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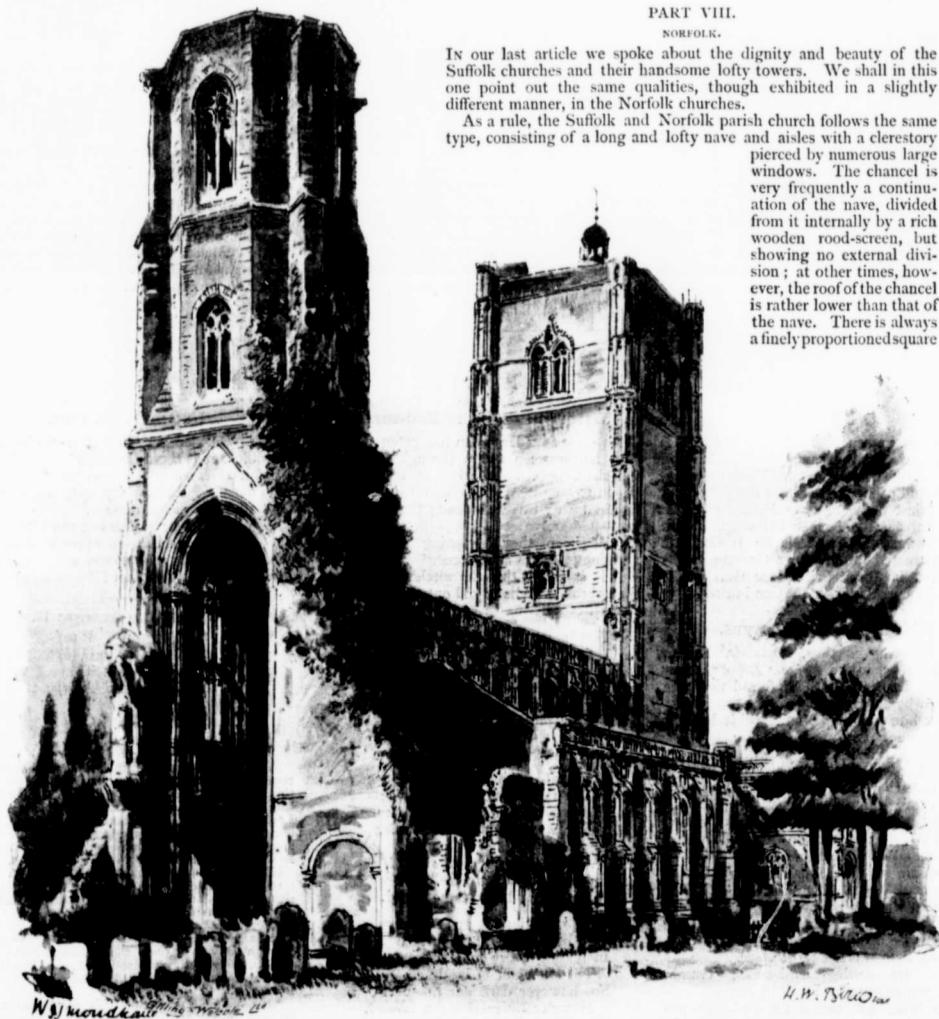
## TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

### PART VIII.

#### NORFOLK.

In our last article we spoke about the dignity and beauty of the Suffolk churches and their handsome lofty towers. We shall in this one point out the same qualities, though exhibited in a slightly different manner, in the Norfolk churches.

As a rule, the Suffolk and Norfolk parish church follows the same type, consisting of a long and lofty nave and aisles with a clerestory pierced by numerous large windows. The chancel is very frequently a continuation of the nave, divided from it internally by a rich wooden roof-screen, but showing no external division; at other times, however, the roof of the chancel is rather lower than that of the nave. There is always a finely proportioned square



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WYMONDHAM, NORFOLK.

or partly octagon tower at the west end. There are however some exceptions to which we shall call attention. There is more variety in the plans of the Norfolk than those of the Suffolk churches, and we frequently find transeptal chapels opening out of the aisles, as at St. Peter's, Norwich, Salle, Cawston, Cley-by-the-Sea, etc. Several of the larger parochial churches are regular cruciform buildings with central towers, as Yarmouth, East Dereham, Snettisham, Attleborough, etc. Terrington St. Clements has an isolated tower, and St. Margaret's, Lynn, has two noble western towers. Yarmouth Church has the distinction of being the largest parish church in England, surpassing in dimensions eight of the cathedrals. It is, however, rather a curious than a beautiful building, and is nothing like so impressive as many other Norfolk churches. Singularly, it is the only church we have ever seen which has aisles double the width and loftier than the nave! It is not improbable that at some previous time it may have been two separate churches—an arrangement by no means uncommon in Norfolk; examples are to be found in the Dominican Church, Norwich (now Saint Andrew's and the Blackfriars' Halls), Weybourne, Binham, Reepham, and in its most magnificent form at Wymondham, where is a noble parish church with a grand western tower nearly 200 feet high! a nave and aisles of unusual height and width, covered with panelled flint-work, most beautifully carved oak roofs, and some of the grandest Norman arches in the country. At the east end of the nave is a second stately tower with a wild confusion of ruins beyond it! The first impression is that you are looking at a cathedral the choir and transepts of which have fallen into ruin; but, in point of fact, it is nothing of the kind, but was formerly two very large churches adjoining one another;

there were no transepts to either church, and what looks like a centre tower was the western tower of the eastern or abbey church!

The western or parish church tower is a very striking object of a purely Norfolk type, rather plain and solid, but with beautifully treated windows and richly panelled octagonal buttresses at the angles. The other tower, still called the "abbey tower," is a valuable example of another Norfolk type: it is a graceful octagonal structure, which appears to have been peculiar in this county to monastic churches. Somewhat similar towers are to be seen at the Greyfriars Church, Lynn, and are shown as having formerly existed at the Dominican Church, Norwich, and St. Benet's Abbey, etc.

The lofty and remarkably graceful arch under the "abbey tower" at Wymondham was not a chancel-arch, but was simply the tower arch of the abbey church. There was no opening except a doorway into the parish church from this tower. The nave of the abbey church was much wider than that of the parish church, so that only one side of it was on a line with the latter. The lofty octagonal tower of Wymondham Abbey may have been a kind of survival of the ancient round towers found attached to many churches of this county; though of course the fifteenth-century tower at Wymondham is very graceful and the former are excessively rude. These round towers are numerous, five existing in Norwich alone; none of those that we have examined possess their original doorways, windows, or parapets. Though those at Whittingham are Saxon, they are certainly insertions. In all probability these towers are of extremely early date; they are of very small diameter with thick walls, most coarsely built of uncut flints and tiles, and are far older than the churches to which they are attached; they are possibly examples

of ecclesiastical architecture dating from the Roman occupation of our island. We cannot otherwise account for their rudeness, because all the early work in the Norfolk churches is in advance of that of any part of England; even the little Norman churches are remarkable for their elegant and elaborate details—Castle-Rising, Gillingham, Framingham-Earl, Haddiscoe, etc.; so that it is evident that these round towers are of an earlier date than the Norman period; they cannot be Saxon, because they have none of the peculiarities of Saxon construction, but they are just the kind of works that might have been executed by a people who had picked up some rudimentary notions of building from their Roman conquerors.

There are some towers in Norfolk which are isolated from the churches—East Dereham, Terrington St. Clements, West Walton, etc., which would seem to indicate Italian influence.

The spire is uncommon in Norfolk, which is rather singular, because the few stone spires which are to be found are remarkably good—Norwich Cathedral, Tilney-All-Saints, Walsoken, and Snettisham are cases in point.

It is very sad to see so many magnificent churches in Norfolk falling into ruin: Salle, Cley-by-the-Sea, Upton, West-Walton, St. Mary's and St. Swithin's, Norwich, etc., are examples.

In former times the county must have been rich and prosperous; but the agricultural depression and the poverty of the living have rendered it impossible to keep the stately churches in good repair, and this seems to call for some such arrangement as exists in France, where valuable buildings are scheduled as "Monuments Historiques," and are kept in repair at the expense of the government.

## VARIETIES.

### OLD CLOCKS.

The oldest known public clock in England is one which is fixed in a turret at Hampton Court. It was constructed and there fitted up, by command of Henry VIII., in the year 1540. The oldest public clock in France is to be seen in Paris in the Tour de l'Horloge, at one of the corners of the Palais de Justice. It was constructed in 1370 by a German clock-maker, but has been twice since then in the hands of the restorer—in 1685 and in 1852.

### MAXIMS FOR BOOK-LOVERS.

The following maxims, says Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, in the *Private Library*, may be learned by heart, or if preferred they can be bought by experience:—

Do not bite your paper-knife till it has the edge of a saw.

Do not cut books except with a proper paper-knife.

It is ruination to a good book not to cut it right through into the corners.

Do not turn the leaves of books down. Particularly, do not turn down the leaves of books printed on plate paper.

If you are in the habit of lending books, do not mark them. These two habits together constitute an act of indiscretion.

It is better to give a book than to lend it.

Never write upon a title-page or half-title. The blank fly-leaf is the right place.

Books are neither card-racks, crumb-baskets, nor receptacles for dead leaves.

Books were not meant for cushions nor were they intended to be toasted before the fire.

### WITCHES SAILING IN EGG-SHELLS.

As soon as a Devonian has eaten a boiled egg, he thrusts a spoon through the end of the shell, opposite the one at which it was begun to be eaten. A visitor to the county inquired why this was done; the reply given was—

"Tü keep they baggering vitches vrom agwaine to zay in a egg-boat."

It is supposed that the witches appropriate the unbroken shells to sail out to sea to brew storms.

"You must break the shell to bits for fear  
The witches should make it a boat, my dear;  
For over the sea, away from home,  
Far by night the witches roam."

### LOOK BEYOND THE CLOUD.

The sun's bright rays are hidden,  
The rain in floods descends;  
The wind, with angry murmurs,  
The stoutest branches bends;  
A gloom the face of nature  
As with a pall doth shroud,  
Its influence all are feeling  
But—look beyond the cloud.

For lo! at length appeareth  
A little streak of light,  
Increasing every moment,  
Till all again is bright;  
So, however dark our prospects,  
Howe'er by grief we're bowed,  
It will not last for ever,  
We'll look beyond the cloud!

### UNLIKE REAL LIFE.

*Mr. Wickwire*: "What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates are!"

*Mrs. Wickwire*: "I know they used to be, but most of them, they say, are engraved from photographs nowadays."

*Mr. Wickwire*: "This one can't be! Here are two women going in opposite directions, both with bran new gowns on, and neither looking back at the other!"

### ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC II. (p. 427).

1. R a p P (a)  
2. A j a c c i O (b)  
3. L a n t r i s s a n T (c)  
4. E l e u t h e r i A (d)  
5. G o u T  
6. H e r O  
Raleigh. Potato.

(a) General Rapp was appointed by Napoleon the governor of Dantzic, which he held against the Allies till compelled by famine to capitulate. When Napoleon was banished to Elba Rapp made his peace with Louis XVIII., but on the Emperor's return he joined him, and fought under his orders at Waterloo. Rapp must have possessed great powers of fascination, for he was again pardoned and received by Louis.

(b) In Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon.

(c) "Church of Three Saints" in Glamorgan. Its situation, on an eminence surrounded by hills, is always compared to that of Jerusalem.

(d) After the battle of Platæa, b.c. 479, when the Greeks, under Pausanias and Aristides, defeated a Persian army three times their number under Mardonius, the Plataeans instituted the Eleutherian games in honour of Zeno Eleutherios, or Jove the Liberator.

\* Sir Walter Raleigh spelt his name thus, as may be seen in the original copy of his *History of the World*, preserved in the library at Wimborne Minster. The "i" was a subsequent interpolation.

## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

## CHAPTER VII.



N the next day Madame Canière sent a message to Madame Féraudy to ask if she would receive her. Madame Féraudy could not help guessing what was coming, and she answered the message with a deep sigh. She would receive her guest with great pleasure at three o'clock.

The next thing was to send Génie out of the way, and she despatched

her with Jeanne for her escort, to pay a visit to Madame Lamotte, the *pasteur's* wife, at Poinville.

At three o'clock precisely Madame Canière arrived, dressed in her smartest Paris gown, and with an exquisite bonnet of old lace and sequins on her head. Her gloves and shoes, all were new; it was evident that the visit was one of great ceremony.

Madame Féraudy received her with a curtesy of the most admirable dignity, and the two ladies sat opposite to each other both as white as they could be.

Madame Canière broke the ice by saying: "I have to thank you, dear madame, for your goodness in allowing your young lady to come sometimes to cheer up my loneliness and give me the happiness of young companionship. I can assure you that I envy you the possession of her."

"She is very dear to me," said Madame Féraudy simply. "But you, madame, are greatly blest in your son."

"Ah, apropos of my son, dear madame, I should like to talk to you of him. He is the best son that ever lived. No one ever had a better son, more gentle, more tender, more trustworthy, and people say that good sons make the best husbands."

"There is no doubt about that," said Madame Féraudy with a stiff little bow.

"I should like to tell you more," said the mother feverishly. "My son is in an excellent position. His father left him a nice private fortune of about four hundred pounds a year. He is very successful in his profession and is in partnership with a first-rate firm. We have a charming house in Paris, and at my death all that I possess will go to him, including a very pretty farm near Orleans, which is let to an admirable tenant. Now, dear madame, in most

cases a man who has such advantages to offer will naturally look for some equal advantages on the lady's side; but not so my son. He is in a position which enables him to think only of the dictates of his heart, and, let me confess it, his heart is given away."

Madame Féraudy shivered; it was coming. What should she say? Deep down in her heart was the longing that Génie should become the wife of her beloved André. She was as dear to her now as if she had been her own daughter, and the longing of her life was to see André happy. She knew the self-sacrifice of his whole life—she knew that all his private fortune had been spent, and that all his professional earnings went in the same way—a large, wise, but all-absorbing charity—and the painful doubt assailed her as to whether it was not her duty to persuade Génie to accept the fate offered to her, in all ways a happy and even brilliant one, and in doing so to forget the ideal she had set before her in Dr. André. She said nothing while Madame Canière paused with her sharp black eyes trying to read her thoughts.

Madame Canière began to speak again with a little embarrassed laugh.

"Perhaps, madame, you may think that I myself am wanting in worldly wisdom in not opposing my son's wishes, but no, I care for nothing but his happiness, and whatever I can do to further that, I am eager to do. Tell me, madame, do you think that a young wife would put up with me in the house?" her voice had a pathetic sound in it as she went on: "You see, I am irritable and nervous. I often say and do what is perhaps unkind, but possibly she would excuse it, for though people think that I am a *malade imaginaire*—and I let them think so—it is not true. I suffer much, and I conceal it as much as I can. It cannot last very long, for it will kill me, and I should die quite happy if my Jean had his wife to comfort him."

The hard, black eyes were softened with unshed tears. Madame Féraudy was touched.

"Your son's young wife will love you and be like your own child," she said. "Do not doubt that. I feel sure that so good a man will choose wisely."

"He has chosen," said the mother leaning back; her lips were quivering, she struggled nervously to draw off her gloves. "His choice has fallen on one whom I could love, whom I do love already, and I have come to you, madame, to ask for my son the hand of your charming adopted daughter."

Madame Féraudy rose to her feet in irrepressible agitation, walked up and down once or twice, and then returned to her chair.

"Madame," she said, "I am very much honoured and also very much touched by the preference of monsieur your son for my little Génie, but—but—"

"Do not say but!" exclaimed the other eagerly. "There can be no hesitation! Surely, dear madame, it is

not only your wish but your duty to marry this young girl, to find for her, husband, home and future. The responsibility of these young lives is very great. We elders cannot live for ever, and where can you find a suitor for her hand so steady, so good, so all that can be desired?"

"All that you say is quite true, madame; indeed, I feel the honour you have done us, and deeply appreciate all that you offer, and more especially as you say that monsieur your son cares for my Génie."

"He loves her, madame. We will make her so happy if you will give her to us."

Madame Féraudy almost wrung her hands.

"What can I say?" she said. "Dear madame, do not think me ungrateful, but I can say nothing at present. I must have time to consult my nephew. He knew her father and was with him on his death-bed. He is in a way her guardian. I can do nothing without his consent. I will write at once and ask him to come here."

"Ah, perhaps that will be best," said Madame Canière, trying to conceal her disappointment. "Then we must wait. You are sure, madame, that it is wise to consult so young a guardian? That he will not be biased by other motives than her advantage? When one is young, you know!"

"I know, but I can do nothing without him, and in a week's time we will re-open this question."

"And until then, madame, will you not give me hope, some little encouragement for my anxious boy?"

"He sees my Génie every day. What hope he may have he must glean from her gentle ways with him. Madame, I can say no more."

"Then let it be so," said Madame Canière rising. "I know you will not keep us longer in suspense than you can help. *Au revoir*, dear madame."

Madame Féraudy looked at her anxiously; she looked so white and shaken. At the door she turned round suddenly and held out her hands.

"Dear madame," she said, "let me feel that we have your good wishes. Indeed, indeed we would make her happy. People say that much love in itself constitutes happiness, and that we can promise your child."

"I would give her to you with every confidence," said Madame Féraudy, then her voice faltered. "But I must have time; there are other lives, other hopes—"

"I know, I thought so; forgive me, dear madame, I am only a mother pleading for her boy's happiness."

Madame Féraudy could not answer; she bent forward and kissed the anxious face gently.

A moment later she heard Jean Canière come in from the garden, put his arm round his mother, and tenderly support her up the stairs.

With a heavy heart she sat down to write to André.

(To be continued.)

## A NEW IDEA FOR TREATING A PIANO BACK.

I GIVE myself the credit of having hit upon an entirely new idea for the treatment of a piano back; at least it is new to me and was not suggested by anything I have seen, and yet it is so simple and obvious that I daresay some reader will say, "Surely there can be nothing new in that?" It is not long since a design by me appeared in the "G. O. P." for an embroidered piano back, but there was no novelty in the idea, only in the design. It did not then occur to me that the back of a piano might be made decorative and useful at the same time by having a series of pockets attached to the material used to cover the back, so that music can be kept in them in some sort of order. I mean by that the music which happens to be most constantly in use, for there is no necessity to bulge out the pockets with a lot of old music that is very rarely used. Each pocket could conveniently hold up to a dozen ordinary pieces, and there need be no fear of affecting the quality of the sound, for that would escape as freely as it does where a plain embroidered back is stretched over the thin backing supplied with pianos.

Choose some good strong material, woollen canvas, linen, art serge, damask, or if silk be used it should have a backing of linen or upholsterers' canvas, for then a very thin Indian silk may be used as the strength will be obtained by the under material. Some of these thin Indian and Chinese silks are to be

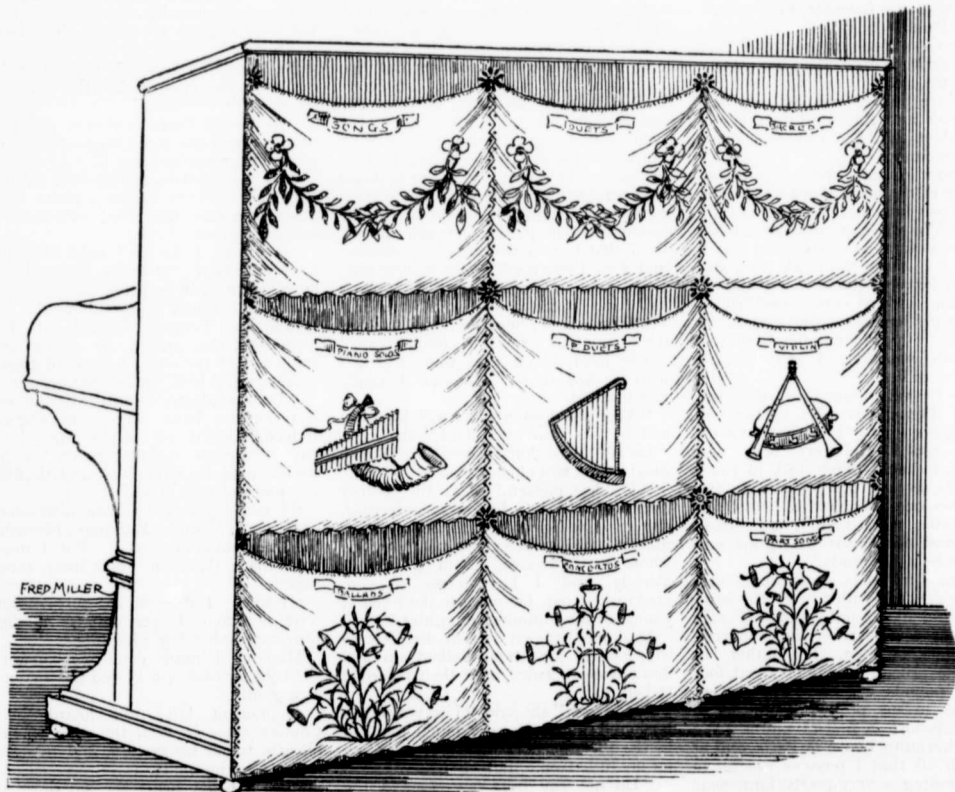
had in most beautiful colours. In my sketch I suggest a pale colour, but those who prefer it might select a deep indigo blue, blue-green, Indian red or amber. The colour of the ground will naturally influence the colour of the embroidery. Thus if an indigo blue were chosen then pale turquoise blues, greys, yellows and old gold would look well for the embroidery; if a red then I should be inclined to keep the work a harmony of reds and yellows instead of introducing a contrasting colour like green; if blue-green then grey-green, reseda and golden browns. If you elect to embroider a whitish or very pale fabric then the festoons might be in tones of grey-green, accented with pale indigo, the musical instruments on the middle row of pockets in old gold and warm russets, and the campanula-like flowers on the lower pockets in grey-greens with pale blue flowers suggested by the colouring of the forget-me-not. But do not introduce too many shades and opposing colours. The whole should harmonise and give the appearance of "oneness."

Those who design their own patterns should always strive to get a harmony between the design and the purpose to which their work is put. I chose campanulas for the bottom row of pockets as the bell flower naturally suggests music. The musical instruments of course are obviously intended to hint at the divine art, and I think it would be better to keep these three pockets in outline embroidery. The

labels on all the pockets should be kept in the same colour, say a russet brown, a tint you would make by mixing raw umber and yellow ochre. I have suggested in my sketch that the pockets be attached to the back cloth by an ornamental zig-zag or herring-bone stitching, and flax would be the material to use as it is stronger than silk. Cut the pockets large enough, so that the music can easily be slipped in. Of course you will plan out the whole so that each of your pockets is the same size and occupies the same amount of space on the back-cloth. The pockets should all be sewn on to the back-cloth before you fix it in position, and this must be done thoroughly so as to insure strength.

By the way it would probably look well to have the pockets in a lighter material than the back-cloth. A good art serge of a soft blue or green with white figured silk pockets would be striking. A damask-like material, that is one in which the pattern is produced by the alteration of the warp with the weft, as in a table-cloth, looks very well embroidered.

In fixing the work on to the piano you will find small brass carpet-pins useful. You must attach it securely all round the edge where the existing back-cloth is tacked, and in many pianos there are wooden struts running vertically which divide the back into three divisions. If these struts exist it would be well to attach



EMBROIDERED POCKETS TO HOLD MUSIC.

the work to them, as well as all round the edge, but if they do not exist it will be secure if you nail all round the outside and sew strips of webbing on the back where the pockets are stitched, and see that you sew the pockets through here and there on to this webbing; you will then have little to fear as to want of strength if you nail this webbing on to the piano at top and bottom.

In a work of this kind you want to work

out a decorative scheme of colour, so that when you take in the effect as a whole there are no jarring notes. It is difficult to give exact advice, but avoid introducing too many colours. A wide piano would take two rows of pockets wide enough to receive the music placed upright, whereas in the sketch I have arranged for the music to lie oblong.

The *motifs* used in the embroidery are fairly familiar. The festoons on the upper

pockets are quite simple in design and should present no difficulty to the worker.

The musical instruments are modelled after familiar forms, but they are to be taken symbolically, and as I have suggested worked in outline.

The campanula-like flowers can be treated in two tones of colour, and very simply, as you do not want to be naturalistic.

FRED MILLER.

## SOCIAL EVENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

By LA PETITE.



### PART VII.

A CRIPPLES' TEA-PARTY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

ANY and varied have been the functions I have attended at the Mansion House, but I am bound to admit that the one which stands out clearest is a Cripples' Tea-Party.

There was the usual crowd round the side-door as we approached, and vans were standing before

it, but the guests showed none of that eagerness to descend and enter that one might have expected, and I soon saw the reason for this want of alacrity.

Chairs were brought out, and those who could, scrambled painfully down by their means, while others had to wait till strong arms were extended to bear them into the hall.

At last they were all inside; a pathetic assembly with sad eyes, which failed to see the humour of the Major Domo being shut out on his own doorstep (which very nearly occurred), and glanced shyly at the gigantic beings in rich liveries and powdered hair, who were standing at ease around them.

When heads had been counted, and those in authority were quite certain that not one of the fifty-six were missing, a move was made upstairs.

Some toiled up on their crutches, while every able-bodied person present tenderly lifted a tiny burden, finding it, alas, all too light and easy to carry.

What, however, struck me as the prettiest sight of all was to see each of those gigantic footmen before-mentioned stoop over a helpless little guest, and, lifting the tiny body, carry it up as deftly and delicately as a woman.

The contrast between stalwart, lusty young manhood and suffering, pain-racked childhood was inexpressibly touching, and my respect

for those who are sometime "half-contemptuously called "flunkies" went up by leaps and bounds. The pinched, white faces nestled confidingly against the gold cords and lace, and their contented looks showed that the strong arms and capable hands had adapted themselves to the fragile nature of the burden.

It is said that a really gentle man is always more tender than even a woman, and our brothers need not think it "mawkish" to cultivate this virtue, since thus they may earn for themselves in the best way a title they would all like to lay claim to—that of a true "gentleman."

We have wandered away from the little procession of cripples toiling up the grand staircase, but we can soon overtake them, for progress was slow to those who preferred to drag themselves up independently of help, since they could not bear even the lightest touch.

Every step they took must have been a revelation, and one event alone of that wonderful afternoon would have been enough to feast their poor starved imaginations upon for a week, whereas not one but a succession of events took place, each more fascinating than the last.

First there was the walk through the saloon with its wonderful furniture and tapestry, its glittering mirrors and lofty roof.

Next came the entrance into the Egyptian hall, where they were distracted by the many pleasures and surprises in store for them, and hardly knew which way to look or where to begin, so to speak.

Lively music greeted them, and a most beautiful lady was waiting to take each little hot hand in hers and lead them to the semicircle of chairs arranged in front of a small platform, which seemed to promise further delights.

As to the lady, opinions were divided, some thinking she was the Queen, and others that, if not, she ought to have been, but when told she was at any rate "Queen of the City," they felt quite satisfied and gave themselves up to the charms of having downy, delicately-tinted cushions tucked behind their aching backs by her white, jewelled hands, and extemporised couches arranged for their small, suffering limbs.

Once settled they had time to look round and admire the noble proportions of the hall, its rainbow-coloured windows and rich banners; but it had high screens arranged all round three sides of it, and many were the speculations as to what those screens so jealously hid.

Now a smiling, pleasant-faced gentleman mounted the platform and began to do the most wonderful and indescribable things.

I think a good many of his audience would have liked to know how he produced coins of the realm from their curls and collars with a view to thereby increasing the family income; but though he did it with surprising ease—

making jokes all the time—he never explained how it was done, which was a great omission.

How they laughed when he requested the loan of a gentleman's high hat, fixing his eyes rather sternly on the front row of small boys. But an ominous pause followed, and they began to be anxious, until some tall person (a nobleman of course) handed up the glossy article required.

Everyone agreed afterwards it would have been an immense pity if it had not been forthcoming, for the most marvellous things came out of it, such as are not generally kept in a hat.

A perfect shout of delight went up when a beautiful, curly brown wig came to light, though why the owner of the hat carried that about with him was not clear seeing that he had a very good head of hair of his own.

So this wonderful conjuror went on, finding nothing too difficult, saying the funniest things, so that a tiny ripple of elfin laughter accompanied all he did, and making things appear and disappear until, if he had not looked so kind, one would really have felt quite nervous.

That was a proud boy who was allowed to hop on to the platform and assist him, though the pride was tempered with fear.

Being asked to value a lady's gold wedding-ring, he promptly responded, "Five shillings," and was apparently puzzled at the smiles with which his answer was received.

His mentor, however, did not let him feel discouraged, but proceeded to do magical things with that ring (with his assistance), and handed him politely down at the end as hopefully in the dark about it as anyone.

Presently an interval was announced.

The wonderful entertainer disappeared behind one of the mysterious screens, and they were free to lean back and talk over all they had seen and heard.

But they were not expected to do so unfortunately.

Various ladies and gentlemen threaded their way between the rows of chairs, and ladled out generous handfuls of most delicious sweets which the grown-up visitors themselves did not disdain, and, as for the small ones, they got into the most charmingly sticky condition, and gave great sighs of contentment as they nibbled luxuriously at chocolate-creams. The pleasure caused by this interlude had barely subsided when the Lord Mayor appeared, in private dress, it is true, but wearing his chain of office, having donned it simply to give pleasure to his small guests, and not in any way because he came in his official capacity.

He wouldn't even make a speech, but the few words he did say went straight to one's heart, and more than one found they had a bad cold coming on when he said how gladly and promptly he would make them all well and strong if only he had the power.

I think every one of us felt the same, but, since we could not do that, we did our best to

make them forget their pain and weariness: for one afternoon at least.

No sadness, therefore, was allowed to mar the enjoyment of this lovely evening, for even one had conspired together to make the little guests happy.

Even the Lady Mayoress' little black Pomeranian dog contributed his share towards the afternoon's entertainment by barking lustily whenever anything specially good was said or done.

This set us all off laughing, as it came in so appropriately, it sounded as if the wee doggie really meant it for applause. Presently their kind, funny, clever entertainer reappeared with two dolls, one an old man and the other an old woman, with whom he proceeded to converse, for they talked as well as he did in the oddest of cracked voices, and "Sally" even sang a little, but was so hurt by the old man's unkind remarks, that the song came to an abrupt close.

By-and-by they announced that a friend was waiting outside, but could not come in as

he had a lot of parcels to take care of, whereupon a messenger was despatched to fetch him. As it happened the unknown friend never appeared at all, but this mattered less, as his parcels did, and the excitement of finding that they were all toys drove everything else out of their heads.

It was not till after the distribution of these presents that we found out what was behind the screens; but then, at a given signal they were removed, and there stood revealed two long tables covered with the most appetising good things elegantly arranged, as if for a grown-up party.

Soon they were all seated and busily employed in sampling the various dainties set before them.

One little man was too fragile to sit up to the table and had to remain on his improvised couch, to which tea and cakes were brought, but it was pitiful to see what a mere morsel he ate, and how even the hot-house grapes failed to tempt his appetite.

Here too was a tiny lassie, who should by

rights have been in the hospital, but whose father could not deprive her of this one day's pleasure.

Poor mite! she looked as if any more pain would finish her altogether, for her small hands were like claws and her little face pinched and wizened like an old woman's, but let us hope that the pink and blue dolly she so affectionately clasped in her thin arms brightened the hours of suffering that I fear were before her.

The golden minutes sped to the hour of departure, and soon the time came when they had to shake hands with their queenly hostess and turn their backs on the Palace of Pleasure.

Friendly hands were again ready to help their crippled limbs and stumbling feet downstairs on the way back to their own drab-coloured lives.

Again the stalwart footmen and gigantic policemen lent tender and willing aid, and the pathetic procession melted away into the London crowd, leaving us in a very April condition of mingled smiles and tears.

## MODERN SLANG.

By DARLEY DALE.



TIME was when the use of slang was almost entirely confined to schoolboys, and a very stupid kind of language it was when everything that was not "awfully jolly" was—but we all remember that unspeakable alternative. We have changed all that now, and one of the many things which have improved in these latter days of the nineteenth century is our slang.

We owe this in a great measure to our American cousins, from whom some of our pithiest sayings emanate. To them is due that picturesque element which is so characteristic of much of our modern slang; to them we owe its humour—the wittiness of slang lies more in its application than in the words themselves—to them we owe that Machiavellian power of concentrated force, but when, as rarely happens, our modern slang is touched with poetry, then we must look nearer home for its origin.

When Mr. Rhodes said Dr. Jameson had *upset the apple-cart* by his excursion into the Transvaal, he raised a vulgar but picturesque phrase from slang to historic English, though we doubt if it will ever become classical. Again, when he said he was coming home *to face the music*, when he came to give evidence before the South African Committee, he used another picturesque piece of slang, which recalls a mediæval phrase of still greater force, "facing the lions," the motto of the Medici.

When Blanche tells Maud that the result of her expressed determination to marry a penniless man was *then the band played*, she has advanced considerably in grace of expression from the "jolly row," which, twenty years ago, would have accurately described the situation. And, if Maud has the sense and courage to reply that her friend's folly was enough to *make her parents sit up*, she uses a very telling and forcible manner of describing the mental attitude of Blanche's parents towards their daughter's foolishness.

When Jones tells Fitzroy-Brown he will have to *climb down*, he hints in a mild but effective way that the latter has set too high a value upon himself, and when Mrs. Fitzroy-Brown plaintively implores Jones not to *give her away*, he quite understands he is being asked not to tell Fitzroy-Brown he knows F.B.'s wife shares his opinion of her husband.

When young Sprigg tells his pretty wife that to expect him to take her to two "athomes" in one week is rather a *large order*, he is probably unconsciously quoting an Aristotelian phrase, which has degenerated into modern slang from Attic Greek.

The minor poet, or shall we make it plural and say the minor poets, for alas, their name is legion, who complain that their poems do not *catch on*, in spite of the "boom" in the journals they control, these use a pithy, if not a very elegant phrase, to describe the feelings of the reading public towards their productions. And he among these bards who generously vows that he considers another's poems *take the cake*, is undoubtedly guilty of the first degree of lying, but his hearers will understand he thereby offers the laurel crown to his contemporary poet.

The schoolboy who, failing to distinguish his hostess at an evening party, asks his

companion *who bosses this show*, uses a vulgar Americanism to express his dilemma; but the boy who, on being summoned to family prayers, asks his sister the same question, makes a witty though irreverent application of the same.

When Mabel tells Ethel she is a *little previous* in congratulating her on her engagement to Captain Lancer, before he has proposed to her, she states succinctly a truth she doubtless deeply deplores; and when this same gallant captain complains to Ethel that Mabel's manner at the ball last night was *rather casual*, Ethel quite understands why Mabel lent herself to this reproach, and is not at all inclined to exclaim *Rats!* We have never quite fathomed why "rats" should mean "I don't believe it" any more than "cats" or "dogs," but the laws of slang which, unlike the laws of the Medes and Persians, change continually, have decreed otherwise. "Rats" expresses incredulity, cats or dogs at present do not.

There is another very pregnant saying, *to put on side*, for to give oneself airs, which is of modern origin, and is not at all *feel very fit* is quite as impressive and certainly more refined than the "very seedy" of a former generation.

There is one modern slang phrase which rises very nearly to poetry, when wishing to give an idea of general depression or low spirits, the speaker says the *lights were turned low*, while the frequent allusions to "the little rift within the lute which lets the music out," in reference to some of the lesser difficulties of life, is scarcely common enough to come under the head of slang, yet it is certainly a highly poetical way of referring to some of life's minor discords.

*Up to date* is one of those eminently descriptive phrases which custom has raised from the byways of slang to the higher paths of current speech, and is of such wide application, that it will serve equally well to describe either a sermon or a bonnet.

Less obvious is *I can't do it for nuts*, when a man wishes to say he expects to be well-paid for his work.

Modern slang possesses to almost a sublime degree the power of concentration; it can suggest, if it cannot actually say, volumes in a couple of words, as, for instance, when Lady

A. declares those new-comers, the Parvenu-Smiths to be quite impossible, don't you know? How much that "quite impossible" or "those impossible people" implies; it is like an impressionist picture and has the merit of finality, and leaves no room for further discussion. Henceforth the Parvenu-Smiths will have to take a back seat, to use a favourite

modern metaphor, unless they make tracks for that happy land where the almighty dollar reigns supreme, where *dudes* and *bounders* most do congregate, and where the *masners* are at home. This is no doubt rough on the Parvenu-Smiths, but it is the way of a world which can forgive a crime rather than tolerate *bad form* or people who have not much class,

though, as young Robinson said, it was playing it rather low down on the new-comers. Lastly, there is that phase of modern speech which delights in the use in season and out of season of some saying which has caught on at one of the theatres, as *now we sha'n't be long*, the natural and inevitable conclusion to an article on modern slang.

"THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON."

CHAPTER II.



SAY, Miss Pringle, do you know the name of that ancient party who haunts this counter? You know who I mean—the creature with grey curls and a sailor hat? Fancy, over sixty and a sailor hat!" asked Ellen Martin, a tall, showy girl.

"No, I don't know her name; but I think she is either a broken-down governess or a retired lady's-maid wearing up her mistress' old clothes. I haven't patience to attend to her—she always wants some washed-out drab or muddy grey. I am sure she must have come out of the Ark. I nearly laughed in her face yesterday, only old Froggie was watching

me; but, really, she would make an angel laugh. You served her once, Miss Day; I believe she likes you. Perhaps she will leave you that old dust-cloak in her will; I'm sure you are welcome to it." And Dolly Pringle giggled.

"I think we ought not to make a jest of old age and infirmity," answered Clarice Day quietly. "I feel really sorry for her. Somehow, I believe she has passed through a great trouble, and though she dresses peculiarly, I am sure she is a lady. Some day we may be as poor and forlorn as she appears to be."

"Before I would live to look like that old creature I'd drown myself!" cried Ellen Martin.

"And I am quite sure that I wouldn't be an old maid if I could help it!" retorted Dolly Pringle. "Come, girls—let's make haste; old Froggie has gone, and I'm not going to spend my half-holiday in this musty old shop. Why doesn't that horrid Dickie close the doors? Oh, dear, talk of an angel—the ancient party is coming in! I shan't serve her, so there!" And, rudely turning her back to the incoming customer, Ellen Martin shrugged her shoulders, and Dolly Pringle giggled.

With a blush for the rudeness of her companions, Clarice Day came forward, and a pleased look came into the eyes of the little old lady.

"My dear, I want a yard of blue ribbon—royal blue."

"Yes, madam," answered Clarice, in approved shop-fashion, and she drew a box of blue ribbon from a shelf.

The little old lady sat down upon the nearest chair and cried—

"Oh, my dear, I am so tired! You don't begrudge an old woman a rest?"

"Certainly not," answered Clarice, with a smile. "The weather is very warm and exhausting."

"Yes, it is, and this parcel is quite heavy. If you will kindly give me a length of cord I will tie it up."

"Shall I tie it for you, madam?" asked Clarice politely.

"Oh, no, thank you—I can manage quite well. Oh, dear me, what an accident! The newspaper has burst, and the potatoes are rolling in all directions. I am so sorry."

There was a subdued explosion in the background, but Clarice turned not.

"I will come and help you to pick them up," she said quietly, and, passing her companions, she walked to the other side of the counter. Very soon the potatoes were collected and wrapped in a clean sheet of paper, and the dilapidated newspaper was thrust out of sight.

"Dear me, the heat is so oppressive, I don't know how I shall carry this parcel through the streets"—and the little old person looked so wan and feeble that a sudden pity stirred the heart of Clarice.

"If you will wait a moment I will carry it for you," she said kindly.

"Oh, thank you, my dear; I shall be so glad if you will."

With a look of reproof at the giggling girls, Clarice finished her work and hastened to the cloak-room. She was followed by Ellen Martin and Dolly Pringle.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Miss Day! After this, the old creature will expect us to trot after her like a set of lap-dogs. But I'm not paid for that, if you are! I'll take good care I don't make myself a greengrocer's errand-girl. One might as well wheel a costermonger's barrow at once!" cried Ellen Martin.

Clarice did not speak. She felt that if she gave expression to her feelings she might say something that she would afterwards regret, so angry and ashamed did she feel. Poor, worn, little creature! How could they be so rude to her? Probably she lived alone in a poor lodging; and an ardent desire to do something to brighten the lonely life came into the heart of Clarice. Wait, Clarice—the time is coming!

Half way down the street the little old person paused, and asked in apparent confusion—

"My dear, do you think your companions will follow you? The fact is I am taking you into my confidence, and I should not like those two giggling young women to know where I live."

"Oh, no; they live at the other end of the town. They won't follow us," answered Clarice in soothing tones. "And if you wish it I will keep your address a secret. My mother lives at No. 1, Hamer Street, and that is in a very poor part; indeed, people think we rent the whole house, but we have only two rooms. I think one ought not to be ashamed of poverty—what do you think?" asked Clarice confidentially.

The little old person sighed lugubriously.

"Some folk make unkind remarks," she said. Then in a tragic whisper she added, "My dear, do you always have enough to eat?"

A compassionate look came over the face of Clarice as she answered—

"Oh, yes; last winter before I was—" She paused and blushed. "I mean when I was out of a situation; for several weeks mother and I couldn't afford to buy beef, but we made potato balls and potato fritters, and had potatoes fried and potatoes boiled, so that we didn't grow tired of them—indeed, it would have been great fun, only mother had such a poor appetite. I can eat anything if it is wholesome."

"I like potatoes with milk as the Irish people eat them, and bread and cheese I like also," said the little old person. "But, my dear, you said, 'Last winter before I—' Now I like people to finish a sentence when they have once commenced it. What has happened since last winter? Always be honest, my dear."

Clarice blushed again. "I was going to say, before I was engaged to Charlie."

"Who is Charlie?"

"Charlie Burnett is a clerk in Griffith and Gaunt's warehouse."

"Porter in Griffith and Gaunt's warehouse, did you say, my dear? Speak a little louder—I am growing an old woman."

"No; I said clerk," answered Clarice indignantly.

"And why don't you get married?"

"I would rather not answer that question."

"But, my dear, I think one should never be ashamed of poverty—what do you think?" asked the old lady, mimicking the tones of Clarice.

Clarice laughed.

"Now, my dear, I am going to ask you a favour. I know it is your half-holiday, and doubtless Charlie will be sweeping out the office in delightful anticipation of a walk in the park. No—don't interrupt me; if he doesn't sweep out the office he does something else for his living, and all work is honourable. I want him for once to practise a little self-denial. I am going to carry you home to lunch with me."

"Poor little creature! She speaks as though she were the mistress of a mansion. Will the lunch consist of potatoes and butter, or bread and cheese?" Clarice asked herself compassionately.

"Don't refuse a lonely old woman. I won't keep you long, Miss Day!" and a wistful look came into the brown eyes that went straight to the heart of Clarice.

"I must first go home and ask mother. Do you live far from here?"

"I live in Artleton."

"The village of Artleton two miles away?" asked Clarice ruefully.

"Yes, my dear."

"And shall you walk?"

"No; I shall ride."

"By bus or train?"

"I will arrange the mode of conveyance when you return. I have another call to make, so I will meet you here in half-an-hour. You can carry the potatoes with you as a surety for your return. If you fail me I shall be so disappointed." And the little old person turned away.

FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

(To be continued.)

## A GIRL'S REGRET.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me" (St. Matthew xxv. 45).

SHE was so pale and worn—I see again  
Her patient figure in the drenching rain,  
While I (the inner voice one hears and feels  
Drowned in the rumble of the carriage wheels)  
Drove on, and left her standing by the way,  
In the chill twilight of a stormy day.

She was not young, and yet some inward grace  
Had set its seal of sweetness on her face,  
Making it lovely; in the years to be  
I pray that God may grant that look to me!  
Could I but have that moment back again,  
I would not leave her in the drenching rain.

Who speaks?—Ah, Lord, I think I hear Thee say,  
"Why didst thou leave Me standing by the way?  
I dwell in all My little ones, and feel  
The strokes that wound them, and the hands that heal;  
Is it so hard on this rich earth of thine  
To show a little love to Me and Mine?"

She was so worn and pale; how could I bear  
To drive away, and leave her lonely there?  
Oh, Thou who seest all, forgive, forgive  
My thoughtless youth, and teach me how to live!  
Soften my heart, and let me warch and pray,  
Lest I should leave Thee standing by the way.



## AS MANY QUEENS AS GIRLS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

As many queens as girls.

How can that be?

From the way in which Florence, who loves to grasp at dominion when she has the chance, pricked up her ears the other day as she waited an answer to this query, it was clear she expected we were about to announce the dawn of a new era. Perhaps she imagined we were on the point of recommending girls to spread themselves through the world in hopes to find some communities, savage or civilised, still in want of sovereigns, and of a willing mind to treat them to a course of coronations, banquets, processions and fireworks.

We have no such quixotic scheme in view. The answer is on a humbler scale, and more within the reach of us all.

She is a queen who rules herself.

That is the whole secret of a possible queenship for everybody.

It is a good working project, bringing about no glut in the market for queens, because each sovereign will have a territory specially provided. There will be no trouble either in searching for a domain, for every girl will stretch out her sceptre over herself.

Difficulties, no doubt, suggest themselves; difficulties connected with our cross-grained, whimsical, and often so foolish natures. But difficulties are not the same things as insurmountable obstacles. Many girls we know are queens already, and why should not all be? There is really no reason for our not one day arriving at a happy time when frivolous and otherwise objectionable people will be as extinct as the strange beasts that roamed the forests when our world was young. Then there will be no maidens anywhere but those who in their own little spheres are royal personages.

"The land of Myself" may not be a big dominion in the eyes of friends and neighbours, but to oneself it is the most important of all territories. Every girl who has turned from skimming lightly over trivialities and common-places to spending an occasional

quiet hour in serious thought has had forced upon her attention the worth and mystery of her own immortal being. Matter is wonderful certainly, but we may travel the earth all over and make the circuit of the stars without meeting with anything more awe-inspiring than our own spirits. Yes, girls, if we rule these spirits of ours we have as much sovereignty as is good for us, as much indeed as most of us have the ability to manage.

But whether her empire be colossal or microscopic, a queen is a queen, and within its bounds she reigns supreme. If it has only narrow limits we can make the most of it like the German potentate who acted so wisely that his state became famous in literature and art, even though it was so small that, when he sent orders to one who had offended him to leave the country, the message the man sent back was, "Tell him to look out of the palace window and he will see me cross the frontier in three minutes!"

It is no question of rich or poor, well-to-do or badly-off. Queens with a place in history have before now shivered with cold, not having money to pay for wood and coal. Queens they were in spite of the empty grate. And so with a girl of a really good sort—one who is a monarch in ruling herself. When she is met with, people do not too particularly inquire how much she has, and, between ourselves, many sensible folk are of opinion that she is best off who has nothing.

To be a girl-queen too is a matter independent of worldly position. If she can only rule herself she may be of so humble origin that no one could be humbler. Her throne may be a cold stone by the wayside, her palace a gipsy van, her chariot a donkey-cart, and her occupation no higher than that of the rat-catcher's daughter who sold sprats for a livelihood.

She need not be good-looking either. And in saying that there comes to our recollection a girl whom we shall not name who is gene-

rally described in our village as a "wee deformed sort of body." So she strikes one at first sight, but no one knows her long without discovering that if she was behind the door when grace and good looks were given out she is a queen in her intellectual territory, and more to be looked up to and respected than some of the pink and white beauties who criticise her and who, if the truth were told, are good for mantel-piece ornaments, but for nothing else. Outward looks go for little in queenship. You would be a queen no matter in what form you passed through the world, provided only you ruled yourself. You might even be a spell-bound maiden in the form of a tortoise-shell cat.

As queens we may not—and probably will not—have an easy time of it. "God," it has been well said, "opens a very wonderful book for our instruction when He sets us reading our own hearts." We look within and there see two forces, one arrayed against the other. On the one side, conscience with its innocent motives and high aspirations, and on the other a rabble of evil passions and desires. The two can never agree, and the first must conquer or we can never have peace.

As queen a girl must go to war; but if she only asks help from on high, she is sure to win the day, and "God who fights with her will Himself give her the victor's crown."

And let her not expect, even when she seems securely seated as sovereign, that there will not be occasional revolts. Constant watchfulness and as constant heavenly aid is the only safe rule. Take it as you like, girl, life is a struggle, and, if we only give in, the throne topples over, and we become not queens but slaves, going about fettered by our own misdeeds and follies.

The task may sometimes be difficult, but we shall take courage from the proverb:—

"Despair of nothing that you would attain,  
Unwearied diligence your end will gain."





"A GIRL'S REGRET."

There is a look about royalty which one can hardly mistake, and which makes it comparatively easy to recognise who are queens and who are not.

We have a friend much taken up by the idea that one can tell a man who is worth twenty shillings in the pound merely by looking at him, and though he pushes his hobby perhaps too far, still there is some truth in it. Now just as our friend reads in a man's appearance and manner whether he has command of a safe balance at the bank, so we may discover by a glance at a girl whether she is mistress of herself, and undisputed sovereign of the domain of her own heart.

No one having her mental being thoroughly under control can help showing it. A careful observer will note how she conducts herself with calmness and self-possession, even the grace of her every action indicating that all within is well ordered and harmonious. We could not imagine a queen existing like Mabel, whom we have mentioned in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER before, who is always ill at ease in her mind, and whose movements remind one of the awkward shuffling of an owl in a cage when it feels it is being stared at.

But the girl-queen is to be discovered by more than her manner. Her high standing comes out especially in her relationship to other people, in which she is always reasonable and kindly.

Amongst the most objectionable persons in the world are those who give themselves airs as if they were here on a mission to rule their neighbours. The girl-queen is of quite a different sort. "I rule," she says, "in my own domain, why should not others rule in theirs?" And so she is on her guard against interfering where she is not wanted.

Yes, the last thing she is ever likely to aim at is being a tyrant in her own circle. And speaking of that reminds us of one we first met many years ago who was a tyrant as a girl, and afterwards as a wife tyrannized over her husband, who could seldom even eat his dinner in peace, and who, as a widow—such is the justice of fate—is now despotically ruled over by her children.

When others differ from her in opinion it will be noticed that the girl-queen does not

fly into a temper as if she would jump down their throats, on the principle of the man who used to say, "I look upon my reasons as reasons, but upon your reasons as only prejudices!"

Her own opinion of course she sets a proper value upon, but she sees that, however sincere we may be in our search after truth, we do not all arrive at the same conclusions, and that for that reason no one should be over-confident in her own views or in the least degree contemptuous of the views of others. When everything is said, the differences which separate us are often very small; but in our pride and self-will we insist on magnifying them.

When our girl-queen does give her opinion, it is always modestly done, and thus her arguments gain in force, not to speak of her offending nobody. As a pattern girl we shall here mention one who lived two centuries and a half ago—the young daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, for whom Milton, the poet, wrote the part of "The Lady" in his Masque of Comus. Of her Jeremy Taylor says—

"Though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest experience of things and persons I ever yet knew in one of her youth and sex and circumstances, yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself, and like a fair taper, when she shined to all in the room, yet round about her station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to everybody but herself."

In her judgment of others our girl-queen tries to be just, which under the influence of prejudice, ill-nature and stupidity, is what a great many of us fail to be. "Deterioration of soul," it has been well said, "is a sure consequence of all mental injustice," and it is impossible that any can be queens unless they make justice all round a leading principle in their lives.

Her kindly way of looking at things prevents her from ever engaging in quarrels. Even under great provocation she never so much as speaks back. It takes two, they say, to make a quarrel, and the girl-queen is always the one who is unwilling. By this it must not be understood that she is a skim-milk sort of person, without character, and

wishing peace at any price. It requires more character often to keep the peace than to break it.

And not only does she recognise the rights of others; she goes farther and shows herself a kindly queen by trying to be servicable to her neighbour's territory. "Doing good," says Sir Philip Sydney, "is the only certain happy action of one's life," and if a queen is not to set an example in this respect, who is?

She does not try to please everybody. She knows better than that. The brother of one of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER told us recently, that soon after settling in a country village, he was walking along a by-road one evening thinking how he could, by right means, become popular with everybody in the neighbourhood. Raising his eyes just then, what did he see?

He saw an ass on the hillside standing out large and clear against the sky.

This symbol of folly gave a new turn to his reflections. He took the ass both as a commentary and an answer, and from that time gave up thoughts of trying to please and be popular with everybody.

The girl-queen may have learned the lesson in a different way, but she has come to the same conclusion and does what she believes to be right without reference to the approbation and applause of other people. If she at any time becomes thereby unpopular, she has at least the approval of a good conscience, and everything else is worth nothing compared with that.

In this way she conducts herself royally not only towards others, but in relation to that spiritual and intellectual territory over which she alone has command—a fair-minded, peace-loving, kind, genial, helpful and sympathetic queen. An unmistakable queen, and giving herself no airs either, for those who are highest up are the most humble and unassuming.

Many other characteristics might be pointed out, but here must end for the present the elaboration of our fine scheme for the multiplication of queens.

Don't forget it. Do you wish to have as many queens as girls?

Then let every girl rule herself.



## COOKERY RECIPES.

### FISH.

FISH is not so nourishing, but is more easily digested than meat.

Fish may be divided into two kinds, (1) White fish; (2) Oily fish.

White fish have oil only in the liver, so when the liver is removed their flesh is easily digested and is most suited for invalids. Sole, whiting, cod, turbot, haddock and flounders are white fish.

Oily fish have the oil spread all over their bodies; they are richer and more nourishing, but not so easily digested as white fish. Such are salmon, red mullet, herrings, sprats.

#### HOW TO TELL IF FISH IS FRESH.

1. The eyes should be bright.
2. The scales should be bright.
3. The gills should be red.
4. There should be no unpleasant smell.

5. The flesh should be firm.  
6. Turn the head of the fish towards you, put one hand on the head and with the other draw the tail down over the head; let go the tail; if the fish is fresh it will spring back quickly, but if it is stale it will be limp.

#### BOILED FISH.

This is not a very good way of cooking fish, as so much of the goodness goes out into the water and is lost. Fish should not do more than simmer, if it boils the skin breaks. Fish takes much less time to cook than meat. No hard-and-fast rule as to time can be given, as so much depends upon the size and shape of the fish. For a thick piece of fish, seven or eight minutes to the pound will be enough. Take away all scum as it rises or it will settle on the fish and spoil its appearance. A

tablespoonful of vinegar to every quart of water helps to whiten the fish and to keep it firm. When the fish is cooked drain it well before putting it on the dish and arrange it on a folded napkin, garnish it with sprats and slices of lemon.

#### BAKED FISH.

Baking is a good way of cooking fish, as in this way the goodness is kept in. The fish must be well basted or it keeps very dry.

#### FRIED FISH.

Before frying, well dry the fish by wrapping it in a thickly floured cloth for a few minutes, or the water in the fish will get into the fat and prevent its frying a good colour. If the fish is egged and crumbed, the crumbs should be carefully flattened on with a knife or they

will come off in the fat, turn black, settle on the fish again and spoil its appearance. Fat for frying should be quite still and it should smoke faintly. If it bubbles before the fish is put in it shows that it is not well rendered down—(see "To Render down Fat," Chap. xi.)—or that water has been left in it from the last frying. When the fish is put in the fat should bubble quickly; this is caused by the heat of the fat driving the water out of the fish and expanding the air in the water and driving it out in the form of bubbles. When the fish is fried drain it well on soft paper. It should be a nice golden brown colour.

#### FISH IN BATTER.

*Ingredients.*—Plaice or any suitable fish, quarter of a pound of flour, one gill of water, pepper and salt, fat for frying (deep fat if possible).

*Method.*—Clean and fillet the fish; a flat fish, such as plaice, is filleted by cutting with a sharp knife down the line on the skin to the bone and then holding the knife very flat, and gradually working the flesh clean off the bone on both sides. You get two fillets from each side of the fish. If the fillets are large cut them in half. Dry well in flour, dip in the batter and put them carefully in the frying fat with a skewer. Fry a golden brown and drain well. Dish in a circle with parsley in the middle. If preferred the black skin can be removed before dipping in the batter by laying the fillets skin downwards on the board, holding it firmly at the tail end by a cloth and cutting sharply between the skin and the flesh by a sharp knife held horizontally.

#### STUFFED HADDOCK.

*Ingredients.*—A large fresh haddock, quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, one shalot (chopped), one tablespoonful of parsley (chopped), one beaten egg, a little milk, pepper and salt, brown crumbs, dripping.

*Method.*—Make a stuffing of the crumbs, parsley, shalot, pepper and salt, mixed with the egg and a little milk, and stuff the fish with it. Sew it in with white cotton, brush it outside with milk and cover it with brown crumbs. Truss it into the form of an S with a skewer and lay it on a well greased dripping tin. Put plenty of dripping on the top and bake in a moderate oven till done, basting often. Remove the skewer and cotton and lay on a hot dish. Pour off the dripping and pour half a pint of stock in the tin; add pepper and salt and an ounce of brown thickening, stir over the fire, let it boil and pour round the fish. Put a piece of parsley in each eye-ball.

#### HERRING SANDWICHES.

*Ingredients.*—Eight herrings, forcemeat as for stuffed haddock, brown crumbs, dripping.

*Method.*—Scale and clean the herrings and cut off their heads; bone them by cutting them down the back to the bone and gradually working out the backbone from the head downwards, lay them open on the board and pick out any loose bones, spread four of the herrings with the forcemeat and lay the others on the top; sprinkle with brown crumbs on the top, and then cut each sandwich in half lengthways. Lay on a greased tin with bits of dripping on the top and bake twenty minutes. Dish in a circle with gravy made as for stuffed haddock—poured in the middle.

#### TIMBALE OF FISH.

*Ingredients.*—A medium-sized fresh haddock, quarter of a pound of boiled macaroni, two ounces of fine bread-crumbs, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, two eggs, a blade of mace, a small slice of onion, pepper and salt, a pinch of cayenne.

*Method.*—Grease a pudding-basin; put the boiled macaroni in a basin of cold water until

you use it. Cut the macaroni in half-inch pieces, and with a skewer line the bottom and sides of the basin with it, packing them closely together and putting the holes of the macaroni against the basin; this can be done some time before the dish is wanted. Scrape the flesh of the fish and pound it. Boil the milk with the butter, onion, salt, mace and cayenne. When it boils take out the onion and mace and stir in the crumbs; stir and cook quickly over the fire until the mixture is very stiff; then stir in the pounded fish; rub all through a sieve and add the beaten eggs. Fill the basin that has been lined with macaroni with this mixture, taking care not to disarrange it; cover with a buttered paper, put the basin in the steamer and steam thirty-five minutes. Turn out and pour tomato sauce or white sauce round the base.

#### FILLETS OF SOLE WITH BUTTERED EGGS.

*Ingredients.*—A large lemon sole, four eggs, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt, white sauce.

*Method.*—Wash and skin the fish, then fillet it carefully; cut each fillet into two pieces, this will give eight pieces in all. Melt two ounces of butter in a small saucepan, heat up the eggs, season with pepper and salt, and stir the eggs into the saucepan. Stir and cook until nearly set, then lay a spoonful on each fillet, fold the fillets over, so that each forms a sort of sandwich, and lay them on a buttered tin with a piece of buttered paper over. Cook in a very moderate oven for ten minutes. Arrange the fillets on a hot dish one leaning on the other *en couronne*; have ready some hot white sauce, thick enough to cover, and pour it over; sprinkle a little very finely chopped parsley on each and serve at once.

#### FRIED FILLETS OF SOLE AND TOMATOES.

*Ingredients.*—One large sole, three-quarters of a pound of tomatoes, one ounce of cornflour, a little stock or milk, pepper and salt, egg, bread-crumbs, deep fat for frying, some cherry tomatoes for garnishing.

*Method.*—Wash, skin and fillet the fish. Cook the tomatoes gently in the oven until tender, rub them through a sieve and then put them in a small saucepan. Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little stock, stir it into the tomato *purée* and let it boil. Let it cool a little and spread some on each fillet; roll them up neatly and place them on a buttered tin, cover with buttered paper and put them in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Take them out, stand them on a plate, put another plate on the top and stand a weight on it; let them press till cold. Brush them with egg, roll them in crumbs, flatten these on with a knife, and place the fillets in a fry-basket. Have ready a pan of deep fat, heat it until it smokes, plunge in the fry-basket and fry the fish a good golden brown. Lift out the basket, pick the fillets quickly out with your fingers, drain them on soft paper and put them on a hot dish on a fancy paper. Have ready some cherry tomatoes, cooked tender without breaking, in the oven and arrange them round the dish as a garnish. Re-heat the fat until it is very hot, and fry some well dried springs of parsley for a few seconds; drain well and pile in the middle of the fillets. The parsley should be green after frying.

#### FRESH HADDOCK A L'ESPAGNOLE.

*Ingredients.*—A medium-sized fresh haddock, three-quarters of a pint of stock, a piece each of carrot, turnip, onion and parsnip, two mushrooms, two sticks of celery, one ounce and a half of flour, two ounces and a half of butter, browning, bayleaf, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Fillet the fish and skin the fillets; cut each fillet into three pieces and lay them

on a greased baking tin and cover with buttered paper. Cook in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Prepare and slice the vegetables, and fry them all in an ounce of butter for ten minutes; pour on the stock, add the bayleaf, mace, pepper and salt, put on the lid and simmer for an hour. Strain the stock, melt one ounce and a half of butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour; fry the flour a good dark brown by degrees and stir in the strained stock, keeping the sauce very smooth, wring it through a tammy and re-heat. Arrange the pieces of haddock neatly on a hot dish and strain the sauce over them.

#### SOUFFLÉE OF DRIED HADDOCK.

*Ingredients.*—A good-sized dried haddock, three eggs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, quarter of a pint of milk, quarter of a pint of cream, cayenne.

*Method.*—Soak the haddock all night in milk and water and in the morning cook it in plenty of butter until tender. Take the flesh off the bones and pound it in a mortar until smooth. Boil half the milk with the butter and mix the flour with the other half; when the milk and butter boils stir in the flour, stir and cook until the mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan clean. Mix in the fish and rub all through a sieve; add the cream, the yolks of the eggs and cayenne; whip the whites to a very stiff froth and stir them into the mixture last of all. Pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake in a good oven twenty minutes—until well thrown up. Put a fancy paper round the pie-dish and serve at once.

#### LOBSTER CUTLETS.

*Ingredients.*—Six ounces of chopped lobster, one ounce and a half of butter, one ounce of flour, half a gill of milk, half a gill of cream, cayenne, pepper and salt, a little cochineal, egg, bread-crumbs, deep fat for frying.

*Method.*—Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour, add the milk, stir and boil over the fire until very thick, and then add the cream, seasoning and cochineal. Stir in the chopped lobster (tinned lobster will do if care is taken to obtain a good brand). Spread the mixture on a plate to get cold. Flour the paste-board and roll it out to the depth of an inch, cut into cutlets with a cutlet-cutter, brush with egg, dip in crumbs, flatten them on with a knife and fry a golden brown in deep fat.

#### SCALLOPS AU GRATIN.

*Ingredients.*—Six scallops, one ounce of arrowroot, one tablespoonful of bread-crumbs, milk to cover, parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped shalot, two ounces of grated cheese, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Simmer the scallops gently in the milk until tender, strain off the milk and mince them. Boil the milk, mix the flour with a little cold milk and a few bread-crumbs, add the minced scallops, put the mixture into scallop shells, sprinkle with shalot, parsley and grated cheese, and brown in front of the fire.

#### OYSTER PATTIES.

*Ingredients.*—Two dozen oysters, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, one gill of milk, one gill of cream, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, cayenne.

*Method.*—Beard the oysters and cut each one in half, simmer them for a few minutes in the liquor from the oyster shells, but do not let them boil or they will be tough. Mix the flour with a little of the milk, boil the rest with the butter, stir in the flour and let it boil, add the cream, lemon juice and cayenne. Have ready eight patty cases, and fill them with the mixture.

## COD À LA BECHAMEL.

*Ingredients.*—One pound of cod-fish, one ounce of flour, three-quarters of a pint of milk, half a shalot, one blade of mace, salt.

*Method.*—Cut the fish in pieces about an inch square and put it in a saucepan with the milk, shalot, mace and salt. Put on the lid and simmer very gently for fifteen minutes. Take out the fish with a slice, mix the flour smoothly with a little cold milk and stir it into the milk in which the fish has been cooked, let it boil; remove the mace and shalot and put back the pieces of fish. Have ready a hot dish with a border of mashed potato on it, and pour the fish and sauce in the middle.

## FISHERMAN'S PIE.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of cooked fish, three ounces of well cooked macaroni (see "Macaroni Cheese"), mashed potatoes, a little dripping, half a pint of stock, half an ounce of brown thickening, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Break the fish into flakes and take away all skin and bone. Bring the stock to the boil in a saucepan and add the brown thickening, and pepper and salt, stir until the sauce thickens; add the fish and the cooked macaroni, let them get hot in the sauce and pour into a greased pie dish; spread mashed potatoes on the top; score across

with a fork and brown in the oven for ten minutes.

## FISH BALLS.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of cooked fish, half a pound of mashed potatoes, two eggs, a little cold white sauce, pepper and salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, bread-crumbs.

*Method.*—Flake up the fish and take away all skin and bone; mix it with the potatoes, parsley, pepper and salt, an egg well beaten, a little cold white sauce into a stiff paste; flour the hands, roll the mixture into balls, egg and crumb them well and fry in deep fat a golden brown.

## IN SPITE OF ALL.

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



## CHAPTER V.

OW is my mother, Richards?" was Michael's hurried question of the groom whomethim at the station.

"A little better, sir; it was one of them heart attacks, sir. The master told me to tell you as we hoped the danger was over, sir."

"Thank God," said Michael beneath his breath. It was not till that moment of relief that he realised the intensity of his anxiety during the long journey.

It was now evening; the country was in its summer beauty. The moonlight shone on the fair and peaceful scene. For a moment Michael's thoughts reverted to Beattie. Last night he was with her at this time, watching the moonlight on the quiet sea. How long ago it seemed. Where space has been traversed the mind can hardly realise that time has not been traversed too. He was very silent during the five-mile drive; strangely so, Richards thought, for generally Mr. Michael had so much to say when he came home, and asked so many questions, and wanted to know all the news of hall and village and stable which the groom was so ready to impart.

Like most of the Hall servants Richards was a native of the village, and he and Michael had been acquainted since their boyhood. But for once at his home-coming Michael left behind him something more dear than he was going to. Beattie could not have kept him from his mother's bedside, but now that he was on his way to her his thoughts were drawn backward.

"Mr. Michael must have been rare and anxious," said Richards in the servants' hall at supper, "for after he

had asked after the mistress he had not a word to say till we was home. He sat sort of dreaming-like all the time."

As the dog-cart drove up an old gentleman came out of the library into the hall. He was a tall man, with a stern, rather joyless face. At present it looked more than usually haggard, but it lighted up at sight of his son.

"I am glad you came at once, my boy. She has been wanting you."

Michael did not explain why he had gone to the seaside. When the butler had relieved him of his coat he followed his father into the library.

"What made her ill?" he asked.

"I don't know. She was not quite herself and—well, Evelyn's birthday would have been this week—she always frets just then"—the old man's voice shook. He could never mention his daughter's name with calmness. "And she has been worried about Geoffrey. One never knows what one may hear now that he has gone to the front. And—and I have been a bit depressed too. Perhaps I tried her. We want someone young and cheerful about us, my boy. That girl at the rectory is away too, and your mother likes to see her when she is poorly."

"May I go up, or is it too late?"

"No. She knows you are coming. She will not sleep till she has seen you."

Michael ran up the slippery oak staircase with the ease only born of habit, and knocked at the door of his mother's room. The lady's-maid opened it, and seeing who it was, her face relaxed its rather grim expression. Few of the servants cared for poor Sir John, because they adored their mistress and fancied he was selfish towards her; but they were all fond of Michael.

"He've come, ma'am," she said gently to Lady Anstruther, and then withdrew to the dressing-room to be within call if she were needed.

Michael bent over his mother and kissed her tenderly. He was not as a rule demonstrative, but he was devoted to her and she knew it.

"How well you look, dear," she said when she could see his face, and she laid her hand for a moment on his cheek

tanned by the sea breezes. "One can see you have not come straight from London. But you were right to have a little sea air after all your work and that sprained foot."

It was like her to think of him before herself. Her voice was weak and low, but the usual motherly tone was in it.

"I have to keep in this position, on my side, so you must sit there where I can see you."

She took his hand and lay still watching him.

"You are better, mother."

She smiled.

"Yes. But we thought I might be leaving you all, and that you would like to say good-bye. I haven't spoilt your holiday, Mike, have I?"

He felt himself reddening.

"I should never have forgiven them if they had not told me you were ill," he said. "But you mustn't talk too much, mother, or you will be tired. I will sit with you a little while."

"But you haven't had your supper."

"That can wait."

No one knew what Lady Anstruther endured in being separated from her children. To have them with her was her greatest happiness, and as she lay there holding Michael's hand and watching him a great peace stole into her heart, and shone in her eyes. Geoffrey the soldier was her favourite, though no one knew it, for she was too true a mother to show her partiality, but Michael was the one most like herself, both in looks and disposition. The very love of healing was strong in both, though it took different forms for its manifestation, the strong protecting instinct was there, and the fiery temper and the unyielding adherence to any opinion once maintained, which meant at once loyalty and obstinacy and reliability. Only in Lady Anstruther the natural gifts were sanctified, the natural defects minimised by the grace of holiness.

"I heard from my little daughter this morning," she said presently. "She told me she had seen you."

The "little daughter" was Norah Gilman. Sometimes, but never in her husband's presence, Lady Anstruther

spoke thus of the girl, by whose dying mother she had watched long before her own bereavement had made her doubly tender over the child. She was not an ambitious woman in any worldly sense, and sometimes she hoped that this young and charming little friend of hers would be a daughter indeed. Norah was unspotted from the world and of gentle blood. Her mother had been of better birth than the Anstruthers themselves. Of money as a factor in happiness Lady Anstruther thought wonderfully little considering the day she lived in; though she knew Sir John would not wish his son's bride to come to him dowerless. But what above all endeared the rector's daughter to Michael's mother was that she knew that from the time when they had played together as children, there had been no one like Michael in Norah's eyes and never would be. Norah was a mere girl still, but Lady Anstruther could see that that which had grown with her would remain with her; the development to womanhood would be a gradual thing. She would gain new affections, but the old ones would remain and deepen with the passing years.

"I met her at Mrs. Gilman's," said Mike quietly.

Lady Anstruther could not at present feel any assurance that to Michael Norah was more than the friend of his boyhood, but then to her Mike was a boy still, and she did not suppose his thoughts had turned with love to any woman.

"She told me she had made a friend," went on the gentle voice of the invalid, "and she held out hopes that one day she would stay with her. Poor child, I am afraid she is often dull at the rectory."

Michael's heart leapt. It was strange and seemed to him ominous of good that on the very evening of his return he should hear of Beattie and from the lips of his mother.

The lady's-maid knocked and stole into the room.

"I do not think her ladyship had better talk any more to-night," she said. "It is time she had her draught."

Michael bade her good-night. His mother laid her hand on his head with a murmured "God bless you" that brought the tears to his eyes. There was that in her manner which told him she had scarcely hoped to see him again, and that made the meeting a solemn as well as a joyful one.

Lady Anstruther had heart-disease, and her husband and children knew that in all probability the attacks would one day end fatally. But people who live with one in any way afflicted get so used to it that they are liable to forget danger in its familiarity, and those about her, especially Sir John, were apt to take advantage of her sympathetic and unselfish disposition and let her wear herself out in their service. Sir John had a morbid twist in his character which sometimes caused him to suffer from prolonged fits of depression. At these times he was fractious and irritable, exacting in the attentions he

required, and liable to passionate outbursts which although they spent themselves in words were most exhausting to her on whom they were usually inflicted. The monotony of country-life too, deprived as she was of the intercourse with her children which she so enjoyed, and of her neighbours through Sir John's unsociability wearied Lady Anstruther occasionally; for she was naturally a woman who loved society and varied occupation and the exercise of the many brilliant gifts with which she was endowed. Of late years Sir John had refused to accompany her to London for the season, and as she feared to leave him alone for more than a few days, an absence which would have been scarcely worth the fatigue it entailed, she remained at Woodfield the whole year. The village was the gainer; she visited the poor in their homes, interested herself in their daughters, ministered to the sick, and aided the needy. She knew all the joys and sorrows of these humble homes, and her own bereavement in which she had had the genuine sympathy of the village had brought her nearer to other mourners. So it was that by her own patience and meekness and charity, she was able to set an example that was ennobling and elevating, and though she spoke little of religion she made it a reality, and her influence was all on the side of good.

But for her Mr. Gilman's position would have been hard indeed. The Squire would have nothing to do with him in his capacity of clergyman, and had never entered the church since Evelyn's funeral; the death of his wife had deprived him of his only companion, and he, like Lady Anstruther, was debarred from indulging any of his natural tastes, partly by the loneliness of the neighbourhood, and the difficulty of congenial society for one who had neither leisure nor wealth, and partly by defective hearing, which, increasing as he grew older, made him shy and retiring. He was a scholar and a gentleman, in his youth he had been much sought after, but a certain lack of power, a diffidence that was almost faulty had kept him below the position to which he might have attained. His wife's delicacy had made him glad to accept a living in the bracing county in which Sir John Anstruther's estate was situated, and after her death his ambition, such as it was, seemed to have faded. He wished for nothing but to do his work quietly till he should be laid by her side. Still, he was desirous of doing his duty by his children, and it was here that he found Lady Anstruther's advice and help of such great importance, especially where Norah was concerned. His friendship and admiration for her extended to her children, and Michael he loved scarcely less than his own two boys.

To Michael the rectory had been a second home. The boys were a good deal younger than he, but they were merry little fellows, and he liked to share their games, and Norah, even in the days when she wore pinafores and short frocks was always a kind little hostess, ready with piles of buttered toast

on wintry afternoons, when they had been skating or snowballing, and with unlimited strawberry jam when they had tea out in the garden. If Michael hurt himself during the scrimmages, and from his infancy he was always "in the wars," as they called it, Norah was prepared with arnica, and bandages, and gold-beater's skin from the medicine chest of which she was so proud. The boys called her a "regular fusser," and a "frightful fidget;" but though they fretted under her ministrations, Mike was never ungrateful for the kind touch of her childish fingers, and the soothing tones of her clear young voice. He never noticed that Norah grew up. She had always been grown up to him, a person to be treated with respect and consideration even when she was playing rounders with marks of chocolate about her mouth. Her manner to him had never changed, and he took her interest in himself as a matter of course.

But he had never talked to her with the intimacy with which he had laid bare so many of his thoughts to Beattie after less than a week's acquaintance. People are often shyer with old friends than with new. It frequently happens that one reveals to the stranger of yesterday what one's brother will never know, and what a life-long intercourse has not drawn from one's heart. But still Michael was very fond of Norah. He had been too attached to Evelyn to think of putting Norah in her place, but she was like a younger sister, and if he had been in trouble and anxious to spare his mother, he would have gone unhesitatingly, and with the assurance of her sympathy to the little mistress of the Rectory. He was sorry she was not at home now. The morning after his arrival he would have liked to spend the hour in the rectory parlour, till he was admitted to his mother's room. Norah was a person who was always busy and yet made you feel she had plenty of time at your disposal. At least, she made Michael feel like that. He never scrupled to invade her mornings. But to-day she would not be there. The boys too, he heard, were staying with some school-fellows till the next week. Still, he thought, he would stroll down and see the rector. His own father had sat up till late talking to him the night before and had sent a message that he was to make his morning plans without regard to him. Sir John was not an early riser. Sometimes he would keep breakfast about till it was nearly lunch time, refusing to take it in his own room where he was parading up and down in his dressing-gown, brooding on various subjects, and persuading himself he was the most miserable creature in existence (as he probably was at that time). The doctor, a young man with more candour than caution, told him his liver was at fault, and that if he took his breakfast at a sensible hour he would be considerably better in both mind and body, but as Sir John did not obey him, and continued to need his ministrations, Dr. Waller lost nothing except Sir John's approbation by having told him the truth.

Mr. Gilman was in his study when

Michael was announced. He had heard of his arrival but had not expected so speedy a visit to himself, and was proportionately pleased until he feared perhaps Lady Anstruther was worse and had sent for him. But directly he was reassured on this point, he gave himself up to the pleasure of Michael's society. He was greatly interested in the young man's career, and eager to hear anything Michael could tell him about new scientific discoveries in the field of medicine, and new practices in surgery. At one time Mr. Gilman had thought of being a doctor himself. His interest was so genuine that Michael was carried away by it and forgot his mother and Beattie and every other subject. It was not till the rector was summoned to his early luncheon that Michael remembered the flight of time.

"Come again soon, my dear boy," said Mr. Gilman, his kindly near-sighted eyes bright with an unwonted light, and his manner almost eager; "it has been such a pleasure to have you to myself. The children will all be home next week. Norah has been away for a fortnight now and you can't tell what the house is without her. She is a quiet little mouse, but one is dreadfully conscious of her absence."

"I shall be glad to see her too," said Michael frankly.

Mr. Gilman did not share Lady Anstruther's hopes as to the possible future of their two children. Such a thought had never entered his head and was not likely to. Not for worlds would he have stood in his daughter's light, but unconsciously he looked for her to be with him and the boys, as she had been since her mother died. In the home and the parish there was much useful work to be done, and that was her sphere. It was Lady Anstruther who reminded him sometimes that after all Norah was very young and that she ought to have the pleasures which later years cannot supply.

"Don't let her when she is old feel she has been deprived of her girlhood," she would say. "We know, you and I, that happiness is only to be found in the faithful performance of duty, but we have duties as well as Norah, and we must see that we do not abuse her conscientiousness."

Lady Anstruther entertained but little, but she had determined to do what she could this summer, that Norah might at least have the opportunity of seeing such society as was to be found within a radius of ten miles. She could see that Norah inherited from her father a retiring disposition that if encouraged might lead to eccentricity. She did sometimes want a girl friend, but otherwise she

was fairly content. She did not care for general society, and her happiest moments, except when she was with Michael, were spent in her household duties and in the cottages where there were old people and little children.

"But some day she must face the world," Lady Anstruther would think; "And is she having the best preparation for it?"

It was at her instigation that Norah accepted Mrs. Gilman's invitation, which both she and her father had been disposed to refuse. She thought that it might lead to Norah's having a season in London under her cousin's chaperonage in the following year, and to her seeing more of the world which even the most unworldly must inhabit, and in which the best as well as the worst of human nature is probably developed. Lady Anstruther's experience of life had not led her to find most admirable the type of character to be found in dwellers in solitude, nor those who voluntarily embrace a narrow sphere. She believed that the sanest, and healthiest, and noblest lives were lived by those who freely mixed with their fellow-creatures, sweetening and ennobling every gathering, purifying all intercourse, by the love which comes from God, and flows out to humanity.

(To be continued.)



## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

### GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

**EMIGRATION TO SOUTH AFRICA.** *I am recommended for the sake of my health to go to South Africa. Could I obtain a post there as companion-help? If so, what preparation for the duties ought I to seek? Is there any society to which I could turn for guidance on arrival? I am fond of domestic work.*

#### FRIENDLESS GIRL.

If you go to South Africa, you must be prepared for hard work. The life, however, except in some insanitary towns, is healthy, and we have known delicate women return to England much invigorated by residence in the dry climate, although they have had to be at work from early morning till late at night, and engaged in duties of the most laborious domestic character. You should not leave home until you have acquired a thorough knowledge of all ordinary household duties, cooking, dairy-work, and, if possible, of poultry-keeping also. The ability to make good butter has been known to prove quite

a small fortune to its possessor in a land where butter is so scarce that people pay three shillings a pound for it. In any of the best schools of housewifery you would learn much that would be of service to you in your future life; but probably you could hardly do better than become a pupil at the Emigrants' Training Home, Leaton, Wrockwardine, Wellington, Salop. The arrangements for the reception of women emigrants in South Africa are not at present as satisfactory as could be wished. There is a good home, however, with moderate charges, at Pietermaritzburg, the Jubilee Institute, which has recently been opened by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and in Johannesburg there is the Women's Residential Club, 108, Kerk Street, which is conducted by Miss Plunket, who also endeavours to find situations for women who apply to her. You must remember that if you wish to go inland as far as Johannesburg, you ought to allow yourself a considerable amount of money over and above the bare cost of your passage, so as to cover railway fares and the probable expense

of having to spend a short time at your own cost before you found employment to suit you. In regard to the nature of the work itself, we cannot do better than quote some passages from an interesting letter addressed to us by one of our South African readers who signs herself "Natalia." "Nearly every housewife," says our correspondent, "keeps a Kaffir boy to do the rough work. The Kaffir girls will do beds and dusting, but (with very few exceptions) refuse to wash saucers or even dishes. They say, when asking for work, 'No, missus, me no work in the kitchen.' As our daughters are quite capable of doing the ordinary house-work, we want a kind of general servant to scrub floors and work in the kitchen; so the little kitchen Kaffir suits us very well." This Kaffir labour, however, is extremely irregular, and long periods may intervene, during which the ladies of the house have to do everything for themselves. Consequently, a woman who contemplates going to South Africa should be prepared to supply all her own needs when circumstances require her so to do.



## MEDICAL.

**ADA WRIGHT.**—The questions that you ask us are not to be hastily answered, but we are pleased to give you all the information that we can. You ought to be everlastingly grateful to your doctor, for he has certainly cured you, and it is something for a physician to be delighted with to cure a case of epilepsy. If, as you say, you have not had a fit for twenty years, we think that it is unlikely that the fits will return. Where you have heard that epilepsy is the commonest cause of insanity we cannot tell. Epilepsy is an occasional cause of mental disease, but it is not a very common cause. The influence of heredity in epilepsy has been absurdly overrated. Epilepsies are most common in nervous families and in families where other members are neurotic or insane; but the direct heredity of epilepsy is in our experience rare. We do not think that the fact of your having had fits prevents your marriage. But of course you must clearly lay your case before your intended husband.

**CLARA.**—Mutton is the most digestible of butcher's meat, beef comes second, veal and pork (especially the latter) are not easily digested; but bacon is not digestible, and the fatter the bacon the more digestible it is. Kidneys and liver are difficult to digest. Tripe and sweetbreads are very digestible.

**CAMELIA.**—The nervousness and palpitations to which you are subject are due to the tea that you drink. If you give up taking tea you will get all right in a very short time. Besides nervousness and palpitation, tea, if taken in excess, gives rise to the following symptoms:—Insomnia, often very intractable; dreams, tremors, indigestion (often accompanied with heart-burn and "waterbrash"), constipation and colic. Dependent upon these interferences with digestion are the red nose and "rosacea", so common among excessive tea-drinkers. A general irritability of temper is also induced by over-indulgence in tea. It also speaks that tea produces a special inclination to talk scandal.

**MAY BLOSSOM.**—You ask us about the treatment of corpulence in an otherwise perfectly healthy adult. It is mainly a question of diet. You should avoid untoasted bread, brown bread, puddings, pastry, potatoes and other foods containing a large quantity of starch. Sugar in all forms is forbidden. Milk must be taken in moderation. Alcohol must be avoided in any form. Liver should not be eaten. Cocoa is also prohibited. There are various methods of carrying out the dietary treatment of obesity. Hant's method is the most severe. It is much too severe, and not only have we seen the health ruined, but even death occur from "banting." Some modification of Elstein's dietary is the most satisfactory. The following diet table will be found quite spare enough for ordinary cases:—*Breakfast.* Two ounces of thin well-toasted white bread buttered. An egg. Half a pint of tea or coffee. *Lunch.* Two ounces of thin well-toasted white bread well buttered. A small rasher of fat bacon. Half a pint of fluid. *Dinner.* No soup except such as is made with bone marrow. Half a pound of fat meat. Vegetables, but potatoes in great moderation. No puddings. Half a pint of fluid. Butter, fat, and fat bacon are thoroughly admissible. You see that we have to limit the quantity of food taken. No food may be taken between meals. Fluids must be restricted. Besides diet, exercise is important. You must take a walk every day, but you must not over-fatigue yourself. Slightly increase the distance walked every day. The various spas to which stout persons resort to get thin by taking "the waters," only their efficacy chiefly, if not entirely, to the rigid system of dieting and exercise there enforced.

**AGNES.**—Sulphur is used in medicine as a laxative, for which purpose it is fairly useful. Sulphur produces no obvious effect on the blood when taken by the mouth. It is one of our most valuable drugs for local application to the skin.

**BUNSW.**—Glycerine and cucumber, or glycerine and rose-water may be used to render the skin of the face smooth. It is very wasteful to wash in milk, and besides it is not much good for the complexion.

**DORREN.**—1. Curling the hair with hot irons renders it brittle and lustreless. Damping the hair before curling it waxes rather difficult, but it will increase the evil effects of the hot irons.—2. The 10th of September, 1878, was a Monday.

**AN OLD FRIEND OF THE "G.O.P."**—Sulph-hydrate of calcium is an unsafe and most uncertain depilatory. If you apply this substance to your face for two minutes and then wash it off again, you will not notice much difference in the hairs. If you keep it on too long it will peel your face. The best result we have seen from using sulph-hydrate of calcium for superfluous hairs was in a girl, who applied it to her upper lip to remove some short hairs. The next day the skin of her lip was red and started to peel. It went on peeling for a fortnight, at the end of which time the hairs were a little longer than before. Sulphide of calcium smears is of rotten eggs, and it will require some uncommonly powerful scent to render it free from its foul odour. We discussed the subject of superfluous hairs at full length some weeks ago.

**JONEY.**—It is highly probable that "eustachian obstruction" is the cause of your deafness. As this condition is rather serious and needs a prolonged treatment, we advise you to do as you suggest and go to your doctor, or if you cannot afford his fees, to go to the special department of a general hospital. You say that you were in a hospital with tubercular lip disease, and you ask us if this would have anything to do with your ears? Possibly it might, for ear disease is sometimes due to tubercle. Severe headache is a common accompaniment of ear troubles.

**LAUREL LEAF.**—Bunions are due to the pressure of ill-fitting boots. Modern boots are made of a shape that the joint of the big toe is forced out of position and made to project. In consequence of this it is pressed upon, irritated, and eventually becomes inflamed, forming a bunion. The treatment for the condition is to see to your boots. Let your boots be roomy and as near to the natural shape of the foot as possible. We have lately seen boots for sale in London which actually bear some resemblance to the human foot! If you could get a pair of these boots we strongly advise you to do so. Besides seeing to your boots, wash your feet every evening in warm water to which borax, or boric acid has been added (one dram to a pint). Keep the foot elevated on a pillow at night. Massage may also be of service (see below).

**PHILLIPA** asks us "Do you think much of massage?" Most decidedly we do! It is one of the most useful measures that we have for relieving pain and curing inflammations. She also asks us "How is it done, and can any one do it?" Yes, any intelligent person can perform massage if she pays attention to the rules. The object of massage is chiefly to promote the circulation of the part by helping the return of the blood and the lymph towards the heart. It consists in rubbing. It is done in the following manner. Suppose you wish to massage the knee. Have the knee bare. Stand facing your patient. Dip your fingers in sweet oil and rub upwards towards the heart. Use the tips of your fingers only, press firmly, and remember that you must only rub towards the heart. Continue the rubbings for twenty minutes. Whatever part you massage you rub towards the heart; upwards for the arms and legs, and downwards for the head. This is all that is necessary. The elaborate rubbings, smacking, and gymnastics which constitute professional massage are very rarely necessary, the simple massage if properly done is quite sufficient in nine cases out of ten. Massage produces a delightful feeling of comfort, easing pain, and promoting absorption of inflammatory exudations. It is used in many forms of injuries and diseases of the bones, joints, and muscles, and in various diseases of the nervous system.

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

**KATHLEEN.**—1. There is nothing whatever to pay for "International Correspondence," except that you must put a shilling stamp on each letter you send to your foreign friend.—2. Your writing would be better in our opinion if it did not slope backward. You should try and keep a uniform space between the lines of your letter.

**SWEET SEVENTEENS.**—We hardly think you would be able to get children's stories accepted for English magazines because of your un-English mode of expression, e.g., "For many years already I write short children's stories." We do not wish you to think we feel anything but admiration for your nicely-written letter. If you would like to try your fortune, send a story written on one side of the paper, to the editor of any children's magazine for which you think it suitable, enclosing stamps for its return in case it is not accepted, and keeping a copy. No fee is required.

**HERMIONE.**—We are answering one of your questions elsewhere, and are glad to hear you are pleased with your prize. As for classical allusions, if you had Dr. Smith's classical dictionary beside you, you could look them up whenever you were perplexed. It is an expensive book, but secondhand copies are often to be met with. The only other course is to read all you can concerning classic lore. Dean Church's tales from ancient history, Kingley's *Hermes*, Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey*, are all fascinating.

**SMOOTHING.**—1. The English spring is proverbially fickle, but you may consider March, April, and May as the three spring months.—2. Books "become out of print" when the last edition is all sold and they are not reprinted, but even in this case they can frequently be obtained. If your local bookseller cannot procure *The Harvest of a Get Eye*, write to some London firm, such as Messrs. Sotheran, Strand, London. We are glad you have taken our advice about the Home Reading Union.

**NOVILOQU.**—1. You do not say what price you would be willing to give for your dictionary. Nuttall's Pronouncing Dictionary is 2s. 7d. net; Chambers' Etymological Dictionary is the same price; Skeats' Concise Etymological Dictionary is 4s. 14d. net. Webster's Pronouncing Dictionary only 5d. net. We should suggest that you put based a cheap pronouncing dictionary and a good etymological one "showing the derivation of words."—2. We think your writing, though very plain and legible, is too black and square. The only way to alter it would be daily to practise a good "running hand" from a copybook.

**A BRIGHT BLOSSOM.**—You should attend one of the Metropolitan Technical Schools for instruction in your special branch of designing. Openings for work might afterwards present themselves. See Mrs. Watson's recent article "What is the London County Council doing for Girls?" or write to the Technical Education Board, St. Martin's Lane. We feel sympathy for you, and may add, that if you wish for help (gratis of course) in your stammering, there is some one who will be pleased to give it to you, S. W., Esq., 12, Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Stammerers can often read, declaim and sing without difficulty; it is in conversation that the trouble arises, where the even flow of the voice is frequently broken.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**S. P. P.**—The "Studies in Plant Life," by Mrs. Brightwell-Pugh, in the magazine are reprinted in book-form by Mr. Fisher's Weekly.

**LOTTIE.**—It was not the use of the needle as a means of livelihood that brought them into such contempt as that expressed in the old adage, "It takes nine tailors to make a man." The phrase has been corrupted from the original "It takes nine tailors to make a man," but to a special kind of bell-ringing. The method of distinguishing the sex and age of the deceased, for whom the church or cemetery bell is tolled, is as follows:—Three strokes given successively three times (nine in all) three at a time and followed by "knell" denotes the death of a man; three strokes, twice repeated, before the "knell," are indicative of the death of a woman; and three strokes, without repetition, before the "knell," that of a child. Thus the original saying was "Nine tollers or proclaimers of death mark a man," the word "tellers" corrupted to "tailors," and "mark" to "make"—a mischievous change, yet possibly of accidental growth.

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND.**—We are not in a position to affirm nor deny the wonderful possibilities dimly foreshadowed by, as yet undeveloped, scientific experiments with reference to the planet Mars. Old theories appear to be fading away before the clearer light now being thrown on long-sealed mysteries. Perhaps the great telescope—one of the chief features of the proposed Exposition of the year 1900—may settle the question of the habitation of this planet, since such power is claimed for it, as may bring the moon within a mile distance of us! The telescope will be 180 feet long with a level mirror of 25 inches in diameter, whereas the Lick telescope (the largest next to the Yerkes's, of the Chicago University) has one of 36 inches only.

**VERY WORRIED.**—1. When a wrong and fraudulent name is given by one party only, and the other party is innocent, the validity of the marriage is not affected. The names by which the parties are known are sufficient for the publication of the banns, so that a variance from the strict baptismal name is not important. The case is quite different where wrong names are designedly given for the purpose of concealment or fraud. This may make the marriage null and void.—2. The name Melhuish is usually pronounced Mellish—we do not see where the trouble lies.

**LILY OF THE VALLEY (Munich).**—We think your composition correct and your writing plain and well written. A weak solution of spirits of wine will, we think, remove the stains of the beer, but you must be very careful to place the silk on a clean towel several times doubled and apply a little with a clean rag or sponge.

## Odds and Ends.

AMONGST the many industries for which England had a deserved reputation, and which are rapidly declining, the most serious decrease is in that of watch-making. So bad is the present state of the industry that it can scarcely be said to exist as an English manufacture. The reason for this serious decline is not far to seek, and it is extremely simple. It has been the habit of the British watch-manufacturers to allow the jewellers and shopkeepers to stamp their names and addresses upon the watches they sell; and not only do they permit this, but they themselves place the name and address upon the watches that are bought by various shopkeepers. Consequently such a thing as a great name in the watch-making trade is almost unknown whilst there are many jewellers' shops which have a great reputation for their watches. These are actually made, regulated, finished off, and sent out by some firm or other which never receives the credit. Another curious thing about this manufacture is that watch-springs are not made in this country, the steel being actually sent to Switzerland where it is cut up by a machine—invented by the Swiss who entirely monopolise the trade—into the thin delicate strips that form the mainspring, which are then sent to England. These spring-cutting machines may be bought for a very low price, but oddly enough they are not used in England.

HALF a dozen drops of spirits of nitre in a spoonful of water, if applied with a feather to ink-stains in mahogany, rosewood, or black walnut furniture will instantly remove them. As soon as the ink disappears the place should be rubbed with a cloth that has been wetted in cold water, or the nitre will leave a white spot that will not be easily removed. If the ink remains after the application of the nitre, a second trial will be found effective. Here, too, are some useful hints with regard to the treatment of *passementerie* and jet trimmings that have become dull and rusty, as is so often the case. It is quite easy to clean them by wetting a piece of soft black cloth in alcohol that has been diluted with a little water, and then rubbing it over the trimmings. Shoe-polish will always renovate those portions of the *passementerie* that have become brown with wear. The *passementerie* should be brushed with it.

GENEVA is the great centre for the manufacture of musical boxes, thousands of men, women, and children being employed in the factories. The different parts are made by men who are experts, and who do nothing else year after year. The music is marked on the cylinder by a man who has served an apprenticeship of many years; another man inserts pegs which have been filed to one length. The comb or set of teeth which strikes these pegs and makes the sound is arranged by a workman who does nothing else. When all the parts are completed and put together, the cylinder is revolved to see that each peg produces its proper tone, and the most delicate and difficult work of all is the revising of each peg, this being done by a man who has a good ear for music. He sees that each peg is in its proper place and bent at the proper angle, so that the comb in catching it may produce the required sound. When finally the instrument is in its case an expert examines it most carefully to see that the time is perfect.

"BELITTLED our neighbours is a sure sign that we are on a low level ourselves and desire to pull them down so that they may stand no higher than we do."

"To understand how to rest is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learned easily, the former takes years to learn, and some people never learn the art of resting. It is simply a change of scenes and activities. Lounging may not be resting. Sleeping is not always restful. Sitting down with nothing to do is not restful. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties and to turn the life into a new channel. The woman who works hard finds her best rest in playing hard. The woman who is burdened with care finds relief in something that is active yet free from responsibility. Above all we should keep good-natured and not abuse our best friend—the digestion."

It is a common superstition that moonlight has great influence upon animate and inanimate objects, and many people believe that a person can be driven mad by sleeping with unshuttered windows when the moon is shining. But moonlight is only reflected sunlight, and neither the quality nor the quantity of its light is what is generally imagined. Astronomers say that it would take 618,000 full moons to give the same amount of light emitted by the sun, and that there is only sufficient space in the sky for 75,000 of these planets. A certain amount of heat comes from moonlight, but in so small a degree that it cannot be measured by the ordinary astronomical instruments, and the great scientist Flammarion declares that the whole heat emitted by a full moon at the zenith, cannot possibly be more than one eighty-thousandth part of the amount given by the sun at noon on a July day.

CURVED or stooping shoulders may be easily straightened by the daily and patient following of this exercise. Stand in a perfectly upright position with the heels together and the toes at right angles. Drop the arms by the side inflating and raising the chest to its full capacity, keeping the chin well drawn in and the crown of the head in exactly the same position as if it were attached to a cord fastened in the ceiling above. Then slowly rise upon the balls of the feet as far and as high as possible, thus exercising all the muscles of the legs and body, and drop into the standing position without moving the body out of its upright position. Repeat the exercise afterwards upon one foot and then the other, and in a short time the effect will be observed not only in the curve of the shoulders but in the greater expansion of the lungs.

AN American professor has invented a cooling stove, which he claims will reduce the temperature of a room during the hottest summer day to one of cool comfort. Salt, a small quantity of ice, and a patented chemical are the fuel of this novel invention, and so great is the cold induced that it is as dangerous to touch this stove when it is in operation as it would be to place the hand on an ordinary stove when fully heated. The skin is instantly taken off, the effect produced being exactly like that of a burn.

AUSTRIA has been described as "the paradise of old ladies." In no other country are elderly ladies treated with such deference. No Austrian would ever dream of receiving a lady's extended hand without bowing to kiss it, and girls and young married women of the highest station never consider it beneath their dignity to kiss the hands of ladies who have attained a certain age.

ONE of the medical students at the Royal Free Hospital, in the Gray's Inn Road, London, is the Hon. Ella Scarlett, a sister of Lord Abinger's. Miss Scarlett was presented at Court and went into society for two seasons, but she soon wearied of an existence of mere pleasure, and, meeting a Russian lady-surgeon abroad, gladly allowed herself to be persuaded to give her time and energies to the alleviation of human suffering. For two-and-a-half years she has been working hard at the Royal Free Hospital, and when her course is finished there, will go to the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin. The training lasts five years, and during that time Miss Scarlett is going to learn Hindustani, so that she may practice in India when she has taken her degree. She hopes to be appointed to the court of one of the rajahs. Miss Scarlett holds a surgical post in the Royal Free Hospital. Whilst speaking of women doctors, it is interesting to note that out of ninety serious operations performed at the New Hospital for Women in the Euston Road, where all doctors are women, there have been only two deaths.

It is generally supposed that a snake in killing its prey always bites it. But a naturalist, who for many years has studied the habits of these reptiles, declares that this is not the case, and that snakes cannot possibly bite because their jaws are connected only by a cartilage, and are not hinged and therefore cannot be brought together with any force. The snake simply hooks the fangs that are placed in its upper jaw into its victim, the lower jaw not coming into action at all, exactly in the manner in which anybody in a boat fixes a boat-hook in a chain or on to a pier.

THAT much-used preservative against the ravages of moths, camphor, comes from Japan where, however, the tree only grows in certain localities that are within reach of the sea breezes, and that always face towards the south. The tree is of remarkably slow growth, growing only one and a half inches a year, and a camphor tree plantation of about two and a half acres will yield quite £2,000 worth of camphor annually. Owing to a careless and indiscriminate felling of the trees, there are now very few available and the price of the product has naturally increased. Chips from the stumps and roots of trees cut down years and years ago are used by the Japanese farmers for making crude camphor, but the process by which it is obtained is so wasteful that it is estimated that only a very small percentage of the camphor actually contained in the chips is extracted. This crude camphor contains only from ten to fifteen per cent. of the camphor oil which in its turn yields fifty per cent. of pure camphor. There is a large district in the island of Formosa entirely covered by camphor forests, and it is from these, it is said, that the future supply of camphor will come.