



Vol. XIX.—No. 935.]

NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

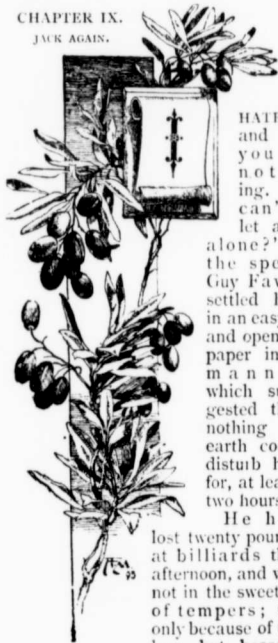
[PRICE ONE PENNY.

“IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—”;

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER IX.
JACK AGAIN.



HATE girls, and I tell you I'm not going. Why can't you let a man alone?" and the speaker, Guy Fawcett, settled himself in an easy chair and opened his paper in a manner which suggested that nothing on earth could disturb him for, at least, two hours.

He had lost twenty pounds at billiards that afternoon, and was not in the sweetest of tempers; not only because of the loss, but because

he had grace enough to know that he was an idiot to let himself be led into playing for such high stakes.

At the same time, his remark was, to a certain extent, true, for he was anything but a lady's man, and if he did not actually hate girls, he certainly never took any more notice of them than he could possibly help.

Left an orphan at an early age, with a very fair income, he had started travelling as soon as ever he was old enough, and had led such a roving life ever since, that home-life was practically unknown to him.

At times, that is in his thoughtful moods, this was a source of real regret

to him; but then, like his great friend Jack Harcourt, he found "thinking" little to his taste, and consequently these times were few and far between. The life that suited him best was the one he was living at the present time. He went to every place of amusement that was open, and nearly every first-class football or cricket match; backed a few horses, and was to be seen at the principal races; smoked extravagantly and read little else but the paper.

Dinners and dances and "at homes" he abhorred, and he was far prouder of having rowed two years running in the Oxford eight, and got his colours at football, than of having taken his degree and come out far above the

average in mathematics. He had even been known to spend more than one morning in rubbing up the numerous silver cups that adorned his and Jack's chambers, so dear were they to his eyes.

But for all this he was not by any means a worldly or a selfish man; considering the amount of temptations he was daily subject to, and the very little good influence in his sphere, the wonder was that he kept as straight as he did.

But he and Jack were both on a par. Their chief excess was smoking; for the rest they were just two careless, kind-hearted, upright, pleasure-loving young Englishmen, who would scorn to stoop to a mean or base action.



"THEIR CHIEF EXCESS WAS SMOKING."

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They had, however, one great difference. Jack was a lady's man and Guy, emphatically, wasn't. Jack, in spite of his friend's chaff, fell in love periodically about every six months, but he never got fairly settled; partly because he couldn't afford anyone's bills but his own, and partly because his affections were subject to such fluctuations.

Also the rôle of the petted, immensely popular bachelor suited him well, and he was in no hurry to become a Benedick.

On the evening in question he had been trying to persuade Guy to accompany him to an ice carnival, but the latter proved immovable, and finally Jack went off alone.

He was gone three hours, and during that time Guy only moved once, and that was to take a turn round the room in order to stretch his legs.

While so doing, his attention was arrested by a letter in a bold well-formed hand-writing, which had just arrived by the evening post for Jack.

The writing struck him as being rather unique, and he picked it up carelessly in order to examine it more closely, and read the post-mark.

"From his sister," he surmised, and then, tossing it down on the table, he once more threw himself into the easy chair, planted his feet on the mantel-piece and proceeded to consider which horse he had better back for the Lincoln Handicap.

When Jack came in he was still cogitating, sleepily, so he took up his letter and read it without disturbing him. He then took the easy chair opposite and leaned back a little wearily.

Guy regarded him lazily for a moment and then remarked, "You looked bored, old chap, what's wrong? Wasn't the fair one affable to-night, or have you been and gone and popped and now regret it?"

Jack blew two or three smoke rings and made no reply.

"Surely you've never let another fellow cut you out?" continued Guy in the same bantering tone.

"Stop humbugging," remarked Jack moodily, "I've got a bad headache."

Guy laughed. "By-the-way," he continued, breaking off suddenly; "have you read your letter? I nearly saved you the trouble, as the writing interested me sufficiently to rouse my curiosity. I concluded by the post-mark it was from your sister."

"Yes, it is from Madge," He paused a moment, then added, "her letters get more and more unsatisfactory. I don't know what to make of her, but she seems to be getting in a queer way."

"How?" asked Guy, with interest.

"I hardly know. She might be setting up as a professional cynic for one thing."

"I should think that's because she reads such odd books. Does she treat you to quotations?"

"She scarcely says anything," replied Jack, disconsolately; "but it's as plain as a pikestaff that she's awfully miserable. She doesn't think life's worth living, and all that kind of thing."

Guy got up and took a turn round the room, with his hands in his pockets.

"Isn't she rather silly not to try and

make the best of a bad job and look forward to jollier times coming?" he suggested.

"That's just what I tell her," replied Jack, "but she only looks away and says nothing. As for arguing with her, she's much too clever for me, I simply don't know where I am in ten minutes. You see, as she's always thinking, she's got all her ideas and reasons at her finger ends, while I can only say what occurs at the moment."

Guy smiled good-naturedly. "I can imagine you don't shine," he said; "I wonder you ever attempt it."

"I don't often, I generally just get her worked up a bit and then let her talk. It's fine to hear her; she ought to have been a man, eloquence is wasted in a woman."

"It's a good thing there are none of the fair sex at hand to hear that," remarked Guy; "it would be as much as your life was worth; but I say, why can't you get your sister up to town?"

"Because it's impossible. She's only nineteen, so she can't please herself yet, and the mater won't hear of it. She'll be all right when she's twenty-one. Look here, Guy, suppose we run down and see them all? What do you say to coming next week? We can play golf if we can't do anything else; there's some good links about three miles off, and we can easily get a trap. Yes," he continued, getting up with a sudden brightening of his face, "we'll go at once and get back in time for the height of the season. We can just put in two weeks."

"Steady on a minute," interrupted Guy, stopping in his walk. "What about the dog show; I meant to send old Bimbo, and I shall want to be here at the time."

"Oh, hang Bimbo, he's got two prizes, what more does he want? You'll only ruin him, he's quite conceited enough already."

"But he's just at his best; why not put off Cumberland for ten days?"

"Because we shall be so late back. Bring Bimbo to see Madge, she'll admire him enough for anyone, she's fond of dogs."

"What will your mater say?"

"Oh, she'll only call him an ugly brute, and wonder how a sane man can make such a fuss of a mere dog, but that won't hurt you."

"Oh, all right!" said good-natured Guy, "I'm ready when you are. Perhaps as you say, another prize would be injurious to his character, and he certainly does give himself airs."

Accordingly their departure was settled for the following Tuesday, and feeling much easier in his mind, Jack took himself off to bed.

The inmates of the Manor House were at breakfast when Madge received Jack's letter, announcing their coming visit. She read it through quietly without expressing any surprise, then, folding it up remarked casually, "Jack is coming on Tuesday."

"Jack coming!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, while Mr. Harcourt looked over the top of his paper and made the same remark.

"What an extraordinary boy he is," continued the former. "What's put it into his head to come now?"

"Nothing particular," answered Madge coldly, while she carefully peeled the shell off her egg. "He is bringing his friend."

The girl's off-hand manner annoyed her step-mother, and her face clouded as she snapped, "Oh, he is, is he? I suppose he doesn't consider it worth while to inquire if it is quite convenient to me."

"And his friend's dog," continued Madge slowly, taking a spoonful of her egg.

"I can't do with a dog here, it's absurd. Jack must be mad," exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, with growing exasperation. "He knows I abhor the brutes. It will be all over my flower-beds in no time. I must write and tell him I won't have it; if his friend can't leave it he may stay away."

"It is to sleep in Mr. Fawcett's bedroom," went on Madge unmoved, reaching a piece of toast and proceeding leisurely to butter it.

"Sleep in the house indeed! I know better. It may sleep at the bottom of the pond if they like, but it shan't sleep in the house. Do you hear, James, Jack's friend is bringing a great dog, which he wishes to have in his bedroom? Of course you will put your foot down at such proceedings; if you don't I shall."

"The dog won't hurt me," replied Mr. Harcourt, turning over his paper and beginning another column; "but of course if it is disagreeable to you, you have only to tell Jack."

"Only to tell Jack indeed," she sneered. "A lot of notice he would take of that."

"The dog will require Spratt's biscuits to eat, with lights twice a week, and a soft mat to lie on. No one is to tamper with it, as it is rather fierce, and the flower-beds are to be wired round," went on Madge, still leisurely eating her breakfast.

The sudden piece of good news had somewhat enlivened her, and for the first time for months she dropped her usual manner of haughty indifference to one of assumed carelessness, and condescended to tease her step-mother.

"What unheard-of nonsense!" exclaimed that lady with intense indignation. "I'll soon show Master Jack and his friend who is mistress here. I'll have no dogs pampered in my house. I shall write immediately after breakfast and undeceive him, if he thinks he is going to do just whatever he likes here," and she forthwith departed to execute her intentions.

Mr. Harcourt soon followed her, and Madge, putting on her hat strolled out into the spring sunshine. The glad news in her letter, caused a little stray sunbeam to creep into her eyes and stay there, although it was many a month since the last had died away.

They used not to be so rare, but then hardening influences had somewhat changed her lately.

Nor long ago her beautiful eyes were varied with wistful, defiant, hard and sometimes even merry expressions.

They are nearly always hard now, and cold, passionate indifference is the expression that she continually cultivates.

She has been trying to steel herself against any deep feeling whatever except her passionate love for Jack, and that only burns stronger with the passing weeks.

For worship is born into the heart of man, and because of it he cannot wholly banish feeling. Thus Madge, in her hour of bitterness, doubt and scepticism, tossing anchorless on a troubled stormy sea, has concentrated nearly all the force of her strong nature into a vast, all-

masterful love for her brother Jack. Without knowing it she has already placed him on a pedestal and, metaphorically speaking, bowed down in complete self-abnegation before her idol.

"Thou shalt have none other gods but Me," thundered the Mighty voice of the Creator from Sinai of old.

Aye, and down the long vista of passing centuries, the voice has thundered on, with its mighty import unweakened. In this enlightened nineteenth century, though men close their ears to it and scoff at it, the words still

retain their old solemnity, and continue to be spoken for us, as surely as for those Hebrews of old. And may we not expect, that, as surely as the idols of those ancient days were eventually overthrown and broken in pieces, so individually and collectively, amid much heart-burn, denunciation and frantic imploring, must the man-wrought idols of this present day lie in the dust.

What other course is there, if we will not turn from them ourselves, for is not the aim and end of man just a pressing forward to perfection?

(To be continued.)

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By MRS. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

SKELETON LEAVES.

FINDING a last year's bulb turned into a skeleton by the action of rain and wind and lying like a piece of lace-work on the surface of the ground, I picked it up this morning and have since then been looking for such other instances of woody fibre as it may be possible to light upon in the garden and fields.



SKELETON BULB.

Under my holly trees were some very perfect skeleton leaves, only needing to be bleached in a weak solution of chloride of lime to form charming sprays to place with other leaves under a glass shade.

Magnolia leaves may often be found thus turned into skeletons when they have been lying on damp ground for some months; but as these and other specimens are seldom quite perfect, the best way, if we wish for a case of really beautiful lace-like leaves, is to make them for ourselves by gathering well-matured specimens of suitable species, and placing them in a deep pan full of soft water letting them soak until the upper and under skins of the leaves are rotted, when they can be brushed off with a camel-hair pencil.

When the skeletons are bleached they should be dried between sheets of blotting-paper, mounted into a group with fine wire and placed under a glass shade.

The following leaves succeed well: holly, magnolia, pear, maple, poplar and sycamore.

Seed-vessels are very beautiful when carefully cleaned.

Stramonium, henbane, poppy, winter-cherry, butcher's broom, yellow-rattle, a bunch of sycamore keys, and a very old Swedish turnip

also makes a sphere of woody fibre of fine delicate network which few people would ever guess to be the framework of that homely vegetable.

PALESTINE OAKS.

When we read of the oak-trees mentioned in Scripture we are apt, very naturally, to picture them with large, bright green leaves of the size and shape of our English oaks; but as this is contrary to fact I will describe the Eastern tree that we may realise its appearance more accurately.

An acorn, gathered on Mount Tabor, was grown by a friend of mine till the little specimen was old enough to be transplanted into my garden, where it now occupies an honoured place. Its leaves seldom exceed an inch and a half in length, of a dark green with prickles round the edges.

Unlike our English oaks, which shed their leaves in autumn, these trees are evergreen, and only mark the change of seasons by throwing out pale green shoots in spring. The acorn is small and has a somewhat prickly cup.

There are three species of oak in Palestine; the one I possess is *Quercus pseudococcifera*, which grows abundantly in Syria. Abraham's oak near Hebron belongs to this species; it measures twenty-three feet in girth, and the branches are spread over a space ninety feet in diameter.

During the severe winter of 1894-5, the weight of snow broke off one of its huge branches which, when sawn up, furnished sufficient wood to load seven camels.

We owe the ink with which we write to another Syrian oak (*Quercus infectoria*).

A small fly punctures its twigs causing irritation in the flow of the sap, and gall-nuts are formed in consequence. These nuts abound in tannic and gallic acid, and in combination with sulphate of iron and gum they form the constituents of our writing ink.

I have in my museum some of the huge acorn cups of the valonia oak, the third species, known as *Quercus agrifolia*; this tree is of great value, as its fruit is much used and largely imported for dyeing purposes as well as ink-making.

We read in Acts xx. 13, that St. Paul, parting from his disciples at Troas, was to meet them again at Assos (to which place they were going by ship); he, "minding himself to go afoot," would, in making this journey, pass through groves of valonia oaks which abound in that part of Asia Minor.



PALESTINE OAK.

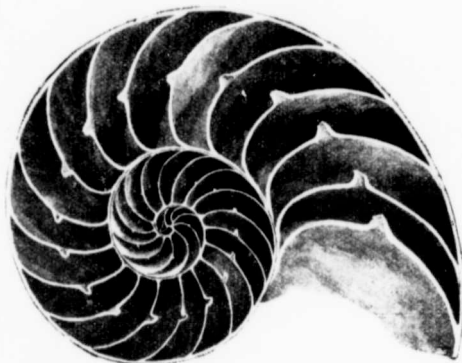
I like to think of the great apostle taking that quiet woodland walk, possibly the last opportunity he ever enjoyed for undisturbed meditation and thought, alone amidst the beauty of nature.

THE NAUTILUS.

The shell of the common nautilus, when divided lengthways, affords a beautiful example of delicate structure. It is the dwelling of a species of cuttle-fish found in the Indian Ocean.

The creature lives only in the upper compartment of its shell, whilst below it are thirty-six exquisitely graduated air-chambers lined with mother-of-pearl. This cuttle-fish has numerous tentacles or feelers on which it sometimes crawls like a snail at the bottom of the sea. It is a deep-sea dweller, but at times it rises towards the surface and swims through the water by drawing in air and then violently ejecting it, thus progressing backwards by a series of jerks. The shell is as hard and smooth as porcelain, and is marked outside by a series of dark brown wavy lines.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his beautiful poem "The Chambered Nautilus," draws a



CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

delightful lesson from the formation of this shell.

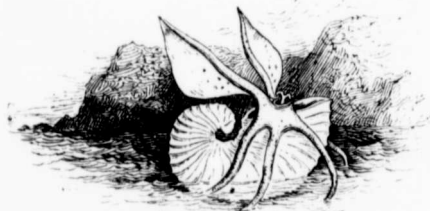
"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's
unresting sea."

Another species known as the paper nautilus has a pure white and exquisitely fragile exterior, in form resembling the common nautilus but without any chambers inside. Indeed, instead of being a solid and polished substance, its shell is of an extremely delicate and thin material, furrowed into long way wrinkles.

For ages this shell has been represented, as in the accompanying drawing, sailing along on the surface of the sea like a fairy bark, with two tiny sails uplifted to catch the wind. It was said to have given to man the idea of navigating the ocean; Ari-totle thus described it. Pope writes, "Learn of the nautilus to sail;" Montgomery and other poets allude to its being seen thus floating on the sea, but alas, the rude hand of science has brushed away the charming poetic fancy, and we are told that the two flattened membranes which were supposed to be sails, are only used for the prosaic purpose of secreting calcareous matter in order to repair the shell when injured.

We do not readily part with such a charming vision as the poet thus describes:—

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upwards, from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her orb is filled,



ARGONAUT OR PAPER NAUTILUS (mythical).

Fraught with young life,
it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along
the yielding water.
The native pilot of this
little bark
Put out a tier of oars on
either side;
Spread to the wafting
breeze a two-fold sail,
And mounted up, and
glided down the billow,
In happy freedom, pleased
to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury
of light."

"Pelican I-land," by
Montgomery.

One could wish to be a
fairy watching this little
skiff come towards one
across a halcyon sea!

SNOW CRYSTALS.

Winter does not afford many living creatures as subjects for our study; we must therefore turn our attention to other natural objects.

To-day, as snow is falling, we will go out with a powerful magnifying glass and examine the beauty of snow crystals.

It is not always possible to see the formation of snow; if there is much wind the crystals are apt to be broken, and unless the cold is severe the flakes melt away too soon to allow us to examine them.

In sharp frost, on a calm day, the first flake of snow we look at through a lens will reveal

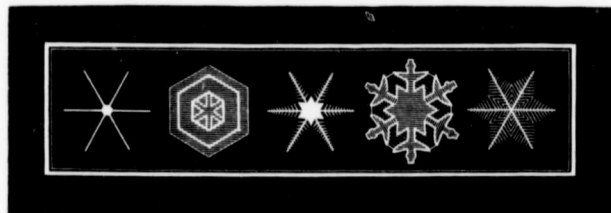
form of frost decoration according to the shape of its leaves.

I could have spent hours in sketching the various designs, so marvellously intricate were



FROSTED LAUREL LEAF.

they and beautiful, but the cold was too severe to admit of that, and I can only reproduce from memory the laurel fringes which are shown in the illustrations.



SNOW CRYSTALS.

the beautiful six-rayed crystals of which it is composed, and although each one has invariably six points, yet the ornamentation is infinitely varied. Each lovely star is fringed with most delicate tracery, and the flower-like forms glisten like burnished silver.

I have read somewhere that no fewer than a thousand different patterns and devices have been found of these snow crystals, and as we examine the flake we have placed beneath the glass, we see for ourselves something of the indescribable beauty of these "ice-morsels." The silvery frost-work upon the window-pane shows the same crystalline law, only the stars are often merged into continuous tracery so that the six rays are not always so easily discerned as in the snow-flake.

Several winters ago a severe frost wrought wonderful effects in my garden. The tree-branches, down to the finest twigs, appeared as if they had been turned into spun glass, and when the sun shone out the effect was beautiful beyond description. Every shrub had some special

The frost-needles were quite half an inch long and gave a curious effect to the sprays of leaves, an effect I have never seen either before or since.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE (*Helleborus Niger*).

The Christmas rose, which cheers us with its snow-white flowers in the depth of winter, is an imported plant from Southern Europe.

Two species of hellebore are, however, found growing wild in some parts of England, though even they are not believed to be truly indigenous.

Helleborus foetidus is now flowering in my garden, and is an interesting and rather showy plant, with clusters of green bell-shaped flowers edged with purple.

Helleborus viridis is found on chalky soils, and has also pale green flowers and dark green leaves.

The species figured in the illustration is *Helleborus purpurascens*; it shows very plainly the curious construction which is common to all hellebore flowers. What we should naturally call the petals are really the leaves of the calyx—called sepals—which do not fall off, but after a time become of a greenish hue and share in the work of leaves by helping to



PURPLE HELLEBORE (to show honey-glands).

nourish the plant. Instead of petals we find tubular nectaries filled with honey, which are situated between the sepals and the stamens. These tubes are attractive to bees from the sweet though poisonous liquid they contain, and in thus rifling the nectaries they brush the pollen on to the stigma and fertilise the flower.

It seems strange that the Christmas rose with its snowy flowers should be called black hellebore, but it is so named from its dark root-stock and black fibre.

MITES.

Some valuable foreign insects in my museum have been reduced to a heap of dust by an army of microscopic mites, whose life work it is to demolish dried specimens, and whether they are butterflies, wasps, beetles, or plants seems immaterial to them.

This incident has led me to some slight study of the mite family, and I am surprised to find how many species there are and what widely differing kinds of work they are engaged upon.

We all know the cheese mite which quickly reduces our favourite Stilton to a mass of powder; this much resembles the destroyer of dried butterflies, and both are like a certain other mite which abounds in damaged flour.

There is a special mite which eats dried figs; another species prefers dried plums.

The feathers of the ostrich are infested by a minute creature of this kind, and it is also found in owl's plumage.

In the cavities of the bones of skeleton-mites exist, and old honeycomb is quickly taken in hand by them and destroyed. A specimen of the sacred beetle of Egypt was sent to me alive some years ago. I kept it in health for about sixteen months, but so rapidly did mites breed upon its living body that every few weeks I had to place it in warm water and with a camel's-hair pencil brush away dozens of minute specks which I could only just discern running over its body.

Sometimes humble-bees are infested in this way, and I pick them up in a dying state, apparently unable to rid themselves of their tormentors.

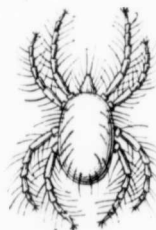
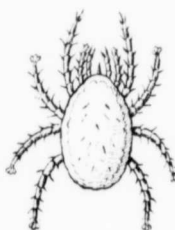
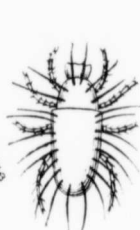
The excessive irritation many persons experience after walking in cornfields is due to the harvest-mite, which buries itself in the skin and there creates acute inflammation and much consequent distress.

Some years ago I met with another branch of the family and could but marvel at its extraordinary labours. A furze bush was apparently wreathed in fine white muslin in layers between the branches fold after fold, and upon this gauzy material were multitudes of bright red specks careering about. Of course I took some specimens home and I

soon discovered they were spinning mites (*Tetranychus lintearius*).

There are many species, and it is one of these, the so-called "red spider," which does so much mischief in greenhouses by sucking the juices of plants.

Birds are sadly worried by a small red mite which lives in the crevices of cages which are not kept perfectly clean. The best protection from their attacks is a good sponging of the perches and every part of the cage with a solution of carbolic acid; this will effectually get rid of the insects.

SPINNING MITE
(*Tetranychus lintearius*).BEETLE MITE
(*Gamasus colcoptoratorum*).CHEESE MITE
(*Acarus domesticus*).

I am not attempting to write an essay upon mites or else I might speak of dozens of other species, some parasitic upon flies and spiders, and others inhabiting ponds and ditches. I have but touched upon a few kinds I have happened to meet with in daily life.

These minute creatures evidently have an appointed work which they do secretly and mysteriously all unknown to us, until a suspicious heap of dusty fragments shows us where this unseen army has been encamped.

(To be continued.)

Erratum.—The inscription to the illustration in last month's paper should read "Witches' Brooms on Birch-tree."

VARIETIES.

AN ANECDOTE OF PRINCESS MARY,
DUCHESS OF TECK.

On a brief visit to Lord Sefton, at Croxeth, her Royal Highness visited the Hospital for Women, Liverpool, without any formality. She wished to see it as it was. Her Royal Highness went through all the wards, speaking to every woman and handing to her a little bouquet. On leaving one ward she inquired why one woman was crying so bitterly, and being informed that she was about to undergo a serious operation, her Royal Highness exclaimed, "I will go to her; I will go to her again and try to comfort her." She hurried back to the patient's bed, and was seen for some minutes holding a whispered conversation, whilst stroking the poor toil-worn hand. Turning away, wiping her eyes, the Princess said, "I wish to be kept informed how that patient goes on." On reaching the hall of the hospital her Royal Highness made some laughing inquiry into the presence of "a man" in the hospital; she was told it was the poor patient's husband, who was in great grief. The royal lady said, "I will speak to him. Where can I go to speak alone to him?" A door being open—that of the pantry!—her Royal Highness drew the poor husband in with her, and tried in a homely, kindly way to console him. Her remark to those near

her was, "Well, I'm glad I asked about him; I think he will feel comforted." Just little actions such as these endeared the Duchess to the general public; and this has a peculiar pathos when we know that she herself had to undergo the agony of two operations.—From *The Times*.

THE HUMAN RACE.—How small after all is the human race. If we reckon the population of the world at fourteen hundred millions, there would be room for them all on the frozen surface of the Lake of Constance in Switzerland, and the crush would not be so very great either, as there would be a space of four square feet for each person. If the ice were to break and the whole human race were thus to sink into a watery grave, the level of the lake would only be raised six inches.

FLAXEN LOCKS.

"I saw the tresses on her brow

So beautifully braided;

I never saw, in all my life,

Locks look as well as they did.

She walked with me one windy day.

Ye zephyrs, why so thieving?

The lady lost her flaxen wig!

Oh! seeing's not believing!"

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

MARRIAGES OF MEN OF GENIUS.—A man of genius only needs a wife of sense; more than one genius in one house is too much.

MISFORTUNE IS SOMETIMES A BLESSING.

It has often been said that no one ever made a success in life until she had learned to breast the waves of trouble and been well-nigh shipwrecked or cast upon the shoals of misfortune, there to suffer and learn wisdom through the bearing of burdens and crosses. Uninterrupted prosperity never brings out the best qualities of humanity.

While it seems a very hard lesson to learn, it is always of the greatest advantage to young people to be thrown entirely upon their own resources and compelled to work out their own everyday salvation. Whatever they will make of themselves depends to a great degree upon their temperament and disposition. If they have the proper mettle they are bound to come out all right, to develop into something honourable, and will some day be thankful for the fortune that stranded them at an early age and compelled them to exercise self-reliance, forethought, and the ability to adapt themselves to circumstances.

IMAGINATIVE GIRLS.—The girl of imagination without learning has wings and no feet.

"LITTLE MISS PENNY."

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.



Do look at that queer little creature," whispered a girl to her companion as they sauntered arm-in-arm along the platform of a railway station rudely quizzing the passers-by. "Isn't she a figure of fun, my!"

Her friend glanced round, and her eyes fell upon a quaint, small figure whose style of dress was certainly

provocative of a smile, for she seemed to have gathered all the colours of the rainbow into her attire without blending them as the hues of that glorious arch are blended. She was lingering near the bookstall, and carried a roll of music in her hand.

"Don't you know who that is, Lottie? Why, it is little Miss Penny, the music-teacher, who lives in Minerva Terrace, and, my word, but she is got up smart! Going to a garden-party maybe!"

And the two silly girls spoke and tittered so audibly that the person on whose appearance they were indulging their comments, turned and cast upon them a look of mild inquiry out of her faded blue eyes. Her colourless face wore a deprecatory, apology-for-being-anywhere sort of expression that was pathetic, and if you broke into a smile one moment at her expense, you felt commiseration for her in the next. Care is so often hidden behind a jaunty exterior, and we brush elbows heedlessly with more tragedies than were ever woven into fiction for our amusement on the stage, in our daily journeyings through life.

"She's a bit dotty, poor thing, don't you know, and is as poor as a church mouse, and proud, there, I don't know what she's got to be proud of, neither!"

Whereupon the girls shook out their own smart skirts, tossed their be-feathered hats and passed on with much pleased self-consciousness. Meanwhile Miss Penny lingered at the bookstall, turned over some of the papers with the tips of her cotton gloves, a world too big for her, read the notice boards and finally walked away without purchasing anything. She never did buy a newspaper, or a periodical, she could not afford it, so she gleaned all the news she could from the stalls in this way, paying the railway station a daily visit for that purpose, not liking to be behind the times in her acquaintance with what was going on in the busy world around her. Nobody was one whit the wiser, and she felt herself a great deal the gainer.

Miss Penny's general style and appearance was shabby-genteel to a degree; she could not help it, poor thing, for circumstances had long been against her, but she did the best she could and followed the fashions as far as was convenient with the length of her purse, which pleasant little day-dreams sometimes distended far beyond its normal proportions into a size

calculated to be beneficial to others besides herself, for Miss Penny had a trick of self-effacement and self-forgetfulness we ordinary mortals do not often attain unto.

Rumour had it that she was "a bit dotty," so the phrase went, which might be translated to mean that she was eccentric, or that those considered best qualified to judge would not so far commit themselves as to give an opinion upon her fitness to make a will and dispose of her property, if she had any.

But rumour is an idle jade, she goes about tittle-tattling, and her veracity is not to be relied on. The most that need be said of the little woman's eccentricities is that they arose out of a harmless pride and self-respect based on happier conditions of life in the past. Miss Penny's great-grandfather had been a clergyman who had held a living worth £120 a year, while not quite so remotely in the background there stood other figures to lean comfortably on, namely, her great-uncle, who had been a merchant-captain between the Far East and London ports, a country doctor and a musician. The medical practitioner had been her maternal grandfather, and the musician her own parent. Thus the liberal professions had been well represented in her family, so Miss Penny felt she had some right to pride of birth and ancestry, and this prompted her to make the best of things when they were very bad, even if in so doing she made herself appear slightly ridiculous.

Her father the musician, however, had been unhappy in more ways than one. Fortune had been unfriendly to him, and he had been unfriendly to himself. When the wife, who had striven hard for years to make him keep his life consistent with the loftiness of his art, failed and died, her daughter took up the struggle and endeavoured to do her duty in the same spirit but with even less success, so that when the musician at last followed the course of nature and left Miss Penny alone, the struggle became, for a time, easier, she having inherited the love of his art without his detracting failings; and when one is subtracted from two, that which is left is not so difficult to maintain.

But Miss Penny was not a genius, and as she grew in years she found it hard to keep pace with the requirements of the age, which is an age of progress with a very high standard of excellence indeed. She had to reduce her terms and retire from the first floor of her modest lodgings to the second pair back; but even then, and practising the strictest economy, she could hardly earn sufficient to keep herself in anything like the most moderate comfort. For herself she did not mind, but she had notions, which she would not relinquish for the world, about the duty of loving your neighbour as yourself, and how was that to be done without giving help where it was wanted? So she had her little charities and considered it no self-denial to go without a meal if she could provide one for somebody hungrier than herself. It was tithes, she told herself, which she owed to the Father who gave her all.

It was the matter of dress that tried her most, for rent and the daily wants so crowded on the hoped-for margin as to leave what another woman would turn up her nose at as a poor provision for gloves. Miss Penny was particular about her personal appearance; she liked to look smart and she had an eye for colour, indulging in the theory that, where music sat enthroned, the sister art must keep her company. Perhaps if her power to spend had kept pace with her tastes, she would have astonished the world. As it was, she had

a private *magasin de nouveautés* to which she resorted when occasion demanded.

This *magasin* consisted of a large box containing the dress properties of one or two generations ago, heirlooms of fashion as one might say, and they had proved an unfailing spring from whence to draw for the supply of her needs. Being clever in the use of her needle, it was but to turn and twist, alter and remodel till she had adapted a costume to the requirements of the fashion prevalent for the time being, and when she had so turned one out, her pale eyes would grow bright with satisfaction. Then, sporting cotton gloves much too long in the fingers, for Miss Penny never could find a pair to fit her small thin hands, and a piece of music delicately rolled up to carry out with her, for this she made a point of doing, it looked professional, she would sally forth for her daily perusals at the railway station. The clerk at the bookstall knew Miss Penny and was not blind to her little weaknesses, so he good-naturedly placed in her way many tit-bits of news he thought she might like to become acquainted with.

But the reader has not been introduced to Miss Penny's abode. She lived as has been said on the second pair back of a small house belonging to Minerva Terrace, a quiet row in a quiet street off the main thoroughfare. She had two rooms furnished with all that she could save, when the old home was broken up long ago, and her dearest possession among the odd assortment collected then was her piano, old-fashioned like everything else. It stood stiff and tall like a prim old maid, with a faded drawn silk front, and it had very yellow keys on which Miss Penny thrummed daily, conscientiously running up and down her scales, thus persuading herself that she was "keeping up her playing." The practising was so gentle it could give annoyance to no one. She was wont to take a pride in the age of her furniture. It was so ancient, dating its descent through so many generations that it seemed to cast an additional lustre over her own well-preserved gentility.

"Your money-made genteel folks of yesterday cannot boast of a chair like this—at least one hundred years old!" she would say as she let herself down comfortably yet withal carefully into its quaintly cushioned depths, after a tedious day's teaching at ten shillings a quarter for twelve lessons, and pouring out her tea from a cracked and venerable china tea-pot that had seen good service in the days of the merchant captain. Miss Penny's bedroom was ever so tiny a closet opening out from her sitting-room. She could barely turn round in it, but she made it suffice for her needs, and thanks to its small compass was enabled to convert her big treasure chest into an ottoman for the parlour. Miss Penny was attached to her rooms; she had lived in them now for so many years surrounded by the *lures* and *penates* of her old home, and she dreaded the thought that some day, through stress of circumstances, she might have to leave them for inferior lodgings, a third pair back, perhaps, with only a view across the tiled roofs and between the obstructing chimneys of other houses.

Over the mantel-piece was slung a telescope on which her eyes would often fall with affectionate regret; but it was not a relic of the family past, only of her own, for Miss Penny had once indulged in a romance, but its story had long ago become a secret of the sea, and the telescope was the only token left to remind her faithful heart that it had once existed, that she had had the chance which cruel fate had

stolen from her of forming the nearest and dearest tie of all.

At the time this sketch of her opens, Miss Penny was enjoying her holidays, if she might be said to enjoy them. As a matter of fact, she would have preferred to do without them; they were so colourless and uneventful, and she had not many friends. Her poverty made her proud and her reserve made people think she was indifferent. Still, she had her little occupations, and these sometimes led her into poorer quarters than were her own.

It so happened that her last half-year's teaching had been more profitable than had been the rule of late, and she had not only promised herself a new dress which should be bought in the town, instead of being taken from her own *magasin de nouveautés*, but that she would even take a day in the country, gather wild flowers, and dream dreams among the green fields and under bluer skies than were seen here in the smoky town. It was an odd thing, but nevertheless true, that the poorer Miss Penny became the more extravagant grew her dreams, and the visions her brain conjured up were a sort of compensation to her for the pleasures in which her life was lacking.

She had fixed upon the shop she meant to honour with her patronage, had made her choice of a material which had been sunning itself in the window for some days, and in imagination saw herself, deep in added self-respect and gratification, making an impression on all the giddy creatures of the Lottie type as she should take her maternal stroll down the High Street, music toll in hand.

All these pleasant prospects, however, were destined to be nipped like frost nips the young shoots in the nights of early May. The dress material was bought by someone else, the day in the country was put off until such time as little Miss Penny should be able to save up another small sum, and the money that was

to have been thus spent was disbursed in another fashion, but not upon herself. She must perforce have recourse once more to her private *magasin* and be her own modiste. So she opened the ottoman box and looked in.

"Ah!" sighed she, kneeling down in front of it and leaning her hands in contemplation upon the edge. "Ah, there is very little left! I fear I shall have some trouble in making up a costume this time, but I must do what I can. Really, Margaret Penny, I'm quite ashamed of your selfishness in having planned to spend so much money on yourself!"

She turned over the contents, and bringing out a heap upon the floor began to spread them forth for careful inspection, holding commune with herself meanwhile after this fashion—

"What can I have the pleasure of showing you, madam? This blue check is sweetly pretty and very durable. I'm sorry we have not a longer length, but I have another remnant here of black merino, and you can have no idea what a very *recherché* appearance it would give your costume if the front breadth were made of this blue check, and the back and sides of black merino, joined, let us say, by tabs of black with big beaded buttons, and I can show you the very thing. Well, Mr. Shopman, I believe you're right, and I think I will settle on that. And about a cape, madam, can't I persuade you? No—no, thank you, I'll make the old one do. There's a nice bit of black lace edging here which I'll take and a purple ruching; it is rather faded, I see, but perhaps that is all the better, as it might not suit the blue check, you see. Well, now, I think I'm pretty well fitted out, and all I want is a bonnet, but that is so easily made up. A black feather which I can curl up with a touch of the scissors, and this spray of yellow flowers that only need pulling out a little, and the thing is done. So that is all this morning, thank you, and as I keep a running account here, there's no more to be said. Good-day."

Miss Penny tossed the rest of the goods on to the counter, into the ottoman box I should say, closed the lid with a snap, and sat down to work forthwith, humming to herself the while in a thin, cracked voice as cheerfully as possible, feeling she had transacted a good morning's shopping.

The result of her toil was the effect produced on Lottie and her companion at the railway-station, and the person benefited by Margaret Penny's act of self-renunciation was a cousin of Lottie's, only she did not know it. A child consumed by wasting sickness whose parents were too poor to provide her with the tempting, strengthening food she required. The case came accidentally under Miss Penny's notice, and her tender woman's heart melted into softest pity at the sight.

"She's not long for this world," said the mother weeping, "as anybody may see, and it goes to my heart to think I can't give her the little comforts and good things she wants until she wants them no more. Wine and jellies, the doctor said, but how am I to provide them?"

It went to Miss Penny's heart too. She went home and abstracted from her little store a few coins day by day. Then the dress money went too in the same way. The mother poured out her thanks profusely, but that was nothing. Miss Penny felt uncomfortable when she was thanked. The child whose path was smoothed downhill gave her smiles and love, and finally took the little tale to Heaven. The Father knew it, for He had seen all and He did not forget Miss Penny.

Some while afterwards, the little one being gone home, Lottie learned who it was had smoothed the pebbly, down-hill road for her young cousin, and full of contrite shame, she vowed never again to judge by appearances, and that if ever there came the chance to do Miss Penny a good turn, she must be at hand to do it.

SOME SOPRANO SONGS FOR GIRLS.



On these days it is surprisingly difficult to select really satisfactory ballads for girls. We turn over numbers of new songs, some perhaps with beautiful music, yet the words are much too sophisticated in sentiment; then again inferior music may be wedded to poetry which is entirely suited to a girl's ideas and age; in fact only too seldom have we the good fortune to find both words and music all that we can desire for more youthful songstresses. To save our girl singers many a fruitless search and not a few disappointments in obtaining new songs, we will mention some soprano, mezzo and contralto solos which may be useful and pleasant to them. The soprano first.

"Spring Songs" as usual abound, but we single out one by Lita Jarratt (Ascherberg), which is decidedly effective, with a pretty accompaniment, flowing but facile; "The Year's at the Spring," by Dorothea Hollins (Novello) also, is a joyous inspiration, and "The Return of Spring," by Edgardo Levi (Ascherberg) is very bright too. Following the seasons, Cécile Hartog's "A Summer Song," rushes freshly and delightfully along to an accompaniment as happy as the words which are by Ellis Walton (Mrs. Percy

Cotton). This is one of "An English series of original songs" worth noting, issued by Messrs. Weekes. "Summer Love," by Marie James (Houghton) is a tuneful and graceful air for low soprano to words by Heine (English and French). "Time's Gift" has a trite but wise moral of a rose and a thorn, and is original and piquant, it is by J. M. Capel (R. Cocks). "Love the Rover," by Gerald Lane (R. Cocks), is in the same style and is bright, easy and interesting to sing, with a pretty refrain; also "Lady Betty," by Lionel Elliott (J. Williams) goes with quaint grace and much charm in minut time; both these last are for rather low sopranos. "Children's Dreams," by F. Cowen, and "A Crumpled Roseleaf" (Cocks) are two simple little songs full of tender, loving feeling, the latter teaching a gentle lesson in contentment. "Oh! Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads," on a dainty melody of Bishop's arranged by H. Bedford (Metzler) is sweet and unpretentious, and of the same genre are "A Fairy Song," by F. Cowen (J. Williams), with a more difficult but exceedingly graceful accompaniment repaying study; also "Blue Bells," by Eva Lonsdale (Cocks), a light and charming ditty.

"Somebody's Dolly" (Houghton) sounds childish, but the composer's name, Noel Johnson, is an assurance of its true worth, and we find this a short poem of child-life, full of tenderest pathos in the words (by Gunby Hadath) and the simple harmonious music. "Tatters," by Gerald Lane (Cocks) is a dear

little song, setting forth how Tatters grew rich and well habited, but—

"Fortune little matters
If love goes by."

Very fresh and original is "Who'll Buy My Lavender," by Ed. German (Boosey), with the neatest, prettiest words, by Caryl Battersby, which are suited by the music to a nicely, but being thoroughly good and above the average ballad. Alfred Cellier's "Song of the Lute" (Metzler) has also good study in it and is more classic than ordinary songs. "Stars," by Franco Leoni is a lovely tenor song, really, but it is equally effective for a soprano, it is sustained, and not long. Descending from these heights to plantation songs, two very pretty ones are by Walter Slaughter, "Caroo" (Cramer), which is simple and touching, and "De Little Coon" (Ascherberg); both have especially telling choruses. Edith Cooke's easy and amusing "Two Marionettes," has an instructive climax!

Some excellent songs in a popular style, with a slightly sacred tendency, are two of Bryceson Trehearne's: "The Children's Thanksgiving," and "The Heavenly Dream" (Morley), both with additional organ, violin and cello accompaniments; "The City of Rest," by C. Francis Lloyd (Keith Prowse); "The Watchers," by F. Cowen (Cocks); "The Angel of the Dawn," by Lindsay Lennox (Morley), and "Life's Heritage" by A. E. Armstrong (Cocks).

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

BY "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE much-lamented death of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, threw a gloom over the first days of the winter season, and no doubt will have a bad effect on the shopping. So many people will be obliged to wear mourning, at least for a time, that a royal death at the beginning of any season is an event to be prayed against, as meaning

much worldly loss to many deserving people; and when the death is that of a truly amiable and popular princess, the tendency to wear black is of course intensified. In spite of much colour, this winter has all along promised to be one in which black would be a popular hue, so let us hope that the trouble will not be so great. Would it not be pleasant to

adopt some other colour for mourning? We have not always worn black in England as such, judging from history. It was rather an arbitrary thing, and many people say now that, although they wear it, it does not seem consistent with the lofty and happy hopes of the Christian.

So far as colours are concerned this autumn



PLAID SKIRT WITH RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

the most popular seem to be all the warm, but not vivid, shades of red and yellow; and the reddish browns of the wallflower. With these are seen warm tones of violet, and what is known as peony red. Green does not seem so popular as it was in the autumn, and a bright blue has taken its place, which looks very well with plaids; and I think plaid blouses may be said to be one of the prettiest forms of using that very difficult material. The plaid season has set in very severely this year. I do not know whether my readers notice it, but we have such a season every year, as surely as the autumn comes in. In France it is just the same thing, except that over there they have, at all times, a weakness in this direction; not to use them as entire gowns, nor even to employ the genuine Scottish tartans, but considering them with their varied hues as forming admirable reliefs, and as enlivening to the thick winter gowns. The French nearly always prefer fancy plaid, and no doubt are right in liking less crude mixtures, than some of the real tartans.

Some portion of my monthly space must be devoted to hair-dressing, and the new London modes. It is rather the fashion to say that everyone must arrange the hair on the crown of the head who wishes to be in the very latest style. This is true of the last-named class, perhaps, and there is a great deal of rather extravagant hair-dressing just now; the quotation of "the owl in the ivy bush" being unpleasantly near the truth as to some people.

The pompadour style being arranged about the face and ears, and standing out in such a way, one is certainly reminded of that owl's story. But this is not done by everyone, and the present style is very pretty if arranged with taste. The hair is crimped at the front and sides as well as at the back, and then all drawn up into a coil of small size on the very crown of the head; and there is not much fringe over the forehead. This is the extreme style perhaps, but the Greek knot in a modified form is still apparently quite as fashionable. With this the hair is still waved all round, both back and front, and over the forehead rather more fringe is allowed, but it must never be over-done. Many people dress the hair high for the evening only, and wear the Greek knot in the morning.

Hair-dressing leads one to the consideration of millinery. The hats worn just now are of moderate size, and velvet, plain, *mirair* and *plaid*, is the material most used in their trimming. There is a great desire on the part of milliners to bring back the fashion of wearing long ostrich feathers in the hat, which was a fashion of the early Victorian era. But, except in a few cases, I have seen no hats which appeared quite successful. Both high and low-crowned hats are to be seen, but very few. I am glad to say, of the picture hats; which after all are far more suited to the sun of summer than to the darker skies of winter. Quantities of wings of all descriptions are worn, and one may feel reconciled to seeing them, for so many birds that are killed for fool may be supposed to yield them. But



JACKET WITH ERMINE, AND THE NEW THREE-QUARTER LENGTH JACKET.



JACKET OF BREITSCHWANZ FUR.

when one sees the entire body of a poor bird in a hat, nothing can exceed the repulsion one feels at the sight. In the way of veils, those of black spotted chenille are the most popular as well as the most becoming to everyone.

White kid gloves are as much used as ever for both day and night, and green kid shoes will be the fashionable hue for evening wear, to be accompanied by green stockings. Muffs are small, and very pretty when they are composed of a mixture of velvet, fur, and cream lace; and the muff chain is as much worn, I think, this winter as it was the last.

The prevalence of fur as a trimming for dresses is very great, and the most fashionable for best ones is chinchilla, which looks quite delightful with velvet, either coloured or black. But for ordinary daily life this fur always seems too delicate; and fortunately we have a second choice, which is less expensive and more lasting, in the old-new fur now called "broadtail" or Breitschwanz, but which we knew of old as Persian lamb, and then as caracul. Jackets, of course Russian ones, with jewelled waist-bands, are made of it; capes with long ends and without them; and also the ordinary round cape reaching below the waist appear to be worn, made

in moderation, are most becoming, especially to the brown-eyed blonde, or the fair-skinned brunette. A neck ribbon and waistband to match the hue of the toque are nearly always seen; and the newest waistbands are fastened on the left side, with rather a large bow. On the left side also are placed the sash-ends, which are still worn by so many.

The new shaped skirt has created much remark this month. The adoption of very narrow fronts, and side breadths, tightening the skirt above the knee, makes it fit quite snugly on the hips also; so that all the fulness is sent to the back. Everyone will, on seeing it, come to the conclusion, I think, that it is a skirt for very slender figures, but not to be looked at by stouter people. If not made by a first-class hand, it will be quite ruined for anyone's wear. However, we women are more sensible perhaps, and we have been recently so comfortable in our gowns, that we shall hesitate before making any radical change. Indeed any great change is impossible in view of the manifold uses of our thicker skirts, and the fact that we are both active and constant in our various exercises out of doors.

Amongst the newest things in materials are

those with tucks, generally black tuckings on a coloured ground. But, besides this, tucks appear to be adopted as a trimming for anything—blouses, sleeves, and skirts; and this seems to be the feature of the day; buttons of all kinds form another feature of the gowns; and rows of them are applied, without rhyme or reason, to all kinds of gowns.

The Russian blouse may be said to surpass all others in popularity; but the three-quarter-length jacket which has just come in, and which is illustrated in this article, is newer and quite the most becoming thing for the tall and slight. The other new introduction is the long coat, which is made of seal—if you be rich enough to afford it—or of plain or *broché* cloth. It is trimmed with a collar and *revers* of fur; but one does not notice fur cuffs this year; and we may conclude that they are no longer fashionable. Of course, the long coat needs a good upright figure, and for my part I do not like it for walking as I find the long skirt fatiguing. These three are the fashionable styles; and to them may be added, the cape in the list of out-of-door apparel, which still holds its own, and being such a useful garment it was likely to do so. All of these, whether capes or jackets, have the high "storm" collar as it is called, and when that is turned down the small fur collarette is used. The magnificence of the waistbands is very wonderful, and at times, perhaps, they rather exceed the bounds of good taste. The jewelled *passementerie* of the present day is quite "too good to be true."

There is now in Pennsylvania a factory which makes all kinds of articles from rattlesnake skins, slippers, belts, bags, and other things are made, and waistcoats are amongst the articles promised. It seems dreadful to read that the supply of rattlesnakes is practically inexhaustible. That they are found in large numbers in a dozen of the States of the Union. The skins are brought in to the factory salted, and with the heads cut off; as none of the workpeople will touch a skin which has a head on it, in which the poisonous fangs might be concealed. Their preparation takes a month, by which time all the disagreeable smell is gone; and they have become a beautifully mottled skin, in black and yellow. Now, I was thinking, that this was an excellent method of getting rid of a dangerous and noxious enemy; and if a factory could only be started in India to tan tiger skins or snake skins and so get rid of them, perhaps we could reduce that awful Indian death-roll of human beings sacrificed under such horrible circumstances, which seems so preventable; and if there were any way of giving them a commercial value, we should soon see a great improvement. Will some great lady set the fashion of wearing tiger-skin boots, or cobra waistcoats, to save some of these poor helpless natives?

While speaking of the new skirts I must not forget to say, that I have seen several flossioned to the waist, and also noticed a revival of the old three-tiered skirt, not three flossions, but three skirts, and I hear that these are to be worn for evening dress in three colours, or in three shades of one colour. Of course, the material must be of tulle or gauze, for only some very thin and gossamer thing would have the proper lightness of effect. Gatherings, or, as the manufacturers call it, "shirings," are applied to evening dress, and for these soft silks are the most often used.

The Spanish, or matador hat is still much worn, and all hats appear to be turned up on the left side. But they should not be over much tilted. Some people have been wearing their hats at a ridiculously exaggerated angle over the forehead; and this will prejudice all really nice girls against such a style, which was pretty and quaint-looking at first, but has been terribly vulgarised.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART II.

INVISIBLE WALL-BUILDING.

"A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city (Proverbs xviii. 19).



are going to talk to-night about the building of a wall, and the part we may any of us take in such a work. You look first at me, then at each other, as though you doubted the testimony of your ears. I fancy I can read your thoughts, my dear girl-friends, and guess the questions suggested by such a strange announcement.

"What have such as we to do with wall-building? We are girls, not sturdy masons, able to shape and place stones, or skilled workmen to embellish them with fair devices. What do we know about the laying of bricks or the preparing of mortar? Girls and women have entered on many new occupations, but thus far none of us have sought to compete with the mason or to scale his scaffolding in order to labour side by side with him. Are you, our twilight companion, adviser and often our confidant, going to suggest that the strong amongst us should learn to lay bricks or carry the hod, as labourers in wall-building?"

No, dear ones. Far be it from me to wish that you should share in such rough work; though I could well imagine that many of you would delight to chisel out dainty designs and delicate tracery on stone or marble. Are there not already famous sculptors of the gentler sex?

The wall we are going to talk of may be built by any person, young, old, or of either sex. It is unlike all other walls, for it is invisible and intangible. We know it is there, but we cannot touch it, and those who built it often desire earnestly to demolish it, but are powerless to do so. When once erected, it is harder to pull down than the strongest brick-work built by the most skilful artisans.

You smile at each other. You think I am proposing some riddle for you to guess; or it may be that my thoughts have wandered back to some fairy legend, such as we all delighted in as children, some story of a wondrous castle which sprang up in a night and disappeared even more quickly. Not so. The wall I speak of has human builders, though no tool is wielded in erecting it. True, its foundations may be laid in a moment, and at times, even unconsciously; but they generally lie deep and are not easily uprooted.

If you have not already guessed my meaning, pause for a moment and look back on your own home life, your past friendships and those of your acquaintances. Your hearts will tell you whether between yourselves and your kindred or the friends whom you once held dear, a wall of separation has sprung up such as I have described—invisible, but dense enough to darken one part of your daily life, and strong enough to hinder the old, happy intercourse. I have said before that lives may drift apart by force of circumstances and friends be lost sight of without fault on either side. Members of one family may be so far from each other that their very existence is doubtful.

Yet the fire of true love may still burn in the heart, and a message, a letter, or a meeting will cause it to break into a flame. It only waited an opportunity to show what was always there. The extended arms, the hearty hand-clasp, the light on the countenance, the voice that trembles whilst uttering words of welcome, all prove that love has stood the test of absence. Even in cases where the intercourse of old friends has been wholly suspended, they meet again with gladness, if they parted with good-will towards each other, though they cannot begin just where they left off. On the other hand, if one of these invisible walls of separation has sprung up, kindred may dwell under the same roof, and those who were once friends may even meet in necessary intercourse and yet be more widely separated than they would be if the ocean rolled between them. The ocean can be crossed in a few days. An invisible wall of partition may rise, higher and higher, and the efforts of a lifetime will not demolish it.

Let us note a few of the invisible stones, if I may use the term, which go to the building of such a wall. Some of them will seem very insignificant, almost contemptible to you as you hear them named. Well for you, my dear girl-friends, if you never know by experience how much mischief they can do. We will look into the home first of all for some of them. Little mysteries, petty jealousies, envy, selfishness. An ugly list, and the items which compose it are not confined to the home, but are found everywhere. The materials for building walls of separation are sown broadcast and are within everybody's reach. It is always delightful to look into a home where the spirit of trust, sympathy and affection reigns, where the sorrows and joys of one member are such to all, and each is stronger and happier for the presence of the others. In such a home invisible walls of separation are unknown.

Let us look into another home in which there is, we will say, one girl who declines to share in the confidences common to all the rest. One who likes to hear all that others are willing to tell, but gives them her confidence with reservations. She likes to have her little mysteries. For instance. She reads part of a letter, the contents of which she knows would interest all around her. There would be no breach of trust in reading the whole, but, in order to look important, she pauses midway, smiles mysteriously, folds up her letter and pockets it as if afraid of the rest of its contents being read against her will. She habitually keeps back a portion of every communication, not because there is anything to need secrecy, but she wants to convey the idea that she is trusted beyond other members of the family. She keeps a bit of interesting news to herself in order that when it reaches them she may be able to say, "Oh, I knew that long ago!" "Then why did you not tell us?" will be asked. "I did not choose. I had my reason for not doing so." The natural consequence of such conduct will be plain to you all. Mysterious airs, self-conscious smiles, the locking up of every scrap of correspondence and the generally superior manner assumed even towards elder brothers and sisters, can have but one result. I need add nothing to my description of the girl who delights in little mysteries, and, alas, similar characters may be found amongst older people of both sexes as well as amongst young men and maidens, for your looks tell me that such are no strangers to you, my dear girls.

An occasional meeting with a cherisher of little mysteries may excite amusement only,

but it is a different matter if one of the type is a member of your own family, for he or she is sure to lay the foundations of an invisible wall of separation. The others would probably laugh at first and refuse to notice such childish conduct; but, if persisted in, they would naturally feel pained by it. Then, unless they were possessed of more than an average share of the love which is "not easily provoked," anger and retaliation would follow, and the lover of little mysteries would find herself left alone in the cold. She would be excluded from the full confidence hitherto freely given, and the invisible wall of separation would rise higher and higher. You and I cannot trace results to the end, but I could give you more than one instance of girls who, by such conduct as I have described, shut themselves out of the inner circle of home and family. They built up walls of separation, and when they found themselves on the wrong side of them, had only their own folly to blame for it.

In our second talk a year ago on "Friendship in the Family," I alluded to petty jealousies and their results. All of us must agree that families and societies where little jealousies are absolutely unknown, are by no means common. Self is always present, and self wants the best share of whatever it or the world deems most to be desired. It was just the same in olden times. It began in the first human family. Envy and paltry jealousy built the first wall of separation between the two earliest born sons of our race, and we know how fearful were the results. All the way down the ages history has repeated itself, and, though incidents have varied, the spirit shown and its consequences have been fruitful of evil. Let us look part of the way back to the time when our Master, Christ, walked the earth as man.

We can picture Him as He taught the many who crowded round Him, and we can imagine how the heart of that young man who "had large possessions" was stirred by His loving words, and by the sight of the little children whom the disciples would have sent away, but whom Jesus welcomed and blessed with tenderest touch of His kind hands, the while He spoke that benediction. Surely it must be delightful to follow such a Master. So the young man came to Jesus to know on what terms he too might be His disciple and inherit eternal life. He could promptly and cheerfully reply that he had kept the commandments of God from his youth, but Christ knew where lay the stumbling-block. Wealth and the world lay nearest to the questioner's heart. It would cost him too much to give up these. True, his wealth might be God-given, but, if he were to part with it for the sake of being enrolled amongst the followers of this new teacher whose words had excited a longing after the eternal life He spoke about, the gift might as well have been withheld. He would like to know how to inherit eternal life, but without giving up his worldly wealth. The poor and the needy were little to him in comparison. Why should he scatter his gold amongst them? The cross that lay across his path was too heavy. He could not stoop to lift it in order to become the disciple of Christ. So he went away sorrowful, because he wanted the greatest blessing, yet would not part with perishable wealth to win it.

I always feel sorrowful too, when I read this story, for are we not plainly told that as the young man drew near "Jesus beholding him loved him." Thank God. If these precious words are not now said, with reference to each trembling inquirer after eternal life, our

Saviour's love is immeasurable and enough for each and all of us to-day. Do you ask what the young man's story has to do with our subject? Let us read on, and we shall find that when Jesus was left with His disciples their minds were full of it. Peter, ever the foremost to speak, addressed the Master, "Lo, we have left all and have followed Thee. What shall we have therefore?"

Peter did not say "I" but "we," nor did he claim a larger share for himself than for others. You can read Christ's answer for yourselves. You and I have an equal share in it with Peter and his fellow-disciples, and on the same conditions. The promise includes the eternal life on which the rich young man had just turned his back; but with the sweet words came the warning voice, "But many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." Surely one part of this message must have been meant for those who push selfishly to the front and think more of personal gain than of the claims of others, or of His will "from whom are all things."

At that moment no disciple seems to have asked for more or better than his fellows; but

a little later the mother of Zebedee's children came to Jesus with her sons, "desiring a certain thing of Him." This was to secure for James and John the highest places, or at any rate those which were deemed most honourable in the kingdom of their Lord. Mothers of old were like those of to-day, bold on behalf of their children. In another place the brothers are said to have made the same request for themselves. In any case, their coming with their mother proved that even the beloved disciple was not free from selfishness. Mark the result on the rest. "And when the ten heard it they were moved with indignation against the two brethren;" judging that the mother was only the mouthpiece of her sons.

But for the presence of Jesus a wall of separation might have sprung up between the two brethren and the other ten. "Had not James and John with Peter been favoured above the rest already? They had been present on the Mount of Transfiguration, and had been permitted to see the raising of the ruler's daughter. What were they that the first places should be theirs also?" Softly on the ears of the angry ten fell the words of Jesus.

"Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." We hear no more of jealousies or of striving for first places among the chosen few, even though the traitor Judas was one of the ten.

If the mind were in us, my dear girl-friends, which was also in Christ Jesus, petty jealousies, envy and selfishness would disappear. There would be no striving after an unreasonable share of good things to the hurt of our neighbour, no grudging at the sight of another possessing what we could hardly hope for. We should look on the things of others as our own, and rejoice at the blessings which had fallen to their lot from the good hand of our God. I have only named one or two of the invisible stones which go to the building of invisible walls between those who ought to live in love and unity. Time will permit no more, but when we meet again I shall briefly speak of several others.

(To be continued.)

WHAT TO COOK AND HOW TO COOK IT.

By L. H. YATES.

PART II.

SELECTING AND BUYING FOOD; HOW TO GAIN THE MOST VALUE FOR MONEY.

A CERTAIN amount of food daily must be consumed to repair the waste of muscle, heat, energy and water. The four principles which do this we class as follows: proteids, calories, carbo-hydrates, and water; besides these we require to consume a smaller amount of sulphur, phosphor, potas-sium, iron, magnesia, etc.; all these being found in conjunction with the most important elements, in meat, vegetables and fruits. Water we find not only in its own simple form and in other liquids, but vegetables and fruits furnish a large share, containing as much as from fifty to eighty per cent. of liquid over solid matter.

Bearing in mind that these are the principles which it is necessary to apply, we learn the value of a mixed and varied diet. Those faddists who strive to prove that a diet strictly of one kind is all that is required to support life, are battling against Nature herself.

The God who gave us "richly, all things to enjoy," did not intend us to try to prove to Him that we can do equally well without most of His gifts.

Proteids or nitrogenous constituents we find in lean of meat, eggs, fish and cheese, with certain forms of "pulse."

Hydro-carbons or calories, heat and force producers, we find in both animal and vegetable foods, with flour and bread, milk and all fats.

Carbo-hydrates are almost entirely vegetable; housekeepers know them as starch foods (or farinaceous), sugars, grains, as rice, oats, barley, gums, etc.

Salts, alkalines, sulphur, etc., we usually find in a sufficient quantity in conjunction with all the above, but occasionally it becomes advisable to take them in their own pure form as well.

The proteids we may call flesh or muscle foods, the fat heat foods, and the carbo-hydrates are work foods. According to age and occupation, to climate and constitution, we must determine how much of each it is needful to supply daily. Individual tastes, if directed by Nature, will often determine this

question to a nicety, only we must discriminate between a natural and a pampered taste.

Then while a pound of oatmeal gives a food value of six pounds of potatoes, the latter, however, are most necessary articles of diet where much meat is eaten regularly, as they supply carbons and phosphates that meat does not hold in sufficient quantity. Sailors who are largely fed on salt and pickled beef crave for potatoes and green vegetables, as these are Nature's antidote to the scurvy which is their torment.

Spinach, as it contains more iron than any other vegetable that it is possible to mention, is one of the most useful "green" vegetables we have; next in point of value comes cabbage, then celery, onions, leeks, asparagus, etc.; all are blood purifiers. It is not too much to say that every fruit (and every vegetable) in its season is necessary to health in some degree; we may do without them, but we are better with them. Note how carefully they have been apportioned, the sweeter drier kinds for autumn and winter, the acid, luscious, watery kinds for summer and the hot exhaustive days. If we have not the good fortune to live where we can gather what we will from tree and bush, our ability to avail ourselves of the varied and abundant supply is naturally limited by the capacity of our purse; yet, even then, an intelligent thinking purchaser may get a far greater variety and better value for the money laid out than one who chooses haphazard.

In choosing fish one broad rule may be laid down, namely, select the plump ones; long thin fish are never so prime in quality. Thick turbot, soles, mackerel, and haddock are far finer-flavoured than thin ones. Then the brightness of the eyes and skin are another test. To test the age of poultry look at the claws and feet; if young, these will break easily between the fingers and be fine-skinned; if old they are big, and hard to crack. The skin of a fowl also shows its age, and an old fowl is never so plump as a young one.

There are certain joints of meat which, expensive in themselves, yet become really cheaper than inferior portions, because of the different uses that may be made of them. Take a loin of mutton, for instance. From

the underpart all the tender fillet should be cut away, then cut off all the flap end, this latter will be useful for stewing. Remove the upper part from the bones and cut it into neat chops, the fillet the same, then these should be dipped in egg and bread-crumbs and fried in hot fat, serving them around a mound of spinach, beans, or fried potatoes, gravy to be made from the bones.

To stew the top lay it in a stewpan with the fat downwards, sprinkle it with seasoning, slice an onion over it, and let it fry gently in its own fat for an hour or so. Then lift out the meat, put a teacupful of cold water to the fat, and when it has risen to the top take it off. Mix a little cornflour in water, add it to the gravy, and some potatoes cut in slices, add a little brown sauce, more seasoning if required, and cutting the meat into neat squares, place these on the top, cover with the lid and cook until the potatoes are thoroughly tender.

Here we have two good dishes from one joint.

The under fillet can be taken from a joint of beef in the same way, and made into a delicious *entrée* or supper dish, without in any way interfering with the roast.

A neck of mutton is usually portioned out into three parts, viz.,—"best end," "middle neck," and "neck;" hence we get a roasting joint, a piece for cutlets, which may be cut without much "trimming," and a piece for Irish stew, boiling, or a breakfast pie. By purchasing the whole neck we get it at sevenpence-halfpenny per pound, whereas if we buy the best cut alone we pay tenpence.

When there are many in the family to cater for, it is cheaper to buy bacon by the quarter-side. The best firms supply this at sevenpence-halfpenny per pound. The inferior parts are useful for boiling and eating cold, the better ones will grill. A good housekeeper will be exact about weights; waste can generally be avoided by buying sufficient but not too much, and calculations should extend even to such things as apples and potatoes. It is the bits left over at the various tables which run away with the money, and often cause a needless expenditure of time in turning them to account afterwards.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "A COUNTRY WOMAN ON THE DIAMOND DAY."

SOLUTION.

A COUNTRY WOMAN ON THE DIAMOND DAY.

I cannot go to town to see
The Queen upon her jubilee,
For seats along the route, I hear,
Are most particularly dear;
And if I stood up in the street,
I might perchance disasters meet.
So tell Her Majesty the Queen
'Tis not disloyalty I mean;
For I would trudge all up to town,
All in my best alpaca gown,
If there were just the slightest chance
That I might catch her queenly glance;
For she I know would single out
Her poor old subject with the gout;
Ah! then the jealousy of all
On whom her greeting did not fall!
But, bah!—I must in homestead stay,
And keep it like a holy day;
So at my hearth all bright and trim
I'll sing with joy my little hymn.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Dora Newton Bertie, 11, Springfield, Dundee.
Amy Briand, 47, Hanley Road, Finsbury Park, N.
Doris Rowland Brown, 297, Amhurst Road, N.
B. Bryson, Ponton Lodge, Sunbury, Middlesex.
Amy Chettle, 54, Field Street, Bradley, Bilston, Staffordshire.
Mary I. Chislett, Great Broughton, Northalerton.
Maggie Coombes, 16, Dean Road, Willesden Park.
Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.
Ethel C. McMaster, 23, Ross Road, Wallington.
F. Miller, High Street, Witney.
Ada Richards, 1, Greenland Villas, Wood Green, N.
Isabel Robinson, Canal Office, New Road, Oxford.
Mrs. Isabel Snell, 51, Mere Road, Leicester.
Dora Willcox, Brocksholme, Clifton, Bristol.

FOREIGN (Seven Shillings Each).

Mrs. A. L. Baverstock, Maritzburg, Natal.
Mrs. Mary Hardy, Finch Street, E. Malvern, Australia.
Mrs. Talbot Smith, Adelaide, S. Australia.

*Very Highly Commended.**Division I.*

Amy Ainsworth, Edith A. Arnott, Madeline E. Baker, S. Ballard, Annie J. Cather, C. H. Cather, John E. Conch, E. H. Duncan, John A. Fitzmaurice, Annie French, Mrs. J. J. Gracie, Edith Hardy, Nurse Higgins, Anna I. Hood, Lily Horn, C. Hunt, Mrs. Kemp, Catherine M. Kingwell, Elizabeth Lang, Bertha E. Lawrence, Margaret A. Macalister, Wm. C. Marsom, Margaret G. Oliver, Mrs. R. Shepherd, Helen Carrie Stone, Gertrude Wallis, Mrs. Philip Williams, Emily M. P. Wood, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Division II.

Eliza Aesworth, G. Aitchison, Mabel Arkley, Lily Belling, Florence Blanch, Herbert A. Brown, Ethel Cave, M. A. C. Crabb, L. Forbes, Bessie Goodspeed, J. S. Hall, Wm. H. Hatch, Mary Hunt, Jennie A. Jenkins, Jane M. King, G. H. K. Macalister, Constance M. Mallandaine, May Merrill, M. A.

Pidcock, A. B. Pilkington, Agnes Pritchard, Miriam Pritchard, Florence E. Russell, Miss Skewen, Gertrude Smith, Ellen C. Tarrant, Mary J. Taylor, Bettie Temple, Edith H. Thompson, Mrs. Vaux, Herbert C. Wigg, Emily C. Woodward, Emily C. Woolly.

Highly Commended.

E. Adamson, Maria M. Adeney, Harry Admitt, Ethel B. Angear, Florence M. Angear, Mabel Ayliff, Kate Barker, Adelaide G. Barnes, Evelyn M. Blott, Katie Bidewell, Lilian M. Bligh, May Bligh, Isabel Borrow, Mrs. J. Brand, Edith M. Burr, Ethel F. Burr, Rev. W. M. Butcher, Mrs. Cartwright, Elsie Chambers, M. J. Champneys, Agnes Crampton, Wm. Crawford, Miss Dalton, R. D. Davis, Ethel Dickson, Helen M. Eady, Winifred Eady, Rosa D. Eldridge, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, Beatrice Fitzhugh, A. and F. Fooks, Evelyn A. Foster, Mrs. Garforth, Wm. F. Goulstone, Jessie Hall, Katharine Haslam, L. E. Heawood, Julia A. Hemen, Mrs. A. Herring, Gertrude Hick, Nora Hinkson, Mary F. Hitchcock, Millicent Hood, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Amy C. L. Iago, Mrs. W. Jackson, Alice E. Johnson, Mrs. E. J. Jones, Ellen H. Kemp, Lucy Langhorne, Dora Larg, E. B. Leggett, Violet E. Longstaffe, H. Low, Annie G. Luck, Louise M. McCready, Mrs. M. McKenzie, Evelyn McKenzie, Jessie W. McLeish, Gertrude E. Moore, Edith M. Morton, W. H. Odlum, Florence A. Overbury, Esther Parker, Nellie B. Pearse, E. M. Pennington, W. G. Priest, Mrs. Prestige, Melena F. Pringle, John Rodway, Ethel Sawyer, Amy I. Seaward, A. Selden, A. C. Sharp, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Ada Smith, Ethel G. Smith, Mrs. G. E. Smith, Mrs. G. W. Smith, Annie Shorney, J. Thomas, M. Winifred Thomas, Marie M. Threlfall, Daisy Tyler, Georgiana Waller, G. M. Watherston, Rev. J. R. B. Watson, Eliza J. Wheeler, W. Fitzjames White, J. B. Williams, Charlotte A. Wolfe, Florence E. Wright, Dorothy V. Young.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

There is nothing very new to say about the Diamond Day puzzle. Some of the solutions were perfect and many more were not, though most of these were very good indeed. Doubtless, as usual, the hours of anxious thought bestowed upon the adjudication will be rewarded by the indignant complaints or sorrowful reproaches of unmentioned competitors who seem to think that prizes and commendations ought to be awarded by turn. What with the grumbling of the Editor at the mention of so many names and the wrath of solvers (to say nothing of their parents) at the mention of so few, we often wonder that we have the grace to remain alive. But after all, this grumbling is only an evidence of keen interest, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that eighteen hundred solutions of A Well Bred Girl are waiting to be read as soon as we have finished this report. So let us be brief.

"An Old Woman" was not an accurate description of the title picture, though many solvers deemed it to be good enough. After the title, we look in vain for any difficulty until we reach line 10. There we are constrained to remark that "alpaca" is not at all a good way of spelling the name of that disagreeable, scrubby stuff out of which summer gowns are made. We give this information quite gratuitously, and many competitors will do well to accept and profit by it. If you ever receive a bill for "alpaca," don't pay it.

Line 15 presented one of the greatest difficulties in the puzzle, and yet hundreds of solvers grasped the idea of envy or jealousy which the second picture was meant to convey. "Jealousy," "envious look," "envious glance," and the like were all reckoned as equal.

In line 17 we found the one touch of humor which makes the reading of these solutions tolerable. What could the conjunction of a bath and a tin of mustard mean but a mustard bath? O what a happy, triumphant thought!

* But bathed in mustard instead stay
And keep it like a holiday."

Well, people's ideas of what constitutes a real holiday differ considerably, but for pure novelty it would surely be difficult to find a parallel with this beautiful suggestion. The curious thing is that it was not the creation of one mind alone. Several solvers evolved it, though all did not express it quite so rhythmically. Observe that to obtain the rhythm you must emphasize the first syllable of instead considerably.

In the next line, why "holiday"? Holiday spells holy. And there is really nothing more to remark upon.

One lady sixty years old sends her "first attempt," and a very good attempt it is too, though it naturally is not quite equal to the work of our more experienced solvers.

The "commended" lists include the names of competitors living abroad.

And now for "A Well Bred Girl."

SUPPOSITIONS.

*FOREIGN AWARD.**Half-a-Guinea Each.*

Gertrude Hunt, Maunsell Road, Parnell, Auckland, N.Z.
Mrs. E. K. Manners, Munkowlie, Durbhungab, Tirhoot State Rly., Bengal.

Very Highly Commended.

Miss Bhabha (Mysore), Sadie Barrat (Montreal), Charlotte Brown (Victoria, Australia), Bertha N. Coelho (Portugal), Camille Mauger (Calcutta), Jessie Mitchell (Canada), "Nettie" (India), Matilda Parker, Elizabeth Ross (Victoria, Australia), Ellen Sanger (Pan), Janie Somerville (near Melbourne), Louisa S. Thomas (Geneva), Herbert Traill (Bombay), Mrs. Waddington (Bermuda).

Highly Commended.

Maud E. Atkinson (California), Evelyn Austin (Victoria), Florence E. Bapty (Bombay), A. L. Baverstock (Natal), Gertrude Burden (S. Australia), Mrs. Burgess (Madras Pres.), Mrs. J. C. Catford (Barbados), C. H. Cather (Malta), B. E. Chugg (Victoria), Millicent Clark (S. Australia), Arthur H. Cress (Bangalore), Mrs. Arthur Douët (Jamaica), Florence Every (Cape Colony), Wm. F. Goulstone (N. Zealand), Mrs. Hardy, Clara J. Hardy and Edith Hardy (Melbourne), Anna I. Hood (France), Janet Jefferson (Paris, Ontario), F. K. Jones (N. Zealand), F. G. B. King (Barbados), Lucy Langhorne (Queensland), Minnie J. Lindo (Jamaica), H. Low (Montreal), Ethel Malone (B. W. I.), Ina Michell (Cyprus), Lillie Mott (Victoria), Isobel Munro (N. Zealand), Maud C. Ogilvie (India), Elizabeth Reid (Cape Town), Carlota E. Robertson (Texas), Maude Saunders (Melbourne), Mary Sheard (S. Africa), Mrs. Talbot Smith (Adelaide), Mrs. H. Sprigg (Cape Colony), Mrs. E. Sykes (Calcutta), Maude E. B. Thompson (Madras), Gladys Willing (New Zealand).

INDIGESTION.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."



E hear wonderful things in medicine nowadays.

But yesterday I heard a man make a speech, in which he said that "it was impossible for anyone who ate flesh to arrive at the full use of his faculties; he must ever remain stunted in growth, deficient in intellect and incapable of bearing hardships. If a man were only a vegetarian, look what he might be!" Yes, look and see—a man making the statement that I have given above, trying to instil into us—we who pride ourselves on being the greatest nation in the world (as we are likewise among the greatest flesh-eaters), that it is impossible for us to arrive at the full use of our intellects unless we follow his example. And be like him—never! Never was there a stronger argument against vegetarianism than the statement that we have just heard.

We hear the same on all sides. The possessor of one "crotchet" is just as illogical as his opponent. But what is going to be the outcome of all these furious battles of theory? Well, if I am not very much mistaken, its influence will be nothing. We see for ourselves that he who upholds one theory is just as illogical and impossible as his most formidable adversary. No compromise can ever be arrived at in a case of this kind.

The partisans of various fads who uphold minor doctrines agree on one point only, that is that the teaching of medicine demonstrates the validity of their arguments! Poor medicine, it has a hard task to perform to throw the weight of its teaching into two diametrically opposed propositions! I could never see how medicine could favour any violent measure, it certainly has never done so in my time.

One of the most extraordinary ideas ever held was that a person was responsible for the diseases with which he is afflicted. This doctrine is as false as it is uncharitable. The only suggestion of truth in it is that a few diseases are due in a certain, probably very minor, degree to indiscretion, or more commonly, ignorance.

The subject I have before me demonstrates this point very clearly. Indigestion is usually supposed to be due to overeating. I am not going to say that overeating is not a cause of indigestion, nor even, that it is not a common cause, but I do say that it is not the chief cause. I have been told that everybody overeats. Great authorities have said that such is the case. Everybody does not suffer from indigestion, so that overeating cannot be the chief cause of indigestion, if it be true that everyone overeats.

We do not go to medicine to dictate to us how much we should eat. We are all endowed with an intelligence and with a special appetite which tells us how much to eat, and I feel confident that nature is the best guide. Of course you can disobey Nature and eat more than you require but do you not disobey your doctor? I am afraid that most of you do.

Indigestion does undoubtedly arise from indiscretion in diet as regards the quantity eaten, but very much more the quality of the food and the way it is eaten.

Some people cannot digest certain articles of food, and these they rightly avoid. In certain individuals the slightest indiscretion produces

great discomfort, with others the stomach will stand great abuse without retaliating. Thus we speak of strong or weak stomachs.

Indigestion has been divided into any number of varieties, and contrary to what is usual in such cases, the majority of these classifications are based upon sound principles. But of all the various ways in which dyspepsia has been classified none do I like better than the following division into three main groups. The "irritative," the "atonic" and the "nervous" or "neurotic."

There are many kinds of dyspepsia that lie on the borderland between two or all of these classes; but, as a rough classification I have found it exceedingly useful. It was the first I learnt, it is the simplest and I have found it the most convenient.

Let us talk about irritative dyspepsia first. This, as its name tells you, is due to irritation of the stomach. We have all heard of this condition and most of us have suffered from it. It is a very common affection in England. Both sexes and all ages suffer from it though perhaps not to the same extent. Does it occur in infancy? most certainly it does. Let us go to the children's department and see for ourselves.

As we pass the patients we see that the majority of them are very young children, some merely babies, all accompanied by their mothers or other relatives. We go into the consulting-room and ring the bell. A woman appears with an infant of eight months' old in her arms. Immediately she enters the room her child is sick. The poor child has been sick already four times to-day and has been ill for a fortnight. She is quite wasted. Her poor little limbs are nothing but skin and bone, and her face wears that singular look, like a very ancient man, that is so constantly present in ill-fed children. We hear from the mother, as indeed we can see for ourselves, that when the child is sick she brings up large curds of milk.

We know at once what is the cause of this child's trouble—wrong feeding. The curds of milk tell us this plainly. Wrong feeding—it is this that causes all the gastric troubles of childhood and most of those of adults—but more of this later on, let us return to the case before us.

We ask the mother how she feeds the child. She tells us "with the bottle." We ask her what she puts into the bottle. She answers "cow's milk," and this is what we expected. We then ask "do you use pure cow's milk?" She answers "yes." "Anything else?" "No." "Do you give the child any other food?" "Now and then a biscuit." The next question one feels inclined to ask is "have you any notion how to feed an infant." And if she told the truth she would answer emphatically, "No; I have no idea how to feed a child." And so it is with most mothers. They do not know how to feed their infants, especially between the ages of eight and sixteen months old.

For the first months of life milk should be the only food for infants. A little later some other form of nourishment is required. Gravy with bread or potato is best to begin with. After the child is two years old she may have much the same food as an adult.

I said milk is to be the only food of infants during the first months of life. There is rarely any difficulty here; but when mothers are unable to nurse their babies, it often becomes an exceedingly important and difficult question how to feed the children. To rear children with artificial food is a most laborious

task, and if it is not done correctly they are almost certain to die.

The best artificial food for infants is undoubtedly ass's milk, but the very great expense of this prevents it from being used, except by the very wealthy. For those that cannot afford ass's milk cow's milk must be used. But cow's milk of itself is much too rich and not quite sweet enough. It also clots in the stomach in large flakes causing, as in the instance before us, sickness and rapid wasting.

We must mix the milk with something that will prevent it from clotting *en masse* and that will dilute it. No substance fulfils these conditions better than barley-water.

Until the child is three months old, one part of milk to two of barley-water is the right proportion. As the child grows older the quantity of the barley-water may be reduced.

Barley-water should be made in the following way. Boil a tablespoonful of pearl-barley in a pint of water for half-an-hour, and strain. It will not keep over-night, so it must be made fresh every day. If it is kept long it sometimes develops a very poisonous substance which has caused several deaths.

There is absolutely no difficulty in making barley-water, and there is no excuse for a person serving up a thick gruel and calling it barley-water. This I have myself seen done.

You may perhaps think that I have exaggerated the importance of infant feeding. But look at the death-rate of infants. Is it not terrible? And instead of diminishing I am sorry to say that it is on the increase. The majority of deaths under a year old is due to wrong feeding.

Some people have the most extraordinary notions of the value of infants' lives; some do not consider the death of a baby as anything serious. But have they not souls just as much as adults! Surely we ought to give as much trouble to save the life of a baby as we would do to save that of a grown-up person. I am disgusted with the terrible returns of infant mortality. Doubtless the death-rate of infants must be very great, but it is absolutely unnecessary that it should be as high as it is. It can and ought to be reduced.

Let us leave the children and go to the general medical department. We shall not have to wait long to see some cases of irritative dyspepsia.

First we see a school-boy, looking very green and ill. He has been indulging in a hamper and is now suffering atonement for his greediness. Let us ask him what were the contents of the basket. "Oh! there was a big cake, then there was a ham and a pot of marmalade, four bottles of sweets, and a veal and ham pie, three tins each of sherbet, biscuits and anchovy paste and three pots of jam."

We do not wonder that the boy has indigestion—neither does he. A hamper is necessarily followed by dyspepsia, and he is quite resigned to bear the consequences of the feast.

The next patient whom we investigate is a girl of sixteen, suffering from the effects of eating "twenty-two green apples and a pound of pea-nuts" yesterday.

Patient after patient of all ages and both sexes enter the room complaining of gastric pain or vomiting, and on inquiry we get a history of various mistakes in diet. One woman has indigestion after having eaten three herrings, which had gone bad—not at all an uncommon event among out-patients. A family of father, mother and four children

come suffering agonies, the result of having partaken of a mouldy rabbit-pie. Unripe fruit, over-ripe fruit, too much alcohol, muschels, crabs, etc., are all common causes of irritative indigestion.

It is not only in hospital patients that we see the irritative form of indigestion. It occurs among all classes, and is indeed more common among the well-to-do than among the poorer members of the community.

All the causes of irritative dyspepsia may be grouped into three classes: indiscretion in the quantity of food eaten; unwholesome food or food that is unwholesome, and insufficient mastication.

There is little to be said under these headings, but I will make one or two remarks about each.

I have already shown you that improper food is a fertile cause of indigestion. Any substance that is not thoroughly fresh or that is not well cooked is likely to cause indigestion in those partaking of it. As I wrote about food some short time back it is unnecessary to enter into the question of feeding here.

Insufficient mastication is a very important cause of dyspepsia. A piece of meat, for instance, that has been well masticated will be digested in about one-fourth of the time that the same piece of meat would take if swallowed whole. Always chew your food well and you will remove one of the greatest causes of difficult digestion.

The treatment for this condition is to give a dose of castor oil, if the patient is a child; and a dose of calomel or blue pill, in the case of an adult. Attention to the feeding is of paramount importance. With adults it is best to withhold food of any kind for twenty-four hours, and after that to eat sparingly and only of very digestible food.

While on this subject, I should like to mention that a "bilious attack" though differing considerably from the affection we have just described is to be treated in the same manner as irritative indigestion.

The second great variety of indigestion is "atonic dyspepsia," that is the condition when the stomach is out of "tone" and does not properly perform its functions.

Unlike the affection we have just discussed, atonic dyspepsia is a very chronic malady, and instead of lasting a day or two often drags on for months or years. It also differs from the

irritative form of dyspepsia, in that diet is by no means the chief factor in its causation, and also in that it does not attack all ages and both sexes indiscriminately.

One of its chief causes is anæmia, and therefore we should expect to find it most commonly in young women. This is indeed the case, the great majority of sufferers being girls between fifteen and twenty-five years of age.

The outpatient department of hospitals give relief to more of these cases than to any other form of illness, they are so common. The symptoms are pain after food; pain in the chest; heartburn; palpitation; water-brash; nausea; loss of appetite and sometimes vomiting. Anæmia is almost always present. Not by any means rarely this condition terminates in ulceration of the stomach, and then, in addition to the above symptoms another is added which is most alarming—that is, vomiting blood.

The treatment of this condition is exceedingly important, because, if it is treated properly and at once, the danger of gastric ulcer is very greatly diminished. There are various ways by which this condition is treated, for its manifestations are of most diverse characters, and the patients are very, very capricious.

As it is an "atonic" affection a tonic treatment is, as a rule, better than any other. A mixture containing iron with possibly arsenic often does a great deal of good. But as you cannot give either of these drugs to a patient with a weak stomach, it is necessary to get the stomach well as soon as possible. Nothing will do this better than bismuth and soda. An occasional pill of aloes and belladonna is also very useful.

The last form of dyspepsia is the "nervous" or "neurotic" kind. The very mention of the word "neurotic" should at once suggest that the condition is almost exclusively confined to women. But, for once, this is not the case; by far the greater number of sufferers from this complaint being business men. And the reason for this is not far to seek.

A city man gets up, let us say at half-past seven. He goes down to breakfast. Having swallowed down his meal with lightning rapidity, he rushes off to catch his train. At lunch time he has his meal and plays a game of chess. He comes home in the evening to dinner. This he eats more or less in a "physiological" manner, and rests after it.

Can anyone expect his poor stomach to stand such insults as these? During digestion the majority of the blood in the body is required by the digestive organs. Consequently, rest after meals is essential so that no more blood than is absolutely necessary should course through the limbs or brain. But here, a man "gallops" through one meal (this of itself would give anyone indigestion) and runs off immediately afterwards, and over another meal he plays chess; and then talks about his "hard luck" because he suffers from indigestion!

The treatment for this condition is as simple in theory as it is difficult to carry out in practice. It is—"Do not hurry over your meals, and always rest both body and mind afterwards."

There are other varieties of true nervous dyspepsia—such as that which occurs in people who are overburdened with cares; the gastric pain of hysteria and some spinal complaints and possibly that obscure condition "migraine." These are all very serious affections and most difficult to cure, as the cause is too often impossible to remove.

Before I leave you, I will give the following maxims to everybody suffering from indigestion or dyspepsia of any kind—

1. Avoid food that is very hot or very cold, especially ices.
2. Avoid potatoes, cheese, pastry, and take farinaceous foods in great moderation. Do not take brown bread in preference to white; it is less nutritious, in every way inferior and far more indigestible.
3. Avoid tea, coffee, and alcohol in all forms—beer, wine or spirits.
4. Never take any drugs if you can possibly help it. Above all, never take "pepsin," unless under the immediate supervision of a physician.
5. Masticate your food thoroughly. Eat slowly and rest half-an-hour after each meal.
6. Do not take one big meal in the day, but four, five, or even six small ones.
7. Always have your meals at the same hour every day.
8. Take a walk every day, rain or shine.
9. Avoid anything that disagrees with you, and never again be tempted to touch that particular article of food.
10. Never eat anything that has not been thoroughly cooked; nor drink anything that has not been boiled.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

ENSIE WRIGHT.—You certainly suffer from catarrh of the throat, and probably of the nose as well, although you do not give us any information regarding the latter. What is your occupation? The condition which troubles you is often due to excessive use of the voice. Again, do you breathe through your nose? you cannot expect to have a healthy throat if you breathe through your mouth. Doubtless you will tell us "that your nose feels as though it were stuffed up" so that you cannot breathe through your nose. What this means is that the condition of your nose is the cause of the throat affection and must be seen to first. To cure the condition you must spray out your nose and throat three or four times a day with a lotion made by dissolving a teaspoonful of the following powder in half a tumbler of tepid water:—

B. Sodii bicarbonatis }
Sodii chloratis } aa ʒss.
Sachar. abl. } ʒj.

In addition to this an astringent lozenge, such as rhatany or red gum, taken occasionally would do good. We are pleased that you derived so much benefit from sulphur ointment.

FRISCILLA.—Unmistakably the best thing you can do is to leave your nose alone and not meddle with it. It will probably improve if left alone.

HEALTH-SEREBER.—No; ferns in a bedroom are not injurious to health, provided that the room is not overcrowded with them. The plants to be avoided in rooms are those that have strong scents, especially lilies, jasmine, stephanotis, certain orchids and laurel.

ROSS STANLEY.—The condition of your face is due to the soap you use. It is exceedingly common for the face to become red and to smart after washing with soap which is not intended for toilet use. If you use a good soap which is made for washing the face with you will not be troubled further.

I. R.—1. Styes on the eyelids are very apt to recur, but if they are thoroughly and carefully treated at first the tendency to form again is greatly diminished. When you have a sty, bathe the eye frequently with a warm solution of boric acid (1 in 40). When a yellow point has become manifest, look carefully and see if there is an eyelash in the centre, if there is, pull it out and the trouble will soon subside. Bathe your eye with the lotion for at least a week after all traces of the sty have vanished. If you do this the condition will not return.—2. You should not use a hard brush to scrub your teeth with as it is liable to make the gums bleed. We doubt whether any amount of rubbing could injure the enamel.

CONSTANCE.—We know of no substance that will darken the hair that is not a dye. You had better ask the advice of a hairdresser about this point.

F. G. F.—Your eyes became crossed because of your long sight. No doubt when you first began to read you did not wear spectacles, and this is the cause of your squint. You say you wear glasses now, but are you sure that they are accurately suited to you? We strongly advise you to see an oculist about your eyes, as they ought to be looked to without delay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VILLA FARMS, or TWO-ACRE ESTATES.—There are a good number of foolish people in the world, but surely you would not be so unwise as to invest money in land at Methwold, or any other place, without investigating the property first. You must of course go and see for yourself, interview the tenants already existing there, and also ask the opinions of outside farmers as to the quality of the land and the chances of success in fruit-growing. It would also be as well to call on the clergyman of the parish, who would know better than any one else, perhaps, the success or non-success of previous tenants. Caution is needed in every investment, but especially so when it takes the form of a freehold tenancy. We have great faith in this form of land-culture, and should like to see our towns less populated, and our country places more occupied by actual owners of, and workers on, the land. But each person who contemplates a purchase of land must have her wits about her.

A SELDER AFTER LOVE.—Perhaps the pseudonym you have chosen gives the key to your want of success, so far. Don't seek after love, he leave, give love first.—"He first loved us." "Perfect love," we are told, "casteth out fear," and "fear hath torment." Begin by invariably looking on the bright side of everything, and every person, and think (however mistaken, or perhaps unkind that they mean to do right; and when you cease to find out faults, it is wonderful how happy you will be; and when your first thought and feeling is love and tenderness for others, you will cease to be unsocial and afraid. So make a fresh start, dear little girl, don't seek, give with both hands, and your reward is certain. Write direct to the address given, please; it was given for the purpose.

KNOW-LITTLE.—The terms "bulls" and "bears," as employed on the Stock Exchange, are used to denote certain classes of brokers who act on opposite lines to each other. A man who contracted to sell certain stock, of which he was not possessed, at a given price, is called a "bear;" while the man who bought it—yet only nominally, as he did not intend to receive it—is a "bull," and the contract is only a wager, depending on the rise or fall of the stock. In the event of the rising, the seller, or "bear," pays the difference to the buyer. "Bearing" the market, means to depress it so as to buy to advantage; and to "bull" it, is to raise the price of stock when operating for a sale. There are some women acting as stockbrokers, and reputed to be very clever in that profession.

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Contentment

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1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 59, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be January 15, 1898; from Abroad, March 17, 1898.

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