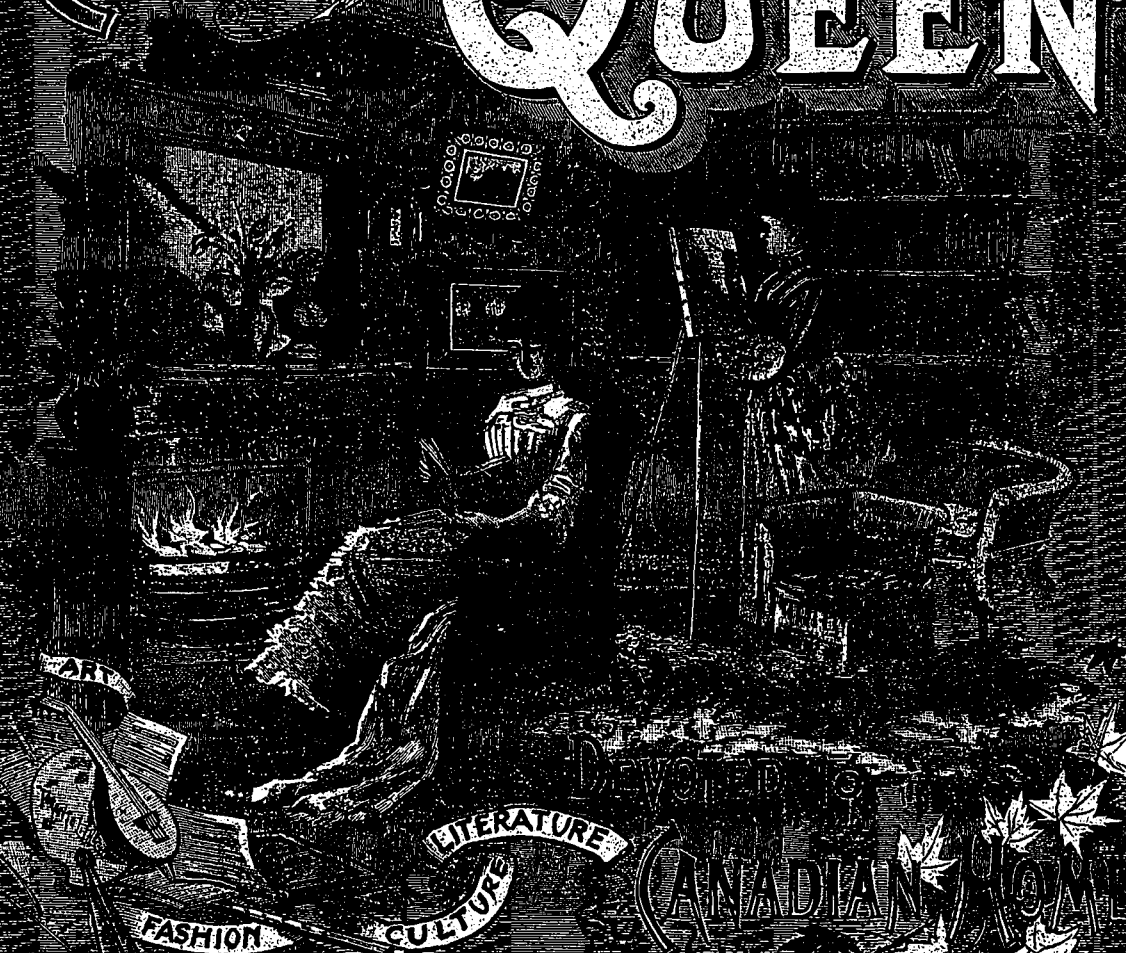


JULY 1891

# The Canadian QUEEN



ART  
FASHION

LITERATURE  
CULTURE

DEVOTED TO  
CANADIAN HOMES

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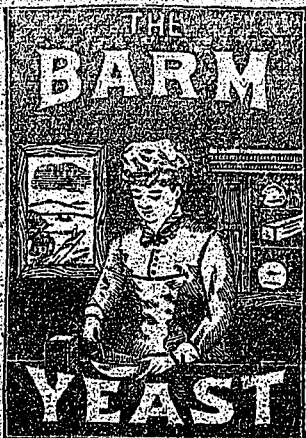
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## PRIZES FOR 1st CLASS:

To the **First** person sending the correct answers to the following questions in English History the Publishers of THE QUEEN will give a **Free Trip to Europe**. To the second person sending the correct answers will be given a Beautiful **Pony, Cart and Harness** (a complete rig valued at (\$250.00). To the third person sending the correct answers the Publishers of THE QUEEN will give either a **Safety Bicycle or Tricycle**, and to the fourth person sending the correct answers will be given a handsome **Gold Watch** (Lady's or Gentleman's). **ADDITIONAL PRIZES** in order of merit, Elegant Silk dress patterns, China dinner sets, Swiss music boxes, French mantel clocks, portiere curtains, etc., etc., etc.

## PRIZES FOR 2nd CLASS:

To the person from whom the **Last** correct answers are received before the close of this Competition will also be given **A Free Trip to Europe**. To the person from whom the next to the last correct answers are received will be given a fine **Saddle Pony**, (valued at \$150.00); to the second from the last will be given an elegant **Suite of Parlor Furniture**. **ADDITIONAL PRIZES** will be given in order of merit the same as in 1ST CLASS, but counting from the last received.

## PRIZES FOR 3rd CLASS:

All lists of answers are numbered as received, and the person sending the correct list of answers, which is the **Middle** one received in this Competition, will also be given **A Free Trip to Europe**; and to the person sending the correct answers which are received next *following* the middle one will be given a fine toned **Upright Piano** of one of the best manufactures, and to the person sending the correct answers which are received *preceding* the middle one will be given **One hundred Dollars in Cash**; and to the next twenty-five persons sending in correct answers *preceding* next to the middle one, and to the twenty-five persons sending in the correct answers *following* next to the middle one will be given useful and valuable prizes, ranging in value from \$10.00 to \$25.00, in order of merit.

**SPECIAL PRIZES**, ranging in value from \$10.00 to \$30.00, will be given DAILY during this Competition for the first correct answers received and opened at THE QUEEN offices upon that day.

## QUESTIONS:

- 1.—What great King reigned in England from 871 to 901, and did so much to promote learning and goodness amongst his subjects?
- 2.—What King was noted for his ruddy complexion and red hair?
- 3.—What important document did the Barons of England compel King John to sign June 15th, A.D. 1215?
- 4.—By what name is the Civil war of thirty years (1645-1648) between the Duke of York and Henry VI. known?
- 5.—What King established the National Church of England?
- 6.—What great Poet and Dramatist lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.?
- 7.—Who was it that turned Parliament out of doors in 1653, and became head of affairs under the title of Protector?
- 8.—What great event happened during the reign of George III. which was of special importance to the people of North America?
- 9.—In what battle was the power of Napoleon ended? Who was the British General in command?
- 10.—In what reign was slavery abolished in the British Dominions?
- 11.—Which much loved and respected Sovereign ascended the throne June 1837? Give chain of descent.
- 12.—In what war was the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" made?

Answers to the above questions must be accompanied by one dollar for one year's subscription to THE CANADIAN QUEEN. Present subscribers desiring to enter the Competition may enclose the address of some friend and \$1 in payment for THE QUEEN to that address for one year. Prizes awarded to residents of the United States will be sent from our American agency free of Customs duty.

The study of English History should interest every English speaking person on this Continent. If you are a little rusty, take down your old school History, study up and join THE QUEEN'S Prize History School.

The distribution of rewards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of the answers. Competitors can use their own language in wording their answers.

Answers may be mailed on or before August 10th, 1891, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time Competition is open, persons entering at any time have an equal opportunity with the first received. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed, unless another subscription to THE QUEEN is enclosed with corrections.

**Everyone answering all the questions correctly will receive a GOOD Prize.**

THE QUEEN has become famous by its liberal manner of conducting its Educational and Literary Competitions. Through these Competitions it has rapidly sprung into prominence, and on account of its many superior qualities as a Magazine, is to-day the acknowledged popular family publication of Canada. No fair-minded person can question the fairness of these Competitions after once investigating our manner of conducting them, and the impartial and conscientious awards which are made strictly with regard to merit, without partiality to persons or locality.

If you have never heard of THE QUEEN'S Prize Competitions, send two three-cent stamps and receive letters from persons in all parts of the United States and Canada who have received over \$20,000 in prizes from these Competitions.

Our English History Competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other Contest offered by THE QUEEN, and all communications concerning it must be addressed THE CANADIAN QUEEN, "ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION," 58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CAN.



**THE POET'S BRIDE.**

*(After the Painting by Conrad Kiesel.)*

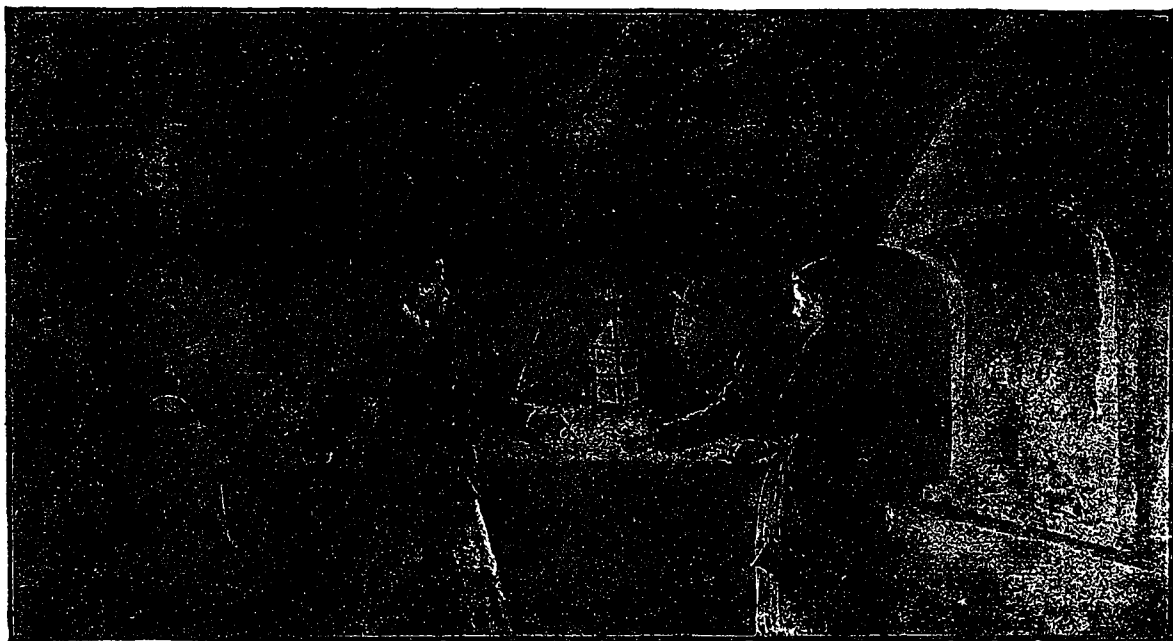


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VOL. IV.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY, 1891.

No. 1.



Written for THE QUEEN.

## EDLEEN VAUGHAN, OR PATHS OF PERIL.

By CARMEN SYLVA,

(HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA),

AUTHOR OF "THE WITCH'S CITADEL," "LEGENDS OF THE CARPATHIANS," "THOUGHTS OF A QUEEN," "ROUMANIAN FAIRY TALES," "OUT OF TWO WORLDS," &c., &c.

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I AND II.—Edleen Vaughan, wife of Harry Vaughan, is mother by a previous marriage of a son, wayward, careless, and extravagant, called Tom. He bothers her for money to maintain his extravagances, and she struggles to maintain him in his spendthrift habits. He visits her surreptitiously on the night of the opening of the story and obtains money from her. In a fit of peevishness he throws into the fire a costly doll belonging to one of his half-sisters. Minnie and Winnie, the little daughters of Vaughan, are sadly shocked at the disappearance of the doll next morning and confide in Kathleen, the governess. Winnie is of opinion that it is all Tom's doings. Angry at Tom's conduct Mr. Vaughan forbids him to sit down with the family at dinner. He leaves the house, and in the secret presence of the governess, Kathleen, whom he professes to love, he declares his passion for another village beauty, Temorah. She tells him that her mother, on her death-bed warned her against him, but ultimately he overcomes all her objections, and she takes him into her house. Kathleen in her anger, cuts deeply the word "Tom" on the wooden cross that is placed on the grave of Temorah's mother.

"NINE!" cried Tom, as he dashed the dice on the table. "Nine! I've got most! Another glass of whiskey, fairest Ginevra, joy of my soul, pearl of Glanberris, queen of the taverns from Carnarvon to Cardigan. And another glass, sweetheart. And another, gem in my beggar-crown. There's money for you, and a splendid ring which I slipped from mother's finger. Look at that stone. It came from the brow of an Indian god. My father captured it. He rushed into the temple, with the Hindoos after him; he slew all that

came in his way ; the temple was steeped in blood. My father flew up to the idol, dashed it to the ground and wrenched the stone out of its forehead——”

“What with?” asked one of the men standing or sitting around the table, on which a single lantern was burning. They did not know how picturesque they looked in that uncertain light, with the heavy tobacco smoke wreathing about their stalwart forms and well-cut, weather-hardened faces, these giants of the hills, who reft the earth's womb of its hoarded treasures. Their hostess, Ginevra, looked as sturdy as they. Tall and straight in her black attire, with her shadow reaching to the smoke-stained ceiling, she seemed in no hurry to take the sparkling jewel which Tom held out to her—whether from a feeling of dignity, or from ignorance of its value, was not legible on her fresh young face.

“Ah yes, my father was a hero,” continued Tom, ignoring the interruption. “Not one of your shabby misers who think of nothing but gain, and turn every farthing to account. That's why he came by such treasures.”

“Queer that they didn't make him richer,” said another.

“He was like me,” cried Tom : “sharing all he had—giving all who asked. He could never keep anything to himself.”

“Twelve!” cried a third huskily, casting the dice anew. “Hand over!”

“Here my lad!” And Tom threw the silver across to him.

“With what did he break the stone out?” repeated the first speaker.

“With his sword, of course. Fairest Ginevra! what will your hand say to such splendour?”

“Stones pass through our hands ; but they don't stick to them,” said one of the misers.

“It's valuable,” opined another.

“Valuable!” cried Tom ; “it's worth a fortune. I'm a great deal richer with it than my step-father is with all his money, and I give it away for a glass of whiskey. That's my way!”

Just as he was about to drop the ring into the hostess's hand, another hand, large and powerful, with thick veins and knotty fingers, intercepted it, and a deep voice said :

“Nay, my lad, this ring is not yours to give. It comes from my master's mother, old Mrs. Vaughan. It has nothing to do with your father's heroism. I shall ask your mother whether she is willing you should have that ring.”

Tom sat still for a moment, stunned with surprise. Then he saw the intent, questioning faces around him, and started up.

“Since when does your power extend to my mother's property?” he demanded, insolently.

“Ever since she has been under my master's protection and receives everything at his hands.”

Tom stepped behind the chair of one of the men, away from the light.

“And since then you weigh the bread she eats, the money her clothing costs, the price of her beauty!”

The foreman calmly lifted the lantern to his face.

“No,” he replied ; “hitherto I have only weighed her son, and found him too light in the balance. It's no use trying to hide from me. I see the dice, I see the money, and the flushed faces. As to your speeches, I know them already ; they are all alike. Now mind you ; if you teach my master's workmen your ways, you'll get into trouble with me !”

“I do them no harm.”

“Don't you though? And who talked about Mr. Vaughan's avarice and other people's generosity?”

“I spoke truth. I am frank by nature and can't help saying what I think. Maybe it's your doing that I think so ill of Mr. Vaughan.”

The other's veins began to swell in his forehead, and his bushy grey eyebrows lowered so threateningly, as his eyes, hard and clear as sapphires, riveted themselves on the young fellow before him, that the latter looked down and bit his lip in silence.

“If it is my doing,” said the old man, and the lantern trembled in his hand, “you are most imprudent to brave old Owen. If I cannot spare your mother's feelings, the fault is yours, you vagrant, and I have no pity with you. There is but one way for me, the straight way, which I have followed all my life.”

The foreman's voice was deep and hardly over-loud ; and yet the walls rang with it, while the ceiling seemed to tremble in the flickering light of the lantern. Old as he was, he towered high above the others. Tom looked like a reed bending before the storm by his side.

Nobody spoke. Owen held the lantern awhile in Tom's livid face, looking steadily at him. Then he set it on the table, and left the room with heavy, sounding steps, banging the door so violently behind him that the wall shook.

When he was gone, Tom lifted his head and showed his white teeth ; but his smile did not look genuine.

“Well, lads, now that old screech owl is off, we'll drink and be merry as long as I've a penny left in my pockets. I mean to go to Australia to seek my fortune. Who'll go with me?”

But it was as if a cold mist had suddenly drifted into the room, and dimly separated the late comers from each other. One by one they took their caps and stole away.

Tom tried to make a parting sensation by calling out : “Fairest Ginevra ! I beg a couch for this night and a crust of bread. My step-father has driven me from house and home. I know not where to turn.”

The effect of his speech was somewhat lessened, however, by the young gentleman's being seen riding Mr. Vaughan's best cob so madly over hill and dale on the following morning, as if he wanted to shatter the noble creature's limbs. And such was really his desire. But the horse was cleverer than its rider for the once, and got home safe and sound.

On that same morning, Mrs. Vaughan sat in her drawing-room, burning-red, with the fatal ring in her hand, covering before old Owen's flashing eyes.

“If you had allowed me to horsewhip your son, I should not have to tell you to-day that he'll come to the gallows. My master does not want to pain you. But if you go on in this way nobody will be able to spare you the end.”

Edleen clasped her delicate hands convulsively, and moved her dry lips. She felt dazed and suffocated under the fire of the old man's eyes. She did not even dare to cry.

“I know that my child and I have always been looked upon as intruders in the house,” she said, at last, trying to steady her quivering voice.

“Our master was free to marry again, and we had no business to look upon anyone as an intruder whom he chose to receive into his house. Our business lies solely with the property he acquired by hard labor, and which we are bound to protect.”

“How can you make such an ado about a few pounds?”

“The amount does not signify. It will be a question of many pounds by-and-bye, and then you will entreat old Owen, on your knees, to save your child, and it will be too late.”

“But is he so dreadfully bad?”

The old man compressed his lips at the child-like simplicity of that question.

"My dear mistress," he said, slowly. "Pray lay your hand in mine, and promise me solemnly to be firm to your son, to give him no more money, but to send him to me whenever he wants any. Promise me! I want you to be firm in spite of yourself."

Edleen hesitatingly placed her slight hand in his strong, steady grasp.

"I have your promise," he said. "I think I deserve to be trusted a little, for I have never thought of myself all my long life, but of my old master and his son, and his son's children; I have shared good and evil days with them, and God knows I want the good ones to gain the upperhand now, and to smooth my master's troubled brow again."

"I regret that my son and I cannot return to our old poverty, and blot out every trace of our lives here," said Edleen bitterly.

"And I am sorry that I cannot make you strong and firm, and that you are angry instead of trusting me."

"Nay, I trust you blindly, dear Owen; you know that. You are the pillar of our house."

"Please don't. Words are nothing to me. The instant I have turned my back, your son stands where I have stood and mocks me, and you laugh and give him whatever he asks. He deserves the horsewhip. Instead of making fine speeches, you should have said to me long ago: 'Owen, take my boy in hand and make a man of him.'"

"I could not have done that. I wrestled with death for him at one time; I nursed him like a flower; it was a miracle that he lived."

"And you let his soul drift to perdition. No, my idea of a mother's love is different."

"You cannot understand a mother's love, dear Owen."

"Evidently not."

"It has no bounds."

"No."

"It is a passion that verges on sin."

"And on crime. And warnings are powerless against it." He turned to go. "But I have your sacred word. A word is stronger than everything, after all."

"Yes, it is sacred, sacred indeed!"

Owen had hardly left the room, when Tom had slipped in from the terrace, where he had been eavesdropping for some time.

"Of course it is sacred, you old pharisee, you hypocrite! Who knows, what he steals himself! They say he has two houses in London."

"Oh, Toin!"

"Fact, mother. I know those upright people well, they're a horrid set. Mother, dear mother, give me a little money."

"Again! I dare not."

"Ha, ha, ha! You dare not. Why, what harm can the old screech-owl do you, if you give me a little? I want it so badly. You can't stand by and see your child disgraced? Mother, dear little mother!" He flung both his arms around her waist.

"There, now she is in my power. No promise stands against violence. How they have frightened my poor little mother! she trembles like a startled birdie; her little heart flutters. Nasty old kite! Did you see his claws? such crooked, money-clutching claws! Fie, mother! into what a grasping set we have drifted! And you'll see, my sisters are of the same stock. We two shall never find sympathy or comfort amongst them, and must struggle on through life by ourselves. My poor, sweet mother!"

She listened to his honeyed speech as the roe does to the decoy-whistle, and it was not long before she unlocked the fatal cash-

box again. She fancied her hands must blush as she did so, white though they were.

She felt the degradation of breaking her promise and of not defending old Owen against her son's shameful calumnies; but she detested the old man, and would gladly have believed in his dishonesty in order to have a right to hate him. Tom had long gone off with his booty, and she still stood with a blank look in her eyes, unconsciously twisting the recovered ring between her fingers and wiping it in her handkerchief, as if to efface the touch of unclean hands upon the gold.

She felt herself gliding down a slope which would end in a terrible precipice by-and-bye; only she did not know exactly where the fatal abyss lay.

"Mamma, mamma! papa says we're going to the Vicar's! We're going to the Gwynnes! Make haste, mamma!" cried the children, rushing into the room and pulling their mother by hands and skirts to hasten her preparations for the drive.

"Well, where is Kathleen?"

"Oh, she's dressing already. She's putting on her hat."

"Come, mamma! Come, mamma! The carriage'll be here directly. Come, mamma!"

Going to the Vicar's was always a treat for the children, and to Edleen's heavy heart the idea of a long drive and a visit at that peaceful house was very soothing. She hoped to find repose for her troubled mind.

Vaughan was grave and silent in his carriage-corner; his wife did not care to speak, and Kathleen had grown strangely apathetic and taciturn of late; but the children were brimming over with joyous talk about the fallow deer in the park, the sparkling meadows, and the mountain river rushing on its headlong course in primitive savageness, disdainful of the cultivation which surrounded it. The wheels rolled on smoothly and noiselessly through the lovely country; no sound stirred but the even trotting of the horses. They passed the miners' villages, where the women hurried to their thresholds to smile and curtsy. Vaughan was extremely popular with the country people, and the beauty and glowing happiness in that carriage were a pleasant sight to all. Many a brow cleared, and the faith in earthly felicity revived in many a heart as they drove by.

At length they turned into the fine centennial park which hid the ancient gothic vicarage building in its hoary depths. Under the arches of the grand old trees the horses' tramp sounded hollow as in a vaulted hall.

A couple of fine, shaggy dogs rushed to meet them, barking and fawning; the peacocks half-furled their tails and retreated with discordant cries. The warm sunlight glittered on the high bow-windows, and played mischievously among the dense, dark ivy, clinging with giant arms about the time-worn masonry. Three children, two girls and a boy, ran joyously across the lawn to welcome their little friends in the carriage. Their hair was cut in straight fringes over their eyes, and floated down in long curls behind. They were so alike, as though they had all three been painted by an artist who would draw but once upon his imagination for the gold of their hair, the brilliancy of their eyes, and the bright chubbiness of their cheeks. They were glowing with health, and Edleen winced at the frail appearance of her own children beside this giant race. The dogs immediately pushed their black noses in Winnie and Minnie's faces; one of them even knocked Minnie down, jumped on her with his forefeet, and finally crouched by her, beating the ground with his shaggy tail. The children's pealing laughter at this scene caused quick steps to approach from the hall. Two beautiful girls, tall and slender like young poplar-trees, with

crowns of fair plaits above their soft, flower-like faces, flew to embrace Edleen and her cousin, and lifted the little girls high in their arms, to whirl round with them and kiss them breathless.

"How strong you are, Una," said Vaughan admiringly to the eldest.

"And how you have grown, Gladys!" said Edleen.

"Too much, a great deal too much! Father is getting all the ceilings raised on account of my height!"

This speech excited great merriment as they entered the summer-hall, which was about as lofty as a church.

At that moment three horsemen rode up to the porch, sprang lightly from their saddles, and came in with glad greetings. The eldest was quite a man already, the others were boys, but all three were fresh as morning, and healthy as a sea-breeze.

Presently the mother of the family came in, carrying a little one on either arm, the sweetest twins you could have found in all the gardens of fairy-land. Lilly and Lotty could hardly be known from each other, and had such immense eyes, as though the whole sky had got into them somehow. The mother was a very handsome woman; there was no shade of weariness in her calm, classic face, her harmonious air and manner conveyed an idea of fragrance, as of a lime-tree in full bloom. Had anyone asked you whether she was beautiful, you would have replied: "Of course she is!" and yet you would not have known exactly what made her so, until you had seen the man who was just emerging from his library, attracted by the sound of so many merry voices. Then you would have known why Mrs. Gwynne was beautiful. If the room had been bright before, it grew quite radiant now with the light of the Vicar's magnificent eyes. His tall form, his noble features and mild kindly mouth touched one's heart before one knew him. A gentle warmth radiated from him, as though he were a centre of light and heat. His children obeyed him with unquestioning devotion. His wife had no thought but of him. The poor crowded to him; the sinful kissed the marks of his feet; and all distrusted the few who shunned him, as hopelessly wicked and lost.

It was a sunny home, indeed, which so hospitably received the weary wanderers.

"How happy they are," thought Mrs. Vaughan, gazing at the promising lads, the eldest of whom was speaking eagerly to Kathleen at a bow-window, their dark heads set off by the sunlit foliage beyond.

"You are sad, Kathleen. What ails you?" asked the young man, stealing an anxious look under the dark lashes which rested so obstinately upon her cheek. "I cannot bear to see you sad, Kathleen; you know I cannot. Do not rend my heart, but tell me what ails you."

Kathleen slowly lifted her lids and looked past him out of the window. She thought how foolish she was to reject the strong love of an excellent man and to set her heart upon a scamp. But alas! the most perfect good sense is powerless against a foolish little heart, bent on its own obstinate, unworthy course.

"Don't ask me, Morgan, it will pass."

The twins were toddling hand in hand across the hall, extremely grave about accomplishing so lengthily a journey, and the elder children escorted them in ecstasies of delight, keeping off the dogs who were evidently anxious to knock them down. Una came after, bending over them with outstretched hands; while Gladys was making the tea and heating the plates with wonderfully thin slices of bread and butter.

The grown up people were busy talking about the miners, and what ought to be done to promote their interests, so absorbed in a subject they all had greatly at heart, that they

did not hear the noise the children were making. The tea-kettle hummed pleasantly the while, and the fallow-deer came to the windows, petitioning for their daily meal with somewhat impudent faces; their lengthened shadows fell gracefully across the emerald-green lawn, and the birds in the trees strained their voices in emulation of the boisterous children. The boys caught hold of the dogs, and called the peacocks to be fed. There were also guinea-pigs, young rabbits, and kittens, and a tiny bernardine puppy, with fluffy hair all over his body, looking like a ball of wool, who had a kitten for his playfellow, and kept setting his clumsy black paw upon it. The kitten lay flat on her back and boxed his ears, which did not hurt him exactly, but surprised him into looking so excessively stupid, that the children shouted with laughter. The twins grew frightened at the din, and would have cried but for their sisters quickly putting the rabbits in their laps, when they pulled the little creatures tails instead, puzzled why they would not get as long as those of the dogs and cats. The children remarked that Lilly and Lotty looked quite as stolidly surprised as the bernardine puppy, and this observation elicited another shout of merriment, and set the youngest boy rolling on the ground and kicking up his legs, to the dismay of his sisters.

Unhappily the pleasantest time comes to an end at last, and so did that visit at the Vicar's.

The inmates of the returning carriage were not particularly desirous of taking up the heavy hearts again, which they had left by the roadside when they went in for a little enjoyment. Minnie and Winnie were thinking how the Vicarage children loved to say "Mamma," and were not at all afraid of her, and how much kinder Una and Gladys were than Kathleen. Vaughan mused that he had no son to bear his name creditably after him. Edleen felt a flood of envy and bitterness sweeping through her heart, and Kathleen longed to die.

Thus they drove on in silence, and the people came to their thresholds again, and thought them happy.

Not so the family at the Vicarage. The young girls and Morgan discussed Kathleen's flagging spirits; and their parents remarked that Tom would bring his mother and stepfather into their graves.

"You cannot think what a life he is leading!" said the Vicar. "And I fear his parents know or suspect it. They look so careworn and so cold to each other. I am sorry one cannot help them. They might be so happy."

"If Edleen would be firmer."

"Ah, if! That's just it. But it is easy to talk. Who knows the cause of her weakness? We should pardon her if we knew."

"Poor thing!"

"Ah, poor, indeed! She will suffer the tortures of hell on this earth, and will feel that she has incurred them of her own accord."

"She rested here."

"Do you think so, love? I fear she suffered terribly in seeing our sunny children."

When the carriage stopped at the park gate till it should be opened, Tom was seen leaning against his foaming horse. He was evidently in conversation with somebody; a woman, who glided swiftly behind the trees, but not before Kathleen had recognised her.

Tom showed no embarrassment as he came up to the carriage.

"You've been to the Gwynne's. Got nicely bored, didn't you? I want to break that horse, but he grows only more restive when he gets hot. His veins are ready to burst, and



when you tickle him he goes mad." The light touch of his whip made the animal plunge furiously.

"Must you needs spoil him?" quietly demanded Vaughan.

"Tom, it is not your own!" cried Edleen, the hot blood flooding her cheeks and throat.

The horses moved on. Tom turned to follow the woman among the trees, and Kathleen saw him go.

"And I broke my word to-day," thought Mrs. Vaughan.

"Maggie," cried the children to their old nurse. "Here's news for you. The Gwynnes are going to order twins for us, too; but little boys. We want to have twins like them. They've given us two little rabbits to begin with; look at the sweet little dears; but the twins will soon be here themselves, quite surely. No, don't laugh, Maggie, the Gwynnes can do anything. They had ordered twins for themselves and they got them. So you see, Maggie."

"We're not so rich as they; we can't have things so easily."

"We *can* have twins, Maggie! They don't cost much, except in the way of clothes, and we'll give them some of our own. Yes, indeed, Maggie! See if we don't get those twins, one for each of us."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Who was that girl in the carriage?" asked Temorah, as she stood by the park gate.

"Nobody! it's no concern of yours who she was!" said Tom, impatiently, still incensing the horse with his whip and again restraining it with his muscular hand and green eyes, of which it evidently stood in dread.

"It does concern me," returned Temorah, between her teeth, "for she loves you; she loves you so madly that she would kill you rather than resign you to another woman."

"Nonsense."

"Take care; she knows something for which she will revenge herself. I saw it in her face."

"Temorah, I'm not afraid of the devil himself; but when your eyes grow fixed and your lashes begin to glitter in that uncanny way of yours, my flesh creeps. I don't like your fashions. Altogether, what are you doing here?"

"I was waiting for you, because I knew you would come this way."

"Pooch, I didn't know that myself."

"Perhaps not, but I did. I also knew I should see a woman who loves you, and now I have seen her, and her ice-cold eyes have not killed me. She has ice-cold eyes under her black lashes. Ugh! They make me shudder."

Tom laughed aloud, "why you're strong enough to carry her up Snowdon in one hand."

"But Snowdon can bury us both in his snow."

"You bore me!"

Temorah put her hand to her heart and turned ghastly pale, as she leaned against a beech-tree.

"What's the matter now?" asked Tom, roughly.

"Tom, Tom. Lay your hand on my heart. My heart is beating still. Tom, I cannot bear it. Tom, Tom, I *am* so wretched."

He sprang lithely on his horse. "If you blubber, I'm off. I detest that sort of thing. You wanted my love and you've had it."

The horse started at a furious gallop, and disappeared among the trees.

Temorah stood still, great heavy tears gathering on her lashes and slowly falling to the ground, as the rain drops from the leaves after a thunder-storm, whilst her lips quivered with bitter, suppressed grief. Then she drew herself up as though she would raise her soul and body in one effort, and passed away with long, elastic steps.

The magnificent scenes through which she sped possessed

no charms for her; she thought only of her lonely cottage on the mountain-side, and of the bolt inside her door, and of how she would be alone in there, quite alone, with that bolt drawn between herself and the world.

She passed through a narrow ravine along a clear mountain brook. The rocks on either hand admitted sufficient light for the growth of flowers everywhere, and blooming creepers hung down from above, brushing her high hat, and dropping their sweet yellow farina upon it; but she saw and felt nothing.

At last her weary feet reached the green forest-dale in which her cottage lay, with its dark slate roof, its white shutters, its clusters of rose and honey-suckle. It looked

a place of all others to be happy in. And she had been happy there before her parents' death, so happy that her laugh had been a proverb with the miners.

She entered the little kitchen, with its immense chimney, where the pewter and earthenware shone with cleanliness. She opened a low brown door, and stepped into her room, whose wainscot was blackened with age, except where the frequent touch of hand or duster had polished it to a bright golden hue. A kind of cupboard door stood ajar to let the air in upon the large bed in the recess behind it. She opened a second door in the wainscot and stowed away her hat and cloak. Then she dropped into a great old wooden easy chair by the window, folded her hands on her knees, and began to think. She sat there like a carved image, motionless, measuring the abyss yawning before her, and the way she would have to go. To her strong nature the thought of ending life and its tortures did not



"YOU ARE SAD, KATHLEEN. WHAT AILS YOU?"

present itself for a single moment; she merely considered how she could hide from every eye what concerned herself alone. Thus she sat. The spinning-wheel stood still and looked at her in wonder. The clumsy old clock with its painted face, ticked monotonously, quietly, slowly, like a step that never reaches its goal, however many milestones it leaves behind it, however many generations it pass by, however many tears it treads into the dust.

The roses peeped and nodded in at the window, trying to reach the light-brown head they loved to fondle; but Temorah sat motionless, lost in thought. The dusk had gathered, and still no tiny, blue column of smoke rose from Temorah's cottage. She did not care whether hunger had had any part in the dismal gnawing at her heart. Her teeth were set as if she would never unlock them again; her fixed eyes saw nothing but Tom vaulting on his horse—Tom, with his pretty face and impatiently glittering eyes, with the cruel words, "You've had it!" on his thin lips, and with his slender back, as he rode away without looking round.

The night closed in. The flowers outside the cottage wrapped themselves in shadows; only Temorah's white face showed against the dark background still.

A footfall grew audible on the narrow pathway. The blood swept tumultuously to Temorah's heart, to her lips and cheeks. But her quick ear soon told her that the step on the gravel and the hand on the door-latch were not his.

"No one here?" demanded a deep, melodious voice in the empty kitchen. "No fire and no smoke? No smile to welcome the old man?"

Temorah hastily struck a light and appeared in the doorway, fair and grave; her face had grown too serious to smile during the last hours. The candle-light fell on a tall man in a wide cloak, with white, flowing beard reaching down to his belt, white locks waving about his head, and blue, thoughtful, unfathomable eyes beneath his hoary brows. He bore a carefully covered harp on his back.

"Ah, Llewellyn," said Temorah; her voice sounded hoarse, as though she had not spoken for years.

"What has happened here during my absence?" asked the old man. "Where is Temorah, who used to fly into my arms, to sit on my knees and coax the song from my lips?"

At these questions Temorah's strength gave way. She laid her head against the dark doorway and wept distressfully. The old man slid the harp from his shoulder, took the candle from her and set it on the sideboard, where the old pewter dishes grew vivid with its reflections, lit the fire on the hearth, and searched the cupboard for some cordial, which he held to the poor girl's lips; she did not try to interfere with his intentions. His tall form threw great, wavering shadows across the room, as he bent and rose again, while Temorah sobbed on, clinging to the doorpost to keep herself from falling down in her agony.

"My mother is dead," she said at last.

The great eyes rested on her, and a very slight shake of the white head said: "That is not all!"

If minstrels were not keen-sighted, they would find no thrilling lays; they must see the chords they stir; they must see the human heart.

Llewellyn's lips moved slowly as he gazed at the weeping girl; he saw what none might see. His eyes grew dim. He turned away and busied himself with the fire, on which the kettle was beginning to hum.

"Nothing is so bad in times of great sorrow as fasting," he said, at length; "and I am not accustomed to eat alone. People break bread with me wherever I go."

Then Temorah remembered how inhospitably she had received the general favorite; she dashed her tears away and began to cut bread.

"That's right," said the old man; "then I can rest a little. I am tired." He sat down on the bench against the wall and rubbed his knees.

"I am not always so unmindful and inhospitable, dear Llewellyn. I was only so overcome at seeing you, my only friend!" Her lips trembled anew.

"Well, I came in good time to help you to some supper. A long day makes one hungry, and one must eat, be one ever so sad. I have known sorrow make people very hungry, for it consumes their strength."

He watched her eating, and saw the rich, steaming milk bring something like color back to her cheeks.

"The housewives like my coming, because they find me handy at the hearth. I am no such dreamer as people think."

Temorah smiled. "You are perfect in everything, Llewellyn. And if the sun had not just set, I should fancy it rising this minute."

"Just set is saying rather too much for it. The night has long closed in. But as I saw the shutters still open and a white face at the window, I knew I might enter, late as it was."

"Late or early, you were always——" began Temorah, and broke off in great confusion.

"Ay, ay," said the old man, seeing her embarrassment. "I always know when and where to enter; my star shows me the right hour and road."

"Oh, how true—how true! You came indeed at the right hour!"

"To light the fire," said he, cheerfully.

And Temorah was fain to smile.

He knew that a sore heart and troubled mind are soothed by speech, and that there are sorrows which one can always unfold. So he made Temorah tell him all about her mother's death, down to the most insignificant word she had spoken and which had gained importance in the daughter's eyes. She wept a little and smiled between, and talked herself calm, and while thus speaking to her old friend, she felt as if her life were not quite so impossible after all, and as if she, who had borne so much already, would have fortitude to bear even greater sorrow now. By-and-bye, when Llewellyn began to tell of his wanderings, she could listen quite as attentively as she had done in her gladsome childish days, when she had coaxed the stories from his lips. And when he turned to his harp at last, her heart trembled with joy. She leaned her head against the wall, and suffered her tears to flow freely whilst Llewellyn sang. The harp had three rows of chords, so that the minstrel's fingers had to pass between the upper ones to reach those within; the effect was marvellous, the sweet full sound charming every music-loving ear.

The tear-drop fell among the corn,  
When it was young and green.  
My love, take heed and go not by;  
That tear was shed for thee.  
Then stay thy feet, beloved love,  
And gather my tear from the bright young corn,  
And bear it away with thee.—  
Oh, woe is me, my heart is dead,  
Since I have wept that fatal tear,  
The tear which fell among the corn,  
When it was young and green.

He had three goodly sons, I trow,  
The grand old man with hair of snow,  
But now no son hath he;  
One boy he bred to till the soil,  
One, in the mountain's heart to toil,  
And one to brave the sea.

The mountain's heart is stern and drear,  
It made the youth a brazen bier.  
The sea is fierce and deep,  
She wrapped her prey in billows wild.  
And mother Earth, she hushed her child  
Upon her breast to sleep

Mother, the dead will awake as I weep,  
Mother, he'll wake at my woe.  
Go to him, mother, and sing him to sleep.  
Mother, he never must know.  
Mother, the dead will awake at my moans,  
Mother, have pity on me.  
Tell him it is but the surf on the stones,  
Tell him it is but the sea.

She went to the beach at break of day,  
To see the ship go down :—  
Ye sailors all, in this hour of dread,  
Ye lovers plighted, or husbands wed !  
Will none prefer my smile so gay  
Unto the ocean's frown ?  
I cast my heart upon the gale—  
Now grasp it he who may !  
I stretch my hands across the foam—  
Will no one cheer my lonely home ?  
Will no one tell a true-love tale,  
When all is swept away ?

Llewellyn knew the power of his music; he knew that his strains soothed many a heart and lulled many a weary watcher to sleep. He had no need to express pity in his words, for his sympathy was like a warm spring in which the sufferer bathes and heals his wounded limbs; the spring does not speak, it only flows soothingly over the sores.

Thus the two sat singing and talking all the night. When the early dawn steeped the cottage in pale grey light, Temorah started up.

"But you have not rested, Llewellyn!" and she hastily prepared a couch for him in the kitchen, with the bedding her mother had spun and filled; then she closed the shutters and sought her own pillow; but refreshing as her slumbers were, they left her cheeks pale and her eyes dark and sunken.

In the morning light she appeared more pale and sad to the old man than he liked to see her. He took leave of her with a heavy heart, promising to come again before long. She stood on the threshold in the rosy dawn, surrounded by her flowers. The dew lay like hoar-frost on the dark slate-roof, and glittered brightly in the first sunray.

"Oh, that I could go with you!" said Temorah. She longed to clasp him in her arms as of old. But she did not dare.

He laid his hand on her head: "God keep you, my poor child! Take courage! A time comes when one has grown quite old, and all the wrong one has ever done or suffered is forgiven."

He turned and strode away with long steps, as though he had wings under his cloak and age had no power over him.

Temorah's lips had turned white. She stood a long time looking after him, and thought that he had guessed her pitiful secret, and yet he had not cast her from him in disdain. But the others? What would the others do?

She resolved to work with redoubled industry to lay by some means of sustenance against the time when she would have to hide from all the world. She would confide in none, and none would feel sufficient interest in her to seek her confidence.

All this she told herself with unflinching courage, while she dressed to go to her work. Her hat threw a still deeper shadow on her handsome eyes, but the quick walk through the morning air restored the color to her cheeks.

Passing through a forest-glade, she would have culled some flowers to put in her bodice, when she perceived a man lying prostrate on the grass. She approached him wonderingly, and recognised Tom, with burning cheeks and clammy brow, muttering incoherently. "Kathleen—you are handsomer after all—ay—handsomer—than the Welshwoman. Kathleen—you love—love me—she said so—you—love—" his words grew unintelligible.



SHE SUFFERED HER TEARS TO FLOW FREELY WHILST LLEWELLYN SANG.

Temorah drew herself up. An expression of unbounded scorn played about her lips, and her face grew hard as stone. Her love seemed to her like the tide, ebbing away and leaving nought but naked rocks and lustreless shingle behind. She had stretched out her hand for a sheaf of golden wheat, and she held empty straws in her hand. The idol of her heart, her proud, daring Tom—he lay before her, heavily drunk, and betrayed the secrets of his soul, and could name her at any moment, just as he had named the other woman. She did not even hate Kathleen now. She could have found it in her heart to go to her and warn her

of her danger. She could not love him any more—never more! No, she must hate him. But she picked a few broad horseshoe leaves, and covered his face with them to hide his shame from the sun. And then she turned away with a heavy, throbbing heart.

She passed miners going to their work, singing and joking with the recklessness of people used to daily danger. Many an honest lad amongst them would have been glad to enter her cottage on the mountain-side as lord and master; for she was a fine girl, strong and industrious, and highly-respected in all the region, and her proud reserve only rendered her the more attractive.

So she told herself bitterly, as she looked after them and thought of the man who was sleeping off his intoxication down in the forest glade, and giving her fair name to the winds. He had been on his way to her when he dropped down heavy with wine; she shuddered to think that Llewellyn might have seen

him in that state. No, she hated Tom; she could never love him again.

She was obliged to stop a moment to take breath, she felt so hot in the sunshine.

Just then a girlish figure came along the path, which she did not recognise at first. But suddenly she saw the long, black lashes raise themselves and a look of deadly hatred flash from the light blue eyes, chilling her to her inmost soul. All her former pity faded from her heart at that look, which said so plainly, "I know all about you, and can expose you whenever I choose."

How did Kathleen come to know? Had Tom betrayed her? How could anyone in all the wide world know of her secret? She felt the scathful influence of that look throughout the day, like a tree which the lightning has struck and marked with a gaping black rent.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Una's eyes are brown, Martyn, decidedly brown, like velvet, or like autumn leaves in the sun," said Morgan.

He received no answer, and perhaps he did not expect any. For he was lying on his back in the grass, with his head resting on his arms, lazily watching the leaves as they fluttered in the tree-tops and formed little shifting loop-holes for the sun to peep through. Autumn had but just begun to dye the foliage, and now and then, at long intervals, a yellow leaflet floated to the ground, like a bit of gold destined to turn to dust, the great spendthrift nature's perishable gold, abandoned to mould and decay.

Indeed, it would have been asking too much to expect a rejoinder, when his companion was busy watching for Una, who had gone to take the twins back to the house. Those lively dark eyes seemed to find the time intolerably long till her charming figure re-appeared, the green shadows and spots of sunlight flickering over her as she glided on, unconscious of the delight the said eyes were taking in her loveliness. The young man forced himself to stand still and not to abridge his enjoyment of her approach by prematurely hurrying to meet her. He even dropped his lids a little, as one does before a fine painting, and pictured to himself how she would look with a child of his own in her arms. He was a physician. His bearded face looked fresh and healthy; his eyes were keen and quick to observe all about him. He had loved Una for years, and had at last forced a confession of similar feelings from her chaste lips; and now the gates of heaven stood open, and God's sweet angels were singing for joy within.

Una returned to her former seat on the bench, by which arrangement her feet came near her brother's head, and her shoulders got into close proximity with Martyn's folded arms, for he was propping himself on the back of the bench, and immediately took occasion to whisper all sorts of foolish things in her ear. He had one of those sympathetic noses which have a slight incision at the top, and move in speaking; his head was broad and powerful, with strongly marked temples and a humorous expression at the corners of his flexible eyebrows. He was not very tall, but broad-shouldered, and his fine hands caused the girls to tease him a good deal about his having become a surgeon for the sole purpose of displaying their beauty. Brimming with fun and mischief, he infected young and old with his merry humor, eliciting hearty laughter even from the grave Vicar and his stately wife, while the children would skip and shout, and the very twins forgot their solemnity and importance, and became quite unruly under his influence. His intended

brothers-in-law adored him, and the third of them freely declared his intention of becoming a physician like him, his being the only really respectable and humane vocation; whereupon his father inquired with a smile, whether it was better to cut off people's limbs, or to comfort their souls with the gospel. This was an embarrassing question, as the poor boy did not wish to offend either party; but Martyn came to the rescue, saying:

"Our sermons are more incisive; we act according to the Bible words: 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee.'"

"With the slight deviation, that the eyes you pluck out belong to other people," rejoined the Vicar.

Morgan was preparing to take orders; his younger brother was in the navy, and had only come home on a short visit; and the smallest boy decided that he would not become anything, but stay as he was, that being nicest.

"I dare say!" said Gladys, who was just setting a big plate of bread and butter and another heaped with fruit on the bench beside Una. "I dare say! eating everything other people have a right to; getting spoilt all day long, and playing till one can't keep one's eyes open! Gently, gently, the rest also want to eat!"

He held a peach in either hand, biting into them by turns, and glaring gluttonously the while at the biggest pear.

"There's more indoors!" he said, when he had sufficient breath to speak.

"That's our Moloch!" said Gladys. "He'll end by devouring us all."

Moloch went on munching with great composure, and hardly turned to look, when his little sisters dropped their bread and fruit and ran to meet the pony-chaise clattering up with Prinnie before it. Winnie and Minnie sat in front as drivers; Kathleen had curled herself up on the back seat like a kitten, and the little groom stood on the foot-board, holding the ends of the reins. Morgan sprang to his feet and ran, flushed and radiant, to assist Kathleen in alighting. She jumped down with both feet at once, rebounding like a ball.

They ate, and talked, and laughed. Morgan was wholly occupied with Kathleen, who willingly accepted his gentle attentions; they were balm to her sorrowful heart. The Vicar took neither bread nor fruit, but readily mingled his sonorous voice with the young people's lighter tones, like the deep key-note of a tuneful chord. Gladys stood behind him, twining her arms about his neck. One of the little girls had perched herself on his knee and generously offered Minnie a seat on the other. Winnie stood shyly by, steadfastly watching him as he talked, and looking for the light of his eyes beneath his shadowy brows.

The coloring of all these heads, the green forest-shade, the marvellous reflections of playfully rippling light on forms and faces, would have delighted a painter. Kathleen's eyes were so bewitching that Morgan felt his reason deserting him; he rose, and paced the avenue several times, struggling to regain his self-control and to repress a confession which would estrange her from him for ever.

"Sit still Kathleen," cried the sailor, "I want to paint you," and he began to make a clever little faintly tinted water-color sketch of her.

"In the character of a water-nymph or siren," he observed, painting an expanse of water around her.

"No," cried Martyn. "Make her an elf in a convolvulus cup, pliant and boyish at once."

Kathleen reddened. "That comes of having short hair," she said, passing her delicate fingers through it, and making it look the richer and blacker by the contrast.

The Vicar's eyes grew a little stern as they rested upon her. Winnie followed his glance and then looked back eagerly into his eyes. The displeasure she read in them, made her friend doubly dear to her; then there was one at least amid so many admirers who judged Kathleen aright. Winnie felt as if there was a secret—a mutual understanding—between them now, and her heart grew lighter. Morgan had made no confessions, and Gwynne esteemed his eldest son's character too highly to force himself uninvited upon his confidence. He thought merciful Providence would but prove his excellent son, and save him from misery—from what the young man would just then have welcomed as his greatest happiness. With his manifold experience of human nature, he knew that love cannot be forestalled by warnings or neutralised by persuasion. It dies only of itself—of its own intoxicating poison.

The children had begun to show off all sorts of tricks, knotting cherry stalks with two fingers or with their tongues, and other extraordinary feats of the same stamp.

"But I know something none of you can do," said Kathleen.

Taking up a pencil, she laid it across her lashes, and those long lashes held it steadily. The joy was great at this feat, and she was asked to repeat it again and again.

"Your lashes are just the thing for a butterfly kiss," remarked Una.

"A butterfly kiss! What's that?"

Una laid her cheek against Kathleen's, and softly brushed her lashes with her own.

The spectators never forgot how those blue and hazel eyes, those dark and fair brows and lashes, blent in sweet harmony for a second as the two lovely girls stood bathed in one reflection of golden light. They all sat silent, as before a fair master piece of art.

At that instant something like a refreshing breeze floated along the avenue. When a man of great power and nobleness of soul passes through nature, a secret influence is borne on the air before him, proclaiming his advent, and all grows still in expectant awe.

But this short stillness was succeeded by such peals of joy, that Mrs. Gwynne came to the door to see what was going on; and lo! there was Llewellyn with his harp. The children clung to him and pulled him towards the bench; the Vicar welcomed him with outstretched hands; Gladys ran into the house to fill the most antique and capacious goblet with the oldest and choicest wine they had, and brought it out sparkling like the holy grail in the sunlight.

"Ah!" cried Llewellyn, taking a long draught from it. "Tis the life-blood of the earth, the soul of the sun, a most divine thought pervading liquid fire! I fancy the vine must have been Moses' burning bush, gifting him with the power of speech and the achievement of high deeds! A solitary tendril straying

from paradise, loth to desert its favorite, man! The first song, from which all others have flowed! The initial thought of all creation!"

Gladys had filled the cup anew.

"I thought I saw happy faces here," continued the old man. "I saw love everywhere, and the forest tenderly enclosing all the felicity, lest grief should enter its peaceful precincts. Ah, one feels well here. Your healths!" He drank off the goblet, took a peach they offered him, and inhaled its fragrance. Winnie brought him two beautiful roses she had begged of Mrs. Gwynne—a tea and a moss rose—and the old man kissed the child's brow and kissed the flowers, and bore himself like a true minstrel, who remains a big child as long as he lives. Love and goodwill lit up every face around him. Kathleen alone eyed him with indifference and disdain; for Tom had called him an old humbug; an impostor, who could not invent anything himself, but repeated old rubbish, preferred drinking to singing, and was a pompous thief, cheating people out of the wine in their cellars and the coin in their pockets.

Marytn studied the eyes of the philanthropist Gwynne and the poet Llewellyn with profound interest. They were alike in depth and lustre; the Vicar's look acquired a more decided expression from his close-shaven face, every line of which added to its eloquence, while Llewellyn's was rendered dreamy by the great misty beard which enveloped him like a snow cloud.

They made the minstrel talk and tell of field and forest, cottage and castle, mine and meadow, of human joy and grief, of the sea and its voices, the storm and its bleak felicity, of thundering ravines and sunny valleys, and of the mysterious nights in which

he watched and waited for his songs to come to him. As he spoke, his brow and hair grew luminous with the flames that stirred within.

He had seen more than all the rest—more than the physician himself, keen-sighted though he was. All secrets lay open before him, but he concealed with delicate discretion to whom they related. His narrative was not always suited to childish ears; but Gwynne was of opinion that a child-like spirit may disclose a good deal, like nature herself, who divulges everything because everything is pure and holy to her, and of equal importance. The poet is like nature—creative and lavish, good and cruel, warm-hearted and chill, cold and stern, gold and adamant and soft black soil, putrid and fruitful, a tranquil, limpid lake and a wild mountain stream, with turbulent falls and icy, passionate foam; volcano and lava, aged and youthful. Who but children, and such as have remained child-like, can understand a poet?

And indeed, no one seemed to understand him so well as Winnie, who never took her large eyes off his face, and eagerly



HE WAS LYING ON HIS BACK IN THE GRASS, WITH HIS HEAD RESTING ON HIS ARMS.

drank in his words. She attracted him so strongly in her turn that he ended by addressing his remarks solely to her whenever he was not speaking at the tree-tops or the birds. By means of judicious questions they kept him talking, and when at last he uncovered his harp, they made him promise to stay for a good long time at the Vicarage; they could not think of letting him go.

Gladys had again replenished his goblet. The old man struck the chords, preluded, and took another deep draught before he began to sing.

I sing of woodland sweet and shady,  
Of sparkling youth and beauty fair,  
Of stalwart knight and gentle lady,  
Of love and all that love will dare.  
For love sits coy on maiden's lashes,  
Like blooming bud on rose-tree bright;  
But on the hero's sword he flashes,  
A loadstar to victorious fight!

The glen was loud with battle-din  
Thro' all the autumn day;  
The heavens frowned in sullen gloom  
And thundered with the fray.  
And horses neighed, and armour rang,—  
They strove from morn till night;  
They would not yield their gallant fort,  
So long as one could fight.  
Then fireballs whizzed above their heads,  
And battered roof and wall,  
Until a sea of flame had swept  
O'er battlement and hall.  
Young Norman saw the radiance flash  
Upon a foeman's shield.  
He smote his foe, and turned his steed,  
And spurred across the field.  
He reached the tottering fortress-walls,  
He passed the flaring port,  
He dashed thro' showers of falling fire  
Into the castle-court.  
He called upon his plighted love,  
His voice was loud and clear.  
The lady flew thro' clouds of smoke  
To meet her champion dear.  
He snatched her to his saddle-bow,  
He held her fast and well,  
He bore her o'er the burning bridge,  
Before it crashed and fell.  
The foemen paused in wondering awe,  
Was that a living man  
Who burst thro' fire and hostile ranks  
And fled along the glen?  
And was the snow-white thing he bore  
The banner he would save?  
They saw it cling about his form,  
And o'er his stirrup wave.

Such is the faith that heroes cherish,  
The faith which knows not bar or stay,  
But holds its course, an' though it perish,  
Thro' raging fire and mortal fray!  
And such is love's mysterious power!  
His brows with bay and myrtle dress,  
He bids the gentle maiden flower,  
And fires the daring warrior's breast!

"You are sick, my child," he said, suddenly, to Una, who was leaning on Martyn's arm, and listening with parted lips and quick respiration. Martyn started from his reverie as if he had received a blow, and gazed in his betrothed's face.

"Sick!" he exclaimed in great alarm. "Sick! Where have I had my eyes then? And I feel her every pulse, and I hear her every breath. Sick! Una! Don't you feel well?"

"Oh, so well, so well! Just as if I were in heaven. I don't feel the ground I walk on, my feet seem so light. I think I have never felt so well in all my life."

"Old humbug," thought Kathleen, imperceptibly shrugging her shoulders.

The minstrel passed his hand across his beard and hair, and in his eyes lay the troubled thought: "Why do I speak? Why must I always tell what I see? How I have frightened the poor people! But she is sick. Strange that no one sees it."

A light, cool breeze was rising and sighing through the leaves.

Kathleen called for the pony-chaise; Mrs. Gwynne sent the younger children indoors; the harp was covered up and carried to the house by the sailor-lad. The Vicar followed in eager conversation with Llewellyn. He had taken no further note of the minstrel's remark. People who have always been strangers to misfortune, rarely believe in it, while those accustomed to grief tremble at every gust of wind.

Una declared, almost indignantly, that she felt perfectly well, while Martyn, with the torturing anxiety every physician feels for his dear ones, suddenly thought her cheeks too red, her eyes too brilliant, her nostrils too delicate, and hardly knew what he was saying in his terror.

Morgan sauntered through the park, thinking of Kathleen. Why had she been so indifferent to the bard's singing? She had stared at the ground before her and not heard a word, a single note. What had she been thinking of? Morgan's life had been so sunny hitherto that he had no idea of the storms which rend the human soul, and looked upon his own great love with strange surprise and wonder. He had not known that one could suffer so grievously, turning hot and cold, feeling one's pulses throb to the tips of one's fingers, and one's heart burst with despair at the beloved one's departure, and frantic longing to be always near her.

He could hardly refrain from running after the little carriage like a boy. He paced the darkening walks with uneven strides. The birds had lapsed into silence. The breeze grew sharper, and a sudden rushing and drizzling above informed him that a shower was passing over the park.

"Why is she so sad?" thought Morgan stirring the dry leaves with his foot. He pictured to himself a pleasant little parsonage grown all over with flowers, an ancient church, and Kathleen arranging his white band and smoothing his hair, her wonderful eyes inspiring him with unheard-of eloquence. Of course she was a saint—a supernatural being, who could not understand a coarse, human passion like his. Kathleen! Such a sweet name, too! Kathleen! He said it aloud and under his breath. He had cut it into a remote beech tree. He had carved it in a rock, and written it in the pocket-book which he used to wear near his heart. He would have given a great deal to possess his brother's sketch; but his love was too deep and too shy for that; where should he take the courage to ask Robert for her portrait? The minstrel had opened all the floodgates of his soul with that quivering harp of his, and lo! he wept. Morgan wept! He had never done that in all his life, shedding tears like the light, tepid dew that collects in flower-cups to roll down at a breath of air or the weight of a dainty drone. And she had such small feet. If he could but ride out with her once, just to place his hand under that little foot and lift her lightly into her saddle. If he could but climb some giddy, precipitous pass with her, and support her steps, or protect her in his arms against an angry bull. If he might but make her some present. Impossible; he could not think of it yet. There is no knowing how long Morgan will have to roam through the park in the company of his day-dreams.

Meanwhile Llewellyn sat in the Vicar's handsome library, probably an ancient chapel, with a groined ceiling, a few isolated

columns, a row of tall windows on one side, a gigantic chimney, marvellous shadows, and books, books, books everywhere. The old minstrel delighted in hearing his friend read choice passages from these treasures, gleanings from Homer and Sophocles, which brought the tears to his eyes and quite overcame him at times.

Now, he was sitting in a big red chair by the hearth, phantastically illuminated by the flickering fire, Gladys on the rug at his feet, Una on the elbow-rest of her father's chair, Mrs. Gwynne at her spinning wheel; Martyn stood in the dark chimney-corner and gazed fixedly at Una, while the two elder boys were looking over an illustrated book at the table, but continually turned their heads to listen to Llewellyn.

Presently Mrs. Gwynne's old governess, who was educating her children now, glided into the dusky room. She came in quietly, like a pleasant reminiscence of old times, in a soft grey dress, a white shawl of downy wool about her shoulders and a little white cap on her silvery hair. She had great quiet eyes like mist in a fir-tree, grey, thoughtful, gentle as if many a dew-drop had silently moistened them. There was something lonely about her, until she glided to Mrs. Gwynne's chair, and whispered to her that the five little ones were in bed, and waiting for her to say their evening prayers.

"Missy, dear Missy," murmured Gladys, jumping up to place a chair for the old lady, and sitting down again quickly at her feet, before the fire. Missy (she was known by no other name) was about to draw some fine crochet-work from her reticule, when Llewellyn recognised and gladly greeted her. A slight blush rose to her cheeks, and her smile disclosed beautiful teeth. Una passed behind the chairs and murmured something in her ear, whereupon Missy immediately took off her shawl and wrapped the young girl in it. Martyn fancied Una's lips were taking a faint bluish hue in the uncertain fire-light.

"Are you cold?" he asked, emerging from the shade.

"Just a little. I think the air in the garden was growing chilly."

He warmed her hands between his own.

The old bard looked uneasily towards her, and stopped in the middle of his animated discourse.

"Is it sad or felicitous when thoughts arise?" asked the Vicar, surprised at his guest's suddenly breaking off, and staring absently at the fire.

"It is the greatest felicity on earth," said the old man, with such emphasis that the vaulted ceiling echoed his voice, and his eyes grew radiant.

"I feel very happy in the pulpit," said Gwynne, "when I carry my hearers away with me by the fervor of my thoughts."

"Ah," said Llewellyn, "that is a beautiful thing too, very beautiful. But I need no hearers except the sea and the firs. When I have conceived a new song, I fling myself on the moss, if I can, and bare my breast to ease the throbbing of my heart. A song! ah me, a song! God must have felt like that when he stretched out his hand, and the sun shone,—when he breathed, and man had a living soul. A song! Love itself is less than the felicity of creating, when thought and harmony flow around you, and you thrill from head to foot with the fancy that you have found what none have known before. No digger after hidden treasures can eye his trove with equal delight. It is like the angel's Ave to the Virgin, and you feel the touch of wings on your brow, as though heaven had descended upon the earth. A song! Ay, love is grand, for it is creative power, but of this earth—earthly; the art of song is also creative power, but of heaven—celestial. And it is kindled at its own fires and born of

its own effort: sometimes in fearful throes, in agonising pain, in mortal fear of the spirit's breaking down under its illustrious weight—of the humble vessel's bursting with the glowing fires within it. A song, ay, a song!"

During his speech Morgan had noiselessly entered the room. The radiance of his great love clung to his brow; and now he heard it said that this great, heaven-aspiring love was nothing in comparison to song! Llewellyn was too old; he had surely forgotten all about love, or he could not have said that. So thought Morgan, while Gladys slipped out of the room to get her brothers a lamp that they might go on looking at their book, instead of pondering over love, for which they were much too young. She was quite of the minstrel's opinion; she even went farther than he. Love seemed very foolish to her; she could not understand how a stranger should suddenly grow dearer to one than one's father and mother. She had already communicated her misgivings to Missy, but had not obtained any satisfactory enlightenment.

"But, Missy, you have loved us better than all the world besides."

"So I have, my child."

"Always, Missy?"

A warm flush had suffused Missy's face.

"I was young at one time, and thought I should like to be happy myself, and have children of my own, but God would not have it so."

"You never loved anyone better than my mamma?"

Again that hot flush.

"I made a mistake at one time, fancying that I might love somebody better after all; but God showed me that I belonged to your mother as closely as her shadow, and I stayed to be her shadow all her life."

Gladys had not been satisfied. Her Missy ought never to have belonged to anyone but themselves, body and soul, and to have been exempt from such childish weakness as she observed in Una and Morgan.

"You see, Gladys, the time will come when you will like somebody yourself—"

"Never!" the young girl had cried vehemently. "I mean to stay with my father and mother and with the little ones. By the time they are grown up I shall be as old as you are, Missy."

"Oh, not half so old."

"Missy, you know I can't bear that. You are young—very young indeed, Missy: and we shall always live together, a hundred years or more!"

"Does it not augment the delight in one's art if others enjoy it too?" asked Gwynne of the bard, who had again lapsed into a reverie.

"Oh, one is glad of it," returned the old man, in a courteous but indifferent tone; "one is very glad indeed; but if they are not pleased, one does not care. Once the struggle and the transport over, the song is no longer the poet's property; it drops from the parent stem like ripe fruit, and people may pick it up or let it lie, as they please. One does not turn one's head to look back at it. No, the hour of creating strikes but once, and never returns."

"But has one no divine parental feelings for the children of one's brain?"

"None. They grow stale and tedious so very fast, you see; one longs for new ones. Should a time come when I find no new lay, I shall take my harp in my arms and fling myself into the sea with it," said Llewellyn energetically.

They were called to supper in the fine old family hall. The tea-kettle steamed and hummed its cosy song. Missy made the tea, Una and Gladys handed the cups about, and the cheerful conversation was continued far into the night.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Winnie had crept downstairs in her little slippers before day-break, had climbed on a chair, slid the covering off her mother's harp and tried to play Llewellyn's lay, which would not let her rest. She cried because her hands could not reach the chords. She had not noticed that a man's figure had moved away from the desk at her approach, and crouched down on a sofa under an Indian shawl in the darkest corner of the room. In her distress, the child went to the piano and tried to find the air there. Presently she returned to the harp with a radiant face, and the ballad resounded, strain by strain, in the breaking dawn. The child's weak voice grew pathetic as she sang; her eyes took a strange, deeply grave expression; but there was nobody by to feel awe at this first awakening of genius.

An impatient step sounded on the stairs and Kathleen came flying in with bristling hair, like an avenging angel; nothing but a flaming sword was wanting to make the impression complete.

"Must you catch your death of cold here, in your night-dress, in the chill dawn? Aren't you ashamed to run about like that? And if you make yourself ill, I'm responsible." She grasped the child by the shoulder and shook her. "And haven't you been strictly forbidden to touch the harp?" she continued, beating the little hands till they were red.

"I'll whip you. I'll go to the garden and cut switches, and when you're in bed this evening, I'll punish you in a way to make you remember."

Kathleen was trembling with fury; her blue eyes seemed to emit electric sparks; the words came in choking gasps from her lips.

"You tease me to death. There you stand like a post. I'll put life in you. Your father won't be here to-night; so your screaming won't be of any consequence, and you'll get all the whippings I've got in store for you in one go, you malicious child."

"You had better not try," said Winnie with quivering lips, and a ghastly face.

"If you tell, I'll whip you again."

"Then you won't stay here another hour," said Winnie.

"Bravo, bravo, bravissimo!" laughed a voice from the sofa corner. "I'm pleased to see how you two carry on together; very nice indeed!" remarked Tom, in his calmest tone.

At first the two girls stood rooted to the ground; then Winnie ran to the sofa, struck her brother in the face with her little fist and was gone before he had time to speak.

"You have interrupted a rare manifestation of genius," said Tom, without rising; "the child's talent is evident, and do what you may you will not quench it."

"What are you doing here?" cried Kathleen. She had turned pale, and only a few purple spots at her throat and temples betrayed the frantic pulsation which was almost suffocating her. "It's her naughtiness! she does everything to provoke me; she does it on purpose, because she hates me."

"Indeed!" said Tom, sententiously. "A little child and hate? Who can have taught her that?"

"I don't know: her own vicious nature and a bad example!" hissed Kathleen, as if aiming a shot at him.

"I hate nobody," said Tom, composedly, as he rose. "Why should one hate, my child? Loving is much more convenient!"

He approached her with his scathful eyes. She glided behind a chair and laid her hands on its back.

"Yes," she said, "I know by experience that love is a convenient thing; you slip it on like a pair of gloves; when the gloves have grown worn and dirty, you throw them away and buy a new pair; that's love. Oh yes, it's a most convenient article."

"Have you tasted the fruit and found it unripe?"

"No—over-ripe—rotten!"

"Ugh!" said Tom.

"I loathe it."

"Indeed? what a pity!"

"Yes, it is a pity to feel so disgusted, a great pity; for it is a disease one cannot cure."

"But when and where did you take this disease?"

"When and where! I don't steal into rooms at night and hide behind the furniture, but yet I know things. I know everything. And whenever I hear the word *love* now, I turn sick."

"Fie, Kathleen! dear little Kathleen! You are like a wild cat. I really must tame and pacify you, sweetheart!" He came nearer.

"I am not your sweetheart, and you cannot tame me; have you not seen what claws I have, how I bite and scratch and strike? Haven't you seen? Haven't you seen how I revenge myself on the innocent? Then what should I do to the guilty?"

"But Kathleen, I don't know you."

"I don't know myself! You have roused all that is bad in me, and now it is astir; now it raves in me like a host of fiends!"

"I'll set everything right with a single kiss!" He tried to put his arm around her, but she flew to the opposite end of the room.

"Sooner than you touch me, the Istwith shall swallow us, Snowdon's eternal snow shall melt, the mines shall fall in, burying all the living, and—and—"

"Well, well, that'll do. I see. But I know that things will turn out otherwise, and that I shall hold you in my arms, little cat, and kiss you as long as I list; I can wait."

"I can die!" said Kathleen, and passed out of the room with sudden cold dignity and composure.

"To-day I'm not lucky with the women in this house," said Tom; "here comes number three; let's see what she'll be up to."

Minnie came in with her sweet air and tried to go on smiling when she saw her brother, but already an expression of uneasiness was stealing into the limpid eyes that had not yet learned to dissemble, except for affection's sake.

"Minnie dear," said Tom, "come here and sit on my lap a bit."

"Yes," said Minnie, "mayn't I stand?"

"As you like, here at my knee; I'll tell you a sad, sad story."

"Me," said Minnie, longing to slip away.

"Yes. Imagine, there's such a poor, poor woman; she hasn't got a bit of bread for her five children, and yesterday I gave my last shilling to Llewellyn, because I saw that his cloak was torn. Won't you help?"

"But I haven't any money, Tom."

"No, but you've got that pretty ruby cross. I'd get a deal of money for that, if you'd allow me to sell it: of course I would bring you most of the money and only take as much as the poor woman wanted."





head, she lay for a moment looking up at the blue heavens, of which just a glimpse was visible through the trees, and the eyelids fell, the garden of sleep was entered, and the gatekeeper barred the doors, and Jeanie was in that little paradise which I have often supposed must be entered by every child who falls asleep.

#### CHAPTER II.

There is nothing to me one half so beautiful, so innocent and love-inspiring as to look upon the face of a slumbering child who has not tasted life's bitterness. There was the quiet house upon the hillside, the lawn, the meadow through which the brook flowed, with the large trees along the bank, and then the foot-log, and near this Jeanie slept. Very few strangers ever came this way, a neighbor boy now and then, or someone who had business with the child's father, and here she passed many of the long pleasant summer days. But presently I heard some one coming through the trees, and heard a boy's voice shout to his distant companions that he would meet them on the other side of the meadow. He had a hook and line, and had perhaps, down in the woods where the brook was deeper, been trying to catch some fish, but it seemed he had not succeeded.

He came along with rather a manly tread for so young a boy who might perhaps have been ten years of age, I could not tell. I only knew that he carried himself well, that he had a keen observing eye, that was more blue than grey, and yet there was something about it which made you forget the color to study the expression. They looked out from under brows that, were it not for the openness of his countenance, might have made him appear a little cold. His features were well cut, his hair was blonde, but so dark a shade as to keep him from appearing effeminate. His chin showed no indecision, and even Samantha Allen could have told you he would be a sensible man of strong resolution. He had a full kind mouth, and his whole appearance foretold the man who would win favor in all conditions of life on account of his earnestness and real worth. He came to the foot-log, unmindful of his surroundings, but when he reached us so unexpectedly, he stopped short, and stood a moment looking at my little mistress, and with a strange smile which showed the regular teeth he had, he took a pair of scissors from one of his numerous pockets, with which a boy is always well supplied, and cut off just the tiniest curl from the golden mass that hung about her shoulders. After carefully disposing of this, he turned to go; but evidently reconsidered so far as to look once more on the sleeping child, when bending down, he touched with his lips ever so lightly the fair forehead, then reverently taking one little fat hand from above her head folded it across her breast, and without turning again to see how the child had moved uneasily, and that a gentle smile had brought a dimple to her cheek as if she were dreaming pleasant dreams, he went his way.

It may have been that her nature responded with a chord of sympathy touched, as his own childish hand held hers for the instant. I thought I should know that hand again wherever I saw it, a gentleman's hand certainly, a tender loving ministering hand it must be which would show so much gallantry and gentleness at an age when boys are usually ashamed of sentiment, just a fair-sized, warm, soft palm, with well-kept, well-d finger ends. His mother, I thought, must be proud of him as he went away, crossed the foot-log and disappeared, and I never heard him mentioned. He

and I never heard him mentioned. He  
the village, since he came to the

brook no more; at any rate we didn't see him, Jeanie and I. The little entry Jeanie made on that memorable day was only the beginning of the time when I became her sole property. She wrote on my pages the answers she had received to her question of what it meant to be happy.

"Just to be good and not want any more than what you have, and try to make others feel the same way," Mamma said, "and I think it means," wrote Jeanie, "that I musn't ever wish for anything as long as I live. I guess, Diry, I don't ever want to be happy, cause I can't help wishing lots of things, so I'll be smart, as Papa says."

I knew that some day she would want the first far more than the second, and as the years of her school life rolled away, and I saw that her quiet manners and longing eyes rather repelled than drew friends, I felt that it was well she spoke that day, when she said: "I guess I won't ever be happy, I'll just be smart," because she seemed so dissatisfied with her nature and yet could not change it.

People had to know her long to love her, and yet when she had won a friend, it was a friend for ever. She grew from the beautiful child into a thoughtful, dreaming, blushing maiden, with features one would not notice in the crowd, but simply a warm hearted, loving girl, whom you had to know to consider beautiful, a girl with longings that I feared would never be realized. Her ideals were so high, her feelings so little understood.

I remember once she had laid me down on the piano just before the gathering of a little party in her father's winter home in the city, and as she moved about quiet and composed among the guests, exciting little comment, I followed her. Some spoke of her as being Mr. Farold's daughter, "quite a sensible girl, rather hard to get acquainted with, a little too reserved perhaps, good looking enough, but not a beauty, as her younger sisters are."

As I watched her, I knew that all through the crowd she was looking for some one to talk to, who could understand her. How different was she from the light, rattling, good-natured younger sister who never had taken a serious thought in all her life, and yet made friends wherever she went with little effort, "and yet," methought, "they'd love my girl if they knew her as I do."

Finally as she moved about from one to another, I saw her come to the piano and begin looking through her music. She was going to play. With a blush she picked me up and put me out of sight, and then sat down and played to an appreciative few the music that she loved best, some of it the dreamy sonatas from Beethoven, and again livelier strains, gay, dancing, sparkling music, such as I knew Jeanie wished her life might be. She hated being just a sensible girl; she wished she could be gay and happy and indifferent as others were.

"You love music, Miss Farold?" a voice said when she had risen from the piano. He had been standing by the piano studying her as she played, now quiet pensive dreamy things, and then throwing off the outside world and raising herself up into that atmosphere she longed to enter, the more enjoyable, the happier, lighter things of life, the appreciation of others, the joy of being understood. The piano understood her, and responded in those airy strains that struck her fancy.

"Very much," she answered, "Mr. Carriston. It seems to me that music is a good cure for all ills. When I feel discontented as I do sometimes, I will confess, it needs only that I play alone some of my favorite music that I understand, and I am myself again. You can't imagine what a relief it is."

"I appreciate your feelings, Miss Farold, though it can hardly be true of me that music can work such changes within me. I enjoy hearing good music, yet I never played an air in my life. Did it ever occur to you to think that few musicians are ever really happy? However, the same may be true of others in the world besides musicians perhaps."

"I don't know," said Jeanie. "I have almost quit thinking of such a word. It seems to me that those who strive for happiness most are those who taste it least. I think sometimes that we all of us go through life behind a mask by means of which we cover up the unsatisfied longings for things we have wished for and never gotten. And yet, too, many seem contented."

"I read a little love story a few days ago," answered Carriston, "which illustrates my view of the sum and substance of human happiness. 'Daphne,' have you read it?"

"No," answered she, "but I may possibly, if you recommend it."

"I don't believe he is happy," she thought to herself. "I wonder if anybody is?" and she remembered her childish definition, "I musn't ever wish for anything as long as I live." And if that was the right meaning of the word, she too had missed it.

Carriston was thoughtful for a moment. "You may not like the story at all," he said. "I don't believe you will, but it illustrates what I have to say, that few people ever attain what they most long for. I will bring you the book if you care for it."

"Thank you, I shall be very grateful," she said.

### CHAPTER III.

Voices were growing louder, and I heard no more of the conversation. It did not matter. There were others in the crowd who interested me as much as did Carriston. There was abundant room for study in many faces I saw there.

Later in the evening I saw Jeanie speak with several a few moments at a time, all following her as she moved away, with the thought silent or expressed, "a nice looking girl, rather quiet and reserved, but more sensible than many you meet."

I noticed one in particular whose eyes followed her with a bold admiration as he remarked to himself, "she'd make a fellow a good wife." Then another I noticed particularly, a lively young fellow, easily noted in the crowd by his manly bearing. He was talking with a little girl, Mr. Farold's youngest daughter. The child, it seemed, had found a kindred spirit, and was prattling away in an affectionate, childish manner. I saw him lift her in his arms and place her in a high window seat, from which place she contentedly rambled on, telling him how she enjoyed the evening, and that Jeanie had been telling her such a nice story, where everybody was happy, and nobody cared whether they were sensible or smart. "Wasn't it a funny story though?"

Thorwald heard quietly of Jeanie's good qualities, and incidentally remarked to himself as he observed her from his place by little Lotta, "She is as fine a girl as one could ever hope to meet, if only she cared more for winning friends. I don't believe she would ever care for anyone."

It was later that I saw him see his mother to her carriage and her home, though it could not but have been interesting to him to remain longer where he was a favored guest. I saw that during the evening he did not take a hand at whist, nor did he dance, and yet the evening seemed pleasant to him.

"Jeanie, who was the gentleman talking so nicely to our little Lotta to-night?" said her mother as they stood on the

veranda together after the guests had departed. "He seems a favorite with the young folks."

"I think he is, mamma, though I have never known him well. You know I do not make acquaintances readily. He was a favorite at school, I believe. He graduates in June. Henry Thorwald is his name. Rather fine-looking, many think."

"Very," the mother answered. "I should imagine him a thorough gentleman as well." From my place among the music I thought so too, but said nothing, of course.

"Is Carriston a college friend, too, Jeanie?" I heard through the open window near which they were standing.

"Yes, mamma, a class mate, papa invited him."

"What do you think of him?"

"Very much of a gentleman," she answered, and—to herself,—"I believe he—understands me."

### CHAPTER IV.

That night another entry was made: "I have had a pleasant evening. I do not enjoy large companies generally, where one must move about and talk to everybody. One pleasant congenial spirit is better to me than a dozen who indulge in society small talk. I was made very proud to-day by having one of my stories accepted. When anything happens to please me, I find that I am constantly asking myself if that is enough to make me happy. The fact that I can ask the question may be proof enough that I want something else.

I wonder with Charlie Carriston if many do have everything they want? He has promised to bring me 'Daphne' to read, a light piece of sentiment perhaps, from the way he spoke of it.

Henry Thorwald was here to-night, but I only exchanged a few words with him. I do not seem to interest him. He is engaged to Amy Carter, and seems quite devoted to her. She is a pretty, good-natured girl, but I don't think she has much depth. I fear from what I know of Henry that Amy can never make him happy. It is not strange though, that Amy should love him. He is a husband most any woman would be proud to win. It occurs to me to wonder sometimes though, why people should think the aim of everybody's life ought to be to make a successful marriage. The mainspring of human existence seems to be "falling in love," and yet I have been too busy dreaming my days away to think much of such things.

I know though that ever since I have played by the brook in Papa's meadow I have seemed to read my destiny in every little ripple that danced on its surface. I have always imagined that I should end my uneventful girlhood by gliding easily and naturally into some man's home, and once there do my best to make life happy for him.

But I fear the husband I have pictured in my foolish dreams is as the Prince in the fairy tale, rarely met with, and even then won and carried off by one who would not half appreciate his worth. As I look back over the pages written here, what changes; I am eighteen, nearly nineteen years old. I wish I were a livelier girl. It might be so if people wouldn't always say "Jeanie Farold is a nice girl. Very sensible, but most too quiet." I would enjoy life better if I were not nice and sensible, I believe.

It is very late, no more to-night."

### CHAPTER V.

I don't think Jeanie liked Daphne's character very much. I heard her say that she thought her very weak, and that the writer had done very badly to spoil what there might have been so much in. Nita and Tista were so much better. She told

Charlie Carriston that she believed a true woman, who had learned to love truly and honestly a noble man who had never shown himself unworthy, would never disgrace herself by being unfaithful to that love. And I am sure a woman like Jeanie never would.

I don't know how it ever came exactly, as the confidences given me through the following year were neither long nor explicit. I only know that Carriston became eventually much interested in my friend, as they were together very often. He was much older than Jeanie, which perhaps gave a reason for her looking up to him as she did with such deep respect and confidence. For a time, too, I thought perhaps she loved him, and could not help feeling just a trifle disappointed, as I saw the prospect of having my pages covered with those impulsive affectionate terms so common to girls in love. Carriston was all one could have wished for as regarded morality, good character and earnestness. And yet I felt there was something about him unsuited to Jeanie. I was not jealous—not that, but away back in the past, I had a very vivid recollection of a form that bent over a sleeping child, and just touched her forehead with his pure young lips, and then had stolen a golden curl. I wondered if he still cherished it, or was it but a freak of boyish mischief, and had the curl been only a trophy of a victory easily won, and lightly cherished? Who would tell?

However it may be, she came to me one night, as she always did when something annoyed her, and with an apparent effort wrote these words:

"Ought a girl to be really happy at the prospect of being engaged? He said he was sure I loved him; I must love him or it would spoil his life. We had been so happy together, it could not be otherwise. If I loved him, could I hesitate about becoming his wife?"

Then she fell to weeping, a girl now who held a man's life in her hand, the decision with her as to his happiness or ruin. It was strange. I lay there in my stolid senselessness, having my pages warped and swollen by the scalding tears, when suddenly she tossed back her curls, and snatching some paper from her desk wrote:

DEAR CHARLIE,

"It can never be, what you have asked. It is all a sad mistake, and it makes me very unhappy to think of it. I should not have hesitated one moment, for it made you think that I was giving you encouragement. It was the excitement and suddenness of your words, that made me put you off till tomorrow for an answer. It is one thing to value you as a friend, another to love and marry. We were drawn together because we seemed to understand each other. Do not come to see me again or try to change my decision. Forget that you have thought of me ever as anything nearer than a friend. To do otherwise makes me very unhappy."

JEANIE FAROLD.

Then with a sigh of relief, the girl turned to me, and glancing back over what she had written, she tore out page after page of what she had given me as a confidence during the past weeks, and so it ended, and yet in such cases it is better that it is.

It was nearly three years afterward that Jeanie and her father were standing under the tree by the same brook where she had made the first entry in her childish autobiography.

They had but recently returned from the city, where their winters were spent, and the cool suburban house seemed a delightful retreat. Jeanie had been now to a neighbor's, and Mr. Farold had overtaken her on his way home. I was under her arm. She had just taken me from a hole in the large tree, where I had been placed an hour or two before. Mr.

Farold handed her a letter, which having read through, she thrust into her belt, with a blush and movement of impatience. She stood a moment thoughtful then in answer to her father's inquiring look, said:

"Father, my letter displeases me; I think there are some very unfeeling people in the world."

"Not strange, daughter," said Mr. Farold, as he pushed back the hair from her forehead, and took her hand lovingly in his. "May I know what displeases you so much?"

"Father, I think a young man is a weak suitor, who dares not come in person to plead his cause, but has the boldness to write and tell a woman how much money she may have to spend, that he has decided he must have a home, and having the very highest respect for her, asks respectfully that she consent to be his wife. Does he think, Papa, that a woman is standing ready to jump at every opportunity a man gives her to step into a bondage, which to my mind is worse than death where no love is. A truce to such nonsense." And she drew forth the letter and tore it into bits, and threw them in the stream, and with a bitter smile, "Let the fishes carry him his answer," she said.

Mr. Farold smiled a quiet amused smile. He was accustomed some times to his eldest daughter's self-assertion, and liked her better for being different from other girls. In not being understood by the little world in which she moved, she was all the more precious to him who did understand her.

"And who may this extraordinary suitor be, daughter?" he said.

"Arthur Fenton, the young physician you fancied so much at Cameron last summer."

"I fear, Jeanie, you are rejecting too many good offers. You will be an old maid if you are not careful," he ventured.

"That makes little difference, papa, so long as I am satisfied, and you are the old maid's father."

"Very well, my child, if you are contented. That is all I wish for."

"Papa, am I smart?" said Jeanie soberly.

"I think so, why?"

"I hate smart people. Am I very different from other girls?"

"No more than I could wish you, my child."

"Is it then papa because I am sensible and quiet, that I don't have as many friends as Henry Thorwald's cousin, Mary Green?"

"Your friends are truer ones, perhaps. By the way, is Mary still at our house?"

"She went to the city to-day."

"I noticed Thorwald at the house yesterday evening. To see you?"

"No, it was Mary he came to take out riding, and when he found her gone I substituted."

"What has become of Amy Carter?"

"She is married, I believe."

"Why," he exclaimed in a surprised tone. "I thought she and Henry were to marry."

"So they were papa, but she changed her mind after they had been engaged for some time, and married John Edmonds. They went West. Henry said he always felt it would never be the same, the night he went to see Amy before his trip east, which you remember he made two years ago."

"She was not a sensible girl, Jeanie. You would have acted differently. Was Thorwald much grieved?"

"I think the feeling of her unworthiness and weakness has about healed the wound."

"What do you think of Henry, Jeanie?"

"I think him, papa, a sensible young gentleman, and believe he has done quite right in forgetting Amy Carter," and her head dropped lower, and the same old tell-tale blush that always bothered her so much crept over her face.

"Do you think, Jeanie, that his being sensible has ever kept him from having friends?"

"I know of no one who has more," she answered wearily, "but I get so tired of hearing just that about myself and nothing more."

"It is the highest compliment that can be paid you. Who, of all your friends, daughter, is most like the man you could love as a husband?"

"Don't ask such a question, papa. I cannot answer it. By the way, I received ten dollars for a story to-day."

"Very good, daughter; you are climbing fast."

They walked on through, the meadow, to the house, and Jeanie hurrying in went up-stairs to unfold to me some more confidences. Having first taken time to despatch what seemed to me a brief letter she took me up, and wrote:

"I have just written a letter refusing Arthur Fenton, and have advised that he go to a place where young ladies are more marketable, as I am not obliged to sell myself for a home, and the pleasure of waiting on him. I could be content to labor for a man I loved, but not for one who wants me as any man would want a new convenience. Harry Thorwald says that he believes in Heaven we'll all have something to do. I hope it will be no harder than working for those we love."

Henry came to see Mary Green at our house last night and finding that she had returned home, kindly took me in her place. I never knew him well before. He always seemed to find me uninteresting, and I was simply indifferent. It was not so last night. I believe we were both positively sorry when the hour grew late, and we were compelled to return home. He said he would call again to-night, as to-morrow possibly he would return to the city and to work. I wonder if he makes a good lawyer; I should judge him to have the true spirit of enterprise. It might be well for me to answer papa's question, but he might have laughed if I told him Henry Thorwald was most like the man I could love as a husband. Dear good father! I know he understands me, and I feel that though I did not answer his question, he knew what I was thinking down in my heart.

Indeed! I don't believe it would be hard for any girl to love Henry. He told me the particulars of his courtship of Amy Carter. He said he had not told it before. I am sure I think if the truth were known, Amy might be more blamed than she really is. I think her a very fickle weak-minded girl. Perhaps it's best after all to be what papa calls sensible. I'm so glad Henry didn't marry Amy. He is so earnest, and honest, and will be so kind to the woman who is fortunate enough to win his love."

I think I, her diary, saw whither things were tending, and as a blot fell on what should have been a period, I hailed it as my only means of expressing a grunt of satisfaction.

When Henry came that night, he seemed to interest Jeanie very much, and from my place of observation where I had been carelessly thrown just out of sight, I heard him say that he expected to live a bachelor, and then Jeanie said something about when he found the right woman, how he would change his mind. I thought he would too.

"Charlie Carriston is married, I hear," said he.

"Yes," she answered, "almost a year ago. You see there are wounds which do not burn deep."

"No," said Henry, "unless they really and truly love."

## CHAPTER VI.

It was some months after that, when the two sat on a rustic seat near the footlog at the brook.

"I understood to-day," he said, "that some one had paid me the compliment of saying that I was the most sensible young fellow who ever came to this village."

"Yes, I said it," she murmured softly.

"What made you say it, Miss Jeanie?"

"Because, I thought so," she answered.

"Should I feel complimented by being called sensible?"

"I don't know but you should, though for myself it is a tiresome word."

"Could you forgive a sensible fellow if he would tell you that once in his life he had done a foolish thing?"

"It depends," she returned, "on the nature of the foolish thing."

With a faint smile, he drew from his pocket a small morocco case, and opened it, disclosing a dainty golden curl from a child's head.

"Where do you suppose I got this?" he said.

She looked puzzled.

"Well," he continued, "when I was about ten years old, I came down here visiting, and went with my cousins fishing. When we started home we became separated, and I shouted to them that I would meet them at the meadow gate, and came on up the stream to the footlog. My progress was impeded by a very strange thing—a child asleep, her golden curls falling over her bare shoulders, her little fat hands clasped tight above her head. She must have been eight years old, or thereabouts, and then I did a foolish thing. I kissed her on the forehead, and took one of her pretty hands from above her head, and she never stirred as I laid the little thing across her breast, and cut off one of the pretty curls, which she could very well spare, I thought."

He had risen, and stood looking at her with a twinkle of amusement in his blue eyes.

"Henry Thorwald, we'll be even; remember possession in this case is not nine points of the law. I'll have my property yet," and she rose laughing, in the act of seizing the curl from his hand, but he evaded her, and taking a few rapid steps along the bank, leaped across. It was a narrow place, but the water was deep, and Jeanie did not dare to venture.

"Now my young lady," laughed Harry, "I have the advantage. Stay where you are while I tell you something more. The memory of that kiss on your forehead has gone with me through my boyhood and manhood till now. This curl of golden hair has been my inspiration in many moments of discontent. The memory of the little hand I held but for an instant, so reverently, has been as a hand on a guide-post, ever directing me whither I ought to go. If I am a successful man to-day, it is but the influence of your child self that has inspired me."

"And yet you were engaged to Amy Carter," she sobbed from the other side of the brook.

"Jeanie, I have told you my position there, how far I thought my honor held me. She misunderstood me, and when I found she had given me her affection, I could not inflict a disappointment on her. I am glad I did not need to bear the test.

Then too, I thought of you always as I had seen you by the brook, a lovely child. As a woman you seemed to have outgrown me; I could not fancy you caring for love or marriage, so I placed you, as I had fancied you in your childish innocence, as an angel of purity, and as a woman grown, I have looked on you from a distance and called you a sensible woman, far better, and now far more beloved by me than any woman I have ever

known." Then, in a quizzical way, he added, "Am I still sensible?"

"Yes, I think you are," she answered feebly.

"Would it be right for a sensible man and a sensible woman to end everything by a sensible marriage?" he asked, looking straight into her eyes.

"Perhaps it would," she said, answering his look, and trying hard to appear composed, but failing miserably.

"Then," said Henry, "over a running brook let us pledge our faith. Give me your hand Jeanie, and with the stars of Heaven above us, and only the little fishes to hear our solemnly made promises, we bind ourselves to be faithful to each other in good or ill, in weal or woe, holding ourselves responsible for each other's happiness."

She placed her hand trustingly in his, and when he leaped back across the gently flowing stream, and stood by her side, I thought them the most sensible couple I had ever known. She came to his shoulder, while he, straight as an arrow, with his dignified manly bearing, the blue eyes looking from under the heavy brow, the firm resolute mouth, and the whole open countenance, decided me that Jeanie could not have chosen more wisely.

I saw them walk away through the trees, and the fishes carried the secret with them on down into the river, and the river bore it to the gulf, and the gulf broadened out into the

ocean, and their happiness was broad as its expanse and deep as from its surface to its unfathomable depths.

I was left forgotten and alone, but I had served my purpose. A maiden dreams, the wife, as she enters her new life, is too happy to dream, nay, she is a dream. I have done all I can, and I am satisfied. I have given her comfort and brought her sympathy when no others could.

There comes a gentle shower and loosens the rock on which I have lain. The stone falls into the brook with a splash and a murmur, and I go with it with another splash, gliding along the surface for a while, and then water-soaked I sink to the bottom, carrying with me a girl's secret longings and enjoyments. I have chronicled her days of contentment, her hours of gloom. She has nothing now to wish for that she hasn't got, so according to her own definition she will be happy—she is happy. Tomorrow she will come to look for me, but I will have gone with my twenty-three years of her life history—gone to carry her happiness to the ocean, or bid God-speed to the fishes who will leave me behind-hand in the course. I have floated down the stream, and even now am sinking to the pebbly bed, and once more in the dusk methinks I see their forms among the trees.

Jeanie! Henry! Farewell! Be happy, wish for nothing that you cannot find in one another. My work is ended. Yours is but begun.

[THE END.]

## A COMMON COLD.

It is wonderful how the doctors manage to keep their peace of mind at all, knowing as much as they do about the ailments that are possible to mankind. A doctor told a woman the other day that there were twenty-one different kinds of sore throat. And he was as composed about it as if he were talking about the different kinds of soda-water syrups. And then again, another doctor told a woman, in an easy, off-hand way, that he didn't doubt that half the mortal illnesses in the world came from taking cold. And when she demanded indignantly why, if that were true, the doctors didn't go about button-holing people on the streets and telling them so, he only shrugged his shoulders and said he was curing diseases, not preventing them, and that it wouldn't help matters a bit, any way.

But it would. The trouble with people is either that they don't know how to take care of a cold, or they don't understand the necessity of it. There are just two things that underlie all treatment for colds—rest and inducing perspiration. The first thing to do when you find yourself rapidly acquiring an elaborate and symmetrical cold is to stay in the house and rest. If you can trust yourself to take medicine—that is, if you have sense enough not to overdose—take aconite. Drop accurately ten drops of tincture of aconite into a glass containing twelve teaspoonfuls of water and take a teaspoonful once an hour. Remember that aconite is one of the most deadly poisons in all the world, and take it with caution.

Then get yourself into a profuse perspiration by taking a hot

mustard foot-bath. To do this the clothing must be removed and a heavy blanket wrapped about the body. Then immerse the feet in a vessel of water as hot as can be borne, and into which a big tablespoonful of mustard has previously been stirred. After five minutes of this treatment remove one foot at a time and give it a brisk rubbing. Then cover yourself up closely in bed and—go to sleep. For that is what you will want to do. If your body treats you as well as you have treated it, you will wake up with half your load of cold taken off from you. The philosophy of the hot foot-bath is that it restores the circulation to the surface of the body, and so relieves the congested membranes within.

If you were to catch your cold while away from home, or where treatment of this kind is not possible, a good way to help yourself would be to walk it off. Which means simply this, walking yourself into a perspiration, which acts as the hot foot-bath does. Put on your wraps, taking special pains to protect the throat. Walk briskly until you start a perspiration. Then walk just a little harder until you reach home. Then throw an extra covering over your wraps, without loosening them, and sit down, taking care to keep out of draughts. Sit still until you are quite cool. Then remove your clothing, sponge yourself rapidly with alcohol, and put on fresh dry garments throughout. If you do this carefully, you will not be likely to have to call in the doctor to look wise and tell you you've got the grip.



## THE SCIENCE OF MOTHERHOOD.

HERE are physical mothers and there are spiritual mothers, and there are those who combine the two. It is a mistaken, a very wrong idea which hinders the work very much, that the fact that a woman has given birth to a child makes her a mother in the highest sense of the word. If any of you will go with me just two or three blocks over here on —street, I can show you women who have given birth to five, six, sometimes eight children without apparently a vestige or spark of real motherhood in them. If you will listen to the workers in the dark districts of our city, they will have told you such tales of brutality of some mother, such as one kicking a three-year-old child, with a curse, across the room, while straightening out the dead body of its baby sister; of another mother letting her child, who had scalded his arm until the flesh had dropped off, go twenty-four hours before the arm was cared for, and then bringing it to the free dispensary to be treated because she could not sleep, the child cried so. Such things are common among that class of mothers. Yet they are physical mothers; they have given birth to children.

If again you would go with me some morning, or with our missionary workers, and visit some of our charity kindergartens and see those young girls' faces light up with joy as they seize a dirty little hand, and see the loving tenderness with which these little street arabs are taken by them and washed and dressed and sometimes kissed, and see the quiet firmness with which those little, weak, marred wills, born of an inheritance of crime, are patiently dealt with, you would realize that spiritual motherhood can sometimes be developed even without physical motherhood. It is that element, spiritual motherhood, of which I would speak to you. It is that element to which Froebel appealed, and thank God, it is common to all—spiritual motherhood. Of course, the ideal state of affairs is where the physical mother is the spiritual mother also.

Your child has a body; that body can be developed into more beautiful and symmetrical proportions, and by means of its development can aid the intellectual life and increase the spiritual growth, or the reverse. The body is trained, so far as all training after birth can come, by means of exercising the muscles and the senses. Froebel gives the mother many hints as to how to do this; of course, he cannot pretend to lay down for you or me or anybody else, every detail, or tell any mother exactly what she must do with her child. Your own mother instinct, your own native good sense, your own ingenuity must aid you, but he can give you the general rules which govern all growth.

The muscles of the child may be trained in two ways. They may be trained so that the child becomes very conscious of its body, and the body simply alone is developed; I mean made

strong, the mind and intellect being secondary to it. The true training of the child's muscles should be an unconscious training by means of play, in order that while the body is being trained, those muscles are being made the willing servants of the spirit, and are aiding the child in its intellectual life. Consequently, a mother's first duty is to learn how to play aright with her child. That sounds absurd. "What, systematize my play? Teach me how to play with my child? I love to do that anyway." Yet there is a best way. Be careful how you play with the child. Each time you fondle and handle him, each time you dance him up and down, each time the little, tossing, kicking limbs are stretched by your hands, they are trained and exercised. There is nothing in the world more painful to a true lover of children, to one with insight, than the child conscious of its own body. That is abnormal and wrong. Again, another important thing to be considered in the training of a child in play, is that it develops the social, moral and spiritual side of its nature. I want you to see that you cannot develop the child's body without touching its soul and its intellect. Many a mother has the feeling that if she washes, dresses and feeds the child, teaches him the catechism and sends him to school, her duty is done; but far from it. The mother, whether she knows it or not, is a teacher, the greatest, strongest and most lasting teacher that her child has. The mother has not only the physical care of the child in her hands, but she has the source, the fountain head of his intellectual life, because true psychology teaches that all true doing is the result of willing, that all true willing is the result of thinking, that all true thinking is the result of feeling.

"Thought is father to the will." "As a man thinketh, so is he," and as he is, so does he. Remember the source of that statement. Compulsion is the attempt to get a deed done without the desire which should go before the action of the will. Voluntary obedience is a deed which is performed after the right stages of growth have been gone through. First, the individual desires it; second, he thinks about it; third, he wills to do it; fourth, he voluntarily does it. Compulsion is just the opposite. It is an attempt to force the fruit without planting the seed. This makes the difference between voluntary and forced obedience. Now, please do not misunderstand me. I would have a child obedient—obedient by forced obedience if absolutely necessary. It is the surgeon's knife, only to be used on the rarest occasions. A child rightly treated and rightly handled, will not need forced obedience in the majority of cases. But the poor little creature who is brought up without obedience is indeed an unfortunate child. Therefore, do not misunderstand me, and wait until you get voluntary obedience, but plant your seeds, make your child want to do the thing by your own conduct and by his environment.

Written for THE QUEEN.

## THE HAYMAKER.

High piled the scented clover lies,  
As sunset crimson tints the west,  
Home to his elms the swart crow flies,  
And small birds sleep in downy nest,  
And Marie waits!

Her rake amid the perfumed hay  
Has tossed and gathered sweetest spoil.  
And now, at close of golden day  
She lingers o'er her finished toil  
And smiling waits!

The slow kine stray along the lane,  
Full udded and with patient eyes  
Adown the mead the creaking wain  
Comes slowly and the sunlight dies,  
And Marie waits!

The last red lingers on her cheeks,  
In blushes, and makes gold her hair,  
With downcast eyes she stands, nor speaks  
But only in her silence there  
She smiling waits!

For whom? for what? Ah, who can guess.  
The thoughts and plans her blushes hide.  
Or dreams she of a soft caress,  
Or weaves she blossoms for a bride.  
While Marie waits!

What matter! so she truly take  
Her share of sunshine and of shade.  
This world has wealth of hay to make,  
And sweetest rest when hay is made  
And Marie waits!

—Grace E. Denison.

Written for THE QUEEN.

## FROM SHADOW TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE

MARQUIS OF LORNE, G.C.M.G.,

(EX-GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA,)

AUTHOR OF "LOVE AND PERIL, A STORY OF THE FAR NORTH-WEST," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## PART II.

**L**EAVING the carriages at the large, white farmhouse, wraps and luncheon-baskets were consigned to the ghillies, and a delightful walk undertaken over the pastures that topped the sea-cliffs. Orchises and little pansies flecked the grass, and where any natural knoll, too rough for the herbage, had broken the surface, the heather seeds had dropped and flourished, and the hum of bees in the deep red bells and the minute purple flowerets, told of the grateful gathering of unenvied wealth. Now the path skirted the very edge of the abrupt wall, which rose close to the line of reflux seawater, and although there was no wind and no lashing wave, yet the heart-drop of the mighty deep, sent, in measured undulations, shining masses that almost insensibly swelled and laved with an ampler flood the jugged stones and sandy coves, while a low murmur, as though of pleasure, rose upon the air; only every now and then a little flush of darker blue mantled, for an instant, the surface, where a breath of wind had wandered from the mountain inland, and had fallen over the cliff, and struck with a light "flurry" upon the waters.

Mary would have liked to lie down on the perfumed bank to gaze for hours on the grandeur of the coast which dipped, headland beyond headland, into those turbulent depths. She had seated herself, but rose, saying, "Man is always in a hurry when he should rest, and generally thinking when he should be acting," for she was told that the tide would soon be too high for their purpose if they delayed. She left, with a sigh, the place made to look yet more restful by her repose, and found that they had been led to a break in the rock wall, and that close to where they stood, a very steep, but still quite practicable slope of turf, made a descent tolerably easy. The only one of the party who would not venture it, was an elderly Italian, who looked down the steep green stairs of turf, shook his head over the abyss, and murmured repeatedly, "Imposs! imposs!" Nothing could persuade him to attempt the task, even although the ladies offered him their fair shoulders as a support for his hands. "Imposs," as they then called him, was left at the top of the bank, looking over the path, "like an old mare over a gate," as one of the others remarked, with more truth than politeness.

A scramble brought them all safely to the bottom, and then began a more difficult part of the road, for the little space left between rock and sea was strewn with huge boulders rolled up by the ice in past ages, and fragments of rock detached and tumbled from above. These lay in confusion, piled one above the other, strewn in wondrous disorder, little pools left by the tide scattered amongst them, where their lower surfaces were decked with the little pyramids of the limpet, and scarred white with the crusts of barnacle and serpula. The men had plenty to do to get the woman over the rough obstructions of the shore, and they all paused, breathless with their climbing, where a rough table of stone gave them a comparatively flat platform whereon to take breath. Above them, over the precipice,

streamed a little burn, coming from what seemed a great height, and gradually getting thinner and thinner in its volume until it reached the rocks below, a mere streak of foam-white spray, showing through its veil the red and grey of the stone beyond, and the green tufts of fern and ivy which clung to that overhanging wall. And now, beyond a giant buttress, they were told that the object of their journey lay. They had, however, been so careful to arrive as the tide was retiring that they had come too soon and were obliged to wait, because the road around the foot of the angle of rock was still flowing knee-deep. A wild pigeon or two flew in before them into the recess they desired to reach, and they envied the birds their wings. A little patience was however easily learned on that glorious spot, and soon the white and green and muddy pebbles showed shining wet, for they were still kissed by the lips of the sea, but the sun disputed their possession, and the travellers could tread on them. Just around the corner the whole of the immense opening of the cave showed itself to their astonished eyes. Far away overhead the cliff broke into a vast portal, whose rugged and irregular arch grew gradually lower and lower as the aperture deepened inwards. This covered approach to the actual entrance of the cave was paved with many-colored pebbles, while the rock in terraced ledges rose grandly on each side as they stood within. The roof above was more beautiful than could have been any closed vault; for, open to the sun and the sea air through its wide and lofty entrance, it appeared like the avenue to some mystic Egyptian temple, where the perspective makes the walls close in and in, until the opening to the cave itself leads in the distance, to the narrow entrance which guards the sacred halls of the secret and inner fane.

Mary with the impetuosity of her girlish character sped over the pavement of small stones that made walking laborious, and followed by her companions, stood for awhile beneath the ragged lintel of the door of the cave vault; there the archway was only about thirty feet in height. Looking behind she saw the blue line of the horizon, formed by the rocks, and enclosing on its furthest verge an island, which seemed a mere mote in that intense light which shone on the outer world. Before her loomed a great space of darkness, where the rocky ceiling rose slightly, but not so decided an incline, and it was now sand and not a confused collection of rounded stones on which she stood. Her eyes gradually became more accustomed to the gloom, and she saw how extensive was the natural hall into which she had ventured.

"O look what nice soft sand; and there are flat stones to make tables for our lunch," she said, and pointed to some blocks that gleamed shadowy white some forty yards away.

She moved on to them, and when nearer she saw, or thought she saw, seated on them, a man. The figure, if she could trust her eyes in the obscurity, was that of an old man. He was clad in a brown or dark looking long coat, and had a white beard, and his hat was on his head, a battered wide brimmed cloth hat that



concealed a good deal of his face. She was startled for a moment, and looked towards her companions as if asking if they should camp there as others seemed to be there before them. But when she looked again the figure had moved, and thinking that it must only be some tourist visiting the cavern as she and her friends were, she sat down on the sand, and soon the baskets were empty of the luncheon, and a laughing group made the corks fly, and jokes and merriment reigned. They sat with their backs to the darkness, and fronting the entrance, so that the cheerful day made a deep shaft of light strike along the floor almost to their feet. The glare was so rarified by the space it had to pass that they could look forth undazzled through that little arch, to where the island floated, far away. If any person had attempted to pass out they must therefore, of course, have seen him, and towards the end of their repast, Mary said to her neighbor, that she wondered what had become of the old gentleman who had been sitting so near where they then were, when they first entered.

"Old gentleman! there is nobody here surely but ourselves," said she, and this statement was echoed by those who were sure that there could be nobody, and that there had been nobody there, or they would have seen them. Only young McLain backed Mary's remark, and said that he too had positively seen a man move away into the darker parts of the cave. He added laughing—

"If it isn't a tourist, it must be some belated smuggler." He too, had noticed the white beard, and the long brown coat. "Well," he said, in the undertone in which their conversation had been carried on, for they knew not if they might not be overheard, "if it's a smuggler we'll soon find him, for this great vault is as round as a kettle, and the main corridor that leads out of it further on to the hill, ending in another smaller hall, has no side passages that I have ever seen or heard of. Light the candles and lanterns, and we'll soon show you the end of any mystery there may be here."

All started to their feet, and a number of lights, like glow-worms, searched the moist walls, and peered into any crannies that appeared. The sandy floor rose higher and higher, until it ended in a ridge under the place where the rock ceiling again descended from its height to within thirty feet of the floor. Beyond this ridge a wide passage led and past more big stones, until a slight descent a hundred yards further brought them to the room described by McLain. The further end of this was blocked by pieces of rock detached from the roof.

They had come across no person, and now that they could speak without being overheard, Mary was often merrily told that she had been long enough in Scotland, for she had begun to share the second sight McLain was reported to possess. She was certainly much puzzled, and so was he, at the absence of any proof of their statement, and they answered little, and seemed to regard the matter more seriously than did the others. So much was this the case that the attempt at badinage on the subject died away, and they left the cave far more silent than when they entered it. But their spirits revived with the renewed exercise of the exertion of the scramble over the fearfully rough shore, the young men were happy enough in helping Mary over rugged obstacles, and they would encourage her to stand and rest on some big stone, where they could admire her as she stood above them, her young figure appearing to their gaze more beautiful than that of any Grecian goddess, as she remained awhile looking to seaward, her hand, as it leaned on a long staff of hazel, raised above her head, the masses of her dark hair showing in abundance under a blue flat "boori" or basque cap,

her rounded and firm chin, clear cut lips, and nostrils taking in the salt breath of the ocean, with a delight that her great and happy eyes made glorious to behold.

But all good things must come to an end, including the chances of seeing a beautiful girl motionless, and having the luck to be allowed to stare at her without being rude; for now the top of the cliff had to be gained. There they found their sedentary friend, "Old Imposs," as they called him, waiting for their return, declaring that he had had a much better time of it than they, but, bye the bye, had they any lunch left, for he had quite forgotten that he had none in his pockets when they went down to the shore, and he had begun to envy the cormorants below him, for he had seen a lot of them on a rock taking a wash in the water, enjoying a most substantial meal on fish, that he had begun to feel hungry enough to eat raw.

The ladies rather unkindly declared he deserved nothing until he got back to the farm-house, but one of the ghillies was seen to keep back alone with him, and it was feared he had obtained a surreptitious supply of whiskey and biscuit, for he did not mention the cormorants again. Young McLain soon made a pretext for telling him and the rest to proceed, as he decided to fetch something he had accidentally left on the shore, and wandered back the way they had come. But no sooner were they out of sight than he reascended the grassy bank, and crept onward along the cliff brink where heather screened the abyss until he knew by the lay of the land he stood immediately over the cave. Here he lay down and crept cautiously, as though stalking a deer, and determined to remain unseen, to the very brink. Parting the heather he looked cautiously down.

Nearly an hour had now elapsed since they had left the cave, and looking down upon the shore where the big boulders they had crossed with so much difficulty, appeared no larger than a boy's toy marble, this is what he saw. It was nothing very startling, but it was something that puzzled him considerably.

A boat, with a small sail lying along the thwarts, was being unfastened, from a tiny creek in the rocks below. This miniature cove must have been entirely concealed from anyone climbing along the rough shore, unless it was accidentally stumbled upon. Besides it lay beyond the approach to the cave.

Engaged in unfastening the boat, and working with evident energy to get it away before the tide yet receded further, was a man. Unlike the person McLain and Mary thought they had seen in the darkness of the cavern, this person was evidently young and vigorous. McLain pulled out his field glass and saw him as though he could have touched him. He had fair and fine hair, which had grown long over his forehead and back, and was bright and curly. On the crown of the head it seemed to have been cut shorter, as though for the sake of some wound. The youth was bareheaded. A new growth of young hair covered his chin and lip. He seemed nervous and hurried; his eyes were expressive enough, but the expression was one of some anxiety and tension of mind, enforced by a knitting of his brows, and the quick motion of his hands with which he often threw back the hair, and dried his brow. Soon the painter was free, the little mast stepped, although the sail was not yet hoisted.

The young man jumped into the little craft, and soon shoved himself into the deep. Then he took the oars as he stood, and rowed for awhile standing between the thwarts in order to see ahead, for he seemed fearful of some rock or shallow. He did this slowly, but evidently quite at ease now that he was afloat, and had caught the ebbing water. And as he slowly bent and swung forward, leaning on the oars, he paused at intervals, and

his heart seemed to fill with joy, as, with head erect, he sang these strange words :—

"Out from the darkness, forth into the light,  
From the vault of earth I go;  
The Rock-dove's neck but needs her flight  
From the cave, in the sun to glow,  
So my soul, athirst for the open day,  
Moves aflame with the love Divine;  
O shelter me, shine on my ocean way,  
God! with the angels nine.

The devious tracks are passed at last,  
I see the heavens blue,  
Thy love's great tide swings free and vast,  
And thrills the whole world through,  
Unchanging, in its change, to fill  
With health the noisome mine;  
So come, Thou all compelling Will,  
With Thy great angels nine.

I sought to know Thy way through those  
Who make themselves as God;  
The worm that on his belly goes,  
Their sign—not Thy green sod—  
Thy sunlight was not in their heart,  
Nor Thy great ways Divine;  
Thy breakers shatter their dull art,  
Thou need'st not angels nine!

Priests spin their cobwebs, hiding truth,  
And weave their nets for power;  
One honest pulse of healthy youth  
Is worth their creed's long hour:  
Then forth to follow to the West,  
Thy great Sun's goldens sign;  
Away with any man-made test,  
My soul's whole worship Thine!

The voice ascended clear and strong in the calm evening air, and still the young rower stood and propelled his craft in the leisurely fashion with which he started. But soon a little breeze touched the surface around him, and he stooped to raise his sail. And McLain marvelled more and more who on earth he could be, but refrained from hailing, much as he felt inclined to shout out a happy journey to him—"merely for the fun" as he said afterwards, "of startling him." But there fell no voice from the height to surprise the youth. The quiet beauty of this Western night would soon be around him. A few cries from gulls, a few splashes as a diver threw up his tail and disappeared, or the watery shock of the plunge after his prey of the solan bjd; the feathery "whisk" heard at intervals from the place where the little brook fell down the precipice, and the more constant hollow whisper of the tide along the shore, a sound that never allows absolute silence, even on the calmest day—these, and these alone, could be heard when the song ceased. The dusky cobalt of the upper heavens became yet deeper, as the golden glory in the west brightened, and ever brightened. A few pennon-like streaks of cloud glowed with an ethereal crimson, and in varied lights of palest green, and saffron, and blue, the sea shone responsive to the light above. The isles and islets afar upon its breast assumed a deep sapphire tint, and McLain's thoughts turned to the Celtic legends of the Isles of the Blessed, the Avilion whither the spirit of Arthur passed at his death. Where were they, those "fortunate isles?" Where never wind blew loudly, nor mortal grief could come? Would he or any man ever find them? or could they ever be seen—for, in the end, there would be "no more sea." How then could there be any happy shores in the West, he asked himself, half-smiling at the futility of his own thoughts. And as he so checked himself in his dreaming, he took another look through his glass at the voyager in the little boat. The sail was drawing the light air and he was fast leaving the land behind, and gliding

quietly towards the blaze in the west; and McLain gazed again towards the sunset, and saw far down on the burning horizon what seemed to be the very isle of his desire. There it stood from out the opal tinted deep, refulgent with more than mortal brightness. There rose a glittering shore with sudden peak and deep ravine, with splintered mountain ridge and glens glowing with the sheen of molten precious metals. Distinct and unmistakable, the strange land lay along the water, an Eldorado so clearly defined that the most sceptical eye could not doubt of its existence. The youth in the now distant boat appeared to see it, for he stood up and gazed westwards, as though beholding the vision of wonder beyond the rough basaltic masses that broke through the ocean surface nearer to him. But now the night came on apace; the boat grew smaller and smaller. It was only the nearer and familiar and certainly material forms of the Hebrides that could be dimly distinguished in the gathering gloom, and McLain left his watch, puzzled and feeling decidedly superstitious, with a prevalent feeling that the mysterious young man had got a clue to a scent that had long escaped the most searching Celt, and had shipped himself off, "for good," to the happy land, which none really deserved until they had grown to be at least four times as old as the young voyager, or three times as old as McLain himself.

#### CHAPTER IV.

That island sea, ringed with its round-headed hills of yellow sand, called the Harbour of San Francisco, shone steel blue, as the usual cold wind blew upon it through the "golden gate"—the opening to the Pacific. In the carved court of the immense Palace Hotel, which in that city engulfs most of the travellers who arrive as fleeting birds of passage, the band made the white, wooden-columned colonnades of each of its many stories resound with a brazen din. There was an incessant banquet proceeding in the lower halls, where a never ending *table d'hôte* attracted and surfeited people, who seemed to come from most of the civilised countries under the sun. In the luxurious upper rooms, little supper and dinner parties were being given; and sometimes the purchases that had been made of curiosities in the city discussed, and the articles displayed.

There were many handsome shops in the straight streets which ran up and down the monstrous sand-hills, but the monotony of the things set out for the benefit of tourists was usually even greater than that of the streets and hills. Specimens of gold in dust; specimens of gold in crystals of pure yellow metal; specimens of gold in quartz, cut and polished; specimens of gold in nuggets, small and big. These were the forms that the San Francisco commercial enterprise exhibited as the chief novelties and peculiarities of the place, and some of the visitors had had enough of them. This was the case with a party which had just arrived from the Eastern States, and although tired with the long time spent in the cars, had already seen most of the sights of the city, including some of the magnificent wooden-built houses of the principal merchant princes, the park where the sea lions are shown, reposing their ungainly carcasses on the stack of rocks that jut out into the long rolling surge of the Pacific. They were talking of an expedition to Montalto, where the Governor's splendid herd of horses might be seen by those who could present introductions to him, but it was resolved that they had not yet thoroughly "done" San Francisco, and a visit to the Chinese theatre, in the Chinese quarter, would be something new at all events, and would show them something unlike what they had seen before. So the opera or academy of music, as many towns in America love to call

that institution, was left for another day, and the carriages were ordered to set the party down in the "Celestial's" part of the city.

A very ill-formed part it was, with many wooden houses, little better than shanties, a contrast to the vast blocks of handsome buildings of which most of this city was built. To be sure the prevalence of earthquakes mild in character as these generally are, might make many a nervous person prefer a single storied building to one containing many floors, as escape would be easier, but there are too many brick and stone buildings to allow one to imagine that the occasional danger exercises much influence on the minds of the inhabitants. Along the sides of the streets into which the party now penetrated there were many low shops and dingy counters, protected from sun and rain by a roof of projecting boards, supported from the floor of the sidewalk, by posts, against which Chinese loungers leaned, wearing the familiar pig-tail, and clad in long loose dresses of black or dark blue. Usually there were no shoes on their feet, but every now and then a richer man passed, his drapery of finer stuff, and white shoes on his feet, turned up at the toes like the prow of an old fashioned boat.

The theatre itself was a long dark parallelogram, with a gallery, the ends of which nearest the stage was divided off into small partitions. Lamps of the most ordinary kind gave just enough light to enable persons entering to see their way to rough benches, which were always well filled with a crowd of Chinese workmen. They sat very silently awaiting the commencement of the piece which had always been proceeding to develop its story during three or four of the preceding evenings. One peculiarity of the acting struck a stranger as curious when the acting began.

There was no attempt to keep the "wings" or sides of the stage free of those who were not acting, although they might have been friends of the actors. They indulged their curiosity as much as they chose, by standing in deep rows, and laughing or cheering the action of the drama.

Another peculiarity consisted in a band of musicians, if this term of flattery for a knot of men making hideous noises be permissible, being stationed in the very centre of the stage. In front of them the actors who conducted the story recited their parts in a loose fashion, that suggested they were improving as they went on. The applause from the audience was occasionally loud and hearty, especially was a droll fellow who often came forward to make jokes, rewarded with plentiful laughter. There seemed to be only one woman in the cast, and all the other characters made love to her, a method of ensuring "the unities," which allowed the play to be indefinitely protracted, and yet kept the interest circling round the lovely female, who, as far as the assemblage in the house was concerned, seemed to be the only Chinese woman in 'Friso. There must have been others somewhere, but they were apparently not so clamorous for boxes and stalls as are their paler sisters of our race. There was no attempt at scenic decoration, although in more luxurious theatres it is said that this is being introduced. Like the plays of the classical day of Italy and Greece, and like those of our own Shakespeare, the diction was supposed to be entrancing enough without such meretricious attractions. And then as the Chinese clown in shrill tones and with ludicrous gestures straddled on the stage front, and was every now and again succeeded by this single and singular woman, who had all the Chinese world at her feet, a light which did not come from the stage but from overhead made the audience look up, a shower of sparks fell among them, making them start to their feet, then came more

sparks and a bright outflush of flame overhead. There was a quitting of the stage by those upon it, and men were soon heard tearing at the roof, which blazed up ever brighter and brighter. Then a babel of tongues that had begun as soon as the fire was seen, was lost in loud cries of terror, and the panic-stricken Chinamen rushed to the entrance doorway below, while those in the galleries, who from their position were nearer the fire, and had at first observed it, were screaming at the top of their voices, dashing over each other struggling to be first to reach the creaky stairway.

It was an appalling scene, for it was evident that the men above had done nothing to stop the misfortune, which now threatened irredeemable disaster. The party from the hotel had risen from where they sat, the chief figure among them being a father and daughter who stood holding each other's hands, pale and silent amid the tumult, but really terrified like the rest for imminent death appeared to stare them in the face. It was evident that no egress was possible by the door crammed with frantic struggling Chinamen.

Then suddenly a thoroughly Californian figure, a man spare, and agile, and of good stature with a sombrero like hat on his head, and long fair hair showing on his neck, sprang towards them, climbed the railing that divided their portion of the gallery from the pit below, and in a moment had taken the old man's arm, and hurried him and his daughter towards the side wall. There at one corner was a low door closed and fastened, a door that none had looked for or observed. This yielded at once to the weight of his shoulder, and in another minute they were all outside the burning building, and on a roof whence they could reach one of the verandah like boardings over the street side walk. Letting himself down first, he bade them one after the other leap down to him, and receiving them safely in his wiry arms, they found themselves breathless, but unhurt, in the roadway.

Mary Wincott, for it was she and her father who had so narrowly escaped, was pale enough still and trembled a good deal, nor could she at first summon voice to thank their guide, who now asked them if they were at the Palace Hotel, in a manner happy enough, but as though trying to suppress the intense excitement under which his voice labored.

"Well, I'll show you the way," he said, in reply to their answer, and striding by their side, with his wide hat framing a handsome face, he said not another word until they reached the hotel door, when he saluted them, and would have left, had not Mr. Wincott pressed his hand, and told him that he must ask him to come again as soon as possible to receive their thanks for his most opportune appearance and assistance. A more impetuous member of the group broke in.

"Why, yes, sir. If you hadn't come we should all have been crisps by this time."

The Californian smiled and said he would have the pleasure of again calling, and, with a low bow to Miss Wincott departed. They met very soon again, for the next morning brought a number of callers to congratulate them on their escape, and among them was the man who had saved their lives. When he entered and found others in the room he seemed disconcerted and annoyed, but Miss Mary soon put him more at ease, for nothing could be more graceful and charming than the tact and cordiality with which she made her acknowledgments.

How was it, she asked, that when so few white men were in the theatre he should have been there—just at the right time? And how was it that he had at once thought of the closed door by which escape had become possible?

"O," he answered, in a voice that, to their Eastern ears, seemed very Californian or European, for it came from the chest, and the enunciation was different than it often is in the old states, "I have always taken a deep interest in all Old World matters, and the oldest of Old World things can be found among the Chinese, thus I often go to see their plays, and have even learned something of their language. I knew the building intimately, having been there night after night. You probably did not think of this when listening for a time to their somewhat cumbrous play, but it is a fact that, of all spectacles presented to living eyes, a Chinese play is probably the most unchanged from the earliest times. Of course, there may have been minor modifications in the art, but essentially the stage as they have it now is what they had when Greece and Rome were not, and we have to go back to Egyptian or even Assyrian times for anything like it. Indeed, when the dim dynasties of these ancient realms were not, China was. The music you heard at that theatre, the main features of the representation, the earliest growth of civilization."

"Well, certainly, I never thought of that," said Mary, "except that the funny man who made the people laugh was much like an ordinary clown, in the by-play and jokes he was perpetually making."

"Yes, we must have got our clown from the far East, but I do not think that he existed on the classic stage of Northern Europe."

"I did not think that you, in California, interested yourselves so much in such things," said Mary, in some wonder, as she looked up at the refined and eager face of this man, who seemed an odd mixture of ranchman and reader, "but perhaps you have stayed for some years abroad!"

"Oh, nobody stays very long in San Francisco, for pleasant as the coast is, it becomes monotonous, and one longs after a time for some real winter again," he answered evasively.

"I, too, am very fond of reading, and I hope you will be able to come to see us and talk over our experiences of foreign travel," she replied frankly, "for you are resident here now?"

She could not conceal her curiosity.

"Yes," he answered, "I have come up just in time as it turned out, from some way down the coast, where the old missions of Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara, and Monterey interested me so much that I remained long at those places, which were before unknown to me. If you wish to see the most enchanting portion of this coast you should visit Monterey, where a perpetual sunshine illuminates beautiful woods of sycamore, and, above all, a great grove of cedar, like those of Lebanon. The pines clothe a hillside for some miles, and grow close to the water's edge, so that the breakers of the Pacific fling their spray among the terraced boughs. I wish I could have lived in the old Spanish rule, when first the Christian evangel was brought by the fathers to the Indians who dwelt in numbers on the coast, living on fish and the flesh of the *Haleotis* shell. They were brave men who first landed in those sunlit bays, and one of them probably in gratitude for safety after some adventure by sea, made his Indians build his church so that the interior of it looks like the inside of a ship, the buttressed ribs curving from floor to roof. I liked to stand there in that early church, now ruined, and to fancy the work of the raising of God's Temple by the natives with their feather ornaments on their heads, their copper colored skins glowing with the exertions as they placed the stones or hardened clay bricks, the priest encouraging them, and near at hand a group of Spanish soldiery with the front and back curved steel morion on their heads, their rich doublets, and trunk hose, with pikes and arque-

buses over their shoulder. For there had been hostile natives to encounter, men who had come from the great woods in the mountains of the interior, and the Spaniards had experience enough in the heavy fighting which they had to face in the South, in Peru and Mexico, to know that the arm of the flesh must protect the saints."

He spoke all this with what seemed to Mary a strange enthusiasm, but it interested her, and made her still more curious in regard to the speaker, whose face, figure, and manner, she admired. She liked to listen to his talk, and was yet struck with the embarrassment that occasionally overtook him, as though he feared to betray himself by the very eagerness with which he pursued a subject that engrossed his mind for a time. Betray what? That was the question that arose in her mind. What was there to conceal? Why for instance should he suddenly have ceased to pursue in speech the thoughts that had once led him after the meetings had become frequent, to talk to her on the teaching he thought best for a younger brother of her own, who had just entered the military academy of the states at West Point. He had delivered with ardour a long discourse on the best manner of preparing a youth to encounter the battles of life, and then some doubt or hesitation seemed to seize him, and he stopped, giving some lame apology, obviously not felt as real by the speaker.

"Ah, but my views on such things can't interest you, Miss Wincott, and I should not have ventured to bore you with them!" She felt he knew she was not bored with them, and yet in one so young as himself it seemed to her so odd that he should have cared to think so much either about missions to ancient heathen or of the training to be given to boys in the U. S. What on earth could have made this eccentric young Californian keen on such points? And why again did he seem not to care to discuss them with others in whom it might naturally be expected he would find congenial companions and controversialists? For he had on one or two occasions when she had offered to introduce him to men of culture and distinction, said he would far rather talk with her on such things, than with them. Yet he had not pressed these subjects, for the talk had naturally led to them, and he was quite as much at home and seemed more at ease, although less engrossed with the cause of talk, when conversation fell on horses, sport, botany, or the natural beauties of the wonderful land in which they then found themselves. He had given his name as Chisholm—Walter Chisholm—and was obviously a man of education, and one who had enjoyed opportunities of travel and of life generally, which are not often given to men less wealthy, and that he had made the best of his chances to enrich his mind.

They made an excursion together to the Yosemite Valley to see the "Wellingtonias," as he accidentally called the gigantic Sequoias. "Washingtonias," you mean, she had said, and the incident led to an explanation. They had sat together on the stage, as it swung at a canter round the bluffs, where the road has a mountain on one side and a precipice on the other, and she had recounted some of her European adventures of travel to him, and he on his part had shown that the scenes she described were familiar to him.

"Do you know, Mr. Chisholm, I don't believe you are a Californian at all, but an old countryman," she exclaimed, "and your saying 'Wellingtonia,' in naming our big trees is most outlandish. Now tell me, when did you come to California?"

"Well, not so very long ago," he answered, and on the following day Mary's father had taken occasion to rally him gravely on his British nomenclature.

"Ah, Mr. Wincott," he said lightly, "we get back into old habits sometimes, and I have not escaped the failing. Who would have thought it possible that the Britishers would have had the effrontery to call the biggest plants in America after Wellington, especially when they had been appropriated by native botanists to the glory of the great Virginian?"

"But are you not a Britisher yourself?" Mr. Wincott said, and Chisholm replied.

"Since you ask me the question, I am, although I am not sure that I shall not settle altogether in some one of these beautiful valleys, for I like the freedom of the life, and the scenery is most fascinating. I fear, however, that duties will call me back to Britain, where my home used to be, and may have to be again."

He spoke with a certain regret not unnoticed by the shrewd American, who, for some time past, wished to know more of the young man to whom they owed so much, who had now been so much thrown with his daughter. He suspected that he did not belong to the "Pacific Slope," and the cast of mind he had observed in him did not suit the waving locks, and what one of his temporary companions was pleased to call "that language in his hat." Now that he confessed himself to be only a sojourner in the land, although knowing it better than many who had been born there, he showed the adaptability of his character by joining in any joke, even though it went against himself. Thus his enthusiasm for many things was sometimes a cause of fun among his new acquaintances, and in especial his apparent love of authority, and reverence for those he conceived to be above him in station was the cause of much good-humoured merriment among the young Republicans. He was not at all hurt at their want of comprehension of his temperament in this respect, and laughingly told them that he did not believe they would look up even at the big trees when they were among them, or acknowledge them to be one whit taller than the travelers themselves. He used to declare that the subservience shown to dignitaries whether of the church or state was not personal service, but the outward form of regard paid to a belief or a cause. One or two of the others professed to admire this, but could not understand it, although to be sure the eldest said, "it is the case in the Roman Catholic Church, and I have seen a little feeling expressed in Canada in regard to the Monarchy."

"Yes," said Chisholm, with a proud look in his eyes, "there are many who would sacrifice themselves for their faith or their prince."

"Well, for my part, I understand doing anything for a principle, but nothing for a prince."

"I think I could die for my sovereign," said Chisholm, in a low voice, and the other eyeing him with a painstaking astonishment, could only reply, slowly.

"Indeed—you don't say so—that must be an interesting sensation," and added with partial assent, "I've known men ready to die for a dollar, which I take to be less than a sovereign."

But he became a great favorite with his new friends, who were only five in number, nay, her father, a young brother, and another couple, who had all come from New England. He had never volunteered to speak to them of himself, nor had he ever by anything that he had said assumed any front position, although his bearing and manner gave the impression that he was a gentleman by birth. He appeared, indeed, at first too much occupied with intellectual pursuits, to heed much in what light others regarded him. It was only after a time when he

had obviously felt the attraction of Mary's society, and had yielded to the magic of her presence, that he had seemed anxious to conceal that which puzzled Mr. Wincott, namely, the undoubted aversion he manifested against meeting any of his own countrymen, that is any English or Scotch, whom he might happen to hear were likely to recognise him. This peculiarity became a source of curiosity to Mr. Wincott when they returned to the city, and he could not avoid feeling some degree of prejudice against the young man in consequence of it. There had been so many English adventurers calling themselves by all the good names known in England, who had presumed on the ignorance of Americans, and who had been admitted without question into their society, had, in several cases known to Mr. Wincott, grossly abused the courtesy and hospitality accorded to them.

But with Chisholm the case was reversed. He had never even mentioned his own name, until pressed to do so, nor had he seemed at first especially desirous of making the most of the opportunity he had to continue an acquaintance begun under circumstances so terrible, and placing his new found friends under such great obligations to him. Now, indeed, it was different, and he made the most of his time, and was evidently anxious to see as much as he could of Mary. She, on her side, was as evidently interested and charmed by him, and would listen with most unwonted attention and patience while he talked. Another matter which Mr. Wincott had observed was that Mr. Chisholm was exceedingly well lodged, and was therefore evidently a man of some means. He thought also, that he must be a man of some distinction, for he had let fall observations with regard to men and things that induced his listener to believe that he had seen "many men and cities," in a way not open to those who had not good credentials. It seemed also, that it was rather in regard to a wish, felt for change of society, than to any other feeling that the avoidance of old countrymen was adopted. Chisholm seemed to be tired of his former life, and to be seeking in the new world variety and difference, rather than any associations with his previous career, whatever that may have been. The exception to this existed in his liking all forms of religious observances, and in his great curiosity in reference to languages and customs. For these things he showed the zeal of a scholar combined with the enthusiasm of a priest. He rather surprised Mr. Wincott by telling him that he too wished to go again eastwards, and as he knew that the party he had rescued meant soon to be going homewards, he proposed that they should take steamer to the mouth of the magnificent Columbia River, ascend that stream, and then from some point on Washington State, cross over to Vancouver's Island, and finally take the Canadian Pacific Route back to the Atlantic states. Wincott liked the idea, and the proposal removed from his mind one last doubt in regard to his friend, for if there were anything personally unpleasant to Chisholm in his intercourse with Englishmen on account of any remembrances of the past, why should this project be started, a plan that would inevitably throw him among many who would recognise and know all about him, if he were a person who had been known in English society. Miss Wincott did not give enough credit to the ignorance of Canadians on such matters, an ignorance as great as that prevailing among Americans. It was however likely that Chisholm might find quite as many Englishmen likely to know him in Canada as in Italy, now that the world famous railway line of Canada had attracted so many tourists on account of the comfort it gave its passengers, and the wonderful scenery it allowed

them to witness in such perfect comfort and security. Mary took up the idea of an alternative route for their return with enthusiasm. She said she had had quite enough of those horrid alkali plains through which the line from Omaha to Frisco had taken them. The brief glimpse of the fine woods after they had crossed the Rockies was but a poor compensation for the dullness of the desert, which the Mormon communities at Ogden

and Salt Lake had, to her mind, altogether failed to enliven. They were then all of one purpose, and although a sea-voyage was a thing which was not so acceptable as the rest of the programme, a fine morning in the early autumn found them embarked on a good steamer, and quitting the golden gates of the wind-vexed harbor of Frisco, for the mouth of the alp girdled torrents of the Columbia.

[END OF PART II.]

## ABOUT WOMEN.

THE athletic girl may outstrip her brother in time, though she has both inheritance and tradition to oppose her. Every one is noticing how tall our girls are growing, and some one has said that the men seem to be growing shorter in the same ratio as the girls grow taller, and attribute the difference to the fact that boys smoke and girls do not. Dr. White, of the Berkeley Schools, is a strong believer in the theory that nicotine retards the growth of boys, as has been proven by experiments that it does of dogs and kittens. Girls of to-day are taller, stronger, and in every way more perfectly developed physically than the girls of the past decade. Athletics in some form enter into the course of almost all schools and all colleges, and women manifest much enthusiasm in athletic work. But women lack the sustained endurance of men, and the exacting demands of modern living tell on them as the years pass, and at forty or forty-five men are much finer specimens of physical attractiveness than the women of the same age, though much thought and study is given by women now to the preservation of their youthful beauty with marked results. The improvement in physical womanhood has been great in the last five or ten years, and it is the more noticeable to see straight, supple, strong women of graceful proportions in fashionable society than to see vigorous men of fine physique, because so much more unusual. But when really athletic mothers give an inheritance of physical beauty to athletic daughters, and they in turn transmit it to the grand-daughters, there will then need to be a change in the marriage ceremony, and the "obeying" will be incorporated in the husband's vow rather than that of the wife's, unless the soft-handed, narrow-shouldered youth renounce cigarette-smoking and devote their lordly intellects to something besides swallowing canes and wearing bangles.

"A GIRL who sits ungracefully is a rarity," said an artist. "The sex's poses in a chair are instinctively and unconsciously slightly. Then why will not girls practice a good carriage? They spend hours of prayer and effort over their bangs and their makeup, yet everybody knows a fine figure is the most important requisite of all. Any face can be rendered attractive by expression. Any face for which we care becomes beautiful to us. But even love can only soften dislike to regret over a round-shouldered, hollow-chested form. Good carriage induces a good figure. It at least throws such lines as you have into an adjustment of harmony. It will make your dresses fit better, last longer, and look finer while they last. A head well carried comes soon to be well poised. Shoulders well squared back, fill up your bodice and improve your silhouette as well as your profile. Hips well balanced make your gowns drape gracefully in spite of your dress-maker. Feet that come down to the ground prettily come near to being pretty feet. Even an ugly hand escapes criticism if well used. A short neck is forgotten if one's head moves well. If women would spend their time bathing, rubbing, and exercising, they would have something to

show for it. Instead, they sit around in 'masks,' or make themselves hideous over night. They use washes, prescriptions, and oils, and they don't half wash. Oh, yes, that is true. Many women, especially those addicted to greases, do not half wash. Absolute cleanliness—sweet, wholesome, dainty cleanliness—is the best and only safe cosmetic in the world."

A KENTUCKIAN, speaking of the Northern fashion of letting a woman hustle for herself in public places, says that this is entirely due to the demeanor of the Northern woman herself. When he is South, he always resigns his seat in a public vehicle to a woman, and makes it his business to secure her comfort whenever possible, regarding the welfare of every woman as the special care of every man. In the South, the women are dependent, confiding, and helpless. In the North, they know what they want, and they go and get it with a rapidity that startles the average man. The Northern woman buys her own car ticket, checks her baggage, gets aboard, buys a newspaper, looks around for a seat, and waits her turn for one with all the independence and courage of any man that can be produced. She wants no favors and she asks for none. This is so plainly apparent that, as the Kentuckian says, he is half afraid to offer her any favors for fear she may resent his interference; and, even when he is sure that she will not, and when she looks at him longingly, he himself is half-provoked at the general swing of the sex here in the North and would not offer her a seat any way.

THE Berne correspondent of the Central News writes:—"The countless tourists who during the summer make the ascent of Mount Pilatus by the mountain railway have little idea of the difficulties which have to be overcome before the line is opened. A whole army of workmen is employed to clear the way from snow and ice obstructing the tunnels and galleries, the snow in some places having accumulated to a depth of ten metres. The men engaged in the work have gained at length the summit of Pilatus, and were received with joy by the caretaker of the hotel at the mountain top. This trusty servant and his young wife have passed six months cut off from the world by the snow and ice at an altitude of 2,120 metres. Not a human form have they seen during their long exile, nor has any sound broken the dead stillness of those upper regions except the roar of tempests or the thunder of an occasional avalanche."

A MAN named Perez in Mexico, accused of "involuntary hypnotism," as he termed it, had to make himself scarce. He was staying at a hotel, and the waiters took wine from other tables and placed it before Perez, the waiters declaring that he had bidden them do so. Then the guests began making Perez presents, ranging from a gold watch to a magnificent bouquet presented by a lady. These people all said they had simply acted as directed by Perez. The lady's present led to a scene, and an explanation was demanded. Bursting into tears, she declared that her actions had been controlled by the man, who was a perfect stranger to her

Written for THE QUEEN.

## EDUCATION IN THE HOME.

BY ELLA F. FLANDERS.



HE subject home is a trite but an ever interesting one.

It possesses a charm for every civilized being.

The love of home is more potent in some natures than in others, but in every individual God has planted an affection for home life.

It is related of John Howard Payne the author of one of the sweetest songs in our language that he had no home, no abiding place with loved friends and the want of this prompted his loving heart to pen the song "Home, Sweet Home." It has been sung in all countries and never fails to touch an answering chord in every heart.

The child lured by singing birds and bright-hued flowers wanders for a time from his mother's side, but soon nature asserts itself and he quickly retraces his footsteps to his home.

The youth dazzled by the gay world starts forth with light and springing step to seek his fortune, but his bright anticipations have exceeded his grave realizations and he returns to the loved faces of home.

The man may possess every wordly advantage; laurels may crown his brow and gold gleam in his coffers, yet from these he turns toward the center of his thought and affection—home.

"Take the bright shell from its home in the lea,  
And wherever it goes it will sing of the sea,  
So take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,  
'Twill sing of the loved to the ends of the earth."

The home life of a nation is the index of the security and steadfastness of that nation as a government. When her home life is assailed her strength is sapped and she totters on the verge of ruin.

The gracious sovereign who for more than fifty years has sat on England's throne has wielded by her exemplary home life; and her rare domestic felicity, a scepter more powerful than the sword.

Dr. Woodruff in describing a trip abroad thus charmingly speaks of Victoria's home.

"Windsor Castle the home of Queen Victoria gave us a bright day in England. Every room in Windsor Castle is dressed in its own color, and each room has that deep sweet hush of home about it. Every room in the palace is abreast with the highest culture of these times in art and luxury and yet marvellously adapted to the truest home life." Thus we see that the diadem which crowns her brow, though set with the most rare and costly gems the world has ever seen, sheds not a more beautiful or resplendent light than that which emanates from her hearthstone. The success of the American republic is due to the wise and careful observance of her legislators, of those principles of legislation, which secure to the homes of her people their maintenance.

Statesmen who have been most distinguished for loyalty and honor have been those whose home influences were happiest and most sacred.

The education of our children forms an important factor in our Canadian homes. It has well been said "No woman's life should be too full or too busy to spare a few sacred years for the fulfilment of the highest functions of her being, the holy rites of motherhood. The years are few and fleeting when baby arms cling around the neck and little velvet cheeks are pillowed on the breast. They are happy, sacred, beautiful days and life fails to carry its richest blessing to the woman who is denied them."

The mother is by nature her child's first and best educator. A few minutes spent each day by her in the instruction of her child will often do more towards his education than the hours spent by the most successful teacher. The reasons for this are very obvious.

A mother is more interested in her child's welfare and improvement than another can possibly be; then, too, she has only her child or children to instruct while a teacher often has thirty or forty busy little minds to educate. A child who has been thus carefully trained at home is much better prepared for school life than one who is sent to school at the early age of five or six, there to learn his first lessons.

It is an age in which the education of the young is paramount. The learned are taxing their brains to devise new methods by which to instruct the growing mind. A woman somewhat past life's meridian, possessed of rare culture, and one who has wielded a facile pen said to me recently. "I envy the young lady of the present day her advantages. Almost every avenue of culture is open to her. It has been demonstrated that she can fill the editorial chair with ability; she can study medicine, practice law and lecture, all with equal proficiency; while in my girlhood it was thought strong-minded to even debate in an ordinary debating school."

Some of our best colleges have opened their doors to woman and well does she stand the test of scholarship, competing fairly and often outstripping the opposite sex in the race for learning.

I believe sincerely in the thorough education of woman but that education consists not only in a knowledge of language, mathematics and science, but it also consists in helping her wherever she is to adjust herself to her surroundings. It is a fine and graceful accomplishment to be a proficient pianist, but it is a practical and necessary acquirement to be able to bake a loaf of bread.

It is well to understand French, but it is better still to know how to sweep a room or prepare a digestible meal.

The best education is that which develops faculty as well as seeks to make accomplished ladies.

"Accomplishment embroiders the toe of a slipper and paints daisies on the bowl of a soup ladle; faculty neatly repairs the torn garment and compounds the hunger appeasing soup." In comparison with the multitude of graduates which our schools are each year sending forth to take their part as workers in the field of life, a small, very small number will become distinguished in art, science or letters. What then of the number of girls who are to become the bread-winners, the faithful wives and the well-disciplined mothers of the next generation?

The education which makes us all wiser and better is that which enables our girls to cheerfully perform with alacrity and ease that which comes to them in life.

But what of our boys! Our romping fun-loving mischievous boys! A writer has said "Do not force a gallon boy into a gill measure unless you desire dynamite results," and there is a good deal of truth in the expression. Live energetic boys must and will have something to occupy their busy brains and hands. Let them have it. Make home pleasant for them. Allow them to understand you would far rather have them there, though they almost deafen you with boyish shouts and frolicking games, than seeking enjoyment away from home's restraining influence.

Educate them both in the common school and college, as far as means and aptitude will allow, but teach them to be helpers at home as well. 'Tis well that boys understand housework. There are times when it is a matter of moment as well as convenience that a man can prepare a meal. In the far east all the cooks are men. A traveler who spent some time there says "I would as soon have a camel in my parlor as a man in my kitchen, men are well enough, but when you come to solve the nice problem of what you shall eat commend me to a woman. Women sometimes make mistakes in what they offer us to eat. Eve did. But a few months experience in those lands where men are cooks will drive you to sing with the poet, 'Oh woman with all thy faults I love thee still.'"

Yet for all this I have known men who were carefully trained by excellent mothers when boys who were very convenient about the kitchen. That the art of cooking is thoroughly understood by some of the sterner sex is proven, by the fact that the *chef* at renowned Delmonico's is a man. The same can be said concerning the White House and many of the wealthy families in our great cities. These have learned it as an art and are paid almost fabulous sums for their services, but what is brought to a fine art in one sense can certainly be used to advantage in a miner one; so I think it is a fine accomplishment for a boy that he knew how to at least prepare a plain meal. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says "I never see a petted, pampered girl who is yielded to in every whim by parents and servants, that I do not sigh with pity for the man who will some day be her husband." On the other hand I never see a son humored and waited upon by indulgent parents who dresses in the extreme of fashion, who lifts his hat with easy grace to every pretty girl he chances to meet; but repays his unwise parents by designating his father as the "old man," and looks upon his mother as only a necessity to prepare his meals and keep his clothes in order; I never see such a son but I sigh for the fair young girl

he may some day lead to the altar. In short, the best education for both our sons and daughters is that which fits them for cultured members of society, and prepares them for earning their own living, and performing cheerful and practically "Whatsoever their hands find to do."

But the children are not the only ones to receive education and culture in the home. When a woman marries she needs her education though she does not teach school or write books. It has been truly said that the average woman who marries with an education fully equal to that of her husband, is soon found far behind him in general culture. While he gathers a fund of general knowledge from constant association with the business world, his wife is often bounded by a horizon of her daily cares and responsibilities; but this should not be; although it may often be necessary that she spends a greater portion of her time in the home; yet in this day of cheap books and papers and reading circles she has a means of refinement and culture which she has no right to disregard.

A certain amount of reading each day will benefit her greatly and the rest obtained by a change from physical work to mental will invigorate as well as delight her. But our worthiest opinions are not those obtained from books, but those which come as a result of the thought and culture we bring into our life work. Home was instituted in Eden, was removed by the prophets, was sanctified and blessed by our Saviour, has been revered by the wisest and best in all ages, and comes down to us in this busy hurrying nineteenth century as a precious legacy.

"Then seek to make your home most lovely,  
Let it be a smiling spot,  
Where in sweet contentment resting,  
Care and sorrow are forgot.  
Where the flowers and trees are waving,  
Birds will sing their sweetest songs,  
Where the purest thoughts will linger  
Confidence and love elong."

Written for THE QUEEN.

## THE MISSING CHILD.

By ELIZABETH PRESTON.

Did e'er you miss a child of seven?  
Did e'er you send a kiss to Heaven  
By the dead lips of that child?  
Did you ever moan and bow your head  
Wailing and crying that Faith was dead;  
And the sob in anguish wild?

Were you ever jealous of your God,  
Refusing to bend beneath the rod  
Held in his chastening hand?  
Did you ever wish to hold your boy  
Back from Heaven's light and Heaven's joy,  
Forbidding him holy land?

Did you ever kneel, and sobbing, pray  
That the bitter cup might pass away,  
The short "If thou wilt?" not said?  
Did you ever rise with Faith, yet fear,  
Hoping against hope that God would hear  
And bless the sufferer's bed?

Did you ever stand when hope was o'er,  
As the spirit fled to Heaven's shore,  
And see everything grow dim?  
Did you ever rise from a bed of pain,  
With weakened body and weakened brain,  
To but sob and moan for him?





Written for THE QUEEN.

## THOSE WICKED MONTELLS.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

One afternoon during the summer of 1887 a cab containing four persons stopped at a pretty, quaint little stone house on Laval Avenue, Montreal. The occupants of the cab consisted of an intelligent looking lady and gentleman in the prime of life, and two girls, aged respectively about seventeen and nineteen years.

"Here at last!" cried the younger of the girls, going into the house with a bound as soon as it had been opened by a domestic. "Why, Maggie, how comfortable it looks! Almost like home already," and she hurried into the pleasant sitting room, followed leisurely by the others.

"It was such a nice idea to have everything to rights before we came," remarked the elder sister, "and yet how strange it seems here. Just think! We don't know a single person in all this great city."

"My dear, you will become acquainted soon enough," smilingly observed the gentleman, as he proceeded to make himself at home in a large easy chair; "I warrant you will be on familiar terms with everybody on this block before a week has passed away."

"Oh! no, papa, Edith may, but I can't make friends as soon as that." So saying the girl removed her hat, and then going to her own room, gave herself up to a gloomy revery. While she was thus deploring the loss of her old friends, a conversation that was destined to augment her sadness was taking place in the next house. Three girls had been standing by the window, curiously watching the new-comers as they alighted from the cab.

"More companions for us!" cried one of them. "I like their looks, don't you Kate? They all seemed refined, and the girls are pretty too. We must call just as soon as they get settled. Let's see—Montell, I think the agent told us was their name."

"Montell, did you say?" asked the father, who had been sitting near, engrossed in a newspaper, and had now been startled by the sound of the name.

"Yes, sir."

"Where are they from? do you know?" he inquired anxiously.

"I think he said Greenvale."

"Then it is as I feared," said the father, becoming excited; they are those wicked Montells who were implicated in that horrible murder at Greenvale. Don't you remember that nothing could be proven against them, although every body believed them as guilty as the actual murderer?"

"Yes, I do remember, and the idea of them moving right next door to us."

"How many were there in the cab?"

"Four."

"Just the number in that family," rejoined the father, decidedly, I haven't a doubt they are the same. I suppose the inhabitants of Greenvale made it too hot for them, and they have come here to palm themselves off on us as respectable people. Don't one of you have anything to do with them. You attend to your business and let them attend to their's."

"We might at least give them the benefit of the doubt, dear" mildly suggested his wife.

"There's no doubt about it in my mind. I studied that case thoroughly and I know. Just leave them alone."

There were six daughters in this family, ranging in age from five to seventeen. The youngest child was a boy of three. The girls had been deeply interested in the newcomers, and their father's words threw a gloom over them all.

"How sad it is that such nice looking people should be so very wicked," said Amy, the eldest, to her sister Kate. "I almost couldn't believe it, only papa must know. Let's go and tell the Graysons. They ought to hear about it, or they may be getting acquainted with the wicked creatures."

While these two were talking, five-year-old Millie espied a friend on the street and ran out to join her. "Say, Mamie, what do you think?" she began mysteriously; "you know those new people in there? well they killed somebody once, my papa says so, and then another man got hanged for it."

"Do you think they'd kill us?" said Mamie, looking scared and moving nearer her own gate.

"I guess not, if we keep away, but we must never go in there."

A few moments later Amy and Kate Livingstone were holding a confidential chat with their neighbors, the Graysons. "And to think that they have come to live among us," said Amy, indignantly. "At any rate, we will freeze them right out of the place. I for one shall see that they do not impose on any of my friends."

The Livingstones were a kindly, well-meaning family, and yet at that very minute four of them were injuring the reputation of persons who had never done them any harm. How apt we are to repeat the wrong we hear about others. If we were only as ready to tell of their good qualities. The word thus started by these thoughtless people was carried along the line so quickly that as early as the next day Edith Montell had noticed a strangeness in the actions of everybody whom she addressed. She spoke a few kind words to a little boy that she met near her own door, and he ran off, saying saucily, "You want to kill me, don't you!" Strangers that she met seemed to stare at her, and at the store she felt that she was not treated with the respect due a young lady. She rushed into the house one day, and in a burst of tears, cried out, "I can't stand it in this place much longer. The people act as if we had no right here, and I really believe that some of them shun us."

Mrs. Montell took the sobbing girl in her arms, and kissing her affectionately, said, "don't you imagine these things, dear? you are only homesick. The feeling will wear off after a while."

However, before the week had gone by, Edith's parents and sister felt that they were being rudely stared at whenever they ventured outside their own door. "Perhaps it is only as strangers that we are curiosities," Mr. Montell said soothingly to the others. "Never mind, we shall cease to be novel after a while."

In the meantime the people on the block were holding indignation meetings about "those wicked Montells." They felt that a polluting element had entered the society in which they moved, and it was their duty to work it out. But how was this to be affected.

Mr. Livingstone returned from business one evening, and with an I-told-you-so expression of countenance, remarked to his wife, "It seems that it is really true about those Montells. Everybody is talking about them, and the general idea seems to be that we

must get together and see what we can do about ridding ourselves of them."

"Why, my dear, I can't see that they are harming anyone. I think we have no right to interfere."

"Mrs. Livingstone, they are poisoning the very atmosphere in which we live." He spoke in so decided a tone that his wife understood that further argument would be useless, but she determined that she would take no part in any scheme for driving out their new neighbors.

A week later a social was held in the church which the high-toned people on this block attended, and during the evening the pastor happened to touch on the subject of new-comers. "I believe a family has moved next door to you, Mr. Livingstone," he said. "I have been intending to call there, but—"

"Don't!" cried several voices in horror, and some one continued, "As you value your reputation, Mr. Fremont, keep away from those wicked Montells. Don't you know that is the family that was implicated in the Greenvale murder? I hardly feel safe living in such close proximity to them."

"Christ came to save sinners," was the answer gravely uttered; "besides, have we any proof that they are the same?"

"They came from there, and the name and everything proves it," said Mr. Livingstone, promptly. "I suspected it from the first, but said nothing outside my own family until I heard that everybody in our block had the same opinion."

"It is a serious thing to stigmatize the reputation of our fellow beings, my good people," said the pastor, gently. "We should repeat no charge that we can not prove, and even then, is it necessary? I have noticed those newcomers and they seem to be refined and intelligent. But time will tell."

"Of course," returned Mr. Livingstone, hurriedly, "and if we can prove that they are the same we will take measures—"

The appearance of a messenger at that moment interrupted the conversation and turned it into another channel. The Livingstones had been sent for, two of their little ones having been found seriously ill. Then some of the parents remembered that their children had been poorly for two or three days, they grew so anxious that they took their departure early.

The next afternoon the news went forth that a number of children on Laval Avenue, among them three of the Livingstones, were lying very low with diphtheria. A week later Edith Montell heard when she went to the store that Mrs. Livingstone's servant had left in fright, that the lady herself was quite ill with worryment, and, indeed, the only well one in the family was Amy, and she was now worn out by hard work. She recounted this to her mother, adding, "Can't we do something for them, mamma? It seems so hard for them to be left alone, and we have no children here."

In the kindness of their hearts these people forgot how they had been slighted by their neighbors. They remembered only that those neighbors were now in trouble and needed their help and sympathy.

It was like a ray of sunshine to Amy Livingstone when Mrs. Montell's cheerful face appeared before her that morning. "You are so good!" she cried; "you are the first to come near me. All the neighbors who haven't the sickness in their families are afraid to come, and the ones that have it of course are too busy themselves. I have just heard that Mrs. Grayson's two little girls are dead and are to be buried this afternoon. And I can't go to comfort them in their distress."

Clara Montell had slipped in behind her mother, and now

said, "You stay here, mamma, and I shall go to see if I can do anything for Mrs. Grayson."

Amy Livingstone flushed as she thought of the many uncharitable things that had been said concerning these kind ladies, but a call from one of the sick children gave her something else to think about. In the sad days that followed, the saddest of all being the one on which little Millie's form was taken forever from their sight, she grew to think of the Montells as nothing but their very dearest friends. Indeed, they were like angels of mercy to that afflicted household, as well as in many another family which the dread disease had entered. They went quietly from house to house, helping here, saying a word of cheer there, and giving of their abundance in cases where it was required. Mr. Fremont was constantly with his people in this time of trial, and though he saw how the Montells were heaping coals of fire on the heads of their former enemies, he waited for the proper time to speak. Finally when the sick ones who had been spared were almost entirely well, Mr. Livingstone sent for his pastor. On arriving at the house Mr. Fremont found several of the neighbors also awaiting him. "We are so ashamed of ourselves," one of them began, "and how can we ever repay the Montells for what they have done for us? To think we wanted to drive them out of the street, and what should we have done without them? Night after night they sat up with our little ones, Mr. Montell being always ready to go on any errand when we needed him. Ought we to confess to them?"

"I should advise you to do nothing of the kind," answered Mr. Fremont. "It will only pain them to discover the cruel things that have been said. You can make amends for the past by all being true friends to them now. And, my dear people, let this be a lesson to us. A few words of hasty judgment spoken by one man nearly ruined the reputation of four innocent persons. Those words were carried here and there, and during their journey a little was unconsciously added each time until the story became enormous, and to stop its further growth I made some enquiries, and found that the name of those wicked people was Mantell, not Montell."

"I was the man who started the talk," said Mr. Livingstone, remorsefully. "I see it now. It all came from the members of my family. I shall be careful in the future how I speak about any one."

"Gossip and slander are two of the many enemies that we church folks have to contend with," quietly remarked Mr. Fremont.

At this moment Edith and Clara Montell were seen entering the gate. They looked somewhat embarrassed when they found themselves in the presence of so many people, but were so kindly received by every one that they soon felt at ease.

"We were wondering what we should have done in all our trouble without your family," said pale Mrs. Grayson. "How can we ever repay you?"

"The fact that we have become acquainted with our neighbors is sufficient to repay us for the little we were able to do," said Clara, modestly. "We were so lonely here at first."

"Yes, we thought the Montreal people queer and stiff," remarked Edith, playfully, as one arm found its way around Amy Livingstone while with the other she drew near to her the three year old boy who had learned to love her dearly; "but now that we know them we find they are very nice indeed."

The persons who were present glanced at one another and secretly resolved that the Montells should never again have cause to consider them anything but "very nice indeed."

## Fashion Notes.

### A MORNING HAT.

Low-crowned, of black chip, with brim protecting in front and turned up in the back, has a scarf of écreu crêpe wound around the crown and prettily knotted in front. Gathered écreu lace falls toward the edge. A pompon of yellow feathers is set on the left, and large gold-headed pins are thrust in the crêpe.

LARGE picturesque hats are preferred to veils by bridesmaids at summer weddings. The hat is of Leghorn or of the fashionable white Neapolitan braid, with low crown and unwired brim fancifully crinkled. A pure white hat has a twist of white velvet



A MORNING HAT.

are set at the back.

A CAPOTE for elderly ladies is of gold-embroidered black tulle. The front border of the hat has a large mesh, the ends of which are fastened with gold needles. The tulle arranges in front into a mesh, behind which is a bunch of velvet ribbons. The back brim is bordered by velvet ribbons, the ends of which tie under the chin.

THE body of a black capote is of passementerie silk braid, with jet bead embroidery. In front it bends to a point, on which rests a velvet knot and a small bird. Brim border of beaded braid and velvet tie ribbons.

THE crown of a round hat is round and low; the brim, broad in front, is tucked up behind, and is held up by a mesh arrangement of gray faille ribbons. A wide folded gray faille ribbon surrounds the crown and is adorned with a steel rosette in front; gray feathers at the back.

AN odd passementerie is of dressed or suède kid scrolls, embroidered with tinsel and edged with gold cord.

ribbon around the crown, and brought down in front to a tiny bow. White ostrich tips curl high at the back, and fall forward on the crown; narrow strings of white velvet, brought forward from the back, cross under the chin, and are pinned by jewelled brooches high in the back. On other hats a frill of chiffon with embroidered bow-knots upon it falls around the low crown, and white ostrich Prince of Wales feathers

A FEW wide-brimmed hats with soft Angelo crowns of embroidered cloth are shown, and the toreador hat of last season, with small crown and rolled brim of fancy black straw, is again exhibited trimmed with fine black net, full damask roses and buds, while a small Spanish dagger of gold is thrust through



A SHOPPING BONNET.

the hat at the side. There is a tendency to use pronounced shades of yellow with black.

THE large hats shown this season are chiefly fancy open-work straws and Tuscan braids. Later in the season, it is said, Leghorns will again be used for elaborate wear. There are large hats of black net studded with faceted jets and trimmed with flat bandeaux of crushed roses or camellias in striped shades.

IN this season's colors there is a noticeable prevalence of the standard gobelin blue, than which no more subtle color was ever produced. The yellow tones are prominent, including much ecru, more indeed than for some time. Lavender is a leading shade. Not a little of this is genuine lavender, though some of it will pass very well under the various titles of lilac, violet,

mauve and heliotrope, which will be applied to it. A favorite red is a deep, old-fashioned brick color.

FLEUR DE LIS, having stems a foot long, are used for trimming large flats that are bent in many shapes



SKIRT TRIMMING.

## INDIA SILK DRESSES.

Gowns of this fabric are of a black ground and colored figures nine times out of ten, and all have a fan, box-plaited or gathered back and a straight, slightly gathered or draped front, with one lace flounce to the back that is from eight to twelve inches deep



FRONT OF CHALLI DRESS

or three ruffles are used that are about five inches wide. The bodice is usually full in front and cut round or slightly pointed, back and front, with a deep lace frill on the edge. The plastron and high sleeves may be of net or the silk, with a trimming of gallow or velvet ribbon on the collar, wrists, strapping the plastron and edging the basque. A Bernhardt girdle looks well around the basque and knotted in front.

Other figured China silks are covered with three deep black lace flounces, with high sleeves and a round bodice of plain net having a pointed girdle of jet or gilt cord. A coat back and round fronted-basque of black and yellow silk has a full vest of yellow crêpe strapped with gilt gallow, which also trims the wrists and collar. The skirt has a flounce of the goods headed with a band of the gallow.

Less dressy gowns have tiny panier effects that are made by slightly draping the sides and holding the fulness with lovers' knots of velvet or gold ribbon. From one to three rows of lace insertion, trim the skirt front and sides. The sleeves are full at the top and gathered at the wrist in a wristband of velvet ribbon or the gilt, if that is the preferred style.

The round waist is shirred in five to nine rows around the waist line, with the lower part doubled to hand like a ruff.

Insertion outlines a yoke and a frill trims the neck. A belt of velvet or metallic ribbon will at once transform this into a round bodice.

White ground figured silks for evening wear are beautifully trimmed with lace ruffles and frills, bands of insertion, which must always be left in, and velvet ribbon, gilt and "jeweled" passementeries. White figured with Parme, gilt and amethyst passementerie is a dream.



CHALLI DRESS.

A PRETTY fashion, when darts are taken in the waists of thin fabrics—lace, grenadine, crêpe, or India silk—is to stud them thickly with jet nail-heads. A single dart is taken on each side of the front, and this is the second dart, the fulness between being held in gathers or laid in flat overlapping pleats. A new way to dispose of the fulness in front and back of bodices above the waist line revives the old-fashioned French gathers made by alternating short and long stitches, thrusting forward the edges of the pleats, and laying these very close together. This is most effective on wool stuffs and thick silks.

FRENCH modistes are making dress skirts closely gored in front and on the sides, with a bias back arranged in a new way that gives stylish scantness at the top and great breadth at the foot. To get this effect, the back is composed of three straight breadths of silk sewed together, and hung to the belt from one corner, instead of from their top. This makes a straight side next each gored side breadth, and leaves the middle of the back perfectly bias. The point at the foot is cut off, and the end of the skirt is gracefully rounded. It is well, in making the back, to cut off the upper corner about eight inches across, and gather this slightly, instead of literally hanging the back from a point. In double-width goods, such as ladies' cloth, a single breadth forms the back, and the slanting seams seen in silk skirts are thus avoided.

THE fancy for basques still continues, and an old gown is speedily transformed into the latest mode by piecing on to the short old-style waist basques of the same or a contrasting color, either short or long, according to the height of the wearer.

## WATERING-PLACE TOILETTE.

This Parisian gown is of maize-colored crépon, embroidered with jet and trimmed with black lace. It is cut in princessé shape, and fastened invisibly on the left side. Garlands wrought in jet are up the front breadths, and three piping folds are across the foot. The black lace forms jabot panels on each side of the skirt, and a flounce on the demi-train. The mutton-leg sleeves are embroidered at the top with jet, and banded twice with lace. White guipure lace forms handkerchief drapery at the top of the bodice. Folds of black net are around the high collar, with an edge of white guipure above. The bonnet is of yellow tulle, with scalloped edge of jet, and pompon of black ostrich feathers with a yellow aigrette. Tan Suède gloves. White guipure parasol with red bows.

BLACK lace and tulle fronts for evening dress skirts are

peculiarly tempting this season. A new class of guipure lace, closely allied to Chantilly, very rich in design, has been mounted most successfully over heliotrope silk, with a black and heliotrope brocaded train. A tulle was so richly embroidered in pink and gold, interspersed with pink stones, that no groundwork was visible; and another black and gold was emphasized by diagonal bands of black velvet with jewelled borders. A black evening gown of some sort is so much a *pièce de résistance* that these new additions

will, without doubt, be acceptable to those women who are planning their season's gowns.

SOME of the very finest make of lace tabliers have a pleated flounce of the same lace attached to the edge, and these are



WATERING-PLACE TOILETTE.

costly. A most beautiful tea gown in dull peach had portions of the back worked in gold and peach cord on rich white Bengaline. This was entirely employed for the waistcoat beneath a jacket of the peach color—a most substantial and effective dress. A pretty evening gown in green silk had a pinafore front drapery of pink striped crépon, united to the skirt at the back by a shower of ribbons. In an arrangement of this kind the bodice and skirt are cut in one, and fall in most graceful folds. Plain faille and chiffon are much the fashion for young girls' evening gowns, and nothing could well be simpler than the style in which they are made, with a simple flounce at the hem of the thinner material, a deep frill at the waist, and a narrower one falling from the neck. A black broché, made much in this style, had handsome cut jet fringe in lieu of chiffon; at the waist it formed a point in the centre, and was attached to a handsome girdle.

A PRETTY set of bridesmaids' dresses in white cloth was bordered at the hem with a wide silver galloon, and a narrower one edged the long coat, the flap pockets, and the gauntlet cuffs, as well as the double capes, which were a stylish addition.

PRETTY aprons for morning wear may be made out of white linen, with roses or other flowers cut out of flowered sateen, and tacked on lightly, then button-holed with white or colored thread. A particularly pretty one was made out of brown holland and trimmed with bands of turquoise blue sateen, flowered with moon daisies, which were put on in straight length and button-holed around the edge with a stitch here and there to give effective-

ness to the petals of flowers.

A PRETTY item that should be remembered is the use of a little ruffle of silk at the edge of the foundation skirt, to break the hard line which the straight, plain skirts now make at the edge.



THE VALOIS CAPE.

This fashionable three-quarter length cloak is made in any of the soft homespun, cashmere, or vicuna cloth so much in vogue, and in such tints as putty, tan, electric-blue, etc.; it is dotted with mulberries in glittering jet, suspended with a tinsel thread. The yoke and galloon round the border display also a sparkling jet work in many colors, whilst the long drooping fringe in cut beads is one of the features of all stylish trimming; lace ruffle round the neck. The lining, in either shot, striped, or plaid silk, must agree as much as possible with the costume, as the special cut of the fronts shows off a great deal of the gown and of the lining.

## SARAH BERNHARDT AT HOME.

BY MAURICE GUILLENOT.

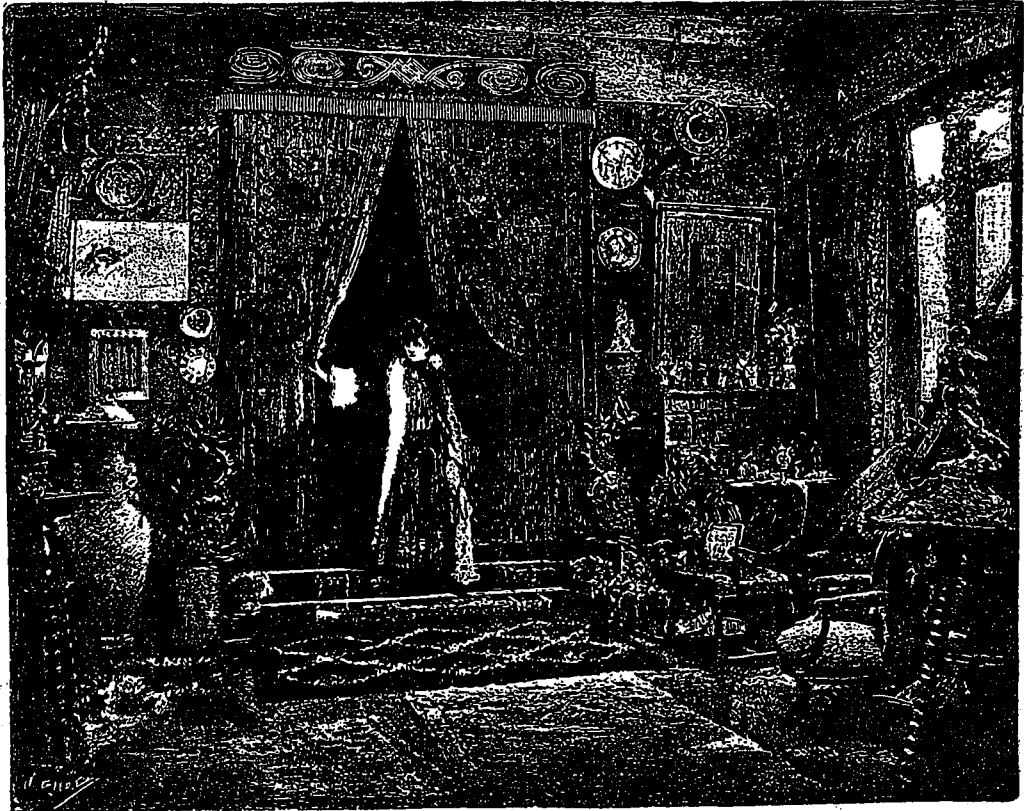
© CAN it be the luxurious, exotic den of a queen from a far off and savage country? Or, is it the picturesque, original studio, very fantastic, of an artist without peer? Or, is it the boudoir, very modern, very *coquet* and charming, of a fashionable *Parisienne*?

Yes, there is something of all these elements in Sarah Bernhardt's studio.

On the red tinted Arianople tapestry on the walls, are suspended Indian weapons, Mexican hats, umbrellas from Chili, made of feathers, Japanese chimeras and fougousas, figured with monsters in gold. There are silk tapestries, embroidered with

helmet of a Hindoo warrior, having for a crest a winged fish in gilt copper.

If not reclining in a den like this, she will be found standing leaning her elbow on an old missal, supported by a wooden desk, the white, delicate flesh of the arm in vivid contrast with the hoary hue of the page, which, illuminated by mediæval monks, and bound in figured leather, is reflected in the large mirror, hung on the wall immediately behind it. Or else, again, seated in a curious Arab armchair, her blonde head shaded with the large spindle-shaped leaves of a gigantic palm tree, whose radiations stripe the deep perspective of the apartment, while at



STUDIO OF SARAH BERNHARDT. (LOOKING SOUTH).

floral arabesques, while everywhere there are flowers. There are bouquets of roses, whose ribbons frou-frou when carried about; bouquets of violets, with a subdued perfume; large vases of chrysanthemums; rare orchids, entangled with impromptu cuttings of prickly holly, dotted with little red balls.

Reclining on an immense divan, which is surmounted by a canopy, upheld by staffs covered with garnet velvet, with capitals of snakes in bronze relief, is the enchantress herself. The divan is entirely covered with a bed of cushions, whereupon are strewn the multiplied furs of bears, beavers, alligators and buffaloes, while back of same is decorated with an infinite number of tiger skins, sewn together. On the wall above are disposed, in trophy fashion, arrows, lances, sabres, guns, etc., above which is the

her feet, with his large head caressing the hand that flatters him is her enormous dog, Osman, with gray hair, cravatted in steel.

She is there, Sarah, the charmer, she is there in all her undulating and artistic poses. Her hair of crisp gold, makes, with the fairness of her complexion, the smile of her eyes, and of her teeth, a scale of soft colors that completes the harmony of her dress of white plush, tied to the waist very low.

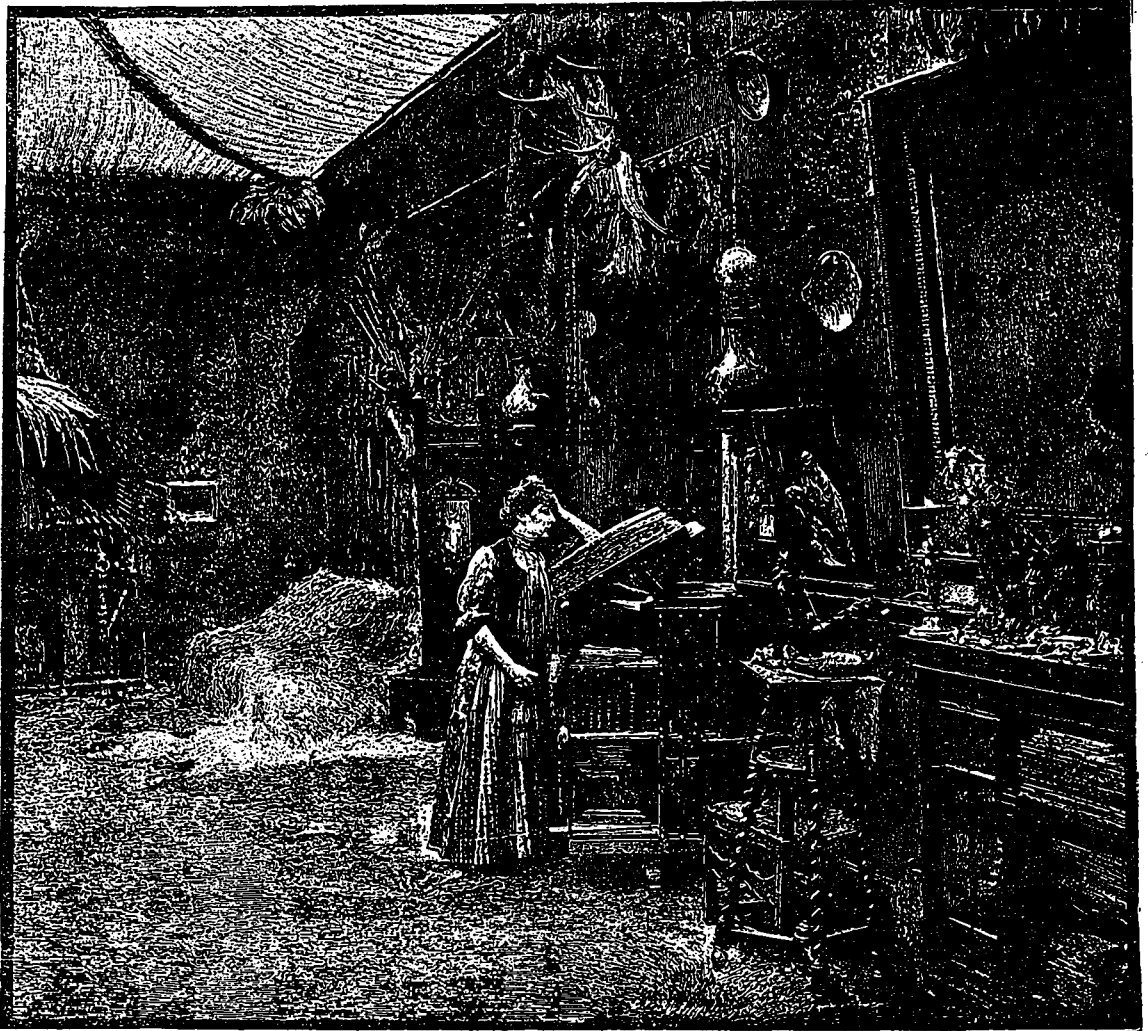
Her blue eyes, that can smile so sweetly, become at times strangely hard, when the speaker becomes animated, and abandons herself to her dislikes, her scorn or her hatred. She is then no more the charming apparition just described. She then becomes a tigress to defend herself; she claws, she bites, she tares, she is without pity, without mercy, and is extremely

violent. Do you think she is bad? No. Do you think she is good? No. She is just like ordinary human nature, rendering good for good and evil for evil. She puts all her soul into it, and, bless me! she is passionate.

Must we not forgive her, however, for defending herself so rigorously? She only replies to the attacks made upon her by envious, unsuccessful, strolling players, or the attacks of counterband blue stockings, anxious to sap her pedes. Besides, why should she not be triumphant, possessing, as she does, the very qualities that the envious deny her. As she wittily says, she

with lace borders, and in her hand a tall cane with curving handle. And the enthusiasm lasts right through the piece, interrupting its progress. The audience becomes indescribably excited; emotional even to squeezing of one's temples, even to the extent of throwing fans, opera glasses, a little of everything on the stage, as they do in Spain, while she, with a tufted bouquet of flowers on her breast, is bowing happy, completely happy, the spoiled and cherished child of the Parisian public.

The English liken her to a genial gypsy. She is possessed



STUDIO OF SARAH BERNHARDT, (LOOKING NORTH)

“pays cash down” for her fame. She possesses undoubted genius. She has a strange beauty—she is always young, and then, she is always Sarah.

What matters the bites of the pamphleteers? Does she not make us forget all their animosity when we witness the enthusiastic ovation given her at the first scene of “La Tosca;” that unanimous acclamation of the whole house standing, quivering, before the fascinating artist, who appears in her graceful pink toilet, the golden disorder of her hair hidden by a green cap

of talent, and when we have once undergone the seduction of her wiles, we can understand the meaning of the cartoon, by Robida, entitled, “The Conquest of America by Sarah Bernhardt.” During her first visit to the Western hemisphere, her Parisian papers were full of marvelous accounts of her experiences in the New World. As the story went, a project was formed in one of the northern cities of the United States to kidnap her, and give her up only under a heavy ransom. After one of her performances she left the theatre, under a veritable escort, with her



son beside her, revolver in hand, to frustrate the machinations of the enemy. There is also a story of Sarah engaged in an alligator hunt in Florida. The boat she sat in was absolutely carried on the backs of the scaly monsters, and Sarah succeeding in killing one of them with a ball between the eyes from her revolver.

She brought back alligator hides to make pocket-books, portfolios, flat-purses, etc., for her friends. The enumeration would be a long one of the various experiences of Sarah in the West, and she proposes to embody them in her *Memoirs*, a book which she has begun, and which will soon be published, and one that will be strangely interesting.

In the work referred to, she will, without doubt, speak of the event that took place in the little church, on the avenue Victor Hugo, which celebrated the marriage of her son Maurice with a Russian Princess. The marriage feast in her house was joyous. It was held in a dining room that has paintings on the wall by Abbema, Butin, Clairin, Duez, Escalier Robida, Bethune, Gavarni, Giacomelli, Fichel, and Detaille, with the large chandelier of forged iron, garlanded with holly, and the tables burdened with the thousand and one presents sent by the people. There were chalices, goblets and jugs of all shapes and colors, in every kind of metal. The little drawing-room was filled with guests, as also the little Japanese salon, separated therefrom by a Japanese curtain of mobile beads, flexible and restless, making, when one passes through them, a cheerful sound as if castanets striking against each other.

This suite of three rooms forms the habitual scenery of the mistress of the house—namely, the little drawing-room, the Japanese salon, and the studio.

The little drawing-room is a sort of intimate museum, where is to be seen a bust of Regina, Sarah's young sister who died in her blood, a marble of Sarah herself and a bust of Maurice Bernhardt, by Mathieu Meusnier. There are flowers, painted in oil colors by Sarah, a rough sketch by Stevens, and a marvelous Japanese enamel, representing a young man with a beard and hair in an aureola of flame, being transported across rocks, with clouds around him, struggling in the hallucination of seeing the ethereal forms of women, the victims of this Oriental Don Juan.

Descending the steps, between the Japanese monsters that guard the portal of the salon, we find ourselves in the studio before referred to. In addition to the trophies already described, there is a large picture of Maurice when a child, lying down, playing with two hounds, while above the mantelpiece is a portrait of Sarah, both by Clairin. At the back of a high wooden chair, where one may read the motto "*Quand Meme*," is an exquisite miniature representing an idol, in hieratic robes, flying. There are chests encumbered with gew-gaws, credence tables supporting pottery, caskets of jewels, cabinets full of books, pamphlets and portfolios. There are chairs of all sorts and shapes, serving as easels for pictures. Here is an aquarelle

by Doré, there a fan by Bethune, there two birds by Giacomelli, there painting of peasants by Fichel, soldiers by Detaille, and ragamuffins by Gavarni. There is a marble statuette by Rachel, and there are chimeras in bronze, and comic groups inlay from Mexico. But we must put a stop to this inventory.

"You see, here is a statue of cupid leaning on a scythe that I have chiseled," said Sarah. "I will put death behind it, shall I not? I must put it there. Here, also is a man's head close to the head of a woman. These are the victims, you understand." And with the pretty arch gesture of a spirited child, Sarah was explaining to us the details of the little statue she was at work upon, and, as she spoke, we thought her so undulating, so feline, so charming in her morning costume of mauve plush, that she also could be portrayed as a cupid with her cruel scythe, with innumerable victims heaped up

around her, with the hearts of dreamers, of poets and artists, for whom, in the dull sky of the commonplace, she is the resplendent star.

FIVE o'clock tea cloths may be handsomely embellished by darning in the woven pattern around the edge and outlining the centre designs in contrasting colors, as indigo and dead gold, coral pink and willow green, sea blue and golden brown, and finishing the edge with a rather full frill of lace.

A PRETTY book-mark is made of four pieces of ribbon with a tiny bell fastened to one end of each, the other being sewn fast to a small ivory, or celluloid ring. The following lines are painted in gold on the four markers: "Not mine to tell. If the book is good, I keep my place, as a marker should."



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ALL LETTERS should be addressed

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**CORRESPONDENTS** are specially requested to write their communications for the different Departments on separate slips of paper, signing name and address to each. This is to avoid confusion, and to ensure that all communications will reach their respective Departments.

## The Editor at Leisure.

### GOING HOME.

**L**AST month we had a small talk about various ways of taking a summer holiday, and this month experience has reminded me of another way, which though not so bright or interesting or perhaps healthful as those we considered still has a beauty and a charm peculiarly its own.

One doesn't have to provide deck chairs and steamer trunks, nor very smart and numerous changes of clothing nor guide books for the well-worn and well-known ways, nor new languages for the ceaseless chatter and intercourse of this quiet time, no one but feels that old gowns and rakish hats go better with the country roads and spreading apple boughs, and easy tennis shoes, and cast off gloves for the rows on the winding river, and the rides on the scented hay. How lucky is the city dame, how blessed her little ones, who can write the hurried note to dear mother and grand-mother, announcing their midsummer sojourn in the dear old home! They know so well the sweetness and the shade and the roominess of that spreading story and a half

house, and they smile and sigh in retrospective anticipative delight, as they look back and forward over good times of last summer, sure to be repeated and augmented in the coming days this year. And without a regret, they toss school books and slates into limbo, and hilariously bid adieu to city friends and streets and squares, and laugh as they hear mother's low toned and satisfied voice, thus answering Mrs. De Touristes enquiry "Where shall you summer?" with "I am going home this year!" And by and by when the train brings them bag and baggage to the small quiet station, and a shirt sleeved "hired man" stows them all away in a dusty light waggon, and a wheezy cab, and remarks that "the old lady is just expecting you Miss Mary," and the small boys and girls stare to hear their dignified Mamma addressed by her unforgotten girlhood's title, and the very smallest gravely corrects "Mamma is Mrs. Simkins, you know!" and the hired man smiles and says quaintly "Is that so?" And then, far down the tree shaded road, "Mrs. Simkins you know," catches the first glimpse of the ancient pines and the well-known cedars, and in the low gateway, with a handkerchief thrown over her silver hair is "Mother dear," and further down the garden path, in his unfashionable old garden coat and brown straw hat is a tall old man, who comes forward with a comical air of indifference and a betraying quiver on his thin under lip, and is hailed riotously to the verandah seats by four pair of sturdy little arms, whose owners greet him with shouts as "Our Gran'pa." And while he is dragged too willingly away, Miss Mary and mother dear come sedately down the path arm in arm marshalling the boxes and the cabby; and the hired man and the baker exchange the satisfied remark that "Miss Mary ain't a day older," which is slightly off the narrow path of strict truthfulness, and at the low broad step mother dear suddenly throws her arm about her stately daughter and whispers fervently, "Welcome Home!" Perhaps the thing which amuses "Miss Mary" most of all, is the dealings of grandpa and grandma with the little ones. They allow them to do unheard of things, with the smiling complaisance which betrays complicity, but for any of which Miss Mary's unfailing memory reminds her she would have infallibly been spanked or sent to bed, they stuff them with ripe fruit, and plead for extra half hours up, after bed time, and actually encourage them to chatter (a quite unnecessary proceeding) and never once unload that mortifying remark that "little folks should be seen and not heard," which hovers in the air of Miss Mary's reminiscences. And when they are finally shipped off and Miss Mary strolls about the scented paths with mother dear, or sits at grandpa's feet on the verandah floor with her gown hem resting on a bed of mignonette and her shoulders wreathed in clematis she feels that it must be a dream, her ten years of wifehood and those four flushed little sleepers upstairs only the children of her imagination, so strong are the backward associations brought to life by the summer home-coming.

**DOCTORS** are fighting the long, street-sweeping dresses. Said one of them to the mother of three young lady daughters: "Let me advise you to have the dresses cleaned in the open air immediately after coming in from the street. You may not believe me, but in the filth, dust, and dirt collected on the hosiery, shoes, and underwear by the trailing, flopping skirt, there is enough germ life to sicken your whole family. I have nothing to say against the fashion, but if you were in my family and addicted to it, I should compel you to play turk and leave your shoes, stockings, and trailing robes outside the door."



This department is open to all readers of THE QUEEN who may desire to obtain information concerning fashions, health, and the toilette, social usages, foreign countries, matters intellectual or artistic. The editor has decided to open a Graphological column, and will delineate the character by the hand-writing of those readers who may send in specimens of their chirography. The study of hand-writing has become a science, books are written upon it, students sometimes devote all their time to this most fascinating study, and like Rosa Baughan of the Lady's Pictorial, draw a handsome income thereby from some standard publication. Correspondents must send original matter, as quotations do not allow free play to the hand-writing. The editor invites her readers to test her skill, and will answer in turn all enquiries. Children's writing is not studied, as the character of their hand-writing has not sufficiently developed for delineation.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## QUESTIONS.

A Subscriber asks any Nova Scotian subscriber to inform him where he can procure a copy of the examination questions used in Nova Scotia for the last ten years. Grade C is the one wanted.

## ANSWERS.

**HIRMIA.—1.** The canvas for tapestry painting is prepared in New York. Ordinary colors will do, and ordinary brushes. But some painters prefer a style of brush called the "Landseer" which when used in a sort of trailing manner produces a grain or tapestry effect. Colors should be used dry or they can be used with turpentine or Eliza Turk's Florentine Tapestry Medium is the most satisfactory. A series of articles in the Art Amateur for 1890, give a full description of the methods of tapestry painting. The material can be sent for through any of our local art dealers.

2. Any number of rings can be worn in the house, or at any evening spent in society, but any rings with very large settings look rather vulgar anywhere. Rings must never be worn on first or fourth finger, and not often on right hand.

3. A pack of cards and a clever girl can make a good deal of laughter and surprise if the aforesaid girl is well posted in her art. To begin with, she shuffles the cards mysteriously and requests the victim to make a wish, which being made belongs to the card the victim draws, looks at and replaces in the pack, telling the company and the fortune-teller what it was. After more shuffling the cards are turned face up and the fortune-teller announces what is found in them. A court card has previously been selected by the sibyl to represent the victim, and wherever that card appears, the others are, as it were, grouped about and dependent on it. A speedy marriage is announced if a jack of the same denomination and a wedding ring (the two of hearts) come very near the chosen card; ace of spades, a death; ace of clubs, a quarrel; ace of diamonds, a present, which by conjunction with the ace of spades, may be a legacy; a queen of clubs is a rival; a queen of hearts, a friend; a queen of spades, an enemy. Small spots sometimes signify days, sometimes miles, according as the fortune-teller needs them; two of diamonds means a letter containing, if besides a diamond, money; beside a spade, bad news; heart, a proposal, and so on *ad infinitum*. The sibyl's own ingenuity can from these few hints weave a grotesque, or sad, or merry fortune as suits her mood.

4. When I was in New York twenty-five years ago I learned the art, probably it has again come to the fore.

5. Your writing shows energy, amiability, ease of manner, great appreciation of fun and fancy, delicacy of feeling which would lead you even to be unjust to yourself in not asserting yourself sometimes. You are hopeful and helpful, persevering and ambitious to do things well and thoroughly. You lack that fine intuition and insight which makes the managing and successful female. You do not heed your efforts and energies and you are a little bit visionary and impractical. You notice I have not given you determination or decision, and I am sure whenever you give voice to an opinion, however strong, it is never put in a combative or self-assertive tone. I don't know but it would cost time to find out what you really do think. I hope to hear from you again for to my taste you are anything but "a silly little woman."

**IGNORANCE.—1.** There are homes in Niagara and Peterboro' where you could apply for an Old Country girl! Address, "Hazel Brae," Peterborough; Miss Rye's Home, Niagara. I don't know whether our Canadian homes send girls to the States or not. They bind them out under similar terms to the city homes. 2. Writing shows originality, justice, energy, sufficient perseverance, some hopefulness; I think you are fond of a chat, and are kind and benevolent. I don't see much decision of

thought or manner, but a reaching after the beautiful which will lead you ever upward, and a sense of humor which will tide over many a grey place for you. 3. Your enclosure shows nervous energy and erratic impulse, some intuition and carelessness about creature comforts, rather a self-contained and reserved nature, guarding jealously the shrines of his or her affections, capable of determined and sustained effort but not gifted with infallibly just judgment, perhaps rather prone to pessimism, shows no buoyancy or hope, very conscientious and perhaps even bluntly truthful.

**VEVA.—1.** Heller's exercises and studies are capital practice; if you desire a high standard and to develop a love of classical music study the simpler works of the old masters, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin. 2. Lemon juice, rose water and glycerine. 3. I should not think it advisable nor desirable if he were engaged, and should hesitate under other circumstances unless he showed a very great wish to have it so. Of course, if he be free, there is no reason why you could not enjoy his society, but don't make such efforts to obtain it, as will cause people to think you are trying to entice him from your friend. 4. Writing shows some tact and perception, good proportion, rather a sharp judgment, but good determination and some individuality and talent. You like pretty things, smart people, and all the pleasures of social intercourse, and I think you have a good motherwit. 5. As to the composition of your letter, I don't think a string of questions gives much room for elegant diction. I am glad you put that very servant girl expression "keeping company"—in quotation marks—paying attention would sound better, I think, among people of a higher social position. I shall always be glad to hear from you. Address, "THE OWL."

**DOROTHY.—**It is proper to go to an Art Gallery in the evening on the opening night in a hat or bonnet if you prefer it, but the head gear should be very smart and as fanciful as you like. Little millinery departures are permissible at that reunion which are laughed at elsewhere. Why, I can't tell you, unless that artists and their feminine belongings follow not the beaten path of the Philistines. Certainly your escort should wear evening dress. Yes, a bouquet is almost always *en règle*, and I should think especially appropriate at such a gathering. If it is very lovely you might give it to the artist whose work pleases you best.

**GEM.—**Quotations are not studied, but as you have added a little original matter I will give you delineation from it. It shows erratic impulse, but good sense, some generosity and ease of manner. You are not particular enough about detail and would spoil a fine idea by want of care in developing it. You are energetic and ambitious to do right, fond of appreciation and eager to succeed. I don't know whether these qualities would make a good wife, but think they'd go a long way towards it.

**INQUIRER.—**Write to P. C. Allan, Bookseller, King St. West, Toronto.

**GRANT.—**Quotations are not studied, accompanying words are too short for a study.

**HERWARD.—**Thanks for answer and accompanying letter. We have not the answer, as the riddle was inserted by a correspondent only that the answer might be found out. Your letter was too late for the June number.

**ISABEL A. S.—**Unfortunately people don't consider my desires, but I shall file away D. McC's letter scheme for future action.

**A SUBSCRIBER (CARR'S BROOK).—**They probably proceed from a disordered stomach or impure blood. Be careful in regard to diet, wash in lots of fresh water, and never rub the face, but dry gently with a soft linen towel. The black heads should be picked out and the skin rubbed with glycerine and rose water. Make the mixture very weak if glycerine irritates the skin. The greatest cleanliness, lots of exercise and sleep would help, I think.

**MIGNON.—***Dolce far niente* means "delightful idleness," taking life easy. It is Italian. Writing shows strong feeling, impulsive action and energy, rather quick temper and sharp speech. The writer has the courage of her opinions, and desires much better things than come in the ordinary way. She is truthful and painstaking, if a little perverse and self-opinionated.

## SOME IDEAS FOR WARM WEATHER.

CREWELS snarled and faded, rusted crochet needles and embroidery frames sadly racked by last winter's packing, are now undergoing their usual warm-weather resurrection and promise a fine crop of autumn fancy-work. Knitting-bags, paint-boxes, and scrap-books are positive necessities of the season. During long forenoons on sunny hotel piazzas, or breezy mornings when rocking-chairs sway in cool country halls, hands clamor for work to match the busy tongues that fly along outstripping time and tide. One would think, to go in the multi-colored worsted bazaars where women find their materials, that long ago ingenuity would have exhausted itself. But lo! the counters are heaped with alleged novelties and the Kensington Art School has issued numberless original designs. Two of the very latest suggestions, in the way of useful decorative work, are magazine covers and draperies for the pots of ornamental plants. The first is made of two heavy sheets of pasteboard, cut like the leaves of a big book. They are held together with a flexible strip of stout cloth that forms the back. Satin is best used for the smooth, inner lining, but outside full scope is given one's artistic fancy. Stripes of gay braid laid diagonally between a section of maroon velvet and brocaded silk of a contrasting shade lend a pleasing effect to the lid that is further brightened when the back is covered by a narrow bit of pink and gold Japanese crape bound with gilt braid. Any number of old odds and ends of pretty finery are thus utilized, and charming covers provided for the paper-bound magazines, that otherwise get sadly dog-eared. These sashes for flower-pots are deliciously sympathetic in color and design. The widths of silk are cut unusually long to twist about the earthen jar and then fall in full draperies. All the soft natural shades of brown, green and yellow are used, combining most effectively. One dull-gold ground is embroidered up sixteen inches on either end with autumn leaves, in scarlet, russet and green, and so skilfully done one would think a chill wind had just sent them fluttering down on the richly tinted stuff.

House-wives going to the country for a few months should not fail to consider the inestimable value of pungam for decorative purposes. Unless one has a permanent summer residence or goes away to suffer the martyrdom of cheap hotel life, it is necessary to carry some of the beauty of one's home into rural quarters. A popular tradition exists to the effect that roughness and health are synonymous terms. This is false, however, and the tramps, baths, and outings are quite as beneficial with pretty indoor surroundings as when walls are bare and deal tables uncovered. The very plainest room or crudest farm-house ever rented to summer boarders can be rendered attractive by a judicious distribution of drapery, and of all materials pungam can be recommended with the surest guarantee of giving satisfaction. The goods come in an infinite variety of colors and patterns, but one of the sweetest designs for warm weather will be found in the white ground sprinkled over with pink hedges-roses. It costs fifteen cents a yard, is very wide, and launders perfectly. The very shabbiest old bed can be transformed into a couch fit for the Sleeping Beauty herself by a liberal and artistic use of this stuff. If it be a four-poster, hem and ruffle a wide valance to go all round the lower portion, with a narrower frill edged with white tasselled cotton braid about the tester. Instead of buying expensive Marseilles spreads, sew two widths

of the pungam together, hem, and finish the four sides with the same fringed braid. This same trimming should be used for the full curtains that hang from the tester to the floor, behind the head-board and half way of either side. The whole effect is very satisfying, and when windows are draped to match, with a pink-and-white-dressing-table done up in pungam and fringe, one finds one's self in a bower of virgin beauty, without ever missing the money it cost.

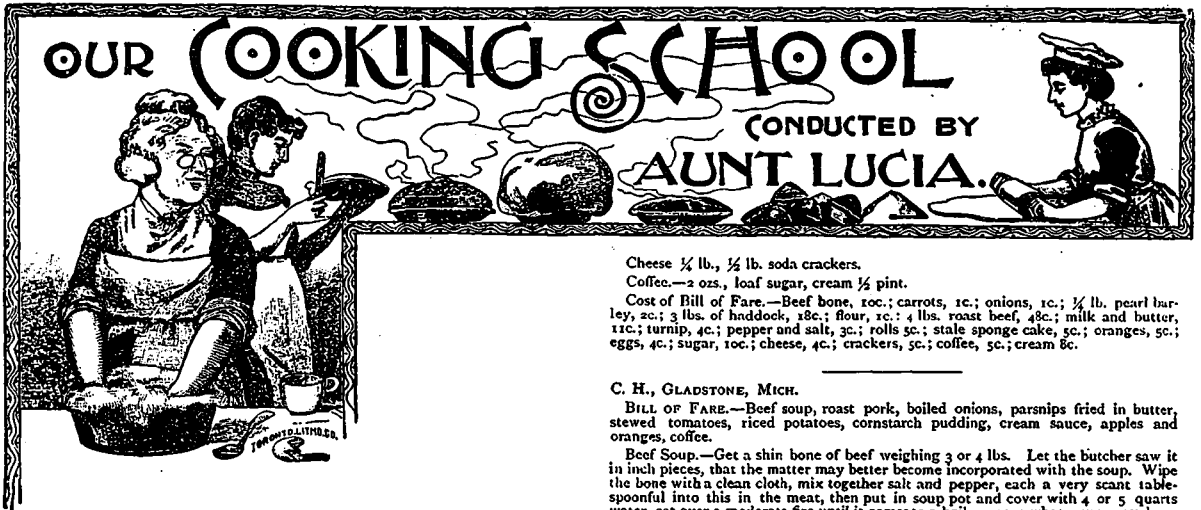
It is passing strange that in none of the leading hotels, it is possible to get the plantain, which, when it is fried, makes a delightful dinner-dish. For hot weather, when the palate rejects all heavy food, this semi-tropical fruit is an agreeable *entr e* that caterers would do well to introduce here. To properly prepare the plantain it should be sliced rather thin, rolled in clarified sugar, and fried a light brown in a pan of very hot grease. The sugar candies, and lends the long, narrow strips of this coarse banana a delicate relish for jaded appetites.

Very few people take proper care of a kid glove after removing it from the hand. Nothing is more slovenly than to roll it up in a hard little wad in the way it is sometimes disposed of when not in use. Remove it from the hand carefully; do not strip it off, turning it inside out, and straining all the seams, but take it off gently, pulling each of the fingers into shape. Lay it lengthwise, stretched out in a glovebox of sufficient length, so that it need not be folded over at the wrist. A glove that is cared for will last longer and fit far better all the time it lasts than one that is carelessly treated. A silk glove should fit the hand as snugly as one of kid, and should be taken care of as thoroughly. As silk is very elastic, it is necessary to purchase a silk glove a size or two smaller than the size of the kid glove worn, in order to have it fit the hand properly. The very best pure silk glove with seams will stretch so much after it has been worn that it will get out of shape if the seams are not taken up. This is a simple matter. Turn the glove inside out and sew up, each seam a mere trifle, but enough to make the glove fit smoothly. Try the glove on after this, and behold! it is as snug-fitting and perfectly molded to the hands as could be desired.

THE pretty egg baskets now used for keeping eggs warm on the breakfast table are easily arranged and very effective. It is a prettier notion to take eggs out of a mossy green nest than out of a china dish. Any of the fancy woven baskets may be selected and filled with wool moss, which is made by several shades of green zephyr into strips, garter stitch. When this is knitted dampen the strips, press them dry with a warm iron, then cut one edge and ravel out all but three or four stitches. Sew the strips round the basket until it is full. Twelve or fifteen stitches are enough to set up for the strips. Set the last row round the top so that the moss will fall over the edge.

AMONG the latest novelties in dining table decorations are swans filled with flowers. These vary in size and can be obtained in several colors. Large ones are used for the centre of the table. Oftentimes they are placed on circular mirrors which make them the more striking.

INSECTS may be destroyed with hot alum. Put in hot water, and let it boil until the alum is dissolved. Apply hot with a brush, and all creeping things are instantly destroyed without danger to human life or injury to property.



Cheese  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. soda crackers.  
Coffee.—2 ozs., loaf sugar, cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint.

Cost of Bill of Fare.—Beef bone, 10c.; carrots, 1c.; onions, 1c.;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. pearl barley, 2c.; 3 lbs. of haddock, 18c.; flour, 1c.; 4 lbs. roast beef, 48c.; milk and butter, 11c.; turnip, 4c.; pepper and salt, 3c.; rolls 5c.; stale sponge cake, 5c.; oranges, 5c.; eggs, 4c.; sugar, 10c.; cheese, 4c.; crackers, 5c.; coffee, 5c.; cream 8c.

C. H., GLADSTONE, MICH.

**BILL OF FARE.**—Beef soup, roast pork, boiled onions, parsnips fried in butter, stewed tomatoes, rice potatoes, cornstarch pudding, cream sauce, apples and oranges, coffee.

**Beef Soup.**—Get a shin bone of beef weighing 3 or 4 lbs. Let the butcher saw it in inch pieces, that the matter may better become incorporated with the soup. Wipe the bone with a clean cloth, mix together salt and pepper, each a very scant tablespoonful into this in the meat, then put in soup pot and cover with 4 or 5 quarts water, set over a moderate fire until it comes to a boil, remove what scum may have risen, and set where it will boil slowly 2 hours longer, skim again and add the following vegetables, one large carrot, one large turnip (the ruta baga is the best) 2 onions small bunch of parsley and a little celery all chopped fine. Good half cup of nicely washed pearl barley, at which time also add another spoonful of salt, and thickening made of a spoonful of wheat flour, and a gill of water, stir it in by the spoonful cover it for 15 minutes when it will be done.

**Pork Roast.**—Take 4 lbs. short ribs not too fat, mix 1 tablespoon of salt and pepper each, rub well into the meat and dredge slightly over with flour. Allow  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour for every pound of meat unless you want it very well done, in which case twenty minutes will be about the right time. Baste often, when done make a gravy of the drippings and nearly 2 tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, brown this nicely on top of the stove then add from one and a half to two cups of milk previously skimmed (the cream having been reserved for the coffee.)

**Boiled Onions.**—Take off the tops and outer skins, no more lest the onion should go to pieces, lay them on the bottom of pan wide enough to contain them without piling one on the other, just cover with water, let them simmer slowly until done, do not however let them break. Serve with melted butter.

**Parsnip fried in butter.**—Scrape the parsnips and boil gently forty five minutes. When cold cut in long slices one third inch thick. Season with salt and pepper. Dip in melted butter and in flour, have 1 tablespoonful butter in the frying pan, and as soon as hot put in enough parsnips to cover the bottom, fry brown on both sides and serve on hot dish.

**Stewed Tomatoes.**—Pour boiling water over six or eight tomatoes, let them remain for a few minutes, then take off the skins, squeeze out the seeds. Put in a porcelain pan with a teaspoonful of salt, a salt spoonful of pepper, a bit of butter half as large as an egg, and two tablespoonfuls of rolled crackers, or bread crumbs, cover the pan closely, and over the fire for nearly an hour, shaking the pan occasionally, that they may not burn. Serve hot. Canned tomatoes may be substituted with good result.

**Riced Potatoes.**—Pour one-quarter peck of potatoes or less, boil in salted water as usual. When done drain, let stand until they are nearly, then pass them through a machine made purposely for this and to be had at any hardware store, set in the oven, and when slightly browned serve.

**Corn Starch Pudding.**—Place two vessels over the fire with a pint of milk in each dissolve two tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little of the milk before it is heated. When the milk in one vessel is ready to boil add two tablespoonfuls of sugar a pinch of salt and then the starch. Boil three full minutes stirring continually, then add the whites of two eggs and keep the pudding boiling three minutes longer when it is ready to pour in its serving dish. Now beat the yolks of the eggs thoroughly, and stir them with half cup full of sugar, and a pinch of salt in the other pint of hot milk, as soon as the mixture thickens (it must not boil) remove it from the fire; then add a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extracts and pour into the same boat. This pudding and its sauce are very good either cold or hot. An agreeable change may be had in boiling  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of grated coconut in the milk with the cornstarch.

**Fruit.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. oranges,  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. apples.

**Coffee.**—For six persons take a little less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. (I always use quite good, say about 35 or 40c. per pound) 1 egg, 1 quart of boiling water, 3 tablespoonfuls of cold water, grind your coffee fine and put in pot which should be well scalded, beat the egg well, add to it the cold water and stir the mixture into the dry coffee in the pot. Then pour on the boiling water, stir the coffee until it boils, then set back on the stove where it will first bubble for ten minutes. Pour a little coffee in a cup and return it to the pot to clear the grounds from the sprout. Let it stand for five minutes where it will not bubble, then pour through a fine sieve into a hot serving pot and send to the table at once. This makes very strong coffee and the quantity of hot water may be varied to suit the taste.

Cost of Bill of Fare.—Beef Bone, 8c.; vegetable, 5c.; flour and barley, 3c.; pork roast, 40c.; flour and milk, 3c.; onions, 6c.; butter, 9c.; parsnip, 5c.; tomatoes, 10c.; crackers, 3c.; potatoes, 8c.; milk, 8c.; eggs, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.; corn starch, 3c.; sugar, 2c.; cocoa-nut, 3c.; flavor, 2c.; oranges, 8c.; apples, 6c.; coffee, 8c.; cream 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

**TO COOK AN OLD HEN.**—When so eminent a scientist as Prof. W. Nattieu Williams thought it worth his while to experiment with this somewhat tough subject for gastronomic contemplation, it may not be amiss to profit by the result of his experiment. He took a hen six years old but otherwise in good condition and cooked it slowly in water for four hours, then let it stand in the water until the next day, when it was roasted for about an hour, basting frequently with some of the broth in which it was simmered. It was then pronounced as tender and fine flavored as a young chicken roasted in the ordinary way, notwithstanding the good broth obtained by stewing.

**NOTE.**—The publication of selections from the bills of fare entered in the Prize Competition, from month to month, in the columns of THE QUEEN, is without regard to the position such bills of fare will occupy in the final award of prizes, and is not to be understood as indicating any preference.

E. S., DICKINSON, ONT.

**BILL OF FARE.**—Roast duck, potatoes, cabbage, pickles, cranberry sauce, currant jelly, lemon pie, apples and nuts.

**Oyster Soup.**—Take one quart of water, one teacup of butter, one pint of milk, two teaspoons of salt, four crackers rolled fine, and one teaspoon of pepper: bring to boiling heat as soon as possible, then add one quart of oysters, let the whole come to boiling heat quickly and remove from the fire.

**Roast Duck.** (dressing for)—One pint of soaked bread, two tablespoons of summer savory, two teaspoons of salt, two tablespoons of pepper and butter about the size of an egg, also a few slices of onion. Stuff the duck and roast in a pan in a hot oven.

**Potatoes.**—Peel them and put them into a pot of boiling water over the fire. When boiled enough take the water off and serve.

**Cabbage.**—Boil a cabbage, then put in a colander and drain until perfectly dry; then chop fine, put in pepper, salt, and a little butter.

**Pickles.**—Cucumber, onions, cauliflower and beans as much of each as desired, let them lie over with a teacup of salt in a gallon of water, then put them on the stove and let them come to a scald, then take off and let them cool. Pour off salt and water and add vinegar. To two quarts of vinegar add 1 oz. of ginger, 2 ozs. of mustard, one teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Let all come to a boil in vinegar and pour on the vegetables.

**Cranberry Sauce.**—One quart of cranberries, one quart of water, one quart of sugar; stew slowly.

**Currant Jelly.**—Jam and strain the currants, to each pint of juice add one pound of sugar; boil the juice fifteen minutes without the sugar and the same time after it is put in, then strain into glasses.

**Lemon Pie.**—The juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a cupful of milk, line the dish with paste; pour in the custard; bake until done; heat the whites of the eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread on the pie and brown lightly.

**Coffee.**—Put one tablespoonful of coffee for each person, or into the pot with boiling water in it, let it come to a boil then remove from the stove and add a cup of water for each teaspoon of coffee.

Cost of Bill of Fare.—Oysters, 35c.; duck, 40c.; potatoes, 5c.; cabbage, 5c.; pickles, 15c.; cranberries, 10c.; currants, 10c.; lemon pie, 10c.; apples, 5c.; nuts, 5c.; coffee, 10c.

MRS. M. S., MONTREAL, CAN.

**BILL OF FARE.**—Vegetable soup, fried haddock, roast beef, mashed potatoes, turnips, rolls, orange pudding, crackers, cheese, coffee.

**Vegetable Soup.**—A beef bone (2 lbs.) carrots, onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. pearl barley.

**Fried Haddock.** (3 lbs.)—Prepare fish, cut into steaks, dry nicely, dip into flour have the dripping boiling hot in the pan in which lie the steaks, pepper, salt, and fry a nice brown.

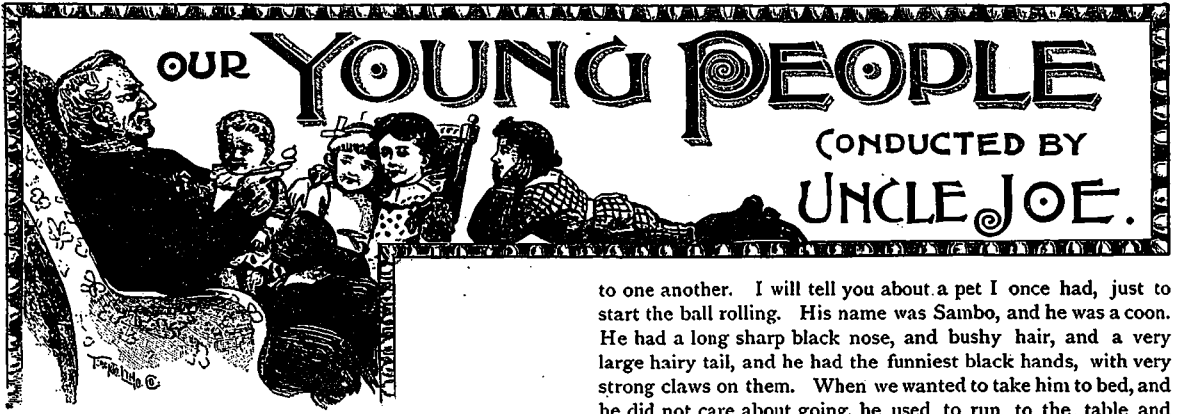
**Roast Beef.**—A small roast of 4 lbs. Put the roast in pan in a hot oven and cook three-quarters of an hour. Make the gravy with flour, pepper and salt, let the brown, then add water sufficient to thicken.

**Potatoes.**—Prepare about a tureen, when boiled, mash and add salt to taste, 1 teaspoon of milk and one teaspoon of butter.

**Turnip.**—Cut in slices, put in boiling water and boil till soft, then strain through colander, put back in pot and mash. Season with pepper, butter and salt.

**Rolls.**—One half dozen.

**Orange Pudding.**—Line bottom of pudding dish with stale sponge cake, 3 oranges, sliced and laid on cake and sprinkle with sugar. Make custard of  $\frac{1}{2}$  pints milk, yolks of three eggs, beat the whites of eggs to stiff froth adding three-quarters cup of sugar, spread over top of pudding and put in oven to brown.



### THAT RASCAL "SAMBO."

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

I have had a long chat with two little nephews of mine about their pets. Harry has a fox terrier, and Jack keeps pigeons. I was surprised at the tales they told of their doings. Children in this country don't keep as many pets as they do in England. I wonder why? I think it must be that our children are not so much in their home, as English children. They go to school, and have long lessons to learn, and maps to draw, and sums to work, while very often the little English boys and girls have a visiting tutor, or a governess who comes only for three hours of a morning, or if he or she resides in the house, make it their business to see that the long play hours are profitably spent, and that their little pupils have all sort of good times and nice pursuits which our boys and girls know nothing about. For instance, when those little ones are reading English History, they will come across a battle perhaps or a great event of some kind, or the records of some remote religion or tribe, and maybe the tutor will say, "To-day we can go for a tramp and see that battlefield, or examine that ruin or the Druid stones." There is fascinating interest and history illustrated at some of their very doors! And the small English children study Botany and Geology and collect weeds and ferns and bugs and insects and fossils and minerals, and they tramp long distances, all ruddy and eager after their specimens, while the little American child is poring over his dry facts in books. Now you know, a man once said he could find sermons in stones, and books in running brooks, but I never heard that the rule was reversed, did you? For all these reasons I sometimes feel sorry for my nieces and nephews!

Harry and Jack have written me about the carrying on of Snap and the billing and cooing and hatching and straying of Loulou and Myrtle and Dulcie and Fan, (those are the first four pigeons Jack owned.) I liked their letters so much that I am going to ask the boys and girls who read THE QUEEN, to write me something about their pets. I am sure they have canaries and pussies and pigeons and dogs and ponies and rabbits and I don't know what beside. Tell me about them, won't you? And I should like to have some of your letters printed on the Young Folks Page, and if you will send me your pictures I would like to put them in too! Perhaps the best letters, every month and the pictures of the boys and girls who write them. If I could talk to you as I do to Jack and Harry, it would be much nicer, but we are so far apart that the best we can manage is to write

to one another. I will tell you about a pet I once had, just to start the ball rolling. His name was Sambo, and he was a coon. He had a long sharp black nose, and bushy hair, and a very large hairy tail, and he had the funniest black hands, with very strong claws on them. When we wanted to take him to bed, and he did not care about going, he used to run to the table and clasp his front paws round the leg, and sometimes would hold on so fast, that we could pull the table along, when we pulled Sambo. He had very sharp little teeth, and he could bite if he got into a bad humor. One very comical thing he used to do, was, as soon as he had eaten or drunk as much as he wanted he would turn his back to his dinner dish, and kick it over. That wasn't nice of him, was it? He had such sharp little snapping black eyes, and he was so quick in his movements, that he often did things before we could stop him, and once he jumped from the window and ran away, his long steel chain clattering after him, and when night came and he got hungry, we put his basin of food inside the porch and waited to hear him clattering in to his supper, so that we might catch him and tie him up, but he did not come, why not, do you think? In leaping down from the barn, he had caught the end of his chain in a knot hole, and hung himself. We buried him under the Lady-apple tree, and that was the end of Sambo! Now, I wonder who will tell me the best story about his or her pets for August? I hope a number of you will send me accounts and perhaps if they are very interesting, the best one will gain a prize, and some other time I will tell you about some more queer pets I have had and lost.

Yours affectionately,

UNCLE JOE.

Written for THE QUEEN.

### GEORDIE'S WORK.

Three little boys were sitting on a river bank, fishing. They had bare feet, and old clothes and lunch baskets and a first-rate time altogether.

"Joe," said Will, as he baited his hook, "What do you do evenings?" "I play checkers, and read, and I am learning to play the mouth organ," said Joe, holding his head a little proudly, "What do you do?" "Oh, I fool round, I have a dandy box of paints and I color pictures, and I read some too, and sometimes Al and I make believe we're men, and we get matches for cigarettes, and we just lay on the style." Wee Geordie McGregor looked from one to the other of the larger boys, wonderingly, "O aye," he said, in his broad Scotch, "I jess helpins mither." The boys laughed at Geordie, they always did, and Geordie joined in the laugh, he always did, too, then Joe said quizzingly, "What's that you do, Geordie?" "Mind the wean, sew the bit carpet rags, an' sweep an' dust, an' sew my ain claes that's all I mind, just noo," said Geordie soberly, counting off his duties on the spread fingers of one dirty paw. The boys laughed again, and went on with their fishing. That was about

twenty-five years ago. One day lately, at a fine party, the gentleman of the house said to an old lady at his side, "Mother, dear, I've got two old chums here this evening to present to you," and presently a gentleman was bowing before the smiling old lady, "Mr. Joseph Hall," he called himself, and he was known as the organist of the West, and he played in Chicago's grandest church. Soon after, the old lady was bowing and smiling to another of her son's friends. He was Mr. William Hatherton, the rising young artist of the lone-star state.

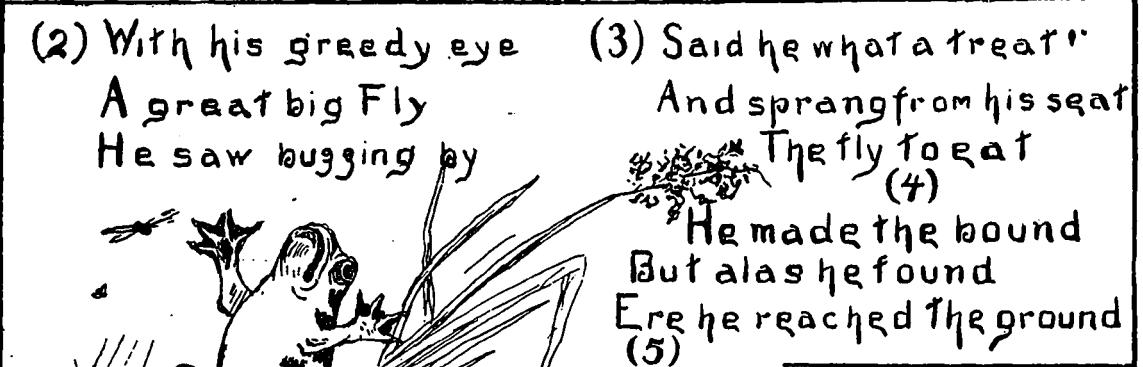
"You'll like to talk together," said the mother, "I'll go and sit yonder." "Let me take you and see you comfortable first, mother dear," said the host giving her his arm, and leading her away. The musician and the artist stood looking after them, as they crossed the room. "Just the same old Geordie," said the latter with a little smile, "poor or rich, he isn't changed at all." "Not a particle," said the musician with a responsive chuckle. "Don't you remember how he used to say 'I jess helpins mither.'— He's at it yet."

For THE QUEEN.

## THE STORY OF A FROG AND BEE.



(1)  
This little Frog  
Sat on a log  
Beside a bog.



(2) With his greedy eye  
A great big Fly  
He saw bugging by

(3) Said he what a treat!  
And sprang from his seat  
The fly to eat  
(4)  
He made the bound  
But alas he found  
Ere he reached the ground  
(5)



Twas a bumble-bee  
That he did see!  
Sting and all? gasped he  
(6)  
For help he cried  
But poor Froggie died  
From that sting inside.



## PRIZE OFFERS.

A choice of either a live pair of Rabbits, a pair of White Mice, or a pair of Fancy Pigeons will be given and delivered free anywhere in Canada or the U. S. to the writer of the best letter on "Our Pets and Their Pranks"—for Uncle Joe's Young People's page. See Uncle Joe's letter this month. Letters must be posted before July 25th to compete for this prize.

## PRIZE PUZZLE.

## A RIDDLE.

There was a man of Adam's race  
Who had a certain dwelling place,  
He had a house well covered o'er  
Where no man dwelt since, nor before,  
It was not built by human art,  
Nor brick nor lime in any part,  
Nor wood, nor stone, nor nail, nor kiln,  
But curiously 'twas wrought within,  
'Twas not in heaven, nor yet in hell,  
Nor on this earth where mortals dwell,  
Now if you know this man of fame  
Tell where he lived and what's his name.

SUE E. BOOKER, Hampton, Va.

## JUNE PRIZE WINNER.

The puzzle prize for June, of a Silver Desert Service, is awarded to SUE E. BOOKER, Hampton, Va.

## 1.—ENIGMA.

In lave nor in wash ;  
In have not in took ;  
In veal not in hash ;  
In curve not in hook ;  
In teach not in study ;  
In bench not in seat ;  
In soiled not in muddy ;  
In pepper and in heat ;  
In pink not in rose ;  
In rain not in snow ;  
In fire not in hose ;  
In gaze not in know ;  
In horse not in cow ;  
In fights not in row ;

Diligent students have lately found in me great rewards.

LILLIE R. EMERY, Kemptville Ont.

## 2.—CONNECTED DIAMOND.

I.—1. A letter. 2. An article. 3. A vowel.  
II.—1. A consonant. 2. Three letters. 3. Relating to a base. 4. A service of fruit. 5. Filial duty. 6. To proclaim. 6. A letter.  
III.—1. A letter. 2. A consonant and two vowels. 3. An island west of Scotland. 4. The duty of a servant. 5. To mount upward. 6. A unit in cards or dice. 7. A vowel.

These letters well connected show something that we all wish for.

ANNIE S. GRAHAM, 217 Pape Ave.

## 3.—GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1.—A province in Denmark.  
2.—A river in China.  
3.—A city in Palestine.  
4.—A point in Italy.  
5.—A city in France.  
6.—A city in China.  
7.—A province in Italy.  
8.—A city in Saxony.  
9.—A town in Mexico.  
10.—A town in Switzerland.  
11.—A town in Connecticut.  
12.—A town in the Peninsula.  
13.—A town in Nassau.  
14.—A province in Italy.  
15.—A country in Europe.  
16.—A river in North America.

My primals name a valuable means of information and amusement and my finals where it should always be respected and admired.

## 4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To entertain. 2. A concave. 3. The point opposite to the zenith. 4. A contest. 5. A kind of demon among the ancients. 6. To outdo. 7. The scum of metals. My primals and finals form a very interesting department in a very interesting paper.

WALTER E. EMERSON, Wiscasset, Me.

## 5.—PUZZLE.

My first is in am, but not in be ;  
My second is in union, but not in free ;  
My third is in friend, but not in foe ;  
My fourth is in stay, but not in go ;  
My fifth is in labor, but not in dream ;  
My sixth is in caught, but not in scream ;  
My seventh is in cape, but not in shawl ;  
My eighth is in whimper, but not in bawl ;  
My ninth is in arrow, but not in bow ;  
My whole is a person, whom all ladies should know.

ANNIE L. GRAHAM.

## 6.—ENIGMA.

My first is in monarch, but not in king ;  
My second is in throw, but not in fling ;  
My third is in drop, but not in catch ;  
My fourth is lock, but not in latch ;  
My fifth is in might, but not in strength ;  
My sixth is in distance also in length ;  
My seventh is in page but not in leaf ;  
My eighth is in sorrow but not in grief ;  
My ninth is in candy, but not in sweets ;  
My tenth is in spinach, but not in beets ;  
My eleventh is in gold, but not in brass ;  
My twelfth is in window, but not in glass ;  
My thirteenth is in looked, but not in seen ;  
And my whole is in the fine CANADIAN QUEEN.

MISS BEATRICE E. DYER, 282 University St. Montreal.

## 7.—MYSTIFIED SQUARE.

PUZZLE 7.—It is required to make a square with the letters that are in (something that always goes with THE QUEEN, consisting of nine letters), using each letter as many times as you wish, and having them so arranged, that if you take any zigzag course from the first letter (which is to be the exact centre of square), you can read (what always goes with THE QUEEN.)

## 8.—ENIGMA

My first is in orange, but not in grape ;  
My second is in pear, but not in ape ;  
My third is in apple, but not in plum ;  
My fourth is in ginger, but not in drum ;  
My fifth is in George but not in Will ;  
My sixth is in olive, but not in sill ;  
My seventh is in upper but not in lower ;  
My eighth is in timber, but not in floor ;  
My ninth is in Paris, but not in Rome ;  
My tenth is in mane, but not in dome ;  
My eleventh is in cottage, but not in home ;  
My whole is a species of animal found in the tropical zone.

HOWARD HOPKINS, Collingwood.

## ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

## PRIZE PUZZLE.

1. Bonnet ; 2. Cygnet ; 3. Garnet ; 4. Cornet ; 5. Sonnet ; 6. Hornet ; 7. Signet ; 8. Mignonette ; 9. Linnet ; 10. Spinnet ; 11. Gannet ; 12. Genet ;

1.—Of two evils choose the least.  
2.—Cap, nap, gap, sap, hap, map, lap, pap, rap, tap.  
3.—Pack of cards.

4.—ha, ha ! hat, hate, hater, hatred.  
5.—A husband.

6.—  
" And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill,  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

7.—'Tis Uncle Joe.

8.—Dr. (short) expects Doctor (long) to explain the misunderstanding between them.



# THE QUEEN'S Prize Literary Competition.

*The Most Interesting Contest Ever Offered by this Publication.*

A GRAND PRIZE OF  
**A Handsome Pair of Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness.**

AND

**124 OTHER VALUABLE AWARDS**

FOR

**THE QUEEN'S BRIGHTEST READERS.**

## EXPLANATION:

Upon the urgent request of many of our subscribers who are interested in this department, the editors have decided to extend our Prize Literary Quotations to more extensive proportions and offer a grand Literary Competition for three months, instead of the smaller Competitions which we have offered monthly. This will give subscribers residing at a distance an equal chance for competing, with those living in Toronto and vicinity, who necessarily receive their magazine earlier than those living in the furthestmost part of Canada and the United States. The quotations are from standard British poets.

**1st Prize:** To the person who sends in *First and Most Correctly* the names of the authors of these quotations and the works in which they occur, will be presented a **Handsome matched pair of Ponies, Carriage and Harness**, a portrait of which will appear in the June number of this magazine (value \$500).

**2nd Prize:** To the *Second* person sending in the most correct list of names of authors and works from which these quotations are made will be presented a **Fine Toned Piano**, of one of the best manufacturers.

**3rd Prize:** To the *Third* person sending in the best list of answers will be given their entire expenses for a **Two Weeks Vacation** at any summer resort in the United States or Canada, (expenses not to exceed \$100).

**4th Prizes:** To the gentleman sending in the next most correct answers will be presented a gentleman's **Fine Cold Watch**, and to the lady sending the next best list of answers will be presented a **Ladies' Solid Gold Watch**.

**5th Prizes:** To each of the next *Ten Gentlemen* sending in the next most correct answers will be presented their choice of either a **Silver Smoking 'et** or **Silver Writing Set**, consisting of silver ink stand, pen and stamp boxes, pen holders, etc., etc. To each of the next *Ten Ladies* sending the most correct answers will be given either a **Pair of Silver Bon-Ben Trays** or an elegant **Silver Card Receiver**.

One hundred more **Additional Prizes**, valued from \$10.00 to \$25.00 will be given in the Competition in order of merit.

## Prize Quotations from British Poets:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1.—"I had rather be a dog and bay the Moon<br/>Than such a Roman."</p> <p>2.—"Come, and trip it as you go,<br/>On the light fantastic toe."</p> <p>3.—"Soft eyes looked love to eyes, which spake again,<br/>And all went merry as a marriage bell."</p> <p>4.—"Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played<br/>And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;<br/>That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,<br/>Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made."</p> <p>5.—"Even children follow'd, with endearing wile<br/>And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile."</p> <p>6.—"Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray<br/>That lov'st to greet the early morn."</p> <p>7.—"The proper study of mankind, is Man."</p> | <p>8.—"Deep in unfathomable mines,<br/>Of never failing skill,<br/>He treasures up His bright designs,<br/>And works His sovereign will."</p> <p>9.—"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly<br/>From its firm base as soon as I."</p> <p>10.—"Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!<br/>Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven<br/>Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun<br/>Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers<br/>Of loveliest hue spread garlands at your feet?"</p> <p>11.—"A primrose by a river's brim,<br/>A yellow primrose was to him,<br/>And it was nothing more."</p> <p>12.—"I hold it true what'er befall;<br/>I feel it when I sorrow most;<br/>'Tis better to have loved and lost<br/>Than never to have loved at all."</p> |
|---|---|

## RULES:

This Competition Closes August 10th, and all lists of answers must be mailed on or before that date. As a tie might occur those desiring to enter the Competition should send as early as possible, as one bearing earliest post-mark would have precedence. Disinterested members of THE QUEEN'S editorial staff will act as judges in this Competition, and their decision will be final. The list of answers which carries off the leading prize will be published in the columns of THE QUEEN. No Competition has ever been offered by us which should excite such universal interest as this, as an intimate acquaintance with the poets has the most refining influence to which any human mind can be subjected. While there are doubtless many of our readers who could not readily tell the names of all the authors and what works the above quotations are made from, yet perseverance will enable them to ascertain and answer at least a large percentage of the questions correctly, so that the prizes in this Competition are really offered to our subscribers for the time they spend in following out the most interesting and cultivating study which they could possibly undertake. Competitors should give the quotations by number and then follow with the name of the author, then the work from which the quotation is made. Only one side of paper should be used. All persons desiring to enter this Competition must forward \$1.00 for one year's subscription to THE QUEEN with the names of authors and works. If you are already a subscriber to THE QUEEN, you may send \$1.00 with your list of answers and forward the name of some friend to whom THE QUEEN will be sent for one year, or your own subscription can be extended for one year from the time your present subscription expires. All communications for the Competition should be addressed to the THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Literary Competition, 38 Bay St., Toronto, Can.

**Prize Winners in Recent Word Contest and Historical Competition.**  
(Continued from last month.)

Clementine Allen, Bath-on-Hudson, N.Y.; Margey A. Hillych, Georgetown, P. E. I.; Mrs. W. L. Sterns, Souris, P.E.I.; Amby Allen, Bathurst, N. B.; F. H. Reiderham, North Sydney, N. S.; Mrs. F. W. Pagent, Halifax, N. S.; Mary A. Journey, Weymouth, N.S.; Geo. F. Emmerson, Sackville, N. S.; Wm. Frier, 123 Catherine street, N. Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. H. B. Doane, 46 Douro street, Toronto, Ont.; G. A. Powles, 1027 Congress street, Chicago, Ill.; Helen M. Scheller, 910 Pennsylvania ave, N.W., Washington, D. C.; Hobert Hillman, 259 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. W. H. Liddicot, 153 James street, London, Ont.; Mrs. E. Cork, 203 Dovercourt road, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. C. E. Taylor, 127 King street, Kingston, Ont.; Olive Crosby, Barré, Ont.; C. Grandidge, 208 Wilton ave., Toronto, Ont.; Annie Lowe, 376 Leona street, Toronto, Ont.; Fred L. Hay, Woodcock N. B.; D. B. Pidgen, In-diantown, N. B.; Mrs. P. Breaun, McGinlay, N.B.; Carrie Keith, New Glasgow, N. S.; M. J. Staples, Staples Brook, N. 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# Announcement to Advertisers.

July 1st, 1891, the advertising rates in THE QUEEN were increased to 40 cents per square inch each insertion. This will be the regular rate for display advertising in this publication in future. Twenty-five per cent. discount will be allowed on yearly contracts for contracts for one thousand lines or over, to be used at the option of advertiser within one year.

No deviation will be made from this rate.

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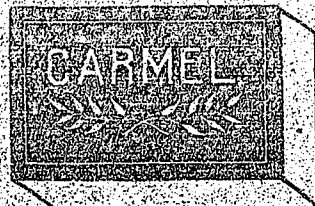
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