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CANARIES :

THEIR REARING AND MANAGEMENT.

By AN AMATEUR.

PART I.

WHEN I was in Germany some years back a lady gave me a canary. He was a charming little bird, answered to his name, "Tommy," and "would oblige the company with a song" when desired to do so. Some time afterwards I left Germany and returned to England. My parting with Tommy was a sore trial; but the best of friends must part, so I gave my sweet little bird to a German girl who I knew would be kind to him. A short time back I had a letter from Germany telling me that "Tommy died worn out with old age." He must have lived over a quarter of a century!

I did not attempt to find a successor to "Tommy" until four years ago, as my time was occupied by attending to pets who were even more precious. Happening, however, to pass a bird-fancier's one day, the old interest revived in me, and I determined again to keep a canary. I will now relate my experience from that day to the present time.

My purchase was a very young bird, and the man could not guarantee that it was a male. I bought it for five shillings, hoping that it was a male, because I wanted it to sing to me. The female is not much given to song, though it is a mistake to suppose that she never sings. My purchase, for instance, though it turned out to be a female, used to sing very prettily in a plaintive warbling manner—only for a short time, however, when the sun was setting.

As soon as I knew that it was a hen, the idea of



"HE WAS A CHARMING LITTLE BIRD."

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procuring a male bird suggested itself to me. I thought that I might possibly succeed in rearing a small family of canaries, so I consulted three friends who I knew kept birds. One of them told me that she had taken the greatest pains, had read all sorts of books upon the subject, consulted bird-fanciers and been most careful about feeding, supplying nesting materials and the latest and most approved kind of cage, in spite of which she had failed to rear even a single bird. Another friend told me that it was quite possible to rear canaries, but that she found it required so much attention and such constant care that she had given up the attempt. A third told me that she had reared a few but that it was no pleasure, because the birds could not bear being looked at, and had to be kept perfectly quiet in a breeding-cage placed in a nearly dark room, and never in any way be disturbed! If spoken to the hen would leave her nest and probably destroy it, my friend added. Now these experiences were far from encouraging, because I did not then perceive the reasons of my friend's failure.

Whether I myself should be considered successful by regular bird fanciers and rearers I do not know, but I have far exceeded my own modest expectations. Within the last three years I have reared over sixty birds from the two pairs with which I started, and all of them are flourishing and healthy. Of course I have sustained some losses; two of the original birds died after the first brood; the female of one pair and the male of the other. I think these misfortunes came about through my want of knowledge how to feed the birds at the critical breeding season, for critical it is, not only for the young birds but also for the parents. The latter must be provided with special food prepared with great care at such times, or they are apt to become exhausted and run down, as the saying is, after their rearing work is over. I have also lost about ten young birds from other causes. Sometimes the young birds are born weak, or the mother nests them clumsily; sometimes the father bird feeds them injudiciously, and their dispositions suffer. It requires so very little to kill a bird a few days old.

I took up bird-rearing simply as an amusement, and I can give no information about the rarer kinds of canaries. Girls who want to become learned upon the "points" of high class specimens, pedigree birds, etc., must consult one of the works written upon this subject. It is one which I confess has little interest for me; in fact I rather dislike prize birds. So long as my pets please me, are cheerful, healthy and know me when I talk to them, take their seed from my hand or mouth, get the most enjoyment out of their own little lives, my trouble and the very small expense to which they have put me are amply repaid.

I love to see my little favourites fly about the room provided they do so gently; but never allow them out of the cage if they are at all wild, as a wild canary will almost kill itself by flying against a window-pane or a looking-glass, or hurt itself by struggling against the hand that is raised to put it safely back into the cage. It is a cruelty to let such birds out, especially if other birds are present in the room, as even the tamest of them are liable to take a "scare."

A short time back one of my younger birds got his nails entangled in the wires of the cage and fluttered about for some time before he could be released. This caused a regular panic, not only amongst the birds in his own cage, but also amongst the birds in five other large cages that were in the neighbourhood. It may be useful to state what I have found the best thing to do when a panic of this kind occurs during the night. I uncover the cages and turn up the gas so as to give as much light as possible (of course, if there is no gas, candles might be lit), then I talk gently to the birds. When they are still and settled I lower the gas and as quietly as possible cover over the cages. These panics amongst canaries are very common if many birds are kept, and often it is impossible to discover the cause of them. I am much inclined to think that these little creatures suffer from nightmare. So serious are these night panics that I have known birds who have been seized by them to break their wings and even to kill themselves. During these panics strangers should never be called into the room, for their presence would render the birds still more excited and frightened.

I have said that on one occasion a panic was caused by a bird getting his nails entangled with the wires, and this leads me to another point. Now however objectionable it may be for a human being to bite his or her nails, it is quite right that canaries should do so. Indeed, if they do not, their nails must be cut for them. When this is necessary, take hold of the bird and hold him in your hands, then get your sister or some other girl whom it knows to cut the nails with a sharp pair of scissors—but never below the "quick." Be careful to hold down the wings of the bird, so that he cannot flutter, but do not squeeze him, for canaries are such tender little mites. Sometimes, also, they get cotton or nest materials tangled round their feet. Remove these in the same manner.

Occasionally, when you look at the cages in the morning, you will find a poor little bird dead at the bottom of the cage. His death has been due either to one of these night panics, to apoplexy, consumption or poison. Remove at once the dead bird and all the food in the cage. Canaries are poisoned by some impurity in their food, mildew, etc., so you should carefully examine the food before giving it to them.

Now as to the food itself, I have found that canary seed, rape, millet and hemp agree with them best. The canary seed and rape may be mixed together in equal quantities and a small portion of millet added to them; but the hemp must be placed in a separate vessel, or the birds will throw out all the other seed to get at it. Hemp should only be given in very small quantities. The seed pods of the wild plantain (*Plantago major*) should be given. This you can pick up on the banks of canals and small streams and sometimes by the roadside in September. Pick large quantities of it and store some for the winter. Don't shake the seed out, but give it to the birds in long tails, as they like to pick it out for themselves. Don't give it green, but keep it until it has turned brown. It will keep through the winter; but be sure to put it in a dry place. Lettuces well-washed, groundsel and watercress may be given fresh and green, and in the winter apple occasionally, also cuttle-fish, lump sugar, and very plain sweet biscuit, but no luxuries. Pray do not give chocolate "goodies," nuts, luscious fruits nor preserves, as all these things cause digestive troubles and shorten the lives of these little creatures. Proudly the poor are more successful in rearing birds than the rich, because they keep them to a simpler and plainer diet.

Of the diet of breeding-birds I shall have to speak later on. Be very careful about the water, both for drinking and for bath. Whenever you let the birds out of the cage provide them with a bath full of water and place it in full sunlight if possible. All birds love water and love of all things the sun, so never hang your cages in a dark place. If, however, the light is very fierce place a handkerchief over the top of the cage.

Caged birds are very sociable and like company. Their cages should be placed in some window looking into a street or cheerful garden. But they must be covered over after dark, as the birds will then sleep better and be preserved from draughts. They should always be kept reasonably warm. Talk to the birds, and if you can give them names and call them by their names. This is sometimes difficult when you have sixty or seventy birds pretty much alike. Still, you will find some of them will possess distinctive marks or peculiarities by which you may know them, or they may be named after their parents. Thus I have a hen whom I named "Aunt Anne" after a relation of mine, and her brood were named Antonia, Antoinette, Antonina, Andrew and Anna Maria. All these playful little jokes increase the sympathies between you and your little pets and help to tame them. Remember that birds like cheerful people and appreciate attention, so however sad your heart may be, try to smile when you address your little favourites.

(To be concluded.)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH IMPULSE SWAYS.

WHEN Guy came in to dinner that evening, he was most curious to know how the visit had gone off. He was a little anxious, too, for he had not yet experienced how Madge took details of this kind. The drawing-room was

empty, and he was just going in search of her, when she appeared, clad all in white. He looked at her eagerly and said, "Well, how did you get on?"

She did not answer for a moment, but stooped over a flower-vase and rearranged the flowers.

Then she said slowly, "I don't think

Miss Ermytrude Redfern will call again."

Guy laughed, for her voice had a touch of humour in it which was a great relief to him, and he took a stride which brought him to her side.

Resting his arm lightly across her bent shoulders, he continued in a bantering tone, "Oh, and so you don't

think there is likely to be a violent friendship between you and Miss Redfern?"

"Not exactly," she replied, "we barely managed to be civil to each other."

"I ought to have been here to see the fun," he said gaily, adding, "and what of the old dowager?"

"Oh, she helped to keep the peace. She wouldn't be so bad if she were a little less frivolous and a little more refined; but you must go and dress now, or you will be late."

He drew his arm away reluctantly and went, but he was away no longer than he could help, hastening back to her side as soon as he could.

When they were alone at the dinner-table she looked up and asked in emphasised accents: "Is it a fact that Jack was very friendly with the Redferns?"

"Yes, why?"

"Because Miss Redfern spoke of him in a most familiar way, and I can't imagine Jack taking to a girl like that."

"He was always susceptible to a pretty face," answered Guy. "Also they are very go-ahead people, and give very good entertainments. Probably he met other friends at their house. Poor old Jack was a terrible flirt."

"Oh, no! I don't think so," she said hurriedly. "It was only his way of joking with everyone, and, of course, the girls all made a good deal of him."

Guy smiled a little. He thought he was more likely to know than she, but he did not say so.

"Did he go to see them often?" she continued.

"Once a week, I daresay."

"Once a week," she repeated in surprise, adding, "how is it they don't know you better? I thought you and Jack were inseparable."

"Except in that particular."

"What particular?"

"I never had a partiality for ladies' company. He used to go on those sorts of expeditions with some other friend."

There was a slight pause, then, looking hard at her, he said: "Until I met my wife, I never cared for any lady's company, but I cannot have enough of hers."

She coloured slightly but did not meet his eyes. "You are getting quite clever at pretty speeches," she remarked, somewhat cynically. "What a pity they should not be more appreciated."

He bit his lip with sudden vexation and replied sarcastically, "Yes, it is a pity they should be wasted."

She raised her eyebrows, with a slightly disdainful air, which aggravated him a little more.

"I wonder if you looked like that when Jack said pretty things to you," he said, recklessly.

She regarded him stonily for a moment, then remarked coldly, "Comparisons are odious."

They had finished the meal, and pushing his chair away impatiently, he rose and walked to the window, saying as he did so, "It's very hard upon me

that Jack should be always first. I believe you never think of anyone else at all."

"Not in any comparison, I admit."

"And do you think it's fair?" he asked, in a voice of stifled indignation. "Surely I am entitled to the first place occasionally."

"You are forgetting something, I fancy," she said, half bitterly, beginning to get roused also. "I told you from the first I had no heart to give you. I have tried to study your wishes and please you in most things. I am sorry if I have failed."

"Tried to study my wishes," he said, in a tone whose bitterness rivalled hers. "I am sorry you should have had to make such an effort on my account."

She looked so lovely in her pure white dress as she stood before him, with stately grace; her very presence exercised a magnetic influence over him, and the cold expression of her eyes only maddened him.

"I think this discussion is needless, and borders on the ridiculous," she said haughtily; "you have apparently forgotten the understanding between us?"

"No, but I hate it!" he exclaimed, adding hastily, "but you are right, we border on the ridiculous, and I am the fool," with which he strode past her, out of the room.

Half-an-hour afterwards he sought her again; but though his face was once more calm, it did not wear his usual careless, light-hearted expression.

"I'm awfully sorry I was so foolish just now, Madge," he said frankly. "I hope you are not vexed."

"Oh, it didn't matter," she said, "I know I'm very provoking sometimes. I always was."

"It was my fault," he replied. "I was jealous of Jack. It was silly of me, I might have known the uselessness of it," and there was a shadow of regret in his voice.

"Yes, it is quite useless," she answered, and proceeded to go on with her work.

He winced a little, but was determined not to give way again.

"Would you care to come to the Imperial Institute and hear the band?" he asked; "it's well worth it."

"I don't care about it, but I will go if you want me to," she answered.

"I don't want you to go just to please me; but I think you would enjoy it. The people are an interesting sight in themselves. I don't care to go alone," he added, after a slight pause.

For answer she rose quietly and put aside her work. "I will be ready in ten minutes," she said, and left the room.

But it did not turn out a success after all, and they sat and listened to the band and watched the people, for the most part in silence.

After an hour, a pallid whiteness on Madge's face and a certain strained look in her eyes attracted his notice, and he asked her kindly if she wasn't feeling well.

"Yes, I am quite well," she answered hurriedly, and looked away from him.

"Have you had enough? Shall we go home?" and his voice sounded very gentle.

"I don't mind, just as you like!"

She shivered a little, so he got up, saying: "Yes, we may as well. I can see you are cold," and he folded her cloak closer round her. He thought he saw a suspicious gleam of moisture in her eyes, but she persistently looked away from him, so he could not be sure. He said nothing, however, but drew her arm through his and led her from the crowd.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked as they walked slowly homewards; "you don't look well and you are so quiet. You were not hurt at what I said to-night, were you?"

"No, I am all right, it is your imagination," and her voice sounded harder than she meant it, by reason of the effort it cost her to steady it.

"Then we must have sat too long and taken a cold. Didn't you like the band? I always think it's such a pretty sight when the gardens are lighted up, don't you?"

"I don't care for those sorts of sights."

"Why not? What don't you like about it? Something is bothering you; what is it?"

She caught her breath, then answered in a low quick voice of stifled feeling, seeming to let herself go—

"It mocks me so! you don't know! you can't think! I don't see the people or the lights or anything as you do. I see my three graves, with the everlasting hills round them, and the trees moaning over them. I don't want to be thoughtless and gay like that butterfly throng, I want my lost ones, or, at least, to know that I shall see them again. When I hear the laughing and chattering all round it rings horribly in my ears. I think how empty and vain it all is and how, sooner or later, everyone there will lie under the cold ground with the wind moaning around them. I think how many of those smiling faces hide aching hearts and blighted lives, and how hopelessly we all seem to be the sport of circumstances. They think of it too, they must, if they have ever stood by an open grave that held someone precious. But they blind themselves and forget for a little while; I can't! They only ask 'where?' and 'when?' occasionally, but I am always asking it. I try not to care, but it's no use; I can do nothing but grope helplessly in the dark and find no light."

Her voice broke and she leaned heavily upon him, bending her head that he might not see the visible emotion in her face.

He drew her closer to him and said in a husky voice, "You look at things in such a strange light, Madge dear. I wish you could be more simple and less morbid. Other people can trust that it's all right, why can't you?"

"Because I can't!" she exclaimed, half-passionately, "I don't think it is all right; I think it's all wrong. Don't you see how, all the time, the wicked people triumph and the innocent suffer?"

"I think things are pretty even," he replied doubtfully. "Anyhow, it's best to take them as they come and make the best of them."

"Yes, yes, I thought so once, but it's different now. I can't bear never to see Jack again; it's that which maddens me. You must just leave me alone and enjoy your life as you used to before. Don't let me make any difference."

"Always Jack," murmured a voice within him, but he stifled back the thought, saying, with the same hesitating, half-doubtful air: "But I want so to see you happier."

They had reached home now and stood together in the dining-room.

"I am happier than I was at home," she said softly. "You must let that content you. I am going to bed now;

I suppose you will stay up a little longer?"

"Yes, a little while," he answered.

Then he put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her. "God bless you," he said, "and help me to comfort you."

And when she had gone, he sat down by the table and buried his face on his arms. For a strange new life was dawning in his heart and a strange new sorrow, and he did not know how to meet them.

He did not understand what it was; or why he felt as he did; he was only conscious of that same craving for something more than she had given him and of a growing jealousy of his lost friend.

"Know thyself," said one of the seven wise men.

Aye; and surely he smiled scornfully

as he said it, knowing well that what sounded so simple was indeed almost impossible.

How can we "know ourselves," when there is always something within us, lying latent, which only makes itself felt and known, when certain circumstances call it into action.

It is only by trial and testing we can truly know the worth of anything.

Not long ago Guy had said, in all faith, that he was never likely to fall passionately in love; and so firm was he in this opinion, that he could not even see the approach, or recognise the beginning of it.

He had only made the common mistake of reading his own heart before it had been tested, and reading it wrong.

(To be continued.)

PROSPECTUS PUZZLE POEM REPORT.

SOLUTION.

TO THE GIRLS OF BRITAIN.

Girls of Britain, rise to feet,
Courtesying, as is most meet,
Your new-born magazine to greet.
Fiddlers, play! Sing, voices sweet!
Volume eighteen is complete,
And nineteen comes with footsteps fleet.
Crown with bays each new print sheet,
Give it in your heart a seat,
Then you shall live with joy replete.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
Lily Belling, Wribbenhall, Bewdley, Worcester.
Rev. Joseph Corkey, Armagh, Ireland, and John L. Corkey, Glendermott Manse, Londonderry, Ireland.
Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.
Robert Henry Hamilton, 34, Leadenhall Street, E.C.
Caroline M. M. Hog, c/o H. Morland, Esq., Cranford, near Hounslow.
Fred Lindley, Gas Works, South Hylton.
Ethel C. McMaster, 23, Ross Road, Wallington.
May Merrall, Ulverley, Olton, near Birmingham.
Ellen M. Price, 38, Eleanor Street, South Shields, Durham.
Ellen R. Smith, 11A, Union Court, Old Broad Street, E.C.
Isabel Snell, 51, Mere Street, Leicester.
Ellen C. Tarrant, 2, Palace Grove, Bromley, Kent.

Very Highly Commended.

L. L. Clews, Caroline A. Kilburn, Emily L. Reid, Ada Rickards, Miss Sharp, Gertrude Smith.

Highly Commended.

A. J. Batchelor, Louie A. Boraston, Melinda S. Bourne, Olive Bridge, B. Bryson, M. J. Champneys, Agnes B. Chettle, C. D. Cole, M. Cunliffe, Constance Daphne, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Mary E. Haward, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Annie G. Luck, Christina Henderson, G. D. Honeybourne, E. A. Knight, Frances M. Lewis, J. Middlemiss, F. Miller, Mrs. Nicholls, A. Phillips, F. S. Robertshaw, Florence E. Russell, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, H. Carr Smith, Maud White, Nannie

H. White, Kate Whitmore, W. L. Wishart, Elizabeth Yarwood, Helen B. Younger.

Honourable Mention.

M. S. Arnold, C. M. Baxter, E. Blunt, Edith M. Burr, Leonora E. L. Clark, Fanny Coldwell, Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, Janet Cumming, Mrs. Daffin, Daisy Gurman, Colonel A. Fische, Miss Fleming, Edith L. Howse, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Hyde, Elsie B. F. Kirkby, Grace W. Lewis, Mabel Lewis, Edmund T. Loader, J. D. Musgrave, Janie W. Rentoul, Margaret Sweeting, M. Walker, Jenny P. Wells, Miss Wilkinson.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

It was quite refreshing to find that the Prospectus Puzzle had proved to be really difficult, and that mistakes were almost as plentiful as they used to be in the earliest days of these competitions. We might explain away the difficulties one by one, but such a good-natured proceeding would be rather too late to be of much use, and it is hardly necessary to do more than commend the solution to the attention of those who competed.

A very matter-of-fact rendering of the first line to be found in many solutions somewhat startled us. It runs:—

"Girls of Britain, rise two feet!"

Could such an exhortation be carried into effect, what a very alarming country it would be to live in! "Courtesying" was generally translated "bowing low," a reading we could find no fault with from any point of view. The fourth line was evidently a most troublesome one, but none of the substituted readings could be justified by the puzzle, and the Author's must stand as the only one possible. In reference to the sixth line, we were often informed that the division sign should have been the minus sign. Certainly not: xx. divided by 1 becomes xix., and xix. is nineteen.

Baize as a substitute for bays in the next line did not impress us favourably. It is doubtless a most useful fabric, but for coronation purposes it can be improved upon. For the rest nothing need be said.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

ON THE GENRE ARTS OF MAKING AND TAKING TEA.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

E. Nina Reid, N. Taieri, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand.

Annie G. Taylor, The Moorings, Coorporoe, Brisbane, N.Z.

Very Highly Commended.

J. W. W. Hogan, Anna I. Hood (France), Annie Jackson (Ontario), Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Mrs. Talbot Smith (S. Australia).

Highly Commended.

Clara Finch (France), Elizabeth Lang (France), Fenella Mackintosh (Bengal), Mrs. E. R. Manners (Bengal), Mrs. S. F. Moore (West Australia), Mrs. Morison (Canada), Mary Ruttonji (India), Malcolm R. Walker (Victoria), M. Waterstorm (Melbourne), Charles Williams (Cape Colony).

A WELL-BRED GIRL.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Katherine J. Knop, Bergheim, Ootacamund, Madras Pres., India.
Jessie Mitchell, Clydeshowe, Edmonton, Alta, Canada.

Special Mention.

E. Nina Reid (New Zealand). The best solution, but the author took a prize for the last puzzle.

Very Highly Commended.

Mrs. H. Andrews, Mabel Ayliff, Trottie C. Barrow, Winifred Bizzey, Annie Isabel Cameron, Lucy E. Cress, N. D. Teresina Fenzi, John A. Fitzmaurice, Edith Hardy, Dagmar Hentsch, M. E. Howell, Caroline Hunt, Ethel Malone, Mrs. G. R. Manners, Katie A. Massey, Mrs. S. F. Moore, Florence Richardson, Hilda D'Rozario, Tom Russell, Helen Shilstone, Ada F. Sykes, Marion A. Thomas, Julia Yearwood, Nellie Yearwood.

Highly Commended.

Maud E. Atkinson, Emily Auld, Daisy Bannister, Annie Barrow, Mrs. Campbell, John H. Cargill, C. H. Cather, Florence Copestake, Lillian Dobson, Alice G. Eckel, E. Eckel, Amy Esam, Edith A. Ford, Fontilla Greaves, Louise Guilbert, Mrs. Hardy, Clara J. Hardy, L. Hill, Annie I. Hood, Mrs. Jeffares, Elias Keys, Elizabeth Lang, Helen M. Lister, Frances A. L. Maclach, Mrs. G. Marrett, Gertrude E. Moore, S. Moore, Estella Nichols, Mabel de Polignac, Olga Seifert, Walter C. Stewart, T. Angus Swan, M. A. Varlan, Edith Wassell, M. Anne Wilson.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "COFFEE-MAKING."

SOLUTION.

COFFEE-MAKING.

How strange it is that we on English soil
So often fail, however much we toil,
In making coffee such as Frenchmen boil!

Do we lack sense, or pots, or water pure?
Do we bad coffee or thin milk procure?
Tell me, ye careful housewives, I adjure!

The coffee-pots rare-fashioned are to please
These English, German, French and Viennese,
So different from the simple pots for teas.

So this I urge—that girls should take a turn
With fresh-ground berries at the coffee-urn,
Greeting, with smile, the breakfast-cups
return.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Ten Shillings Each.

Mrs. J. Brand, 13, Windsor Circus, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

Edith Dewey, c/o Mr. F. A. Rogers, 327, Oxford Street, W.

Mrs. F. Farrar, Westridge, Whitefield, near Manchester.

Caroline Gundry, The Vicarage, Cerne Abbas, Dorchester.

Mrs. E. L. Hamilton, 44, Marquis Road, Stroud Green, N.

Fanny K. Hanley, 6, Kirk Street, Oldmeldrum, Aberdeenshire.

J. Hunt, 42, Francis Road, Birmingham.

Elizabeth Rose, 5, Rubistaw Terrace, Aberdeen.

Edith F. Sellers, c/o Miss Hall, Stanley House, Oundle, Northamptonshire.

A. A. L. Shave, 6, Craufurd Rise, Maidenhead.

Isabel Snell, 51, Mere Road, Leicester.

Emily C. Woodward, Handsworth Villa, Albert Quadrant, Weston-super-Mare.

Special Mention.

Emily L. Reid, Eliza J. Stable.

Very Highly Commended.

C. Adams, Ethel B. Angear, Florence M. Angear, Annie Arnold, Annie A. Arnott, Annie Barker, Edith Barnes, Lily Belling, Isabel Borrow, Melinda S. Bourne, Herbert A. Brown, Beatrice C. Brooks, William E. Bryant, B. Bryson, Louie Bull, Edith Burford, A. Burrell, Edith Carpenter, Elizabeth M. Caple, F. T. Chamberlain, M. J. Champneys, Agnes B. Chettle, Muriel L. Clague, Frances J. Cox, M. A. C. Crabb, Mrs. Crossman, Ellie Crossman, Janet Cumming, Mrs. Ronald Daniel, E. H. Duncan, Louie Drury, Maud C. Fisher, C. M. A. FitzGerald, M. J. FitzGerald, Annie French, Edith E. Gotobed, Edith E. Grundy, Mrs. G. Hardman-Hoyle, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Beatrice A. Harrison, Ethel Hodgkinson, Mary Hodgkinson, H. Hopkins, M. L. Hopkins, Rosa S. Horne, Edith L. Howse, Alice E. Johnson, Mrs. A. L. Kendall, Helen M. Keys, Carina Leggett, Grace W. Lewis, Winifred A. Lockyear, J. S. Longland, C. Y. MacGibbon, Donald Mackenzie, Martin McKenzie, S. Mason, Bertha Medley, Marian E. Messenger, Margaret Murray, Maggie Ormond, Gertrude Peace, Lizzie Peacock, Mrs. Pinney, Ellen M. Price, Eliza J. Scarle, Florence Scott, Janet Scott, A. C. Sharp, Ethel J. Shepard, Mildred M. Skrine, Jenny Smedley, Ada Smith, Ellen R. Smith, Harriet C. Smyth, Mrs. G. M. Thompson, L. M. Todd, E. G. Trezise, Daisy Tyler, Ada C. F. Walker, Camilla F. Walker, Vera H. Walker, Ethel M. Warner, Mrs. Watson, Florence Watson, G. S. Wilkins, Freda M. Wood, Edith M. Young, Helen B. Younger.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Mrs. J. P. Ansell, A. E. Ashton, Mabel Bacet, M. Bolingbroke, A. C. Carter, Mary I. Chislett, L. H. Clark, Edith Collins, Rev. Joseph Corkey, Mrs. A. C. Coombs, F. Cunliffe, Florence E. Deeth, Ethel Dobell, Miss Franklin, Daisy Gurman, Miss Hedderwick, Annette E. Jackson, R. V. R. James, Miss Japp, M. Keene, Evelyn M. Kent, Janet Kidd, Elsie B. F. Kirkby, Margaret S. Krauss, Dorothy Lang, Emily Lethem, Mabel J. Lewis, Emmie Lock, Donald McLean, E. MacMichael, Lucretia Milton, Miss Mingo, Mrs. A. M. Motum, Mrs. F. C. Nash, Rev. V. Odum, Miss Oldfield, Alice G. Page, Marian Pinder, M. Poole, Mrs. Pratten, May E. Purser, Nina E. Purvey, Florence E. Russell, E. M. Sanderson, L. E. Saul, Alfred Scott, Ida Seabrook, Gertrude Smith, R. E. Carr-Smith, Clara Souter, Ethel E. Spencer, Rosi Spencer, Alice E. Stretton, Alice Taylor, Bettie Temple, Evelyn Townend, Annie L. Trendell, W. Fitzjames White, Henry Wilkinson, Ethelwynne Wilson, W. L. Wishart, Josephine Woodrow.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Had we been free to gratify our sense of justice to the full, we should have awarded about half-a-gross of prizes this month. But the resources of even a puzzle treasury have their limits, and though it seems a shame to suppress such generous instincts, they may not be indulged. Accordingly, we have followed the time-honoured plan of awarding prizes for only the very best solutions, and twelve hearts may rejoice over notes of interrogation and commas rightly placed and over apostrophes remembered.

Unhappily there was a weak spot in the puzzle itself. At least, we were unhappy about it until we read (on page 811 of the part in which the puzzle appeared) "The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything." This comforted us, and we carefully refrained from reading the rest of the article lest we should find anything to detract from such a beautiful yet common-sense observation.

Line 8 began with the word "There," and we may as well confess that it was intended to be read "there" as a contraction for there are. But there are cannot be contracted by any rules of grammar whatsoever, and we have to face an awkward dilemma. There is one way of working the word as it stands into the line and that is to use it as a triumphant exclamation:—

There! English, German, etc.;

the sense being "just look at the variety of coffee-pots—what more can you want?" But we cannot adopt such a clumsy reading to the exclusion of others more reasonable even though they imply a mistake. The favourite reading was "they're," and we accepted that and almost any other except "there's," which would almost horrify the Lindley Murrays out of existence.

"There is English coffee-pots." How truly dreadful!

The background of the title was merely intended to show up the drawings, but it was not to be wondered at that some solvers wrote "On black coffee-making." The reference to milk, however, in line 5 shows that it is the breakfast-table coffee which is in the poet's eye—poor fellow!

We were interested to note a curious touch of patriotism in some solutions, English being spelt with a capital "E" and Frenchmen with

a small "f." Is this one of the results of modern education? It is quite possible to show a healthy pride in one's country without indulging in orthographical freaks on her behalf.

The Frenchmen were also variously described as gendarmes, soldiers and postmen, these professions probably being suggested by the peaked caps. We are not aware, however, that there is anything particularly illustrious about the coffee-making of any one of them.

The attenuated r in line 5 was supposed by some solvers to be "pale," but even the best of milk does not affect a very ruddy hue, and "pale" could not be accepted as a good rendering. In line 8 Viennese was often spelt with only one n.

Very many competitors failed to grasp the idea of "fresh-ground" in line 11, their reading of the line being—

"With coffee berries at the coffee-urn."

Those of our readers who, in their desire to have pure coffee, put the actual berries into the urn have themselves to thank for a very un-French result.

The last line gave much trouble, and not one competitor gave it exactly as the author wrote it. In some solutions it begins "and greet" (hand greet), and after all we have said upon this cool ignoring of the aspirate, it is very, very grievous to find the offence committed again. Another common but indifferent reading runs:—

"Salute with lips the coffee-cups' return."

Why such an exhortation? However good the coffee may be, it is not, as far as our experience goes, at all usual to kiss the cup.

Again:—

"Greeting with parted lips the cups' return,"

suggests a greediness of demeanour which would ill become the breakfast-table of any one of our readers. Furthermore both these readings miss the point of the lesson, which is: learn to make good coffee, and you will be rewarded by the return of the cups for a further supply; and, if you take any pride in your work, you will smile with delight.

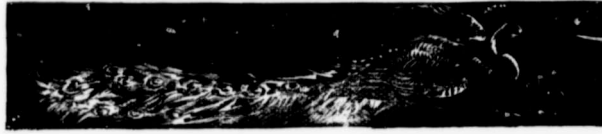
We have never understood why English homes cannot or do not produce better coffee. Possibly the reason given by

A daughter of la belle France—who, by-the-way, is also an English wife—is the true one. She writes: "You ask 'Do we lack sense?' No, but we do lack the soft water; the *bruite* to burn in the brasier over which the water is boiled, and the rich uncreamed milk brought to table in the vessel in which it is cooked and poured foaming upon the coffee. Let the 'careful housewives' be supplied with these aids, and she need no longer fear the competition of her sisters over the sea."

There is such a ring of probability about these suggestions, that we commend them to our readers with much confidence, though we (the puzzle editors be it understood) have no idea what *bruite* is. We must look it up.

The number of solutions which omitted the interrogation-marks at the end of lines 4 and 5 was quite surprising. Several also left out the apostrophe in cups' (either singular or plural will do), while very many more omitted the two important commas in line 6.

The adjudication turned upon these minor points, which, as far as the first two are concerned, are not so very insignificant after all, and no solution which showed any failure in solving receives any mention this month. This report finishes the puzzles in the last volume, and the consolation prize will be awarded shortly.



SISTERS THREE.

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

CHAPTER XVII.



MISS CARR'S surmise proved correct, for even as she spoke the door opened and Lettice appeared on the threshold. No longer the Lettice of short skirts and flowing locks, but an elegant young lady who swept forward with a rustle of silken skirts, and held up the sweetest pink and white face in the world to receive her father's kiss of greeting. "Lovely Lettice," indeed, lovelier than ever now in the first bloom of womanhood. As her father held her from him at arm's length, the slim figure was almost as tall as his own, and the golden head dropped before the grave, scrutinising glance. Lettice knew that her lover had called during her absence, and Miss Carr's silence, her father's unusual solemnity, added to her natural nervousness. The grey eyes roved from one face to another with a scared, helpless look which they were quick to understand.

"Yes," said Mr. Bertrand, "we know all about it by this time, Lettice. Mr. Newcome has interviewed Miss Carr. She was intensely surprised; I also, but she has had more opportunity of seeing you together, and she tells me that you have shown no special signs of interest in this young fellow. Tell me, my dear, speak frankly, we are only thinking of your happiness—have you allowed yourself to be persuaded against your own judgment? It is a pity if that is the case, but it can be remedied. There is no engagement as yet, and I can easily explain to Mr. Newcome that you have made a mistake."

Lettice had seated herself opposite him and busied herself pulling off her long suede gloves. She avoided her father's glance, but the answer came in a little, breathless gasp—"Oh, no, no, I don't want—"

"No—you say no? Lettice, this is a serious matter. Do you mean to tell me that you love Arthur Newcome, and wish to marry him? Think well, my dear. You know what it means, that you are content to spend your life with this man, to give up everything for him, to say good-bye to friends and relations—"

"Father, Miss Carr is here; you are all coming up for the winter; he lives here. I should not have to leave you!"

"You can't count on that, Lettice. Mr. Newcome's business arrangements might make it necessary for him to leave London at any time, and it would be your duty to follow. Do you care for him enough to make such a sacrifice? If you love him you will not hesitate; but do you love him? That is what I want to hear! Come, Lettice, speak, I am waiting for your answer!"

"I—I, father, I do like him! I promised I would; I think he is very kind!"

The two elders exchanged glances of baffled helplessness. There was silence for a few minutes, then Mr. Bertrand seated himself by Lettice's side and took her hand in his.

"My dear little girl, let us understand each other. Of course he is 'kind'; of course you 'like him,' but that is not enough; you must do something more than 'like' the man who is to be your husband. Do you care for him more than for me and Miss Carr, and your sisters and brothers all together? If he were on one side of the scale and we on the other, which would you choose? That is the way to face the question. You must not be satisfied with less. My dear, you are very young yet, I think you had better let me tell Mr. Newcome that he is not to mention this matter again for the next two years, until you are twenty-one. By that time you will know your own mind, and, if you still wished it, if you both wished it, I should have no more to say. You would be willing to leave it in that way, wouldn't you, dear?"

But Lettice did not look at all willing. She drew her hand away from her father's grasp, and turned her shoulder on him with a pettish gesture which was strangely unlike her usual sweet demeanour.

"Why should I wait? There is nothing to wait for! I thought you would be pleased. It's very unkind to spoil it all! Other girls are happy when they are engaged, and people are kind to them. You might let me be happy too—"

Mr. Bertrand sat bolt upright in his seat, staring at his daughter with incredulous eyes. Could it be possible that the girl was in earnest after all, that she was really attached to this most heavy and unattractive young man? He looked appealingly at his old friend, who, so far, had taken no part in the conversation, and she took pity on his embarrassment and came to the rescue. Two years' constant companionship with Lettice had shown her that there was a large amount of obstinacy hidden beneath the sweetness of manner, and

for the girl's sake, as well as her father's, she thought the present interview had better come to an end.

"Suppose you go to the library and have a smoke, Austin, while Lettice and I have a quiet talk together," she said soothingly, and Mr. Bertrand shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of nervous irritation, and strode from the room.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than Lettice produced a little laced-edged handkerchief from her pocket, and began to sob and cry.

"Father is cruel; why won't he believe me? Why may I not get engaged like other girls. I am nineteen. I was so happy—and now I'm miserable!"

"Come here, Lettice, and for pity's sake, child, stop crying, and behave like a reasonable creature. There are one or two questions I want to ask you. How long have you known that Arthur Newcome was in love with you?"

"I don't know. At least, he was always nice. That summer at Windermere, he always walked with me, and brought me flowers, and—"

"That was three years ago, the summer you came to me. So long as that! But, Lettice, whatever your feelings may be now, you have certainly not cared for him up to a very recent period. I don't need to remind you of the manner in which you have spoken about him. When you saw that he was growing attached to you, did you try to show that you did not appreciate his attentions?"

Lettice bent her head and grew crimson over cheek and neck.

"I was obliged to be polite! He was always with Madge, and I did like—"

Miss Carr shut her lips in tight displeasure.

"Yes, my dear, you 'liked' his attentions, and you were too vain and selfish to put an end to them, though you did not care for the man himself. Oh, Lettice, this is what I have feared, this is what I have tried to prevent! My poor, foolish child, what trouble you have brought upon us all! Arthur Newcome will have every reason to consider himself badly treated; his people will take his part; you will have alienated your best friends."

"I am not going to treat him badly. You are unkind; he would not be unkind to me. I wish he were here, I do! He would not let you be so cruel," and Lettice went off into a paroxysm of sobbing, while Miss Carr realised sorrowfully that she had made a false move.

"My dear child, you know very well I don't mean to be cruel. I am too anxious for your happiness. Lettice, Mr. Newcome is very much in love just now, excited and moved out of himself; but though he may not be less devoted to you, in the course of time he will naturally fall back into his old quiet ways. When you think of a life with him you must not imagine him as he was yesterday, but as you have seen him at home any time for the last three years. You have mimicked him to me many times over, my dear. Can you now feel content to spend your life in his company?"

It was of no use. Lettice would do nothing but sob and cry, reiterate that everyone was unkind, that she was miserable, that it was a shame that she could not be happy like other girls, until, at last Miss Carr, in despair, sent her upstairs to her bedroom, and went to rejoin Mr. Bertrand.

"Well?" he said, stopping short in his pacing up and down, and regarding her with an anxious gaze, "what luck?"

Miss Carr gave a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, none—none at all! She will do nothing but cry and make a martyr of herself. She will not acknowledge that she has made a mistake, and yet I know, I feel it is not the right thing! You must speak to Arthur Newcome yourself to-morrow, and try to make him consent to a few months' delay."

"I was thinking of that myself. I'll try for six, but he won't consent. I can't say I should myself under the circumstances. When Lettice has accepted him and cries her eyes out at the idea of giving him up, you can hardly expect the young fellow to be patient. Heigho, these daughters! A nice time of it I have before me, with four of them on my hands."

Punctually at eleven o'clock next morning Arthur Newcome arrived for his interview with Mr. Bertrand. They were shut up together for over half-an-hour, then Mr. Bertrand burst open the door of the room where Miss Carr and his daughter were seated, and addressed the latter in tones of irritation such as she had seldom heard before from those kindly lips.

"Lettice, go to the drawing-room and see Mr. Newcome. He will tell you what we have arranged. In ten minutes from now, come back to me here."

Lettice dropped her work and glided out of the room, white and noiseless as a ghost, and her father clapped his hands together in impatience.

"Bah, what a man! He drives me distracted! To think that fate should have been so perverse as to saddle me with a fellow like that for a son-in-law! Oh dear, yes, perfectly polite, and all that was proper and well-conducted, but I have no chance against him—none! I lose my head and get excited, and he is so abominably cool. He will wait a month as a concession to my wishes before making the engagement public, and during that time she is to be left alone. He is neither to come here

nor to write to her, and we will say nothing about it at home, so that there may be as little unpleasantness as possible if it ends as we hope it may. I had really no decent objection to make when he questioned me on the subject. He is in a good position; his people are all we could wish, his character irreprouchable. He wishes to be married in the autumn, and if he persists I shall have to give in, I know I shall—you

might as well try to fight with a stone wall."

"Autumn!" echoed Miss Carr in dismay. "Autumn! Oh, my poor Lettice, my poor, dear child! But we have a month, you say; a great deal may be done in a month. Ah, well, Austin, we must just hope for the best, and do everything in our power to prevent an engagement."

(To be continued.)

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.

Saint Valentine.

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PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

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, 56, 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 March 15, 1898; from Abroad, May 18, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE last idea in the way of the shape of female dress which comes to us from Paris is, apparently, that we shall all be tall and slight; that all lines shall be long, and that if there are to be lines at all, they shall be straight ones. No bunches of any sort, no stiffening to the skirts, and no puffiness to the sleeves. If you happen to be short and stout, or even tall and full of figure, the first thing to be done is to learn how to manipulate your dress and your millinery, so that you may assume the virtue of slimness, even though you have it not.

Of course, after this notification, those who think about the matter will soon make up

their minds that certain articles of dress and certain forms of cutting and making garments will soon return to our midst. Long coats to the feet, for instance, have arrived already for some people, and in my last I spoke of the three-quarter length jacket as having been seen, and is going to be in the future the proper thing to wear, instead of the short jackets which we have all worn so long and which, to give them their due, have been most comfortable and useful, and have always looked, when well-made, smart and serviceable under all circumstances. All the new hats too, are of course trimmed very high at one side; and in Paris the fur muff has grown to an enormous

size, so that no one but a tall woman could be seen with such an encumbrance. Long and clinging tea-gowns, cut in the princess style, are already seen in considerable quantities here, and velvet seems to be the favourite material or at least one of those beautiful velveteens which it is difficult to distinguish from a real silk velvet.

Still, in evening dress, the short and rather full skirt holds its own, as it does also by daytime in our every-day life; and the prevalence of fur in bands, and even in flounces, is one of the things thrust on one's notice in real life. I have seen short skating dresses of fur. In fact I think one sees these in certain shops

every winter, though more perhaps this year than usual. Skunk fur is more used than it was, but even though it looks so well and wears almost better than any other fur, the first damp day brings an odour that is plainly perceptible even in the best cured and most costly skins.

Do not fancy though that the Russian blouses have been ejected from fashion. By no means. But their tendency towards too much bagginess, both in the back and the front, has been much reduced, and I hear it said that it will disappear in the spring, when they will look more like the Norfolk jacket of old than the Russian moujik's coat. The long coat is often made with a Russian blouse effect, and on a slight figure this is very elegant and effective.

I notice that numbers of tartan blouses of all kinds are now being sold and are most comfortable in use. Their only drawback is, that they are made for the white linen collars and cuffs, which are not becoming to everyone, and seem quite out of place with



THE BRAIDING OF TO-DAY.

velvet. A handsome *passementerie* would look better to my mind. For the ordinary blouse of the morning, viyella, flannelette, and figured flannels are much used, and for those people who cycle, nothing could be more comfortable.

When walking down a well-known street the other day I noticed in the windows of a large shop any amount of flannel and flannelette blouses, seemingly very nicely made, and priced at one shilling, or one and sixpence. Of course, one knows that the material is a cheap one, but what can the poor worker have received?

One cannot help being delighted to see that the small basques for the blouse have gained in favour; for we are spared the sight of much inelegance and some untidiness in the modes of attaching bodice and skirt. It is better now than formerly, when nearly every one exhibited the effect of "coming unscrewed at the waist," as a well-known writer once phrased it. And there is no doubt that the basque is more becoming. Of some of the new blouses the sleeves are braided all over, as well as the collars and *revers*. In a general way these are made of Venetian cloth. Wide waistbands are also braided to match, and also bands for the decoration of the skirt.

Before I finish with the subject of gowns, and their trimmings, I must mention how much fur has been used at the last fashionable weddings, for the trimming of both the brides' and the bridesmaids' dresses. White satin for the bride has been the almost invariable material, and this has been trimmed during the last ten days with three different kinds of fur, chinchilla, sable, and a lovely golden otter.

Even those who never have tried their hands at millinery might endeavour to make something of it now. The popular mode of the hour is the toque, and the folds of velvet used on it are so heavy and massive, with bands of fur, and even whole birds, as well as wings, that but small

artistic skill is needed to arrange it. The folds of velvet are like turbans, they are so heavy, and this mode obtains both on hats and bonnets as well. The other day I saw a young lady with such a heavy piece of velvet arranged in

folds on the brim of her hat, that it almost looked as if it would over-balance it. The hat was black, and the velvet of a lovely rose-colour, and there were white wings at the side; the colouring was beautiful, though the



GOWN WITH PLAIN FRONT AND FULL BACK AND SIDES.



A WINTER CAPE.

arrangement was top-heavy. The brightness and lightness of the hues of this winter's millinery is most remarkable. It is as if we had mistaken our season and come out in spring attire and colours instead of winter ones. The greens used are peculiarly pretty and spring-like; and nothing looks better than a dark green or black hat trimmed with green velvet, and with the inevitable white wings as a pleasant relief.

The unwonted use of flowers, with fur, is a feature of this winter's head coverings. The flowers used seem to be only violets and chrysanthemums. Not much lace is seen, and what is employed is generally white.

Our illustration of "the braiding of today" shows the extremely bold character of the new designs, which are mostly seen on cloth gowns. The gown illustrated is of mauve cloth, and the braid is black. The

second figure has a fur jacket of caracul, edged with ermine. This shows one of the remarkable mixtures which this year has brought forth in fur. The jacket is made in the Russian-blouse style, the band at the waist being of oxydised silver.

These closely-fitting fur jackets are being found so warm by the young people who are wearing them that they cannot manage to wear anything warmer than a silk, or even a cotton blouse, under them. So it is no uncommon sight to see the latter, even though the season be winter and the weather cold.

Another very pretty jacket of the kind is shown in our next illustration of one of the newest skirts, with a plain apron-like front, on which the rest of the skirt in front is gathered. The bodice of this gown, which was of green cloth, is of green velvet, edged with ermine, or with chinchilla; the points of

the revers in front being of white lace over white satin. This is a charming winter or early spring gown for a young girl. The bands on the skirt are of green velvet, and the waistband is of green leather with a silver buckle.

I must add a few lines to my information about trimmings in order to say something about the numberless lace bows, fronts and neckties, which are worn by everyone. Fronts for dresses are made of some bright-coloured silk, which is then covered with white lace; and thus finished it looks very well as a brightener of any winter frock. The lace must be repeated with the colour in any toque or hat worn.

Many people add a frill of white lace inside the high storm collar, as it keeps the velvet or cloth from the hair, and also prevents the fur from getting soiled. In the case of dyed furs, the lace is very useful, for the colouring matter nearly always comes off and makes everything black which touches them. Cheap furs that are dyed—not real fur—are always to be avoided, and it is better to arrange for an entire imitation (like the woven astrachan, for example) than to have a fur which will prove so unsatisfactory in wear as a fur which has been dyed to an artificial black.

Long lace scarves are in high favour, and are worn over fur and velvet jackets and fur capes. All the best laces seem to show Brussels patterns, but others may be had. All these small confections add so much to the look of a person, but they are very expensive to buy. They are, fortunately, easy to make, and anyone with a good memory for effects can reproduce the patterns seen at small expense. There are so many things in this way that can be made at home by a clever

person; amongst others, the long evening cloaks that are so much worn. The pattern is easily obtained, and the material also. Velveteens make very handsome cloaks, and there is a long list of all kinds of pretty and serviceable colours from which to choose. Silk and wool materials, such as figured reps and brocades, and even some of those wonderful brocades in wool and cotton, made for upholstery purposes, may be used for cloaks. The satin can be obtained ready quilted; or else there is generally some bargain in brightly-hued materials to be obtained, which is perhaps slightly tumbled or soiled, but which is in nowise spoilt for a cloak lining.

The value of these cloaks is best found in London, where it is possible to save much cabfare, if we can make our journey by omnibus, well covered-up in a pretty, and not too dressy, cloak.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

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

MOTHS.

DURING the past few years I have made the acquaintance of a good many members of the moth family.

A small room built out of the conservatory

their cradles, and I shall watch them turn into chrysalides, and eventually into moths.

The smallest specimens of this destructive tribe that I have yet met with are the cork moths; they lay their eggs in the corks of old sweet wine with the result that the grubs bore holes into the said corks, and thus let in the outer air and turn the wine into vinegar, and in this way thousands of bottles of choice wine become spoiled by an enemy so minute as to be very seldom seen in the winged state.

This fact points to the necessity of protecting the corks of valuable wine by sealing-wax or metal capsules.

The name ficaria is said to be given to this species because the small tubers somewhat resemble a fig, (*ficus*) in shape.

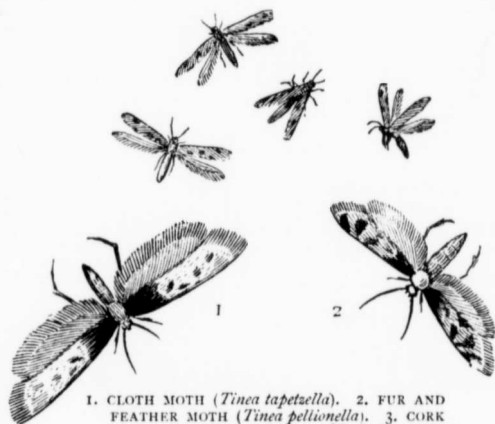
SPIDERS.

A spider's web empearled by hoar frost is indeed "a thing of beauty." To-day every tree-branch, bush and spray is seen to be hung with these jewelled webs, even the lawn is covered with them, and one realises that flies live in a very world of snares unseen by us until the frost reveals them.

There really seems to be a spider fitted to every situation in life.

In our houses reside the *tegmenarias*, those black, long-legged, swift running creatures which are the *betes noires* of nervous people, but which, notwithstanding, are full of curious ways and instincts, as I can vouch for, seeing I kept one as a "pet" for more than a year.

I watched with interest its making silken tunnels, laying its bag of eggs in a corner of



1. CLOTH MOTH (*Tinea tapetzella*). 2. FUR AND FEATHER MOTH (*Tinea pellionella*). 3. CORK MOTH (*Oinophila v. flavu*). (*Much Magnified.*)

was found to be too damp for my daily use and was for a while unused in consequence. I find that the moths have been having grand times there; they found out some boxes of curious feathers and reduced them to shreds and atoms, they reared extensive families in the buffalo skin which carpets the floor, a stuffed gazelle has afforded a delightful feeding-ground for another species. I find that a box of owl pellets is swarming with *Tineas*; in fact nothing seems to have come amiss to these little plagues. They can adapt themselves to digest every kind of material, and very diligently do they set to work to reduce feathers, cloth, furs and stuffed animals and birds to a heap of dusty fragments. One is familiar with the ordinary moth cases containing the grubs, and sometimes the small white *Luræ* make tunnels in the substance they are devouring, but in the room I speak of a certain red plush table-cover contained a number of neat, little oval cells, and in each reposed a fat, white grub, no doubt the maker of the cell. Since the cloth is ruined I have allowed these innocent babies to remain in

THE LESSER CELANDINE (*Ranunculus Ficaria*).

The lesser celandine is amongst the earliest of our spring flowers.

"The first gilt thing
That wears the trembling
pearls of spring."

Wordsworth.

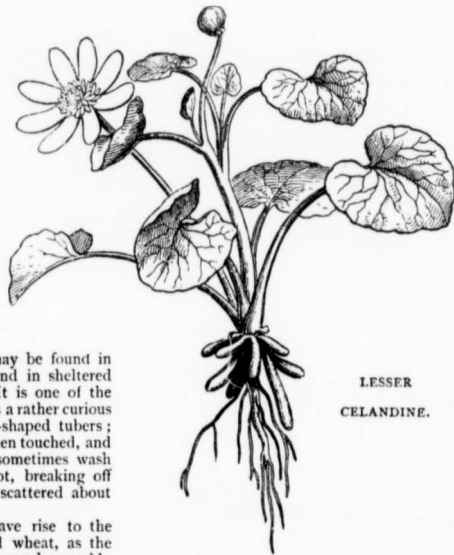
Its bright cheery flowers may be found in this month starring the ground in sheltered nooks or on hedge banks. It is one of the buttercup family, and possesses a rather curious root consisting of small oval-shaped tubers; these break off very readily when touched, and a heavy storm of rain will sometimes wash the earth away from the root, breaking off these tubers and leaving them scattered about on the surface of the ground.

This fact in olden days gave rise to the belief that it sometimes rained wheat, as the small bulbs when detached very much resemble wheat grains.

Like all buttercups the plant is poisonous, but in spite of that its glossy green leaves and golden flowers are welcome to our eyes as tokens of the coming spring.

It may be interesting to observe that in different flowers the petals vary in number from five to nine, and the sepals are equally varied, ranging from three to five or six.

The small honey glands at the base of the petals render this plant attractive to bees and flies, and the flowers thus become fertilised by their visits, but if by reason of its growing in a shady place no insects happen to visit the flowers and they fail to ripen fruit, then the plant has another resource and produces small bulbils in the axils of the leaves, and these in time fall off and become new plants.



LESSER
CELANDINE.

the box it resided in, and concealing it by sticking all over it the legs and wings of the flies it had fed upon until the egg nursery looked only like a bit of old spider's web.

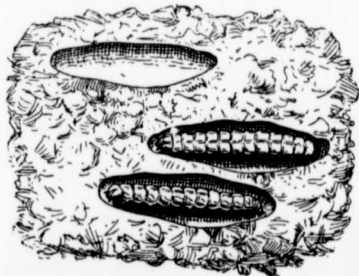
Another species of spider haunts our window sills.

It makes no web but catches flies by lying in wait and springing suddenly upon them; it is called zebra, from its lovely stripes and markings.

In pine-trees we may find a spider of the most vivid green colour weaving small webs to entrap flies, and in some hidden corner it places a little mass of brilliant yellow silk which contains its precious store of eggs.

On the surface of ponds spiders may be seen running swiftly to and fro.

One species elects to reside upon a floating leaf, and on this little raft it must lead rather a precarious life driven about with every gust of wind.



MOTH LARVÆ IN PLUSH CLOTH.

The most curious of the aquatic spiders is the one which dives below the surface, carrying with it a supply of air with which it fills a silken bag it has woven amongst the weeds growing at the bottom of the pond. In this small balloon it lives its hidden life, preying upon small water insects, only going up to the surface now and again in order to renew its supply of needful air.

In summer we may see thousands of dark brown wolf spiders, each carrying a snow-white ball of eggs beneath its body as it threads its way amongst the grass stubble where the hay has been cut and carried.

Even the air has its tenants from this ubiquitous tribe, for in autumn we may often see the tiny gossamer spider being wafted along with its trail of silken web floating past in the soft breeze.

All these creatures doubtless have their uses and each performs some needful part in the economy of nature.

LEPISMAE.

There is a tiny dweller in our houses, not often seen because of its nocturnal habits, but yet for several reasons it is worth a little careful study.

I paid a visit to my kitchen hearth last night when the lights had been put out and all was quiet.

There I saw small silvery creatures, shaped like fishes flitting rapidly about within the kitchen fender. These were lepismae, but when I endeavoured to catch them I found it by no means an easy task.



Lepisma Saccharina. (Magnified.)

I managed it at last by means of a small dusting brush and a basin. With a rapid sweep of the brush I secured a few specimens which I felt could only be safely retained in a glass globe, their small size and agility enabling them to escape from almost any kind of box.

When I examined them by daylight I saw that these singular little atoms possess six legs, two antennae and three long hairs in the tail. They glisten as if formed of silver, and their scales are so fine and delicate as to be used as a test for microscopic glasses.

I have kept lepismae for months, feeding them on cake and sugar until they became tame enough to bear being looked at without fear. Their Latin name, *Lepisma saccharina*, implies their preference for sugar, although they indulge in other rather diverse articles of diet, such as sweet cake, wall-paper, book bindings and furniture coverings.

They are often to be seen in damp libraries running over books and papers, but they are so small that I do not think much injury can be laid to their charge.

The Germans call these little creatures silver fishes, a name which accurately describes their appearance.

TREE CATKINS.

I see to-day one of the earliest signs of approaching spring! Even before the snow-drop can be found, the little hanging blossoms of the hazel, called by country children "lamb's tails," are to be discovered on the bare sprays. They have been there since last autumn all unobserved, but now they are daily lengthening and growing more conspicuous,



HAZEL CATKIN
(Showing male and female flowers).

and will soon be shedding out their pale yellow pollen as a passing wind shakes the branches.

From this time onward we shall find much interest in the study of tree blossoms, and I will endeavour to speak of them in the order in which they appear.

The essential thing in all flowers, in fact the very reason for the existence of a flower is, that its seed should be rendered fertile so that when sown it should produce a plant like itself. In the greater number of plants we find stamens and pistils, which are the male and female organs, contained in the same flower. In tree blossoms there is sometimes a different arrangement.

When the willow blossom is out (which we call palm) we shall find one tree bearing the pretty silvery buds which develop later on into the golden powdery blossoms; these are the male trees, and near by we shall find other willows with pale green flowers; these after receiving a shower of pollen will eventually bear an abundance of fluffy willow seed. Next month I shall be able to show an illustration of both these trees. In our hazel



ALDER CATKIN
(Showing male and female flowers).

tree the female flower is at present a small brown bud, having at the apex a little bunch of crimson threads, and on the same twig hangs the male catkin with which we are so familiar. As soon as this hazel flower is fully expanded its anthers containing the pollen will split open, and the first passing breeze will scatter an abundance of the light powder into the air; some of it is sure to fall upon the crimson stigmas projecting from the brown buds; thus the future nut is fertilised and is enabled to grow and mature into those welcome nut-clusters which we look for in the autumn hedges. Towards the end of this month we shall find the alder catkins (*Alnus glutinosa*) beginning to ripen and shed out their pollen. They somewhat resemble the hazel, only they are of a brownish red, and the future cones appear in the form of a small spray of dark crimson buds usually found close to the hanging catkin, and it too is fertilised in the same manner as the hazel.

SCALE INSECTS.

I have made an acquaintance, more curious than agreeable, in the shape of the destructive orange-scale insect. I find it constantly appearing upon the stem and leaves of a small seedling orange-tree which I have been growing from a pip. Every few weeks brown oval

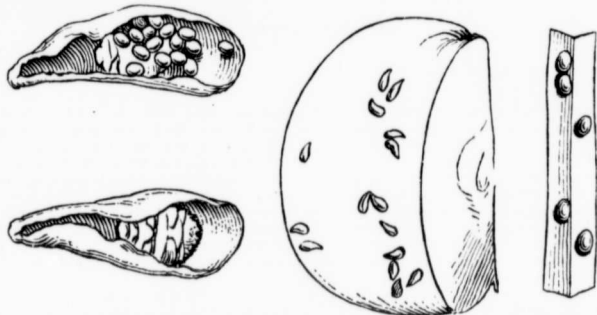


COCHINEAL INSECT ON
CACTUS.

scales have to be scraped off the small tree, else its health would be impaired, for these apparently insignificant things are really live creatures each of them possessing six minute legs and a kind of beak with which it bores into the stem and sucks the sap of the plant. These scale insects are a serious annoyance to gardeners and give rise to an immense amount of trouble, for they multiply rapidly, and when once a plant is infested with them there seems no remedy but washing carefully each individual leaf, or else syringing the entire plant with some poisonous liquid.

The life-history of the various scale-insects is not fully known, but in most cases the male insect is a minute fly; the small tortoise-like brown atom which adheres to the stem and leaves being the female.

There are many English species, and unfortunately in importing foreign plants we are apt also to import new kinds of scale-insects which find a congenial home in our hothouses. The palm-scale is one of the most conspicuous, and if we remove one of these from the under side of a palm-leaf in autumn we may, with a lens, discern about fifty white eggs within the brown shell, left there by the dead scale-insect ready to hatch in due time and perpetuate her species. On the fruit of both oranges and apples we may often find the mussel-scales (*Aspidiotus conchiformis*). At the first glance we should take them to be mere brown specks, but the

APPLE MUSSEL SCALE. (*Much Magnified.*)

PALM SCALE.

exact form of the mussel-shell shows that they are true scale-insects. As long ago as the year 1518 a kind of scale was observed upon cactus plants in Mexico (*Cossus cacti*). It was found to contain a red colouring matter which forms the basis of the rich carmine used by water-colour painters, and it also yields the cochineal of commerce, so much employed in dyeing and in various arts.

An Indian scale-insect (*Cossus lacca*) deposits a reddish waxy substance upon the twigs and branches of trees; this substance is called stick-lac, and is largely used in the manufacture of sealing-wax and varnish. So that while we look with disfavour upon the insect plagues of this species which infest our green-houses, we may at least recollect that they possess foreign relations who have a certain claim upon our gratitude.

QUEEN WASPS.

Queen wasps are now beginning to come out of the holes and crevices in which they have been hibernating during the winter.

All the male and worker wasps die in the autumn and only the queens survive until the following spring, when milder air awakens them from their torpid condition, and they begin to seek a suitable place in which to build a nest and found a wasp colony.

We have in England four or five species of wasps, and each may readily be distinguished by the markings on the face and body as shown in the illustration.

The common wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*) prefers to build either in a hollow tree or a hole in a hedge bank.

Having scooped out a sufficiently large cavity the queen lines it with a papery substance made of decayed wood.

I have often watched these insects busily at work upon the stump of an old tree in my garden.

With their strong mandibles they rasp off the dry wood-fibres and moisten them with a glutinous liquid secreted in their mouths until they have a small bundle of a convenient size to carry away.

With this material the wasp makes a ceiling

to her nest, placing about sixteen layers one over the other to make a firm foundation.

From this roof are suspended terraces of cells made of the same grey paper and formed exactly like the honey-comb of bees, only these are made to contain wasp-eggs instead of honey.

An egg is laid in each cell, and the grubs when hatched hang head downwards and are fed from below. This seems a curious arrangement, but the grubs are in some way enabled to hold on by their tails so that they never fall out, and as they grow they line their cells with a kind of silk, change their skins several times, become chrysalides, and then in due time push off the cover of their cell and crawl out perfect wasps. They are pale-coloured and weakly at first, but soon gain strength and colour and begin life on their own account.

As soon as the mother wasp finds that her eggs are beginning to hatch she leaves off building cells, and spends her time in feeding her young brood of grubs, and goes on doing so until they are full grown.

In a little while she finds herself surrounded by crowds of obedient worker wasps, and by their aid she goes on enlarging the nest and laying more and more eggs, until at the end of the season a nest is said to contain as many as thirty thousand wasps.

We have reason to be grateful to these insects, because they feed upon flies and immensely reduce their numbers during the hot summer months.

I have often seen a wasp seize a housefly from the window pane and make off with it; they also pick off the teasing flies from the cattle and thus render them valuable service.

The wood wasp (*Vespa sylvestris*) forms beautiful hanging nests in trees where they look much like grey paper roses.

These nests are made of the same wood fibre masticated into extremely thin layers forming the outer case, within are the brood cells, and at the bottom an opening is left for ingress and egress.

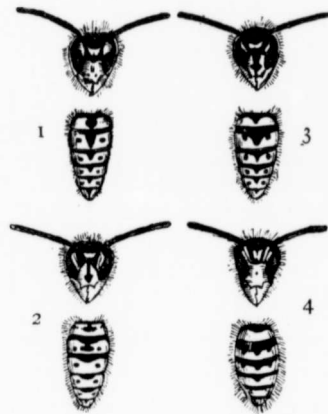
Although so much dreaded by most people, the wasp is really an inoffensive insect, rarely using its sting unless it is provoked and irritated.

I cannot say as much for the honey-bee; I have known one to fly straight out of the hive and fix its sting in some innocent passer-by who had done nothing to deserve such treatment.

A bee will also pursue its victim, as I have reason to know, with unrelenting fury.

In the days when I possessed an apiary, if an ill-tempered bee set upon me I found there was but one thing that would baffle my enemy in its pursuit; it was somewhat ignominious, it is true, to have to hide one's head in a bush and remain thus for four or five minutes, but it always proved an effectual defence, the angry hum of the bee died away in the distance and one could at last emerge in safety. This habit of the bee is alluded to in Deuteronomy i. 44. "The Amorites which dwelt in that mountain came out against you and chased you as bees do."

As we think of the life-history of the queen wasp and how, as soon as she wakes from her winter's sleep she sets about forming a nest, laying her eggs, and when the young are hatched feeding and watching over them with



1. *Vespa Germanica.* 3. *Vespa Vulgaris.*
2. *Vespa Rufa.* 4. *Vespa Sylvestris.*

patient mother-love, and all this entirely by herself, guided only by the wonderful instinct with which she has been endowed by the Creator, I think we can but admire the qualities she possesses. And further, when we see the marvellous industry of a colony of wasps, how they also carry out the various useful purposes for which they were created, clearing away dead wood, reducing the hosts of flies and eating many substances that would otherwise tend to pollute the air, we shall, I hope, henceforth look with different eyes upon the persecuted wasp, and instead of showing a foolish dread of its presence, learn to watch its curious ways and recognise that it is faithfully doing, in its humble sphere, the work that has been assigned to it.

VARIETIES.

A HINT TO AUTHORS.—"Brevity," says Sydney Smith, "is in writing what charity is to all other virtues. Righteousness is nothing without the one, nor authorship without the other."

A TEST OF CLEVERNESS.—"The clever girl is one who, when you say what you don't mean, always knows what you do mean."

WHO IS A WISE GIRL?—She is by no means to be considered wise who is not wise towards her elf.

KNOWLEDGE IS NO BURDEN.—It is said that a girl could easily carry a million pounds if the money was in £1000 notes. It is worth while for every girl to know this so as to be prepared for an emergency.

AN IMPORTANT THING.—Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.

THINKERS AND TALKERS.—"Those who have few affairs to attend to are great speakers. The less people think, the more they talk."

Montesquieu.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART IV.

WHAT IS IT TO BE RICH?

"Labour not to be rich" (Proverbs xxiii. 4).



I WONDER if amongst us who are met together to-night, one could be found who has never said in her heart, "I wish I were rich. If I only had plenty of money, what great things I would do with it." Probably many of us have uttered the wish in the hearing of others, and have even enumerated the

uses to which we would put our wealth if we only had it.

I notice, dear girls, that very few people associate the idea of riches with anything but a purse filled to overflowing from an inexhaustible source. To be rich in the estimation of most persons, means the being able to indulge every wish without stint. To be freed from all anxiety about ways and means not only for to-morrow, but through the whole of their lives. To feel that they have only to stretch out their hands and to gather in all the things that are desirable in the eyes of mankind, but which are beyond the reach of most of us.

The craving after something more and better, at least in our own eyes, than we possess, is born with us. The babe that cannot speak grasps a rattle in his tiny fist with a sense of riches, and laughs at its jingle until he catches sight of another child with a more attractive toy. Then he stretches out his free hand and struggles till he nearly throes himself out of his nurse's arms in his eagerness to seize it. The toy may be given to him to hold for a while, because he is but a babe, and other children often show the best side of their natures in being willing to deny themselves in order that these little ones may be happy. But the babe, with both his own hands filled, cares not that others have both theirs empty. Truly in this respect he is only a miniature type of us children of larger growth.

We hug our treasures, and it is to be feared that many of us selfish children of an all-loving and bountiful Father from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, enjoy our blessings and comforts the more, because they are not common to all our neighbours.

I appeal to you who are listening to me. Is it not so with too many of us? Have not some amongst you derived special pleasure from the thought that the pretty material you had just bought for a frock was an "exclusive design?" Have you not rejoiced in the knowledge that only that single length of yours was obtainable, and, therefore, none of your companions could have a dress like yours?

Again; have you not been terribly annoyed that a style which you thought unknown and unseen in your own neighbourhood because you had chosen it in town, had been already appropriated by a girl companion who had far less to spend than yourself. Perhaps, too, she wore her less costly garment with a grace you could not imitate, or the hat, daintily trimmed by her own deft fingers, crowned a face which you were constrained to confess was fairer than your own. So with one thing and the other you could not bring yourself to find any pleasure in the thought that she, having little to spend, could look so well in her simpler clothing. The very sight of her smiling face and trim figure was an offence. It made you feel poorer and as though you had failed to get a fair return for your money; because, despite her comparative poverty, she was feeling richer than yourself.

I have wandered a little from my starting place to present, by the way, a familiar picture as an illustration of our subject—"What is it to be rich?" Can you not realise from what I have just said, that, to the selfish, riches consist not merely in what they have, but in the fact that others do not possess the same things.

I have a special object in view to-night. I know that our gathering of girls includes representatives of all classes. The high born and the lowly, the toilers for daily food and the daughters of parents so wealthy that their children have only to ask and to have the wherewithal to buy soft raiment of fine linen and silk, and costly lace and glittering jewels. I know that here meet alike, the fashioner and the wearer of the Court dress in which some fair young girl makes her first courtesy to our beloved Queen. The general servant in a busy house, the ill-paid seamstress, the young shopwoman, the earnest, loving worker amongst the neglected and downtrodden can all be found joining in our twilight talks. There are many amongst us who are not girls and who yet love to sit with us in the twilight. They left their girlhood behind them years ago, but, in looking back upon it, they realise the mistakes they made and are ready to avail themselves of our meetings, because, as many have told me, they find them helpful. I think our subject to-night will suit people of all ages. When our talk is ended, I trust the rich amongst us will feel richer still, and those who consider themselves poor will find that if they are not really rich, they have only themselves to blame.

Have not you and I lain awake many a time in order to indulge in visions of untold wealth and of the good use we would make of it if it were really ours? I frankly plead guilty to having done this at intervals all my life. We do not generally begin by wishing for vast sums. Our first ideas are comparatively modest, but, as we dream on, our desires increase.

Only a few days ago I was talking to a grey-haired man on the subject. He was poor, but he owned that if he happened to lie wakeful upon his bed, he generally occupied himself in disposing of visionary riches.

"I have a friend who owns to the same failing," he added, "but he goes far beyond me. He laughs and asks, 'Where is the use of troubling about trifles when one is only dreaming of wealth?' When I began I only set myself to consider what I would do with ten thousand pounds if I had it. Now I never stop short of imagining myself a millionaire."

Imagination has no Boundary Walls.—Those who begin to dream about wealth soon

find this out. Ever and always, those who have it and those who indulge in golden dreams have one thing in common. They consider that in order to feel rich, they must have something more than they already possess.

To all of you, my dear ones, who sigh over scantily-filled purses and say, "I wish I had plenty of money;" I say, "How much would plenty mean? and what would you do with it?"

I dare say most of you would begin modestly. You would name a sum which would sound trifling in the ears of those who already possess far more, and who yet say as you did a moment ago, "I wish I had plenty of money," for the more people have the more they want. Probably you, who would ask for little to-day, would find that your wants had increased in greater proportion than your means, and you would be sighing out the same old wish before the year had gone its round.

What would you do with wealth if you had it? I address this question to each one of you who, sitting with me this evening in the twilight, is longing for "plenty of money."

I do not expect your answers will reach my ears or come to me in writing, though many of you do put your thoughts on paper for me to read. I often deeply regret my inability to reply to you individually, although I can and do sympathise with and pray for each and all.

Many a girl's answer would come quickly enough if she were not ashamed to tell. Do I not know from the confession of some of our members, that self takes the first place with them? That they hate to think such is the case and that they fight against it, but find how stubborn is the foe and how hard to vanquish.

So with the selfish nature, the first thought which would come along with wealth would be, "How can I gain the most enjoyment out of my new possessions?" The lover of finery and show who has stood outside the shops, vainly coveting glittering jewels and costly raiment, would now enter confidently and strive, by lavish expenditure, to outshine those whom she had formerly almost hated for having the power to wear such costly things.

So too with the girl who was vain of her beauty and yet thought it needed rich apparel to render it irresistible. Personal adornment would be her first thought. A selfish one, for though she might wish to be pleasing to other eyes, her own gratification would come first of all.

Another who had a longing to travel would hasten to indulge her right and natural wish, only, if she placed its gratification first of all, she might ignore the fact that for the time being, her real duty lay at home.

Again, girls are like their elders in being ambitious; but ambition should be well directed. Sometimes it takes the form of striving to win admission to what is called "higher society." In such a case, riches would be used as a stepping-stone to attain this end, and then—I hardly like to utter the thought which, however, will not be silenced.

Have not you and I known some who have in their days of increased prosperity, turned their backs upon friends who had loved, helped and cared for them, despite their poverty. Riches had made them independent of such friends, and, though conscience told them it was mean and cowardly to do it, they would pass without appearing to see the former companion who wore a last year's jacket, or a cheap frock.

Vain and selfish people have generally

shallow natures, and, if clad in silken raiment and decked with jewels, they can see no merit in a slightly faded dress. Yet the threadbare serge often represents self-denial for another's sake, and covers what is more precious than rubies.

I fancy I hear some of you say, "What ugly word-pictures you are drawing to-night! Surely you do not think so badly of us girls as to suppose that if we had plenty of money we should all act in accordance with the characters you have been sketching."

God forbid. These ugly pictures refer only to the selfish, the vain, the envious, the ambitious, the natures that would use without scruple any means and any person as stepping-stones for their own advancement and gratification. My pictures are ugly ones, but they are drawn from living models. You have only to look round your little world of acquaintances in order to find some who might have sat for them. I will draw no more such pictures, but I must add that natures like these, together with the sordid and miserly, who cannot make up their minds to spend, much less to give of their abundance, are to be found everywhere, but none of them are rich in the better sense of the word. The people who hoard, or spend only on self, are the poorest of all human beings.

I can imagine many of you, dear girls, answering my question—"What would you do with wealth if you had it?" in a very different fashion from those of whom I have been speaking. The loving daughter's heart would glow with glad thankfulness as she said to herself, "If I were rich, my grey-haired father should no longer toil at business, as he has done, in order to give his children a good education, to supply their many wants, or to make their path in life the smoother, by choosing the rougher road for himself."

Or, "My widowed mother should have no anxiety about the morrow. I would lift this burden from her weary shoulders and make her last days better than the beginning."

The self-devoting sister would rejoice that she could carry the delicate ones of the family from the narrow city home to the seaside, or

the country, and the sight of the roses growing on their pale cheeks would give her more joy than the most costly jewels or fashionable raiment. She would place the clever brother or sister in a position where natural gifts would have fair play, and, though less gifted herself, would be enriched in seeing the success of one she loved.

A lonely girl with no near ties would find father, mother, sister, brother, friend in every one she needed what it was in her power to give, and would be rich in seeing the happiness she had been able to bestow. Every disciple of Christ would feel that wealth was a trust from God, to be used, not for self-aggrandisement, but for His glory and the good of others as well as for our own happiness.

Perhaps some of you are saying in your hearts, "Why am I not rich? I feel sure that I should use wealth better than many do who possess it. Yet I have no prospect of anything but toil, or the barest income. Things are very unequal." Then a little feeling of discontent stirs in your heart, and you say again, "I wish I were rich. If I only had plenty of money how well I would use it."

No doubt you are in earnest. Many dreamers have thought the same, but we all know by experience that dreams and realities differ widely. Hence our plans for spending what we have often bear little resemblance to our use of what we already possess.

Surely we should all do well to pray, "Lord help me to make a good use of the little I already possess, and rather withhold wealth than give it unless Thou seest fit to enable me to use it for Thy glory, the good of my neighbour and the eternal welfare of my own soul."

All the things that go to make us rich in the eyes of the world are of such a fleeting character, and, up and down on the pages of the Bible we find texts which remind us of this truth. "If riches increase set not your heart upon them." "Labour not to be rich." "For riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle towards heaven." "For riches are not for ever."

These texts are only examples from the

many that are given us both in the Old and New Testaments. The first I quoted was sung by the Shepherd King, and it is more than confirmed in the words of Jesus Himself in the sermon on the mount, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

Later still the Great Apostle took up the warning cry, and wrote, "They that will be rich fall into temptation." "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." All these, at different times, widely apart, uttered the same counsel. All tell the same story for us to-day, namely that gold and silver, wide lands, costly jewels and rich raiment are not able to make us rich in the higher sense, because they do not endure. Even if we retain them whilst we live, it is seldom indeed that the power of enjoying what money can buy lasts to the close of life. "For we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

If I could see all your faces, dear girl friends and those amongst us who are older, I think I should read on many of them an expression of disappointment. Perhaps, if I could hear you speak, you would be ready to reproach me, gently I am sure, yet not without reason, for did I not say earlier in the evening that I wanted to make the rich feel richer, and the poor amongst us rich? At this moment, all that I have done is to show that the possessors of plenty of money, to put it shortly, are not really rich. You are ready to ask me if I despise wealth, and deem it worse than useless towards promoting our happiness?

Not so. Have I not opened my heart to you and owned that I have been as great a dreamer, and busied myself as much in disposing of imaginary wealth as the youngest amongst you? But our subject is a wide one, and when we meet again we will consider its varying sides.

In the meanwhile, appeal to God's word to show you some of them, and ask for the Holy Spirit's light upon its teaching, so that you may not read in vain.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

MARJORIE.—Decidedly you suffer from "dyspepsia," and a very troublesome form of that complaint. That you found "quinine and iron," made you worse we readily believe. We have given advice to many girls suffering in the same way as yourself; and also we have published two articles dealing with the subject of "indigestion" and food. The first article was called "Indigestion," and appeared in the December part of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. The second, entitled "Food in Health and Sickness," appeared in the beginning of last year. The two papers will tell you almost everything you require. You should eat very little farinaceous food, and above all things avoid tea, coffee, potatoes, cheese and pastry. An alkaline stomachic taken before meals would relieve excessive acidity.

MEASLES.—You say that when you return home from a walk "a red rash comes out all over your face." We would like to have been told whether this occurs only during the winter or windy weather, or at all times of the year. You are quite right to wear a veil. You have used all the common application, but we will suggest one, which apparently you have not tried—"Lanoline," a fine white cream. Be careful about the soap you use.

ISQUIER.—You ask for information as to the "cause of cure" of a sudden rush of blood to the head and face, but we will tell you something about the "cause and cure" of the complaint. In your case the cause is either anæmia or indigestion or both. The cure is therefore to attend to whichever of the conditions you have. If you suffer from both anæmia and indigestion treat the latter first. It is unnecessary for us to repeat the treatment of indigestion. Read the answer to "Marjorie."

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—Undoubtedly you still suffer from "anæmia" and need further treatment with iron. We may safely say that "anæmia" in a girl of nineteen is always cured if properly treated, but the treatment takes some time to restore the health completely. Continue with the preparation which you took before and you will get all right again in time.

SRELLA.—As blisters on the feet are caused by ill-fitting boots, the first thing to do to get rid of them is to look to your foot-gear. To make the blisters heal if they have burst, wash your feet every morning and evening in warm water, and then thickly cover the raw places with powdered boracic acid. When you have raw places upon your feet, to whatever cause they may be due, wear white stockings and change them immediately they are soiled in the slightest degree.

AMY.—This is the best treatment of a very bad corn. Get the following paint made up for you by a chemist—

R Acidi Salicylici ʒi.
Extracti Cannabis Ind. gr. viij.
Collodion (1 strength) ʒi.

This is a dark green fluid which is very volatile, and so must be kept in a tightly corked bottle. Many chemists keep this preparation made up under the name of "Solvine." Now, to treat the corn. Soak your foot in hot water every morning and evening for about five minutes and then dry it thoroughly. Afterwards smear a little vaseline over the skin surrounding the corn, but do not let it touch the corn itself. Now apply the paint to the corn with a camel-hair brush, evenly and somewhat thickly. Repeat this for some time and the corn will drop off or be dissolved. This treatment is practically infallible if carried out carefully.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

CASTLENAU.—You and your friend could do a great deal in teaching yourselves the rudiments of French and German, but the pronunciation would be such a difficulty that we strongly advise you to have at any rate a few lessons. If you cannot have these, procure Havet's Complete French Class Book (4s. 10d. net), or his First French Book (1s. 14d.) and work through it with your friend, also reading daily as much easy French as you can. German is more difficult; you might try Macmillan's Progressive German Course, first year (1s. 14d.), or Otto's Elementary German (1s. 10d.). We are glad to hear you hope to study both languages abroad.

FRIEND-STUDIO (Budapesth).—The sketch from the Hungarian on *Doll-Character* that you enclose is very pretty in itself and very nicely translated, but it would not be quite suitable for publication. There are many phrases that are un-English, e.g., "The most little girls get a doll," and "what powerful educating articles they are." Before being able to write English adapted for publication, you would need to have visited England, or at least to have associated intimately with English. But your work does you very great credit. Do we not recognise you as a former correspondent?

PERSEVERANCE.—1. "Quickening" is not used without the *e*, except in poetry at times, when the absence of the *e* is marked by an apostrophe.—2. We should recommend you to write to Messrs. Hachette & Co., 18, King William Street, Charing Cross, W.C., or to Hatchard's, 187, Piccadilly, W., for a full list of foreign periodicals, adding details of what you require. Your appreciation is very pleasant, but our rules as to two questions only are inexorable.

Tony.—1. Your little sister may possibly have some literary ability, but it does not appear in the story you enclose. The faults of composition are too many to note, and the subject is far too "grown up" for her to handle with any possible chance of success. It is not good for her either physically or mentally to spend her leisure in writing this sort of thing, and after lessons are over, amusement, or outdoor relaxation of some kind, whenever possible, should be encouraged. When her mind is formed and the rules of literary composition have been studied, it will be time enough for her to cultivate the taste you mention, should she possess it.—2. Your writing is distinctive in form, but rather too "detached" and blank, and we do not like the loops in nearly all your letters. Your composition is good, but you should not write your's for yours, and for and.

DARKEITH.—We think you also had better apply to Messrs. Hachette & Co. or Hatchard's (see above). *Undine*, by De la Motte Fouqué, is a lovely German romance every girl should read, and we have heard *Le Récit d'une Sonnet*, by Madame A. Craven, highly praised, but we find it difficult to recommend French stories for girls lest the religious allusions should present an objection.

AN ADMIRER OF RUSKIN.—We are not able to give you exact information about the Guild of St. George, but we should advise you to write to Mr. George Allen, Orpington, Kent, or to Mr. R. E. Butler, late Secretary of the Ruskin Society, London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C., who may possibly help you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOROTHY.—The "Three Kings," is a name very commonly given on the Continent to hotels, and would appear to have reference to the three Magi, generally named Jaspas, Melchior and Balthazar; and also known, through tradition, by three other sets of names. They are also called the "Three Kings of Cologne," because the Empress Helena is said to have brought their bodies from the East to Constantinople, whence they were removed to Milan; and in 1104 the Emperor Frederick presented them to the Archbishop of Cologne, where, according to Cressy, "they are to this day celebrated with great veneration." Of course we could not endorse these statements as facts, at least so far as the identity of the remains so transferred; whose they were we cannot tell.

BETTINA.—As you wish to have a few hints about letters-writing we give a few rules. Excepting to members of your own immediate family never abbreviate your words, i.e., for example, do not write "don't," "wouldn't," "can't," "Yrs," "Dr" (for dear), "yours etcetera," and so forth; write the words in full, although clipping them is permissible in speaking. Above all do not write slang words and phrases. We read a short letter recently in which the words "awful" and "awfully" were used, and misapplied, six times! A hurricane, an earthquake, a massacre, a great affliction, a crime—all these and other terrible events and facts may be fitly described by such an expression. We have not space for any further rules.

ANNETTE.—It is a great mistake to interfere with a disposition to take a nap in the daytime, when delicate or elderly people are concerned, or those who are intellectually much employed. If bad sleepers at night, encourage their taking such refreshment when possible to obtain it, if only for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Keeping the tired brain awake the whole day will certainly not ensure sleep at night. On the contrary. The feverish irritation of the nerves when the day's wear and tear is over will only be intensified by over-fatigue and effectually prevent sleep at night.

MARY H.—The following is the best known version. It is said that the first verse was written by Longfellow.

JEMIMA.

There was a little girl who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good, she was very, very good;
But when she was bad she was horrid.

She stood on her head on her little truckle-bed,
With nobody by for to hinder;
She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and she howled,
And drummed her little heels against the winder.

Her mother heard the noise, and thought it was
The boys
Playing in the empty attic;
She rushed upstairs, and caught her unawares,
And spanked her most emphatic.

"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT."



The above is an illustration to our NEW STORY SUPPLEMENT, just published, entitled "*Quatrefoil*": A Tale of Four Girls of Four Countries, by Elsa D'Esterre Keeling. The picture shows the English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish Girls in their sanctum in London, and sufficiently suggests their respective professions. For the story itself, see "THE GIRL'S OWN SUPPLEMENT," now ready, price threepence.

The first Supplement, by Sarah Doudney, entitled "*A Cluster of Roses*," has been so much liked that we had to reprint it. Only a few copies, however, remain.