foreground. The greens in the hawthorn and ox-eye daisies should be juicy, gamboge and Prussian blue, viridian and aureolin, cobalt green and Indian yellow affording good tones which can be varied infinitely.

The colours should be applied with camel-hair brushes, and should be floated on, as it were—i.e., the brush should always be fully charged with colour; but, of course, be very careful not to drop colour where it is not wanted, for nothing will take the stain out of the silk.

The birds are bullfinches, and it would be as well to refer to some stuffed specimens if possible (if live ones are not to be seen) for the colouring. Many amateurs make the mistake in getting birds too gaudy in colour. They are sufficiently emphatic in the design as not to need having attention called to themselves by garish colour. Warm browns made of burnt sienna and black with yellowish grey for the under side of wings should be the tone aimed at; but do not get them too heavy in colour. Keep the whole scheme light and delicate rather than strong.

Cobalt used very thinly might be painted on the plain portions of the design instead of leaving it white; but this would require to be done very carefully, as it should be perfectly even and show no brush-marks. It would perhaps be advisable to slightly damp the silk with perfectly clean water where this blue is to go. Then have plenty of the tint, which must be very light, in a saucer, and put it on evenly with a largish camel-hair brush. If this were done, then there would be no necessity to use Chinese white for the lights in the white flowers. The leaves might be touched up in the light parts with a little opaque colour made by adding Chinese white.

If a dark silk, such as dark indigo blue or black, be used, then the colours must all be mixed with Chinese white to make them opaque; but even then it would be well to glaze over the solid colour with transparent washes of colour. Only so much white should be used as will make the colours solid.



## A TRICK FOR A TRICK.

By MARIA A. HOYER.

## CHAPTER I.



LITTLE thud against the window, a soft fluttering and beating as of some living creature urgent for admittance.

With an exclamation of joy, a girl who sat within rose and ran to the lattice where the fading October twilight came filtering through the thick, small panes of glass. Quickly she unfastened the hasp with quivering fingers, which stumbled a little in their eagerness, and then, as she opened the casement, a bird fluttered in and nestled against her shoulder.

"Sweet little one, my pet, my dove," she murmured, fondling the pretty creature which craned its sheening neck to her caressing hand, "what brings you to me?"

She searched for the string, and there, under the strong yet tender wing, was the little billet she so much desired. With a last caress she put the pigeon on a perch where a little corn and water were ready prepared, and then, kneeling by the fire burning on the hearth, for the daylight was almost gone, she read the missive.

But as she did so her cheek flushed and then paled, and she dropped her hands by her side with a little cry while her breath came quickly. Then she re-read the tiny letter, but now there was doubt in her face. She held the paper to the fire as if expecting further characters to appear; but when nothing responded to the test, a flash of anger came into her eyes.

"It is a trick," she murmured, "a trick to get into the town. Oh, I guess who has done this, but I will meet him on his own ground!"

She sprang to her feet, and fetching a mantle and hood wrapped it round her, and ran down the street. It was nearly dark now, and a grey mist hung like a pall over the little city. The narrow street was almost deserted, save for one or two prowling figures seeking in the gutter for some chance morsel of food, for the siege had lasted some months now and rations were growing very short. The little dark shops were closed, for no business was done, and people kept indoors for warmth's sake. The air was raw and keen; now and then the heavy boom of a cannon came from the beleaguering lines drawn close round the little Flemish city which had dared to oppose itself to the Majesty of Spain!

The girl hurried along till she reached one of the most imposing houses on the oblong "Place," which occupied the centre of the town. It was built of brick with high stepped roof and much ornament. Here she mounted to the door and asked to see the Burgomaster.

"What is your business, mistress?" said the servant superciliously; "his worship is much engaged. I suppose you have come but

to ask for larger rations, but 'tis no use, there are none to have!"

The girl looked at him haughtily.

"Do your business, sir," she said coldly; "Go, tell the Burgomaster that Jacqueline Grootehuis would speak with him on important business!"

The man hesitated; he looked half insolently at her, but something in her manner quelled him. He went away, and after an absence of a few minutes returned, saying sulkily that the Burgomaster would see her.

She followed the lackey into a long, low room, the walls hung with gilded Cordovan leather, and here and there the portrait of some resolute-looking old citizen. The Burgomaster, a tall thin old man, wrapped in a fur-lined robe, sat at a table covered with papers. He glanced up as the girl entered, and signed to her to sit down while he finished the writing he was engaged upon. Then when he had concluded, he regarded her with his keen grey eyes, deep sunk under heavy eyebrows.

"Well, maiden," he said, "you have a matter you would speak of?"

In reply the girl handed him the tiny missive she had taken from beneath the pigeon's wing. He drew a lighted candle nearer to him and read it aloud.

"I weary to see you," it ran, "and there is a chance. One whom I know will get me through the Spanish lines, and if you will be on the bastion to the right of the Gate of St. Andreas, where the guard is badly kept, and bring a rope with you, I can scale the wall. Send back the bird with time and exact place so that there may be no mistake.

"Ever your loving heart, QUENTIN."

"Who is this 'Quentin'?" inquired the Burgomaster, after a pause.

"He is my lover; and he will be my husband if we live through these dark times. He is the son of Master Alost, of the Guild of Weavers at Ghent, he who died last March."

"And you—are you not the daughter of the minister Grootehuis, who had the Church of St. John? You live with your widowed mother? Surely I have seen and spoken with you before this?"

"Yes; but now my mother is sick—she is paralysed. We live in the Ostenstade."

"And how got you this letter—and why bring it to me?"

"My pigeon brought it; Quentin is at Herremonde, and the bird has been between us once or twice. But that is not from him," she went on, and as she spoke her eyes began to sparkle angrily. "That is a trick. Some one has stolen the bird—that is a trick!"

"How do you know?"

"It is not Quentin's writing; besides, he is loyal and true. He would not dare to propose such a thing. Think of the danger if anyone had caught the bird! And, again, he always puts a word in ink that shows not unless it be warmed; on that we agreed so as to be certain that all was safe. It is not there!"

She paused as the Burgomaster held the paper again to the fire, but nothing appeared, and she continued.

"Some one has gained possession of the bird and is using it. They think I will go to the ramparts and let down a rope, and lo, a dozen Walloon soldiers will be up in a trice and the city betrayed!"

"But if you think all this, why bring the letter to me? Why not burn it and take no heed?"

"Because"—she leant forward in her excitement and put out her hands, and the Burgomaster noticed with a curious pang how thin

they were; the hunger was beginning to tell then, even among the better class!—"because I would give them trick for trick. I will send back word, and I will be on the wall with a rope, but you shall be there also with your guards, and as they come up you shall seize them; and if you do not catch a prisoner worth having I shall be much surprised!"

The old man's eyes glittered as he began to understand. He looked keenly at the girl, interested, almost amused. He pulled his long grey beard slowly through his wrinkled hand, on which a diamond ring caught the light and flashed back crimson and sapphire rays. Jacqueline sat back half in the shadow, only her white face was clearly to be seen set in the frame of her dark hood.

"Then you guess," he went on slowly, looking at her with those keen and half-amused eyes, "you guess who is trying to play you this trick? Someone you know—someone who knows about you and your sweetheart, and perhaps is a little jealous?"

A wave of crimson passed over the girl's face.

"Yes," she answered shortly—"yes, I do guess, though I may be wrong. I will not tell you who it is—let us wait and see; that is, if you will come with me and bring the guard?"

The Burgomaster sat silent for a while weighing the matter in his mind. Then he looked up and spoke.

"Yes, I agree. Let us now think how best it can be managed!"

## CHAPTER II.

"Is this the place, captain?"

The soldier whispered the question hoarsely to his leader, a handsome young nobleman, as they reached the foot of the city wall after having groped their way across the bit of spongy soil which just there intervened between the moat and the fortifications. They had managed to wade across the water, which was somewhat choked by water-plants and decaying vegetation, and now the rampart rose dark and frowning over their heads. Just where they stood a deep shadow was cast by the moonlight from the angle of the bastion and the tower above it; but elsewhere all was full of silvery misty light, almost more baffling than the darkness.

"Yes, this is the place. Crouch down, men, and be silent as death. Then, when I am on the wall, swarm up quickly. I will gag the girl, but mind, no one is to hurt her. Then follow me and we will seize the gate and let the others in. Hush, while I give the signal."

The young man gazed up at the lofty wall. All was perfectly silent; evidently the sentries had not detected their approach; probably they were asleep not dreaming even of danger of attack. Then he began to whistle softly a tune well known in those days.

As he gazed he saw a dark form appear, bending over the parapet.

"Is it you, Quentin?"

"Yes," he replied, in the same low voice.

"Jacqueline, my dearest, is all ready?"

Something struck his cap. It was the rope—a rope ladder for greater convenience—and he caught it joyfully. Two of his men held it firmly, and the young Walloon captain climbed it, active as a cat. Near the top a woman's hand was held out to aid him, and in a moment he was over the coping and disappeared from the sight of those below.

But they had no doubts, and one by one they swarmed up. A hand—but now it was

a man's hand—was stretched out to each in turn, which each took to be aid from the comrade gone before. But when the tenth soldier went up, he fancied he heard something like a struggle and a gasp. What was going on? He paused in his climbing, and called in a low voice—

"Is it all right?"

"Yes, yes," whispered someone. "Hush, don't make a noise! Come on, man!"

So they all came up the wall—fifteen Walloon troopers—and once over they found themselves changed to fifteen prisoners. For a dark cloak had been flung over each head, a wet wad stuffed into each mouth, and then arms and legs firmly tied; there they lay, gurgling and choking, and swearing as far as they were able, in the guard-house of the gate, instead of being its masters as they intended, and about to open to the battalion of Spanish troops who were waiting out there in the fog, watching for the signal that their comrades were successful.

Presently someone entered the guard-house with a lantern. The sixteen prisoners turned their eyes and saw a tall old man and a girl. The latter held the light and she stooped and gazed earnestly into each distorted face. When she reached the captain she paused.

"It is he, Burgomaster."

"Who?" he answered, stooping down also.

"It is Captain Maximilien van Artelmonde," she replied, "only son of General van Artelmonde, in command of the Walloon and Spanish troops now beleaguering our town."

The keen old eyes of the Burgomaster began to flash and gleam. Indeed, the maiden had redeemed her promise and given him a prisoner worth having. The only son of the General! Why, his father was said to love him so passionately, that it was believed he would give any ransom to save him from suffering or peril. The Burgomaster could have laughed aloud for very joy, but he kept a grave face, only chuckling down in his beard. "These women, these women; 'tis hard to be up to their tricks." But aloud he spoke courteously.

"I must apologise, Captain van Artelmonde," he said, "for this treatment, but I knew not we had to do with a man of your quality. Here, Jan, Dirck," he called to two of the burgher guard, "loosen these bonds and assist the gentleman to rise. I must entreat you to accept the hospitality of my poor house for the present," he went on. "May I beg of you to come with me?"

The captain stumbled to his feet and went with his captor silently, being perhaps too full of cholera for speech. The Burgomaster and Jacqueline accompanied him, but no more words were spoken till they three stood together in the room where Jacqueline had revealed her plot. It was she who spoke first.

"Where is Quentin?" she said, in a quivering voice—"where is he? And how got you the bird?"

"Quentin Alost," said the captain, and his

dark eyes gleamed with wrath, "is a prisoner in the camp yonder! Herronmonde has fallen, and there I got him and your white pigeon! But he will die to-morrow!" he added viciously.

Jacqueline gave a faint cry. "Die!" she faltered.

"Yes, die; that is certain," he answered, looking with a sort of grim pleasure at her horrorstruck face, "now that our enterprise has failed."

"Then," said the Burgomaster, and, as he spoke, he laid his hand reassuringly on the shoulder of the trembling girl, "if that is so—if Quentin Alost is to die—so must you and your fifteen troopers prepare for death!"

"I," the young man turned with a haughty stare—"I! Do you know who I am, old man? Do you put the life of a vile mechanic against that of a nobleman! You are talking folly, mynheer!"

"It is folly that has a stout cord at the end of it then, Captain van Artelmonde, I do rank the life of Quentin Alost at as high a value as yours and at higher. And whether you agree with me or not, if Quentin dies, so shall you be hung up on the ramparts where your friends can see the show. So prepare yourself."

The young noble looked hard at the Burgomaster. Did he mean what he said? There was plenty of resolution in the stern old face, and he knew these burghers had most strange ideas on points of rank. He glanced round the room. Was there any chance of escape? No—none. He was completely caught in the trap he had laid for others, and by a girl too, this minister's daughter, with whom he had fallen so foolishly in love that last summer at Ghent, when she had been staying with his lady aunt, who had taken a fancy to the handsome clever girl. He was full of rage and mortification; but still, life was sweet. His eyes rested wrathfully, yet full of passion, on Jacqueline who stood, leaning one hand on the table, her face white and set.

"Then if you would save the life of your boorish lover," he cried, nearly beside himself with spite and disappointment, "you must furnish me with a messenger to the General, my father!"

Jacqueline had a retort on her lips, but the Burgomaster checked her with a curious smile.

"Never mind his words," he remarked; "what he means is that he is willing to save his own life. Yes, sir, write"—he put ink and paper before him—"write as I direct, and I will find a messenger."

Gloomily the young captain obeyed.

"We have fallen into a trap," dictated the Burgomaster, "and are prisoners, and unless you send Quentin Alost safe and well into the city by noon I and the others must die on the gallows."

Here the captain paused.

"You will exchange me for this Quentin, then?"

"Ah, no, noble sir," replied the Burgomaster dryly; "oh, no! I would not do you so great an indignity as to value you alone against a vile mechanic, as you just now termed our friend. No, no—that is only a preliminary. I would beg you to resume your writing."

"The Burgomaster," he dictated, as the captain reluctantly took up the pen, "tells me that there is still food enough in the town to last them some time, but that they have none to spare for strangers, and that therefore unless you raise the siege very shortly I must starve."

The young man flung down the pen.

"I will not write it!" he cried.

"Content," said the Burgomaster; "then you hang to-morrow on the ramparts!"

The prisoner writhed in his chair. "It is too hard," he exclaimed; "you make me a craven and a traitor!"

"And what would you have made of me?" suddenly cried Jacqueline. "If I had not detected your vile trick, what would have been happening now?"

"You would have been safe," he said; "none would have hurt you. We should have been riding now to Antwerp to our wedding!"

"Our wedding—our wedding!" she exclaimed. "Do you think if I would not marry you before, that I would now? My friends would have been betrayed, my own people murdered, the town sacked and burnt, and instead of the quiet sleep that is now round us, the shrieks and screams of tortured, dying men and women. And you—you would have made me do this! Oh, you false, black-hearted traitor! If you had been a Spaniard one might have understood; but you have been bribed by foreign gold to betray your own country-people!"

"Hush, my daughter," interrupted the Burgomaster, "we waste time in these recriminations. Sir, will you write, or will you not? It is no use to remonstrate—you must write or die!"

He did write, and ere noon Quentin was safe in the Burgomaster's house. But what somewhat surprised the old magistrate was that the other conditions were also accepted without hesitation, and that that very night the Leaguer was broken up. Next day, however, when the vanguard of the Prince's army marched into the city, bringing news of a victory won over a large detachment of the Spanish force, he saw that it was possible the General had other motives for his action than the desire of saving his only son.

But the little town rejoiced greatly at its deliverance, for there were not many more sacks of flour left in the magazines, and even the rats were getting scarce, and when two months later Quentin and Jacqueline were married at the "Grootekirche," the burghers gave the bride a handsome dowry to prove that they felt she deserved well of the city.

## VARIETIES.

**THE RIGHT WAY TO WORK.**—Every nail driven faithfully, every room thoroughly swept, every detail performed to the best of our ability, is so much done, not only for to-day or to-morrow, but for all time; not only for our employer, or for those about us, but also for posterity.

**BE GOOD.**—Remember that no man or woman, even the humblest, can really be strong, pure and good without the world being the better for it—without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of this goodness.

**A COURAGEOUS GIRL.**—The girl whose yea is yea and her nay, nay, is, we all confess, the most courageous, whether or not she may be the most successful in daily life; and he who gave the precept has left us the most perfect example of how to live up to it.

### THE END.

"Various the roads of life; in one

All terminate, one lonely way:

We go; and 'Is she gone?'

Is all our best friends say."

W. S. Landor.

**REFORMATION IS NEEDED.**—One reason why the world is not reformed is because every girl would have other girls make a beginning and never thinks of herself.

### THE COLDS WERE CURED.

"Were those cough-drops beneficial?"

"They worked like a charm. They have such a horrible taste that the children have all stopped coughing."

**NECESSARY FOR FRIENDSHIP.**—Without steadiness of character in social life there can be no true friendship.

## HAND-MADE BUTTONS.

THE linen buttons which we buy so cheaply and can sew on so quickly are, we persuade ourselves, a wonderful convenience and a great saving of time. I believe, however, if we counted up the number of times a button has to be replaced upon the same article, we should conclude that they are not, after all, so economical of time as they appear to be.



Fig 1



Fig 2

The little metal frames upon which they are made seem to have a peculiar fancy for catching on wringers and mangles, and safe indeed we may consider ourselves when some of the material has not been wrenched away with the button, leaving us a hole to darn as well as a button to replace.

The old-fashioned buttons which our great-

grandmothers made had not this failing, for in my possession I have some pillow-cases, now frail after years of good service, upon which the original old-style buttons still remain, apparently as good as ever. These buttons are not tedious to make when you practise the work for a little while; and their cost is practically nothing, because they are generally made of small scraps of material, usually consigned to the rag-bag.

The illustrations show how these buttons are made. The material used for the model was flannelette, which is nice and soft to learn upon. Cut two rounds of it exactly the size of a penny; gather one of them evenly round the edge, leaving a margin of less than a quarter of an inch beyond the gathering, and draw it in until the edges meet in the centre. Pull the material into a neat little round, and fasten off the thread. Repeat the process with the second round, but do not break the thread. Place the two pieces together with the gathers inside; hold them between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and join them together the whole way round by button-holing them along the edges.

Linen buttons are made in much the same

manner, but the material being thinner the gathering should be pulled in closer, so that the margins may fill them up better, thus of course making the button somewhat smaller. Should the linen be of a light make, a little extra stuffing may be added by snipping up some small pieces of it, and slightly filling the two puckered up rounds; but it is a mistake to stuff them too much, or to make the buttons



Fig 3



Fig 4

very hard, as they are then troublesome to sew on, and, moreover, they do not wear so well.

Any ornamental work may be added to the upper side of the button, such as satin-stitch dots, if you wish it. When sewing on the buttons you should sew through them, as this prevents their being squeezed crooked in the wash. The buttons may be made larger or smaller, by cutting the rounds of different sizes.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN beginning a new year of "Answers to Correspondents" we should like to express our earnest wish to help all "our girls" in their aspirations, whether those lie in the direction of literary work on their own account, of improving their education, of increasing their knowledge of the world of literature, or of, in any way, reaching forward towards that life which affords higher pleasures than the life of sense.

For this purpose we invite our contributors to send us:—

1. Original compositions, in poetry or prose, for criticism.
2. Original music for criticism.
3. Questions of a literary character for solution, e.g., as to the authorship or whereabouts of a quotation, or the meaning of an obscure passage.
4. Any question regarding education, or the choice of a career, for our advice.
5. Requests for international correspondence; e.g., if a French girl wishes to exchange letters with an English girl, each writing for the sake of self-improvement, let her send us her request, with name and address. This international scheme may be developed so as to be a great help to girls of different countries who wish to familiarise themselves with other languages than their own.

No contributor need be ashamed to send a question because it seems too simple. If it is anything that interests and concerns her, that is sufficient title to our consideration. And on the other hand, we will endeavour to grapple with more abstruse and difficult matters to the best of our ability.

Questions can never be answered at once, but the answer is sure to come in due time, and we shall frame it with the interest and sympathy we feel for those who seek our help.

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

MADLINE J.—We have read the verses by your blind brother with much sympathy. "A poet" is a term of very high praise; but he certainly has some faculty for versification, and if it is any solace to him in his blindness you should encourage him to express his thoughts in this form.

ABBOTSFORD.—We have read your letter with very great sympathy and interest. The reviews you enclose are most encouraging, and you may well feel that literature is your chosen path in life. But your expectations of immediate and speedy success are evidently too rose-coloured. There is nothing for the young writer but the old rule, "Try, try, try again," and this in spite of disappointment. Perhaps your good reviews have made you too sanguine, or possibly you have overthrown yourself just for the present, and need a rest. As to your relations with your publisher, it is quite possible for a first book to be a success, as far as reviews are concerned, and yet not pay its way. You would certainly not "put the unsold copies of this book in any other publisher's hands." But we should advise you to persevere, not frittering your powers away too much in short stories, but writing another volume when you feel able to attempt to do so. It takes a long time to become known, and if you look at the slow patient work necessary in any other profession before success is achieved, you will see that it is unreasonable to expect in this one avocation to leap into fame at a bound, or indeed, to avoid some expenditure at the outset. In your place we should regard this first book as a venture, and not begrudge the money spent on it, for in all probability the favourable press opinions will help a second book to succeed in every way. We are sorry for the loss of your MS., but if you have the story in print, you could always in case of need have it re-issued at a future date. The one watchword for you is "work," mingled with good reading and judicious rest. We thank you for your kind words about THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER which you say you have taken from the first number. As a farewell we may quote to you the words of Addison:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it!"

ETHEL.—You have chosen a tremendously difficult subject for your poetic effort in "The Creation," and it is no wonder if your pen should falter before such a task. Here and there your rhymes are incorrect, e.g., "throne" and "dome." Your lines are occasionally halting as "During this seventh period;" and you should not use the same word to rhyme with itself, e.g., "power" in the "Sixth Day." We should not like to state confidently that you would never be able to "write real poetry," but we must warn you that it is a gift you cherish to very few. First of all, the rules of poetic form have to be grasped, and then there must be musical thought, to be musically expressed. We should advise you to attempt some simpler theme.

L. BOEKOW.—You inquired a little while ago for the address of the Excelsior Reading Club. Miss Hathway writes to say that the particulars of the Excelsior Literary Club can be obtained by sending a stamp to her at Anderson's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

P. VON V.—Your sonnet is superior to the majority of the poems sent us for criticism, but it would not be quite suitable for our columns. We cannot altogether understand the image embodied in the sestet, and though you may yourself know your meaning, the general reader would not clearly grasp it. The symbolism of the morning sunlight streaming over the cross on the altar is plain, and gracefully set forth; but then comes the thought of the reflection in men's lives of the Christian ideal, and the connection of this with the parable of the osetet is not evident. We should advise you to try again.

CURLY WIG.—Your verses are quite up to the average of those we receive, but we are sorry to say you could not hope to earn money by them. You have a good ear and the form of your verse is fairly correct, also your thoughts are pretty. We prefer "Only a Dowdrow" to the other poem. Certainly we think you might do much better "when you are older," and we will with pleasure criticise any stories you may send us.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—I. We are glad you have gained the prizes of which you speak. Your handwriting is legible, but you form your letters a little stiffly, especially your n's and m's. You should not write "Yours," but "Yours sincerely."—2. Your verses may perhaps pass muster as a hymn for a united meeting of Sunday school teachers, but they do not contain anything original, either in the way of thought or expression. Perhaps it is difficult on such a well-worn subject to say anything fresh.

SINCERUS.—You ask us how your lines compare with other productions sent to us by our readers. We can truthfully answer "very well indeed," and if we prepared a graduated scale of excellence, you would be near the top. Your lines on a "Shot Sea-Gull" do you credit, by reason of the feeling expressed in them—the determination

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

You have a good deal to learn as to form, and should, if you wish to write poetry, read as much as you can, and that of the best; but you evidently have an observing eye for the beauty of Nature, and a sympathetic heart.

NIGHT BEK.—We are sorry that we are unable to give the names of special firms to whom you could submit specimens of book illustration, but we should advise you to write for advice to the "Artist's Guild," Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. We go to press long before you receive your magazine, so can never reply at once.

SNAP-SHOT.—There are some humorous pieces suitable for recitation in the *American Reciter*, edited by Alfred H. Miles, and published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., price 6d. Do you know "The Bishop and the Caterpillar"? You could obtain the part of *The Boy's Own Paper*, in which it first appeared, from 56, Paternoster Row.





## GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

**ETANA (Change of Employment).**—You propose to give up the situation you now hold as book-keeper because the hours are long and you have to work all day with gas burning. Undoubtedly these are drawbacks, yet it always seems to us that to change employment is a course attended with great risk. We have known instances of women who have abandoned the work for which they had been trained, and have certainly not succeeded in bettering their position by such action. At the same time we admit that clerical work is not remunerative, nor is it always permanent in character. You may therefore be right to take the step you propose; only we advise you to give most careful consideration to the matter. You ask whether you should try for a post as stewardess. Yes, you might wisely do so if you have any friends in the shipping interest who would help you. Otherwise you incline to nursing, only that the training is lengthy. How would it suit you to take the short course necessary to qualify you for rural district nursing? You might possibly be trained at Sister Katherine's Nurses' Home, Plaistow, E. Nurses who have been trained by Sister Katherine usually obtain good employment. The Duchess of Sutherland, in particular, speaks in high terms of the value of their services in her own part of Scotland.

**E. C.**—The distressing circumstances you lay before us are not properly those with which we deal in this paper. Yet we would gladly help you in your difficulty. It would be the greatest pity to let our young brother drift into bad ways for want of proper direction in early life. His mental powers being so deficient, it is manifestly impossible, as you have found, to place him in any business. We think your idea of a country life is much the wisest. Have you thought of the Salvation Army Farm Colony at Halliwell, Essex? It might be well to write for particulars to the Army's Headquarters in Victoria Street. There are also the Colony for the Unemployed, Starnthwaite, near Kendal; the Farm Colony of the Christian Union of Social Service, Lingfield, East Grinstead (President, the Earl of Meath), and the Training Farm for the Unemployed, near Chesham, Bucks. The Church Army also has what is termed an Emigration Test Farm and Market Garden, at Ilford in Essex. Here young men labour in return for their board, and whatever they earn beyond that amount is placed to their credit and paid to them on leaving. None of these institutions exist specifically to meet such a case as the one you lay before us; but probably some exception could be made in his favour. Emigration, we think, ought not to be contemplated, as his character is evidently not strong enough for it.

**Bess (Children's Nurse).**—Girls obtain highly paid situations as nurses who have been trained at the Norland Institute, 20, Holland Park Avenue, W. You had better write to the Principal for all particulars.

**DOLLY (Artist).**—You describe yourself as being in "an awkward fix,"

because on the death of your father you find that you must "get a little money somehow or other." It is, however, the natural condition of life that every one should earn his or her bread, and it would be much better that you should earn yours fully than that you should be content to pick up a trifle now and then by the sale of painted tambourines and china vases. Evidently you possess some artistic taste which ought to be properly educated. Our advice is that you should pursue a thorough course of training in drawing, with a view to becoming an illustrator or a designer. This you could probably do by attending classes at the best technical institute or school of art in your neighbourhood. Another suggestion is to learn photography thoroughly, so that you can take a photograph completely. But do not be content with re-touching, an employment at which you can never earn good wages.

**RANJIT.**—You wish to earn money, but have never learnt a trade, and apparently hom-ties prevent you from learning one. We do not see how these difficulties are to be overcome. Of course, if your future is provided for, there is no necessity for you to learn a business, though, even then, you would probably be the happier for knowing one, as you seem to have much unoccupied time; but if the pecuniary outlook is at all uncertain, you ought certainly to be enabled to earn your living. It is not surprising to hear that you have advertised in vain, because, at present, you evidently have no trained services to offer.

**MARIEA (Educational).**—It is exceedingly difficult for English teachers without special qualifications to obtain situations in France. You might, however, apply to the Teachers' Guild, 74, Gower Street, W.C.; to the Girls' Friendly Society's Foreign Registry, 52, Sloane Street, S.W.; the Young Women's Christian Association, 25, George Street, Hanover Square, W.; or to the Anglo-French Guild, 41, Rue Gay Lussac, Paris, through which much useful information about employment in France can often be obtained.

**WEARY OF LONDON (Dressmaking).**—We believe that there are many towns in England where a dressmaker with London experience could build up a good business. We cannot well mention any by name, as to do so might defeat your purpose; but we advise you to make inquiries among friends living in tolerably large towns, especially in the north of England. It would be well to avoid season places, fashionable watering places, and such very large towns as Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Brighton and Newcastle-on-Tyne. You should aim at a town of from 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants.

**FLEMING (Training for a Teacher).**—You are quite right in thinking that you want more than your present qualifications to obtain a good footing in the educational world. In your case it would be best to prepare yourself privately for the Honour Certificate in the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. Write for particulars to Dr. J. N. Keynes, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. For this purpose you must take three of the Groups, as you will see specified in the rules. If, having obtained this certificate, you should be unable to go to one of the Universities, you might advisably take a course of special preparation at the Cambridge Training College for Teachers. This would be an immense help to you in your later career.

**LOVEDAY (Mission Nurse).**—Writeto Head Deaconess Gilmore, Deaconesses' Home, 83, North Side, Clapham Common, S.W., asking her whether you could be trained for the work you propose, under her direction; or you might apply to Sister Katherine, Nurses' Home, Howard's Road, Plaistow, E. At the latter you would obtain great experience of nursing the poor, especially women and children. At the Deaconesses' Home you would be initiated into religious missionary work.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A. LEES.**—There is a good demand at present for domestic servants (women) in both Canada and Australia, and at the Cape and Natal. A limited number of free passages are given for Western Australia, but none for any other colony. At the Cape assisted passages are only given to female domestic servants by special order of the Cape Government, if contracted to employers in the colony; and at Natal, if such are relatives of resident colonists, who must be nominated there.

**PERPLEXED.**—All invitations should be sent in the name of the mistress of the house, whether an invalid or not. If there be a husband their names are generally united in the invitation. The gentleman with whom you are conversing should take you down to supper, unless arranged otherwise by your hostess.

**LIVELONG.**—We cannot give you any advice, save to keep the plant till thoroughly dried before pressing it or putting it into your book. It is called "livelong," you know, from the fact that it takes so long to die. Perhaps you do not use enough pressure in drying.

**MARION** can obtain benzine for cleaning gloves for about fourpence a bottle at any ordinary oil-shop, we believe; or even by the half pint. There is nothing better, when carefully used.

**FAIRY QUEEN.**—The correct dress for a fairy queen would be white muslin or any thin material of the kind, with a scarf-like drapery. A gold star in the hair, and a wand, with a star on the top of it, which is held in the hand.

**MAY E.** had better purchase a small manual of instructions for doing crochet work, which can be obtained at any shop where fancy work is sold.

**VERA.**—We are much afraid that there is no cure for mildew spots in kid gloves, because the colour of the glove is injured or expelled. You could perhaps have them re-dyed, or you could try to dye them yourself with some of Judson's dyes.

**SERGEUS PAULUS.**—You must not show yourself either unkind or ungrateful to your relations. When you are eighteen you should take an opportunity of saying that, as you are not happy and they are not satisfied with your work you would like to find another home. Then tell them of that offered to you, and ask their consent. Be quite open.

**UTOPIA.**—We think you are making yourself anxious and unable for no reasonable cause. Strive to please and serve God, and commit all your ways and life to His care and guidance, and then you need fear no evil.

**L'ESPERANCE.**—You wish to obtain a recipe for producing a good figure, and with this no one could supply you. If you have recovered flesh and are in good health, our recommending any course of diet, and exercise or rest, would be unnecessary; and as to producing any merely local addition of flesh such as you desire, no doctor could accomplish that.