



Vol. XIX.—No. 955.]

APRIL 16, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

IN SPITE OF ALL.  
NEW SERIAL STORY.

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



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"THE THREE GIRLS REGRETTED PARTING."

## CHAPTER I.



It was breaking-up day at the end of the summer term. The lists had been read and the anxious young minds were now at rest. Everybody knew who had won the prizes. In the sixth form five had been offered, and of these three had been won by Edith Winter, the cleverest girl in the school, and the most hard-working. She was so used to success that she took it very quietly. She was glad for her mother's sake, for the Winters were not rich and Edith was going to be a high-school mistress. She had gained a scholarship, and presently she was going to Bedford College. She was waiting now in the headmistress's study to say good-bye to her. There were two other girls also waiting. One of these, Margaret Raven, had gained a prize for drawing. She might have had more than one, but she was given to making pictures in her lesson books when she should have been studying, and caricaturing the lecturer when she should have been attending to her discourses. The other girl was Beattie Margetson, who had been second in two or three subjects, last in others, and first in English composition. The prize had been given for an essay, and Beattie's was the only one which had any originality.

The three girls regretted parting. They were making the usual promises of frequent correspondence when Miss Williams came in.

Miss Williams was a middle-aged woman, tall, thin, and pale. She had a large nose and a pointed chin. She saw everything, always caught the offender at the critical moment, and had a memory for names and faces that was something extraordinary. Hundreds of girls had passed through her school during the ten years she had been head-mistress, but she remembered every one of them, and those who met her in later life never failed to find her prompt to recognise, full of interest, and mindful of every detail of their past. She was popularly supposed to disapprove of the existence of men, and it was observed that she always got a woman to distribute the prizes if possible; it was also said that she regarded marriage as the refuge of weak women unable to make their own lives, and that her disappointment when the second mistress, Miss Cuxon, became engaged to a lawyer, was so great, that she would hardly speak to her during the remainder of her time at the school, and never on the subject of her approaching marriage. Also that the only present she gave her when the event took place

was a book on woman's rights. But these were school-girl notions, and many of the young ladies would have been utterly incredulous if they had been told that twenty years ago Miss Williams had been engaged to a smart young officer in an Indian regiment. He was shot through the heart, and that of Miss Williams may be said to have been broken by the same bullet. Thenceforward it ached so much that to divert her attention from the pain she began to develop her mind. And she did this so successfully that people said she had no feelings. Her pupils were all more or less afraid of her, but they had a great respect for her, and her power over them was immense. She had no favourites, and was not supposed to care for any of the girls much, but if there was one who had found out the weak spot which even she doubtless possessed, it was Beattie Margetson.

Why, there is no knowing, unless it was because Beattie, whose bump of reverence was undeveloped, did not regard Miss Williams with awe as the others did. Beattie had a very bright smile, and she always smiled at Miss Williams when that lady, walking down the big schoolroom, passed her desk. Once, when as occasionally happened, she was a ringleader of mischief and was reported to the head-mistress and summoned to the study to receive a lecture which would have reduced most of the other girls to tears, she looked up at the stern lady with what the girls called, "those eyes," and said, "I'm very sorry, I see now it was horrid of me. But, dear Miss Williams, when you were my age wouldn't you have been tempted to annoy Miss Tewes? She is such an aggravating person." And then she suddenly dimpled and laughed, till Miss Williams laughed too.

For everyone disliked Miss Tewes, who was very conceited, very dictatorial, and though undoubtedly clever, had what Miss Cuxon called "A school-board mind."

Beattie was very pretty. She owed some of her undoubted popularity to this fact and to her utter absence of vanity. She had curly brown hair, dimples, a lovely mouth, a complexion which denoted perfect health, and "those eyes," large, grey, changing in expression, and with wonderful long dark lashes. "When Beattie looks at you with those eyes you can't help doing what she wants," the girls used to say. Then she was funny, not witty perhaps, but quaint, original, and impulsive. No one was ever bored by Beattie. Miss Cuxon used to accuse her of being "giddy." Once when Beattie was sitting with Mary Greyle, the most solemn girl in the class, she declared she would make her laugh before the first lesson was over, and so she did. Mary's fat shoulders were soon shaking, and she emitted a curious sort of snort when she could not control herself which attracted Miss Cuxon's attention. Mary reddened and looked ashamed when she caught Miss Cuxon's eye, so that lady who knew the offender turned her attention to Beattie who was sitting

with a perfectly serious face. "Beatrice," she said, "I am afraid you are very giddy." Beatrice opened her eyes wide with surprise and shook her head. "Oh no, Miss Cuxon," she said, so quietly that Miss Cuxon was fain to believe she had not understood her. "I feel quite well, thank you." And Miss Cuxon turned without another word to the map of Central Africa.

Fraulein, a tall severe woman, who was nevertheless very sentimental at times, would stare at her while she was saying her list of exceptions to certain plural forms, and actually once allowed her to miss out "*Dasz dach, dasz dorf and dafz ei*," because she was thinking what a picture she made. The German lesson followed the gymnasium, and Beattie usually had ruffled hair and rosy cheeks after her performances on the giant stride and the horizontal bar. Madame too, who had had daughters and buried then in sunny Normandy, once called her back when the French lesson was over and asked her to kiss her. And the next week Beattie went to tea with Madame and ate *éclairs* and heard about Marie and Augustine, and loved Madame ever after, so that she actually prepared her French translation, instead of leaving it till the last minute and then asking Edith to tell her which were the difficult words. For Miss Beattie was not good at her lessons. She had plenty of ability, but when she got home from school she did as she liked and she did not like to prepare her work. When the examinations drew near she learnt pages and pages by heart, walking up and down her bedroom and fortifying herself with toffee drops. By the first week of the holidays what she had learnt was forgotten. Yet, when she did get a prize her popularity was evident from the clapping she received. And everybody was sorry that she was going to leave school; not least, Miss Williams.

"Well, girls," she said as she came into her study. "I shall look forward to seeing you all again at the distribution. We hope to have one of the ladies of the royal family to give away the prizes."

"I am afraid I shan't be there," said Margaret, "I am going to Paris after the holidays."

"To prosecute your studies in art? Well, Margaret, I hope the school will be proud of you in the future. We have so many of our girls contributing to the good of the world. I trust you will not quite give up your mathematics. You have a distinct gift for Euclid and algebra, as well as for drawing." And she regarded the strong, clever face of her pupil with approval, as she shook hands with her. "Good-bye, Margaret, I wish you every success."

Margaret escaped, to await the others in the cloak-room, and the head-mistress turned to Edith.

"As for you, Edith," she said, "I can only hope you will go on as you have begun. There is, as you know, nothing which claims my sympathy and interest so much as education. That one who has been so careful in acquiring knowledge will be capable of imparting it I

have little doubt. The thorough and scientific methods of the present day are so infinitely superior to the superficial training of the past that she who teaches must be for ever learning, and to one who loves study as you do this will be no difficulty. When you have taken your degree there is nothing I should like better than to have you as one of my teachers here. I do sincerely trust," and she regarded her a little severely, "that you will not be turned from the path you have chosen by the first—by any fancies. But you are too sensible. Well, good-bye, my dear, and, well done."

Then Beattie was left alone with her. The head-mistress had been standing hitherto. "Now she sat down."

"And you, Beattie?" she said.

Beattie was silent.

"The others are leaving with some aim in life. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, Miss Williams," said Beattie. "I suppose I shall get married."

"My dear!" and Miss Williams held up her hands in horror. "But even if in the future you should contract a suitable alliance, it ought not to be for eight or ten years, and in the meanwhile!"

"Eight or ten years," said Beattie laughing. "Why, I should be quite old. Aunt Ella will be very angry with me if I am not married till I am in the middle of my twenties. I am coming out next year, you know. She was married at nineteen."

"But we know better than that nowadays," said Miss Williams. "If only you could have continued your studies! Why, you have not even been up for the senior Cambridge, and you would have done very well, I am sure. And then I should have wished you to go on to Girton."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Beattie philosophically. "I am sorry you are disappointed, Miss Williams. And I must say I should have liked to go to Girton myself. I have heard the girls have great fun there. But Aunt Ella would not hear of such a thing. She is very much afraid I shall be too clever as it is."

"I don't think there is much fear of that," said Miss Williams quietly. "Well, it is good-bye, then."

"Yes," said Beattie. "But I shall come to the distribution, Miss Williams, and I shall look forward to seeing you and all the girls again. I have enjoyed being at school so much. I am sorry I haven't been good and steady and got a lot of prizes, and that you can't say things to me like you did to the others, but if I am ignorant, I won't let anybody blame the school for it."

She looked up at Miss Williams wistfully. A tear was shining on her eyelashes, her mouth trembled. She was sorry to say good-bye to the stern school-mistress. There was something more final in it than her farewells to the girls with the promise of future meetings and many letters, and the consciousness of Miss Williams' disapprobation made her realise that she could not meet her

with confidence later on as Edith and Margaret would.

She held out her little hand doubtfully to receive the handshake which had been vouchsafed to her fellows.

To her utter astonishment Miss Williams took her in her arms and fairly hugged her.

"Good-bye, you dear child," she said, "I wish we could have kept you with us."

And then, as if ashamed of this unwonted demonstration, she opened the door herself to hasten Beattie's departure.

Beattie ran down the stairs with flushed cheeks, and a beating heart. The others were waiting for her, for part of their homeward way lay together.

"I hope Miss Williams hasn't said anything sarcastic," said Margaret to Edith, noticing that Beattie was tearful.

Beattie heard her.

"Oh, no, she was very nice," she said. But neither to them nor to anyone else did she say that Miss Williams had kissed her.

They were just leaving the school when Beattie remembered she had not said good-bye to Mrs. Pate, the house-keeper, and accordingly she ran down the flights of stone stairs to the kitchen. Mrs. Pate was giving her husband, the only man on the premises, his dinner, and was engaged in emptying something with a most appetising smell into a soup-plate when Beattie's knock was followed by her entrance, to the delight of five little yellow-haired Pates who had often tasted peppermint drops at her expense, and to the confusion of their father, who was never supposed to see the young ladies. Mrs. Pate emptied her hands as soon as possible and curtsied.

"I have come to say good-bye," said Beattie. "I am not coming back next term, you know. You have been so kind to me. Do you remember the day you got all that ink out of my dress? I don't believe I ever thanked you properly. Good-bye, Jane and Susie. Please, Mrs. Pate, will you buy them something with this to remember me by. Now I must go. Miss Winter is waiting."

She shook hands with them all, Mrs. Pate apologising for the black off the saucepan which adhered to her hands, and Mr. Pate reddening as if he had already partaken of all the hot soup, and then she picked up her satchel and hastened after the others, who had strolled on.

Beattie and Margaret went all the way with Edith, who lived furthest from the school and was the most anxious of the three to get home, then Beattie walked back with Margaret. The two had more in common than either of them had with Edith. While Edith lived a life of puritanical strictness and simplicity, the others were used to a certain amount of luxury and to the pleasures which society gives to girls of their age. Mrs. Winter was very particular as to what her daughter read and where she went, but Mrs. Raven fostered the natural independence of Margaret and allowed her more liberty

than is usual even in these days. She herself was unconventional and irritated by the restrictions of correct English society, and her daughter inherited her Bohemian tendencies together with the somewhat stern independence of her Scotch father. Margaret was very upright and sensible, she was not at all pretty, and she looked older than her years. It was possible for her to take her own line without the dangers which would have beset a more volatile or more attractive girl. When people remonstrated with Mrs. Raven she laughed. "If you had known my dear husband," she would say, "you would understand why I do not thwart Margaret. She has an unerring instinct for what is best for herself, and can be safely trusted to follow it." And the mothers who did not consider their self-willed daughters' instincts "unerring," and whose duties were consequently harder than Mrs. Raven's, spoke of her "dangerous experiment" with mingled envy and sorrow.

Margaret had no real friend but Beattie Margaretson, and to her she was devoted. There was something chivalrous in her affection, as if she had been a man. She was more like a boy than a girl in some ways. She liked carpentering better than needlework, and cricket better than tennis, though she excelled in all games which required strength. She always wore severe manly hats and tailor-made dresses and boots which were square-toed and thick-soled. But she loved in Beattie her daintiness and beauty, her clear voice (her own was deep and strong), and the pretty, clinging, affectionate ways which were so impossible to herself. She would have liked to shelter and protect her, and woe be to the being who said anything disparaging of Beattie in her presence. She was always drawing her and designing dresses for her, and picturing her in different attitudes. Leaving school meant to her leaving Beattie.

So when they got to Margaret's house she turned round and said she would take Beattie home to hers. In the holidays they would see little of each other if anything, as Mrs. Raven and Margaret were going to some relations in Scotland, and Beattie's aunt was going to take her to the seaside. Beattie's father and mother were both dead, and Aunt Ella was the wife of her mother's brother.

"I wish you were going to be with me in Paris," said Margaret for the twentieth time in the last few weeks. "If your aunt would trust you to me I would take such care of you and it would be so good for your French. But I suppose I must give up thinking about it."

"We must for the present. You see, Aunt Ella doesn't know anything of Madame Duclot that you are going to. But perhaps some day we can manage it, and it would be fun. I don't know however I shall fill up my time. I rather wish I was going to do something like you and Edith."

"Oh, you're different from us. I can't somehow fancy you earning your

living. You're meant to be looked after and be taken care of, not to go fighting. You see you're so soft-hearted and you trust in people so. Now I'm different. Mother being a widow and having no companion but me, I've seen a lot of the world. I believe I know more about it than old Miss Williams, who thinks that men are no use, and that all the women should be teachers. I shall enjoy struggling along and making my own way, and before my

mother's an old woman I mean to make her proud of me."

"She is now," said Beattie, a little wistfully. The Ravens were not demonstrative, but somehow she never felt being motherless so much as when she went to tea with Margaret.

Just at that moment a carriage drove up to the door. In it was Aunt Ella. It was an hour since the girls had left the school and close upon the luncheon-time. Margaret waited to shake hands

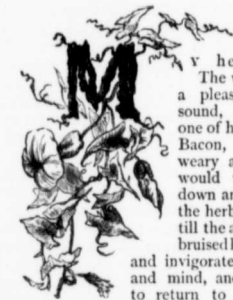
with Mrs. Swannington, but refused her invitation to go in, then she said a hurried good-bye to Beatrice, though she squeezed her hand so that it hurt, and strode away.

"Come, Beattie," said Aunt Ella, as the girl stood watching her friend's departure. And as Beattie had abandoned the hope that Margaret would turn back, she reluctantly followed her aunt indoors.

(To be continued.)

## MY HERB GARDEN.

By THE LADY GEORGINA VERNON.



Y herb garden!

The very name has a pleasant old-world sound, and reminds one of how Sir Francis Bacon, when brain-weary and exhausted, would walk up and down amongst and on the herbs in his garden till the aroma from the bruised leaves refreshed and invigorated him in body and mind, and enabled him to return to his study; it brings thoughts of the days when noble dames did not disdain to attend to their herbs, and when the gathering of them in the proper season and the distilling of various sweet waters, the making of potions and possets, and of ointments and salves compounded from the produce of their gardens, formed a large part and interest in their daily lives—besides which they knew and took care of the flavouring plants for the highly-seasoned dishes favoured by our ancestors.

Many of the plants which were formerly grown for kitchen use are now neglected and hardly known, or at least not used in any way in cookery, for instance: snevny, orris root, violet leaves, sweet briar, saloop (from which a tea was made), rue and scordium, and many others which were commonly used, but now our herbary is greatly lessened, and in some ways with advantage. Still, herbs play such an important part in domestic uses—both in cookery and medicinally—that we may well devote a little time to the consideration of the most useful, and the best way to grow them.

My ideal herb garden should lie between the flower and the kitchen gardens; a sunny strip of good loamy ground near a wall, with a part of the bed extending into the shade, as some herbs, notably mint, do not like too dry or sunny a spot. Each herb should have a special division of the garden portioned off for its culture; on one side should grow those herbs which we will consider to-day, and which are known as pot-herbs, and the herbs for medicinal uses should have another border to themselves.

Now first in order as one of the most important herbs and which is used in almost every savoury dish comes parsley.

"The common parsley" has plain, uncurled leaves, and though it has the advantage of being hardier than some of the finer sorts, it is not so tender or so delicate in flavour; but the best to grow is one of the numerous varieties of curled parsley, which are all good and very pretty for one of its great uses—namely, garnishing.

Parsley is such a useful herb that we will enter fully into the best method of its cultivation. There should be a constant

succession of crops, the first sowing taking place in February, then again in May and July; by this we ensure always having tender young plants all the year. The July sowing should be on a sunny south bed; and when cold weather comes, the young plants must be covered with hand glasses. Parsley needs frequent watering in dry weather. When the leaves get old, the plants may be cut over, and fresh leaves will spring up.

I may mention here that there is a variety of parsley known as fool's parsley, which is extremely like the plain-leaved variety, but very poisonous. Parsley is much used in soup, omelets, etc., and, indeed, it enters so largely into half the dishes which come to table that it could ill be spared.

Mint comes next in order of merit. It is easily grown, but prefers rather a moist soil, and can be propagated by cuttings or by dividing the roots. At the approach of winter the old plants should be cut down and the roots covered with soil. Mint is used green in cookery, either for mint sauce, to boil with peas, or in other ways; but it is one of those useful herbs which preserves its fragrance all through the winter when dried, and should be picked just before flowering, and hung up in a dry, cool place for winter use.

Thyme (of which there are two sorts, the common and the lemon thyme) is very useful. It loves a dry, sunny place; as the old song says:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows!"

And banks are its favourite position. It should be raised from seed sown in April, although it may be increased by cuttings, by bending the branches and pegging them down into the soil, when they will take root and form new plants. This sweetly aromatic plant is used in savoury omelets, and most of the preparations of pork, such as pies, sausages, etc.

Sage is a herb which is now little used, except in the well-known old-fashioned sage-and-onion stuffing for a goose, and perhaps the reason of this custom is not generally known. Sage is supposed to be an excellent tonic for the stomach and to assist digestion, and therefore is used with any extra rich or indigestible food, such as duck or goose. Sage is best grown from cuttings taken in May or June, at first placed in a frame, and then planted out; if the plants are kept well trimmed they will grow strong and bushy. The tender shoots can be picked and dried for winter use.

Sorrel is a charming little plant which is pretty enough to be grown for its own sake, with its brilliant green leaves, pink stems, and white flowers. It is better known in French than in English cookery, and veal cutlets à l'oselle and also the excellent *soupe paysanne* owe their existence to this pleasantly-acidulated

leaf. It is best grown from seed, and the leaves should be picked singly for use, taking always the larger ones.

Tarragon requires a warm dry soil. It is delicate, and it is best to cut it down at the beginning of winter and cover with a little fine garden soil; but the plants do not last in our climate more than two or three years. Tarragon is used in flavouring aspic jellies, and also a few leaves thrown into clear soup adds a delicate flavour. Tarragon vinegar is also a favourite addition to many game sauces.

Sweet marjoram is grown as an annual in England. It is only sparingly used, either to assist in the making of a "bouquet of herbs" for flavouring soups or hams, or for adding in small quantities to sauces. Like most of the before-mentioned herbs it can be picked and dried for winter use.

I suppose I must class the golden marigold amongst the kitchen herbs, although it is really more useful in the apothecary's shop than in the kitchen. The strong, highly-flavoured flowers are sometimes used in cottage cookery to give a relish to broths, but in these days of more refined cookery and technical education, I think marigolds are relegated to the background like "tansy," which formerly played such an important part in the flavouring of cakes and puddings.

Salads hardly come into my garden of herbs, but I should just like to strongly recommend more use of endive than we generally see in England, and also to remind those of us who have delighted in French salads, that the savour of them comes from the judicious mixture of delicate slices of young leeks. Let me here also add a word of advice. Salad leaves should never be washed or cut, but brought in clean and fresh from the garden, and broken up into the salad bowl with merely a simple dressing of oil and vinegar.

There are various herb vinegars which are most easily made, especially tarragon vinegar, which requires that a good handful of the leaves should be put into a quart of brown vinegar and infused for a month, and when strained is fit for use, and a most savoury addition to many gravies and sauces, especially for and with any rather strongly-flavoured birds, such as wild duck, wood pigeon, etc.

Elder vinegar, with its rare scented smell and taste, is made in the same way from the flowers of the common elder, being very careful to take only the flower and none of the green stalk. But the daintiest vinegar that I know is made from primroses (let us not breathe aloud this desecration of the idol of the Tories), but pick in the morning ere the sun has extracted the honeyed sweetness from the starchy blossoms along some hedge bank, the primrose flowers, and use them for vinegar. But I will give this receipt fully, as I think many would be glad to try it in the



coming spring, and will find it a very dream of perfumed sweetness to be added to salad dressings or white sauces.

PRIMROSE VINEGAR.

To fifteen quarts of vinegar add six pounds of common lump sugar, boil and skim it. When cold add half a peck of primroses, with the stalks on, and three tablespoonfuls of yeast; let it stand four days, then put it all together into a barrel. Put it in a warm place for six months with the bung out.

It takes, as you will see, a much longer time than the other vinegars, but is well worth the time.

Our wild hedgerows produce an abundance of herbs which can be used in cookery. Treacle-mustard is the name of a well-known plant, and we all know the pretty ground ivy with its purple blue flowers and strong smell; this rejoices in the character of "Sauce alone."

But I have wandered far from our herb garden, and must return there to name one which is only little used, but must not be overlooked. Fennel is one which I only know of as used for fish sauce in England, although, probably, many of us have eaten *finochio* with chicken and *ragouts* in Italy and not recognised in the thick blanched

stems that it was related to the fennel we knew. I think it might with ease and advantage be cultivated here, although I have never seen it in English gardens. If sown in March in a light soil in a sheltered situation it will be fit for use in July or August, and should be gently boiled and eaten with white sauce, or even raw, as in Italy. It is a very agreeable change from celery.

I have, in the foregoing article, merely mentioned some of the most useful of kitchen herbs; but I should like, at another time, to tell of the useful properties of the medicinal herbs of which I spoke.



OUR CHRISTMAS PUZZLE REPORT: "A REAL CHRISTMAS."

SOLUTION.

A REAL CHRISTMAS.

When we the chimes of Christmas hear,  
We should arise with joyous cheer,  
To greet the day that is so dear;

And we our hearts' delight should show  
To every one, both high and low,  
That all with happiness might glow.

We to the needy-souled might tell  
What bliss without a parallel  
Upon this hardened earth befell.

And if they've needy bodies too,  
We might for these a something do,  
That they be cheered just through and through.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings Each.

- M. J. Champneys, Croft House, Winchester.
- B. Ellen Clegg, 46, Sheriff Street, Rochester.
- E. Conlin, Beltarbet, Ireland.
- Helen M. Coulthard, 4, St. Mary's Buildings, Bath.
- Eleanor Elsey, 2, North Street, Peterborough.
- Mrs. Grubbe, Mentmore Vicarage, Leighton Buzzard.
- M. Theodora Moxon, Hillside, Ilfracombe.
- Alice F. Johnson, 104, The Grove, Hamersmith, W.
- Mrs. H. Keel, 51, Walcot Street, Bath.
- Evelyn M. Kent, Stubbington Lodge, North End, Portsmouth.
- Elsie B. F. Kirkby, Oakwell Terrace, Bramley, Leeds.
- E. Lord, West View, Pontefract.
- Alexandrina A. Robertson, 15, Fairlawn Avenue, Chiswick.
- Ethel Tomlinson, The Woodlands, Burton-on-Trent.
- Emily M. P. Wood, Woodbank, Southport.
- Mary Woodcock, Bletchington Park, Oxford.

Elizabeth Yarwood, 59, Beech Road, Cale Green, Stockport.  
Sophie Yeø, 17, Portland Square, Plymouth.

Special Mention. (Equal with Prize Winners in every respect.)

Eliza Acworth, A. C. Carter, M. A. C. Crabb, E. H. Duncan, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Edith E. Grundy, Ellen M. Price, Ellen C. Tarrant, V. M. Welman.

Very Highly Commended.

C. Adams, Ethel B. Angear, Florence M. Angear, Annie A. Arnott, Edith Ashworth, Dora M. Barling, Wm. J. Barrett, Elsie Bayley, Rev. S. Bell, Elsie Benians, Mary Bolingbroke, Amy Briand, Ellen L. Brigham, Hubert A. Brown, Alice W. Browne, Louie Bull, Jessie O. Carryer, Rev. F. T. Chamberlain, Agnes B. Chettle, Mary I. Chislett, Emily J. Clegg, Edith Collins, Ellie Crossman, R. D. Davis, Grace Gibson, Constance A. Graham, Annie F. Hardie, Fanny K. Hardie, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Gertrude F. Hawkins, Arthur I. Haynes, Edith M. Higgs, J. Hunt, Rachel V. R. James, Elsie M. Jay, H. N. Johnson, Edith B. Jowett, C. E. Kirkness, Carlina Leggett, Caroline Lee-Warner, Mildred M. C. Little, H. N. McKenzie, Ethel C. McMaster, M. K. Martin, S. Mason, E. Mastin, Isabella M. Maxwell, Mrs. Amy Moraine, Rev. V. Odom, Hannah E. Powell, Jane Ritchie, Frances A. Roberts, Annie Robinson, Elizabeth Rose, Florence E. Russell, A. C. Sharp, Ethel Shepard, Fanny Shepard, H. C. Smith, R. E. Carr Smith, Harriet C. Smyth, A. P. Suttill, Gertrude Walker, Florence Whitlock, Miss Williams, E. R. Wimpres, G. D. Wimpres, Lennie Wimpres, Mrs. Winny, Annie W. Young, Edith M. Younge, Helen B. Younger.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

One hundred solutions were word-perfect. Twenty-seven of these were perfect in other

respects as well, and, according to our rules, the prizes should have been divided between their authors. But four shillings and eightpence is not a good sum for a prize, so we have taken the liberty of relegating nine solvers to the Special Mention list. They have already dipped into our puzzle coffers this year, so we hope they will not object. Out of the seventy-three solutions remaining, seventy-two receive very high commendation; the other had no name upon it.

Some of these seventy-three solvers failed to divide the poem properly into stanzas. Some omitted the necessary apostrophe in line 4. Others wrote "every one" as one word, and a large number left out the hyphen in line 8.

Upon such faults it is difficult to comment with much severity, and our true estimate of them is shown by the commendation we have bestowed upon their perpetrators. It is not given to every one to attain perfection in everything, and it is a hardship to find oneself in competition with those who attain it at all. If any solvers wish to know why every one should be written as two words, while everything and everybody are each written as one word, we hope they will write to the Editor and not to us.

It is not necessary to refer at any length to actual mistakes in solving. Line 11, on account of its quaint construction, gave the most trouble, but it was easy enough for those who elected to solve and not to guess. "On" took the place of *upon*—line 9—in many solutions; but, though correct enough as a solution, it leaves the line too short, and could not be allowed.

It is a very common practice to spell *befell* with only one l, so common indeed that we could not feel justified in regarding it as a mistake. But the current spelling is *befell*, and is undoubtedly the more correct. We hope our readers will make a careful note of our instruction on this point as upon all others.

## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

## CHAPTER III.



GÉNIE was awake by five o'clock the next morning, and as already the opening and shutting of doors and active footsteps announced that the house was astir, she rose hastily, made her toilette and went down. She looked exceedingly pretty, with a large new apron over

her black gown and her soft, fluffy, golden hair crowning her delicate little face.

Génie found Madame Féraudy in the hall dressed in a short black petticoat, a large linen jacket loosely tied round the waist, and a cap with vast frills.

"That is right, my child," she exclaimed. "I am delighted to see that you are an early riser. Come! I will show you the *basse-cour*!"

She led the way through sundry passages and kitchens, and out into the large court-yard at the back of the house. It was enclosed by grand old brick walls with wide stone copings—walls rich in colour, covered with orange and grey lichens which harmonised with the sun-burnt hue of the old brick-work.

The *basse-cour* was partly paved and partly filled with tall rough grass. At the apparition of Madame Féraudy, who carried a huge bowl of food in her hands, from every corner rushed a swarm of creatures—fat ducks bustled out of the grass, hens and chickens tumbled over each other, a flight of pigeons whirled out of space and alighted, bowing and cooing on the ground, a mighty cochin-china cock leapt clumsily on to a barrel, uttering a hoarse roar.

Génie burst out laughing; she could not help it. To the town-bred girl the sight of this hurrying, eager, hungry flock was immensely funny, and glancing round she saw long, low hutches out of which eager eyes and twitching noses looked anxiously.

"There! I knew how it would be!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy. "Evil beast! Génie! Génie! see what that villainous hen has done! Catch her! catch her at once, I say!"

Madame Féraudy stooped down and picked up the body of a poor little puff-ball chicken, which the heavy foot of its careless mother had flattened out on the ground.

"See!" she exclaimed angrily to Génie. "She has killed it! and it was her only chick. Catch her, Génie!"

But Génie failed utterly. In vain she

flew after the shrieking hen, her very hands upon it, it vanished from between them, and the audacious bird evading her with piercing cries, rushed round and round, snatching up large portions of its breakfast as it went, in spite of every effort.

Génie gave it up at last and came up to Madame Féraudy ruefully. "What shall we do, madame?" she said. "Ah! the poor, dear little chick—is it quite dead?"

"It is flat as a collapsed india-rubber ball," said Madame Féraudy.

"Perhaps its little bones are not broken," said Génie. "Do you think, madame, you could blow it up again?"

Madame Féraudy smiled. "We will try the experiment," she said. Very tenderly she opened its beak and blew into it, and by degrees the little body resumed its puff-ball shape. Génie looked on with a kind of horrified interest as Madame Féraudy put the chick into the bosom of her white linen jacket and left it safely there while she resumed her task of feeding the poultry.

"It is a bad sight, Génie," she said with a sigh. "This absence of self-control, these ugly passions, this greed which makes a mother trample flat her own child in order to get first to her meal."

"It is bad, very bad," said Génie.

"And is that hen to go unpunished?"

"Catch her, my love," said Madame Féraudy drily.

"And if I succeed in catching her, what then?" said Génie anxiously.

"You shall wring her neck. We will have her for the first chicken boiled with white sauce for Madame Canière, our *locataire*."

Génie clasped her hands; she turned very pale.

"Dear madame," she said, "I will do anything. I will feed the pigs. I will sweep and scrub and *frotter* the floors, but I could not kill anything! not even a fly!"

"I never thought you could," said Madame Féraudy. "But when you demanded the punishment of that evil-minded mother, why, then I thought I would put you to the test!"

"Aha!" cried Génie laughing. "But that also would be an evil passion! a wish for revenge!"

"There is my good Jeanne! Jeanne, *ma bonne*! See! just look at this! That ill brought-up hen has trodden on her last chick! Just look, I say!"

She drew the chick out of her gown and placed its body on the ground.

"I do not see much amiss, madame," said Jeanne smiling broadly, for the little chick shook itself and dashed away at full speed crying shrilly for its mother.

"*Ciel!*" exclaimed Madame Féraudy, while Génie sat down on the

nearest rabbit-hutch and laughed till she cried.

Jeanne looked at her a little anxiously. Madame Féraudy was sometimes very stern. Would she be angry with the pretty girl who, by her looks and smiles, had already won the heart of the kindly Bretonne. But no! she was reassured, for her mistress only smiled indulgently, and looked even with amusement at the laughing girl.

"What time does madame expect the *locataires*?" said Jeanne presently. "Madame must tell me how we are to manage."

"We must have help," said Madame Féraudy thoughtfully. "There will be more cooking. Josephine will have to attend to her kitchen and—"

"But, madame!" exclaimed Génie, "surely, surely you will let me help. I can do a great deal indeed."

"Mademoiselle will be of more use in the house than in the *basse-cour*," said Jeanne. "She could perhaps dust the rooms, make the coffee and the salads, and help me with the beds."

"Yes, yes," cried Génie. "I can do all that and more also. Oh, let me work! It is the only way in which I can repay you for giving me this happy home."

Madame Féraudy gave an odd little grunt of assent. "You shall do as you like, my child," she said. "If I had had a daughter she would have worked, you shall do the same, yes. And now come, we must visit the dairy and tell Maturin what vegetables we require, and then we must get the blue rooms ready. They come at five o'clock. The five train from Paris, *ma bonne*."

"What do they call themselves, please, madame?" said Jeanne.

"Madame Canière and Monsieur Canière her son; she is a widow. He is an *avocat* on his summer holiday. She eats boiled chickens only—*apropos*—Jeanne! that murdering hen."

"Ah, bah! we cannot spare her. She did not mean it, and see how amiable she is now with her *poussin*! No, madame, the next to go is that white cockerel with a tuft on his head! He is nice and plump!"

"Oh, save him!" cried Génie. "The prettiest of them all!" No, that one cannot be sacrificed!"

"But he is plump. He is just ready, and he is an expensive bird to keep. He eats for two."

"He is a beauty. He enjoys his life, he loves his beautiful *basse-cour*. Madame, madame, say that he shall not die."

"Madame has two to choose from—either the white cockerel, or that speckled pullet, but madame must please choose quickly—*crie-crie*, before mademoiselle can plead."

"You shall choose, *mignonne*," said Madame Féraudy smiling. "Either the white one with the tuft or the little speckled pullet."

"She is so young. Madame Jeanne, you are barbarous! Look at her little thin legs, her anxious little face, she has yet a mother. Oh, madame, not that little thing!"

"Mademoiselle must go to the dairy," said Jeanne decidedly. "I shall never get through my work if *ces dames* keep me like this."

"Come with me, my child," said Madame Féraudy, but Génie was gone! Seeing in Jeanne's eye that she meant to pounce and catch a victim from the poultry group, she turned and fled, putting her fingers in her ears.

"Oh no, no! oh, no!" she cried as she burst into the stable where Maturin was milking the cows.

"No, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. "No, no, not if you do not wish it."

"Alas," sighed Génie, "how is one to bear this sort of thing? At this moment he is probably dying."

"*Dame*, but that is a bad business. But take comfort, mademoiselle; perhaps he has led a good life."

"Poor thing, poor thing!"

"Génie!" cried Madame Féraudy's deep voice, "come and help me to measure the milk. Maturin, how is Bichette?"

"Beautiful, *ma patronne*. It would give mademoiselle pleasure to see her. Come, come, mademoiselle, look here."

He opened a door and showed Génie one of the most fascinating babies in nature, a baby donkey leaning its fuzzy head against the glossy brown coat of its high-bred mother, Bichette.

"To-morrow she shall take her child into the field, *ma patronne*," said Maturin proudly. "And I shall brush her coat and black her *sabots*."

Génie was in raptures; she petted the baby donkey almost more than Bichette appreciated.

"It is a beautiful world! What a wonderful place it is!" she exclaimed as they returned homewards through the *basse-cour*. "Dear madame, this life in the country is exquisite."

Even as she spoke Jeanne passed rapidly into the kitchen, carrying something under her apron. A horrible

suspicion rushed into Génie's mind. She cast a frantic, searching eye into the whole mass of poultry. There was the speckled pullet, but the little crested cock was gone!

She looked at Madame Féraudy with mite reproach. That lady laughed a little and made matters worse by saying, "After all, my child, Madame Canière is the one to pity. There must be an intolerable monotony in being able to digest nothing but boiled chicken with white sauce."

In the distance Maturin went about his farm work singing to himself. He had a rather sweet, high tenor voice, and he sang to a strange air altogether in a minor key. The words pronounced clearly with a flat Breton accent came distinctly to their ears—

"C'est beau, Manon! c'est beau, la vie!

On danse, on pleure, on rit, on dort,  
On joue le jour, on rêve la nuit,  
Et la fin de tout—c'est la mort."

(To be continued.)



VENTILATION AND AIRING.



PEOPLE nowadays talk so much about catching cold and are so terribly afraid of draughts that they never give it a thought that air is the first necessity of life, and that an abundance of circulating fresh air in a room is the

first thing to be considered.

If you close the chimney plate, surround the fissures of the door with tubing and place sawdust sausages over the cracks of the windows, how are you to get fresh air? Some people go further than this, and in the winter paste up the windows and cover the floor with a thick carpet so as to preclude any draught; consequently they have no ventilation whatever. They wake up heavy and disinclined to work, without appetite for breakfast or energy for anything. This they will attribute to cold or whatever they can think of, except the real cause. All night long they have been breathing, over and over again, the same vitiated air, poisoning themselves with their own exhalations.

Every room in the house should be well ventilated, but especially the bedrooms.

Let me describe to you what a "hygienic" bedroom should be like. It should be as large as possible, well lighted by at least two windows, of which one preferably faces east or south; if possible, on the top floor; it must contain at the very least 1000 cubic feet for each sleeper. A sleeping adult breathes 3000 cubic feet of air every hour. A room 10 x 10 x 10 = 1000 feet is sufficient for one person, because the air of a room is changed about three times every hour, that is, if the room is not hermetically sealed.

The furniture of the bedroom should be as

simple as possible, and the curtains should be light. Should you have a carpet in your bed-room? I do not think the objection to a carpet is really valid; I always have one myself.

The windows of the bedroom should be opened at full every day. During the summer the window should be left partly opened all through the night. I dare say that you will make some objection to this and talk about "night air." The night air which is injurious is that contained in the bedroom, not that which is outside. The air of a room must be changed about three times an hour, so we might say as Abernethy said to the lady, "Well, ma'am, if you object to night air, what else are you going to breathe?"

In winter it is impracticable to have the windows open all night, so we must think of some other means of ventilation. A fire will ventilate a room gently and thoroughly. I have been in the habit of ordering patients to have fires in their rooms even in summer-time if the wind or the rain makes it inadvisable to open the window.

Do most bedrooms conform to the above description? If they do I have been unfortunate in those that I have seen. The physician calls to see a patient and is led upstairs to the bedroom. A small room with one very small window kept hermetically closed, the light of which is greatly obscured by thick curtains. The room is crowded with useless furniture and "gimcracks." The bed in which the patient is lying is thickly covered with blankets and quilts, and the patient labouring under great distress from want of air.

I remember going to such a room with a surgeon who has since gone to his rest. He was going to operate, and I was to give the ether. The first remark he made on going into the room was, "It seems to me that the patient will not need an anæsthetic after

having been half suffocated in this atmosphere. But I am not going to operate in a state of semi-asphyxia myself." He approached the window to open it, but found that it had been puttied down to exclude draughts, and he straightway put his stick through both panes!

Now for the bed itself. A feather bed is objectionable and should never be used by a sick person. Let the clothes be light but warm. One good blanket is worth half a ton of rubbishy quilts. The bed requires to be aired; let it be stripped every morning and not remade till the evening.

In winter and wet weather it is necessary to warm and dry the bed. Nothing will do this better than the old-fashioned warming-pan. There is usually a right and a wrong method of performing an action, of which the latter is far more often seen than the former. So it is with the warming-pan, and the wrong way to use it is to fill the pan too full with ashes that are too hot, to forget to wipe the pan and not to pay sufficient attention to what you are doing, with the result that the sheets are soiled and burned, the ashes overturned into the bed and the warming-pan discarded in favour of a wretched thing, almost invariably misused—the hot-water bottle.

Hot water-bottles are very well and good if they are properly used, which they very rarely are. The bottle is filled with boiling water, improperly corked and wiped and put into the bed. You get into bed and pass the first few hours of the night trying to see how brave you can be by keeping your feet on the bottle; in this way you may burn your toes and predispose to chilblains, and perhaps the bed gets wetted (for stoppers seldom fit and bottles are often cracked). The right way to use a bottle is to fill it with warm water, wipe it well and cover it with a flannel jacket.

T. N. D.



THE VILLAGE OF ST. IPPOLYTE.



## "WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN."

By S. E. WALLER.

THE children looking upward, saw the swallows' homeward flight,  
Oh! swallows if you leave us now, what shall we do to-night?  
The swallows quickly answered, but flew on towards the sea,  
And this is what the swallows said, or what it seemed to me.

Don't forget us, little children, though we fly across the seas  
To spend the chilly winter months in sunnier lands than these;  
But await us in the meadow and look for us in the lane:  
For we'll all be back in England when the "Summer comes again."

And then the cruel winter came and snow was on the hill,  
Yet in the little children's hearts the birds were with them still,  
From across the world of waters and with swift unerring wing,  
They knew their little feathered friends would come again with spring.

Don't forget then, little children, if our loving God so please  
That faithful friends may meet again in sunnier lands than these.  
He will wipe away the tear-drops, He will ease the bitter pain;  
And re-unite all faithful hearts "When Summer comes again."

## A LITTLE OUTING FOR LONDONERS.

### PART II.

If Knebsworth is not to be visited continue the high road and it will take one on to Stevenage. Just at the entrance to the town on the right where the road is very wide is an inn called The Castle, where there is a strange sight to be seen and a still stranger story connected therewith. A well-to-do grocer of the name of Trigg, lived in this house; he was a singularly eccentric man, and made a most remarkable will, leaving his money to a brother on the condition that his executor should not allow his body to be buried, but that his coffin should be placed upon the tye beams of the roof of a barn or "hovel" at the back of the house, where it is still to be seen, and the people at the inn will show it to the visitor and also provide him or her with a copy of the will. The fact has been questioned, but there are two pieces of evidence to which the believers of this strange story may point, and which it is difficult to dispose of. In the first place there is the will, the provisions of which were certainly carried out, and the second is the coffin which is still to be seen supported upon the tye beams of the "hovel." It has been said that it is empty, but it would be difficult to verify this statement. That the story is impossible is a dangerous argument, because in 1896 the body of a young lady at Brokenhurst had remained unburied for three years, and although the sanitary authorities interfered they were powerless

in the matter. Lucas the Hertfordshire hermit, of whose eccentricities we shall speak later on, kept the body of his mother in his house for nearly a quarter of a year; and there are other cases on record.

Stevenage has two great peculiarities. The first is the width of its street which gives it a most characteristic appearance, and the second is the distance of the village from the church; the latter is approached by a long avenue,



H. W. D.

OLD TRIGGS' COFFIN, STEVENAGE.

which does not lead direct to it, and looks as if it had formerly belonged to some mansion. I was talking with the clergyman who I found in the church superintending harvest service decorations, and I asked him whether he thought the church had originally been built at a distance from the town, or whether the town had shrunk away. The first I suggested would only be the case if the church were monastic; he told me that although there was a monastery at Stevenage, it was not attached to the existing church, which appears always to have been parochial, and that the latter was the more probable solution of the difficulty, as there was evidence that the "black death" raged there, and a lane called "Dead Lane" may possibly record the fact. The church is a good example of the usual Hertfordshire type with a fine tower crowned by the local "spike." There is a very good brass to Stephen Hillard, a priest, and a fragment of a curious monument to a lady. The upper portion of the effigy alone exists, and the costume is that of the fourteenth century; on one side is a small figure of an angel, and on the other that of a monk. The clergyman explained that the monk was supposed to be attending the lady on her death-bed and the angel was receiving her soul. He told me that this curious piece of sculpture was found face downward and used as a doorstep; he thought it probable that it came from the Abbey, and



THE OLDEST TREE IN ENGLAND, WYMONDLEBURY CHESTNUT.



MINSDEN CHAPEL.

may have been brought here some time after the Reformation, when that building was pulled

down. There are some very early stalls in the choir, thirteenth century work, which also probably came from the Abbey; a fine niche at the end of the north aisle is of the same rich type as those we have previously noticed at Wheathampstead and Ayot. A series of remarkably pretty lanes lead from Stevenage church to the interesting village of Ippollits, but by taking a cut across the fields at Wymondley a great natural curiosity may be seen; it is a vast and very ancient tree, or we would rather say the "ruins" of a tree, for although it is alive and is surmounted by a fine group of foliage, yet its mighty branches are all lying broken around its vast trunk, and the latter like some old ruined tower is rent in twain and a fairly big tree grows in the gap. The "Wymondleybury Chestnut," is one of the curiosities of the county, and is an ancient landmark. Gilpin in his *Forest Scenery* (writing in 1789) says that it is "one of the largest trees that ever grew in England, and its girth is more than fourteen yards." As it stands on high ground when perfect it must have been visible for many miles round. I was told that it is mentioned in Doomsday Book, but I have not been able to verify the assertion. It is pleasant to record the fact that the present possessor of this venerable relic is fully alive to its value, and has shown his interest in antiquarian matters by having the moat which formerly surrounded the old Manor House close at hand excavated.

The cyclist had better proceed direct to Redcoats and leave his machine at the inn, The Hermit of Redcoats, and take the footpath which leads to Wymondleybury; it is only about half a mile from the inn. There was a priory at Wymondley which is mentioned in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, but little if anything of it now exists. A short walk by a path across the fields leads to Redcoats, a small hamlet between Wymondley and Ippollits. This place is remarkable for an eccentric named James Lucas who died in 1874. This strange being obtained the title of the "Hermit of

Hertfordshire." Though a man of excellent education and comfortable means, he lived in one room, in his house, called Redcoats Farm. No one was admitted to this room; it is said he wore no clothes except an old blanket, and never washed! He was "a Jacobite" and refused to sign any document which had V.R. upon it, for fear that by so doing he was acknowledging the "existing dynasty." Lucas was no miser, for he gave away a good deal of money. Any beggar or tramp was relieved by him, but first of all he had to say "the Lord's Prayer," and although Lucas was a Protestant he gave a double alm to the man who could recite that prayer in Latin. Of course he only saw people from his window, he had to keep watchmen about the place, for he was once very nearly murdered by a house-breaker. Dickens describes Lucas under the name of "Old Grimes," and reports a conversation which he had with him. Lucas however flatly denied that the interview ever took place.

Should our readers desire to know more about this strange individual they can purchase at Hitchin *The History of the Hermit of Hertfordshire*.\*

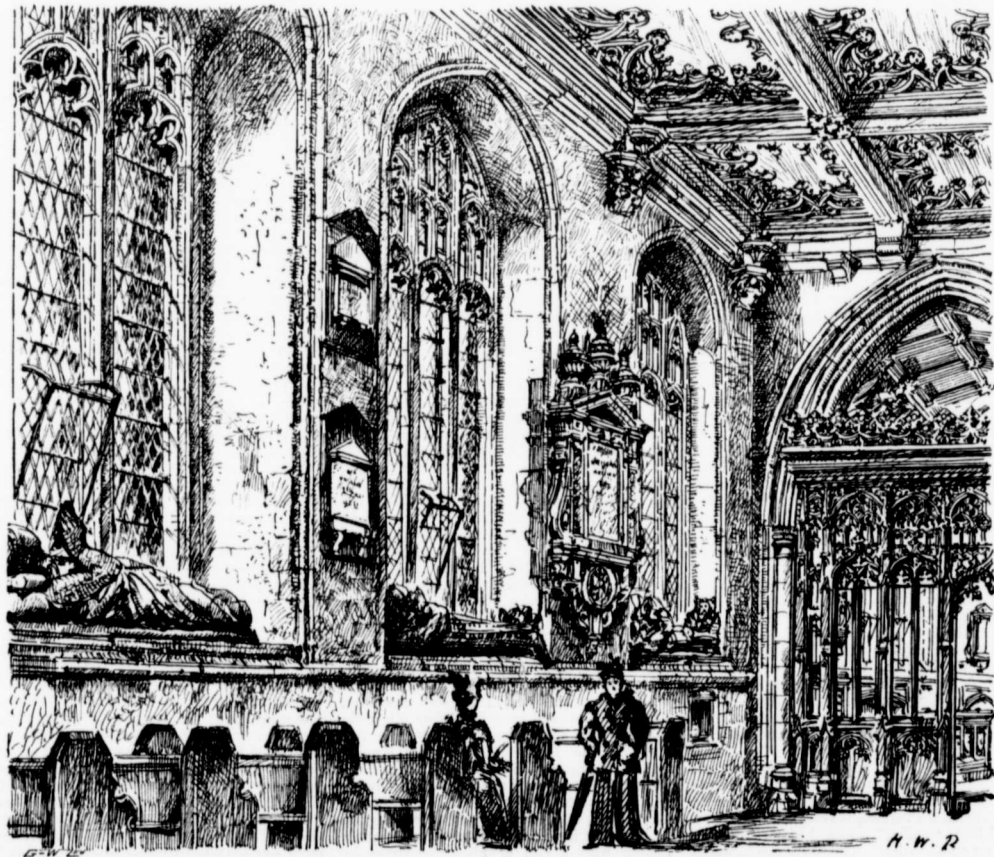
Ippolitis or Saint Hippolite is a remarkably pretty village; it receives its name from the dedication of its church to Saint Hippolyte, an Arabian saint who appears to have

been a veterinary surgeon of great skill and eminence; he is, I believe, the patron saint of horse-dealers. Very few, if any other churches are dedicated to him in England, but there is a town in Austria which bears his name and several churches in France. Norden and Sir Henry Chauncey tell a curious story about the church here. They say that horses used to be driven into this church up to the altar, and Chauncey adds the details. They were brought out of "North Street," through the north porch of the church, which together with the church itself had a boarded floor for that purpose. Clutterbuck disbelieves the story, and points out that there is no North Street at St. Hippolite's, and that neither the church nor the porch have a wooden floor; however, this is not decisive, because in Norden's time (the commencement of the seventeenth century) the street north of the church may have been called "North Street," and the floor of the latter may have been boarded.

The church of Saint Hippolite is a remarkably pretty structure, of very diminutive scale, although it has all the features of a fairly large parish church, chancel, nave clerestory, aisles, western tower and two porches: it is really not larger than a chapel. It is most charmingly situated on the top of a hill, the ground falling rapidly away to the west and an elm-shaded road winding up to it. Although surrounded with vast and magnificent trees its proportions are so good that it does not look

insignificant, and the tower is really a dignified object. Internally there is a pretty little rood-screen and handsome founders' tomb. The place is a typical example of an old English village of the smaller kind, very sequestered and delightful. Passing along the pretty road west of the church and descending the dip, we soon find ourselves in the main road leading to Hitchin, but if we turn to the left in the opposite direction to Hitchin, we come to an inn called The Royal Oak; here there is a pathway leading up to a singular-looking wood-clad hill; if we follow this path (cyclists should leave their machines at The Royal Oak) we shall, upon entering the wood, come upon a very curious old ruin overgrown with trees and brambles. This is Minsden Chapel. Your girls who have an exploring mind will find the building interesting, but don't let them go there in their best clothes, as they will have a struggle with the brambles which completely fill the interior, and are the only congregation that has filled those sacred walls for many years, as the last time that any holy rite was performed here was in the year 1738, and that was a marriage by special licence; probably the building was a ruin at this period, as it had not been used for regular service since the year 1626. It is a little building about forty feet by seventeen, but a regular archaeological puzzle about it is a series of square apertures through the walls, which go right round the

\* Paternoster and Hales, Hitchin.



EFFIGIES OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, HITCHIN CHURCH.



"THE BIGGIN," HITCHIN.

building; they are about three feet square, five feet six inches from the ground, and below the windows. When the building was perfect there must have been about fifteen of these. My first impression was that they were intended to support the beams of a floor, but a little examination proved that this could not have been their use, as the position of the doorways would not have allowed of a floor at this height. Although they are regularly built of stone, there are no marks of doors or casements, or I should have conjectured that it might have been a chapel attended by lepers, who always stood outside the church. They could not have been for the purpose of seeing the altar from the outside, because two of them are at the back of the altar. What could they have been for? They have puzzled me more than any ecclesiastical feature I have ever met with. Can any of your ingenious girls give a guess of their use? Beneath the ivy is seen a graceful chancel arch, but everything else is in a hopeless state of ruin and entanglement. About a mile off is a farm called Temple Dinsley, which occupies the site of a priory of Knights Templars, no remains of which now exist. I have not been able to establish any connection between this and Minsden Chapel. A walk of about three miles (a capital road for cyclists) leads to Hitchin, a very interesting and ancient town with a broad, high street and rather striking market-place; few English towns that I know, present such a number of old gabled houses, and the place has some interesting monastic remains. The parish church is a large and important structure erected at various dates. The great thirteenth century tower, more like a castle than an ecclesiastical structure, is crowned by a Hertfordshire "spike," which looks singular in such a combination. The south porch, which is generally open, is one of the finest in this

country, and although somewhat damaged externally by being patched up with plaster, its beautiful niches, panelling and doorways are good examples of elaborate fourteenth-century architecture. The interior of this porch, which is very large, is quite magnificent. Its stone ceiling is one of the richest examples of "Lierne vaulting" I know anywhere, and the numerous bosses are elaborately carved with angels, shields, etc. The sides of the porch are pierced by large perpendicular windows unglazed. The interior of the church is very striking on account of its great length and the richness of the wooden chancel screens. Unfortunately the rood screen no longer exists, but the parcloves at the ends of the aisles and between the side arches of the choir are remarkably handsome, as are also the ceilings of the aisles. The church is singularly rich in monuments, and there are three fine effigies placed upon the sills of the windows in the north aisle of the nave. Some writers affirm that these came from Temple Dinsley, others that they were originally in Minsden Chapel. Now it is not improbable that the oldest of these figures was brought from Temple Dinsley, because it seems to represent Sir Bernard Baliol who founded the house of the Knights Templars at Dinsley. The effigy is twelfth-century work, representing a knight in full chain-mail and is cut out of a solid block of Purbeck marble. The other two effigies are in no way connected with the first and were probably originally side by side upon the same tomb in this church. They represent Sir Edward Kendal and his lady (temp. Edward III.). They are remarkable works, and the effigy of Sir Edward is so similar to that of the Black Prince at Canterbury, that they are probably designed by the same hand; he is represented in plate armour with a lion at his feet, so that he must have been related to the royal family.

The lady's effigy is a very interesting one, and gives us a perfect study of the dress of a lady of quality of those days. The hair is confined in a tightly fitting cap which is surrounded by a coronet of metal inlaid with precious stones; she wears a tight-fitting jacket coming half way down the hips and trimmed with a border of beads; a long and perfectly plain skirt falls in graceful folds to the feet; over all is an ample cloak, exactly like that worn by a modern hospital nurse. At her feet are two pug-dogs looking at one another; they have bell collars. I believe that the Kendals built the magnificent porch which I have previously described. My space will not allow of my describing the very numerous monuments in this interesting church.

Near the church is a singularly picturesque old building called "The Biggin." It was formerly a Gilbertine convent and was saved from destruction by being bought in 1645 by a retired schoolmaster of the town, named Joseph Kemp, who gave it to the parish for an almshouse which purpose it still serves. It is very quaint and pretty and has a funny little wooden cloister, so low that one can scarcely stand up in it. It is said that the estate called "The Priory" contains interesting ruins of a house of the Carmelites, but it is not open to the public, and when I applied for admission it was politely refused, so I cannot describe it; all that I could see were the magnificent trees which overshadow the large demesne. At the time of the Reformation, Ralf Radcliffe became possessed of the priory; he was an eminent dramatic author of Henry VIII.'s days, and several of his plays are known; amongst others were "Dives and Lazarus," a comedy, "Patient Grizeld," a comedy. We need scarcely remind our readers that the word "comedy" bore a totally different signification in the



middle ages to what it does now. Dante, for instance, called his most majestic and awe-inspiring work "The Divine Comedy." Radcliffe declared that he never had and never would publish a work which he had not had by him nine years. I fear that would scarcely work well at the present day. Near the Priory in Tile House Street is a beautiful old fragment of Gothic architecture, now forming part of an inn. What it was originally I was unable to discover, but I fancy from the style

it was part of a church or chapel. Those who will have had enough of this tour can return from Hitchin to town, and those who are interested may go on to Baldock, where there is a fine church with a very elegant and lofty rood-screen, still richer side screens, several good brasses and a larger collection of church chests than I have ever met with. A parchment hung upon the south wall records a grant of two pence per annum left to the church in 1287. The writing is coeval, and if

few people could write in those days, at any rate those who did, wrote magnificently; in fact, it was an art.

I trust that I have said enough to convince your readers that an interesting, few days' holiday tour may be taken in Hertfordshire. If I have failed to do so the fault is mine and not that of my subject, and I trust to be forgiven if I have not succeeded in describing a district which I admire so greatly.

H. W. BREWER.

## THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

By MARGARET LITTLETON.



OWN the long silent corridor of the hospital sped the youthful figure of Nurse Lester, till she reached the waiting-room, in which the telephone was keeping up a perpetual din. She closed the door with the swift yet noiseless motion of the trained nurse, assured herself by a

rapid glance that she was alone in the room, and took down the acoustic tube.

"Here, Surgical Hospital. Who is there?" There was a clear metallic ring in her usually soft voice, a studied distinctness in her enunciation, which showed that she was accustomed to conversation through the telephone.

The answer to her question came from an official, who informed her that a gentleman in a town fifty miles distant wished to speak with her.

"Very well; put us into communication, please," she answered. During the few minutes' silence which ensued, she threw back her head and straightened herself, while a look of pain came into her face.

"It must be the father of the dying boy," she thought, wondering how she should get through the task which awaited her.

"Is any one there?" The words were spoken in a strong, mellow voice rendered somewhat unnatural by its passage through the telephonic wires.

"Yes, one of the nurses. Who is there?"

"Dr. Webber. How is my boy?"

The nurse paused an instant, then said as steadily as she could:

"He was very restless all night. Now he is—unconscious."

"Under the influence of morphia?"

"Yes."

A half-stifed groan sounded through the telephone, but an instant later the strong, manly voice, still trembling with suppressed emotion, pursued its inquiries.

"What is the temperature?"

"An hour ago there was a collapse: ninety-six degrees."

"What pulse?"

"Forty."

"Has the bandage been renewed?"

"Yes, twice since last night. The operation itself has been entirely successful; the inflamed shoulder is a shade paler, but—"

"But what?" There was agonised impatience in the tone.

"But the child is very weak. If his present state of exhaustion continues—"

"Well?"

"Then Dr. Hartley fears the worst."

There was a moment's silence, during which

the nurse's heart was wrung with sympathy for the poor father. Then came a fresh question in the strong voice struggling to be calm.

"Have you yet used camphor injections?"

"Yes, every hour, since four o'clock this morning."

"Pardon me all these questions. Who watched by my boy?"

"Nurse Bentley, whom you know."

"I'm glad of that. Eric is fond of her. Is she still with him?"

"Yes. In a few minutes I shall relieve her, as the child is in my ward."

"I'm glad of that too. You will be good to him, won't you?"

"Oh, yes—I promise you that! He's such a sweet little patient, so loving and—"

Her voice broke suddenly. It seemed so cruel to be talking thus, in short, disjointed sentences—to be wringing a father's heart by words which no sympathetic look or kindly touch could soften.

There was a corresponding quaver in Dr. Webber's voice as he said:

"May I communicate with you when you leave my little boy? When will that be?"

"Certainly. In six hours' time. At four o'clock this afternoon. By that time the crisis will probably be over."

"Thank you. Good morning!"

Nurse Lester turned slowly away from the telephone, and prepared to take her turn in watching beside the poor little unconscious boy, whose right arm and shoulder had been terribly mangled, two days ago, by a mad dog he had tried to stroke. It had been necessary to extract a portion of the shoulder-blade, and the operation, following on the previous loss of blood, seemed to have overtaxed the vitality of the delicate child that was but just three years old.

"Here, Dr. Webber. Is the child still alive?"

"Yes, he still lives."

"How is he?"

"Still unconscious under the influence of morphia. But the temperature is now ninety-six and a half degrees, and the pulse fifty."

"Thank God at least for that! How does he look?"

There was a tell-tale tremor in the nurse's voice as she answered:

"Very sweet and pathetic, like a little angel."

"Pale, of course?"

"Yes, like a waxen image."

"Poor little mite! Has the doctor seen him since this morning?"

"No; we expect him in half an hour."

"Is there any hope?"

"The matron says there is just a faint possibility of recovery."

"What do you say?"

At once surprised and touched, the nurse answered:

"I cling desperately to hope."

"So do I. I will ring again in an hour's time. Shall you be at the telephone?"

"Yes; it is part of my work, except in very special cases. Good afternoon!"

"Good afternoon!"

"Here, Dr. Webber. Has the doctor been?"

"Yes. He says that if Eric lives through the night, he will in all probability pull through."

"Who will sit up with him?"

"I shall. The regular night-nurses are all on duty."

"Thank you. Good evening!"

A thrill went through the nurse's heart—she scarcely knew why. At the same time she wondered why she had never heard anything about Eric's mother. But she had no time for idle musing—a nurse seldom has.

"How is my boy?"

"Alive and conscious."

There was an unmistakable ring of joy in the nurse's voice, something very like a sob in that of the father.

"Tell me more."

"He is very weak, but apparently out of pain."

"Has he spoken at all?"

"Yes. Twice he tried to kiss me and murmured, 'Dear Nurse, is Eric a good boy?'"

"Little darling! Has he taken any food?"

"Only a few spoonfuls of warm milk."

"I suppose I may not see him?"

"Not yet. He is too weak to stand excitement of any kind."

"You will let me know when I may come?"

"Certainly."

"Good morning!"

"Is he any better?"

"Just a shade. We hope he will sleep without morphia. The wound looks healthy, but he is still too weak to move a finger."

"Poor mite! If only I could come to him!"

The nurse was silent. What could she say?

"Will you give him my love?"

"Better not." Her voice was full of tender consideration. "He might want to see you then; now he is quite content to stay where he is, poor little man."

"Well, you are right. I won't detain you any longer. Good night!"

Nurse Lester was again at the telephone, as she had been regularly twice a day for three weeks, talking with Dr. Webber about the little patient sufferer she had grown to love so dearly.

"It will be a long convalescence, doctor; but he is fairly out of danger now."

"Thank God! We can afford to be patient, if only he is spared us. Is he very much pulled down?"

"Yes, poor child. First the exhaustion, then the fever—no wonder he is pale and thin and weak. But he often smiles now, and he is the pet of the hospital. Patients, doctors, nurses—we all love him."

"And when may I see him?"

"I wish I could say—as soon as you like! As it is, we must wait till he asks for you, or till he is decidedly stronger."

"I can wait. I am too thankful for his life to be impatient."

"Here, Surgical Hospital."

For the first time Nurse Lester was the one to open the communication with Dr. Webber, though it was nearly five weeks since she had first spoken with him through the telephone. Now she was nervously tapping the heel of her light shoe against the floor, and there was a look of puzzled anxiety on her face which did not clear when she heard the well-known voice speaking in quick disturbed accents.

"Here, Dr. Webber. Anything wrong?"

"No, not exactly. Eric is rather better. He had half a pint of beef tea for dinner and a cupful of cocoa just now; but— Excuse me, doctor, I am afraid I must ask a somewhat indiscreet question."

"Well?"

"I am afraid it may—"

"Don't trouble about me, if it can help the boy. What is it?"

The nurse hesitated an instant, then plunged boldly into the subject.

"Doctor, is your wife alive?"

"Yes." The reply was curt, yet in the very harshness of the tone lay an indication of intense pain.

"Is she with you?"

"No."

The pained look deepened on Nurse Lester's face; but she resolutely continued her inquiry.

"Forgive me, doctor, but it may be a question of life or death for Eric. He asks for his mother, and nothing will satisfy him but the promise that she shall come to him."

"Oh, my God! And I want him so! He is everything to me! Does he not ask for me?"

There was such a depth of suffering in Dr. Webber's voice that Nurse Lester had to struggle for composure before she could answer in the cruel negative.

"No, doctor, he has not asked for you yet; but I am sure he will soon."

There was a moment's pause; then the nurse resumed somewhat timidly—

"Could you let Mrs. Webber know she is wanted here?"

"I am not quite sure of her whereabouts; but I will do my best to find her out. Tell Eric that father will send mother to him."

"I will. Would you like me to say anything else?"

"No. Let him forget me if he will!"

The bitterness of the last sentence hurt her. It was with infinite pity in her voice that she said—

"I am so sorry! I am sure Eric could not forget a father who is so fond of him. He is so clinging in his affection, poor little laddie!"

There was no response to these last words; so Nurse Lester merely added, "Good afternoon!" Then she stopped the communication.

Two days later, Nurse Lester stood before the telephone with a sweet young creature, in whose face sadness and joy were pathetically blended. As soon as communication was established between the hospital and Dr. Webber, the nurse glided into an adjoining room, closing the door behind her.

It was, this time, not her ear that listened eagerly for the doctor's sonorous voice—not the nurse's heart that beat faster at the familiar sound—but that of the estranged wife longing for reconciliation.

"How is the boy, nurse? How did he stand the meeting?"

"Oh, Donald, our boy is longing to see you. He was so glad to see me, poor baby; but now he keeps saying, 'Father too! Won't you come, Donald?'"

"I can't, Evelyn—not while you are there."

"Donald, be merciful! You know you condemned me unheard. I wronged you, I know; but I have repented bitterly. Forgive me for the sake of our boy! The doctor says we must on no account cross his wishes in his present weak state. You always were so fond of little Eric!"

"I can't, Evelyn! Besides, he does not really want me. Don't ask me to come!" And the communication was discontinued.

With bowed head, young Mrs. Webber left the room and returned to her child.

Nurse Lester clenched her fists in the twilight of the passage, and cast from her a tumult of rising passion, before she lit the gas and went about her evening duties.

Next morning it was the nurse, not the mother, who stood at the telephone, waiting for Dr. Webber to speak.

"Here, Dr. Webber. Who is there?"

"Doctor, you must come! Eric has had a restless night, and is feverish. He clings to

his mother and asks her to call father. You must come!"

"I can't!"

Nurse Lester hardened her heart and voice. "If Eric dies, it will be your fault, doctor."

The next moment she heard a wild broken cry which frightened her. But presently the voice that had grown so familiar to her sounded through the telephone, calm and solemn.

"I will come!"

For an instant Nurse Lester forgot her habitual self-control, and involuntarily exclaimed, "God bless you!" The next moment she recovered herself and added, "May we expect you by the twelve o'clock train?"

"Yes. Good morning!"

Little Eric lay sleeping in his white hospital cot. His tiny pale face was pillowed against his mother's hand; his own left hand was clasped round one of her fingers. The bandaged arm and shoulder were held motionless by splints. He looked frail and ethereal, but very peaceful. His mother sat beside him, watching him with a look of infinite love.

Nurse Lester had drawn a screen round Eric's cot and had slipped out of the room. Now she was waiting in the entrance-hall, trying to imagine what appearance belonged to the voice of the man she had never seen but who was, nevertheless, no stranger to her. Her whole heart was filled with the wish that the estranged husband and wife might be drawn together by the bedside of their only child.

A tall dark man, with a noble face and earnest eyes, entered the hall. Nurse Lester advanced to meet him with outstretched hand, as one goes to welcome an old and valued friend.

"Dr. Webber, I believe?"

"Ah, you must be Nurse Lester! How can I ever thank you for all you have done for me and for my boy?"

He wrung her hand and looked down into the eyes she raised to his face with a deep gratitude shining in his own.

"Come to your wife and child," she said simply, in the soft, persuasive voice he knew so well. "Eric is asleep now, but you can see him at once."

She led the way, and he followed in silence. She saw him fall on his knees beside his sleeping boy and extend his hand to his wife in sign of pardon. As she closed the door behind her, she heard the solemn kiss of reconciliation. And her heart swelled with happiness and thanksgiving for the reunion of two lives that were indelibly bound together by the love of a little child.

It was not long before little Eric returned home to the arms of his mother and father.

## COOKERY RECIPES.

### MEAT DISHES.

#### HOW TO CHOOSE MEAT.

1. Beef should be a good red colour with yellowish fat.
2. Mutton should be a good red but not so red as beef; the fat should be firm and white.
3. The flesh of veal should be finely grained and the fat should be firm.
4. The flesh of pork should be finely grained, the fat white and without kernels.
5. The flesh of good meat is firm to the touch and no moisture exudes.
6. There should be no unpleasant smell.

#### RULES FOR ROASTING AND BAKING MEAT.

1. Have ready a clear, bright fire for roasting, and a hot oven for baking.
2. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth.
3. For baking, lay the meat on a meat-rack on a dripping-tin.
4. Put the meat in the hottest part of the oven first of all, or if roasting hang it at first quite near the fire; this is to keep in the juices. Afterwards let it cook more gently that it may not be hard.
5. Baste often.

6. A thick joint takes longer to cook than a thin one of the same weight.

7. Meat with bone cooks more quickly than meat without.

#### TO MAKE GRAVY.

1. Put the meat on a hot dish and keep it hot while you make the gravy.
2. Pour away the dripping into a clean basin.
3. Pour a sufficient quantity of hot water or stock into the dripping tin; add pepper and salt and a dredge of flour and boil up.

4. If the brown bits in the tin do not make the gravy brown enough, add a little browning.

#### RULES FOR BOILING MEAT.

1. Salt meat should be put into cold water.
2. Put fresh meat into warm or boiling water, according to its size. Never put a very small piece into boiling water or it will harden at once.
3. Skim well.
4. If vegetables are cooked with the meat, put them in after the meat has been skimmed the first time.

#### RULES FOR STEWING.

1. Cook long, cook slowly.
2. Do not skim stews.
3. Keep the lid on the saucepan.
4. Stir from time to time.
5. Do not let the stew boil.

#### STUFFED STEAK.

*Ingredients.*—Two pounds of steak, six ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of chopped parsley, one small onion (chopped), one egg (beaten), a little stock or milk, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Spread the steak out on a board; mix the bread crumbs in a basin with the parsley, onion, pepper, salt, egg and stock and spread on the steak; roll up, tie with tape, lay on a meat rack on a dripping tin and put plenty of dripping on top. Bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes and then lower the heat and cook one hour and a half. Remove the tape and put the steak on a hot dish. Make gravy in the usual way and pour round.

Breast of mutton can be boned, stuffed and cooked in the same way.

#### STUFFED SHEEP'S HEART.

*Ingredients.*—A sheep's heart, two ounces of bread crumbs, three-quarters of an ounce of chopped parsley, a small piece of chopped onion, one egg, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Make the stuffing as for stuffed steak. Well wash the heart in warm water and salt to clear out the blood. Cut off the auricles, trim away some of the outer fat and cut down the wall that goes down the centre, fill with stuffing and tie a piece of greased paper over the top. Put the heart on a greased dripping tin with the dripping on top and cook in a moderate oven for one hour. The heart may also be cooked in a saucepan with dripping, but great care must be taken not to let it burn.

#### BOILED SALT BEEF AND VEGETABLES.

*Method.*—Wipe the meat with a damp cloth; put in the saucepan with cold water and bring slowly to the boil. Skim well and put in carrots, turnips, parsnips and onions washed and prepared. Skim again when it comes again to the boil. Cook gently until all are tender. A piece of salt beef weighing six pounds will take about two hours and a half.

#### IRISH STEW.

*Ingredients.*—One pound and a half of neck of mutton (scrag or middle), three pounds of potatoes, one pound of onions, water to cover, pepper and salt, a little chopped parsley.

*Method.*—Chop the mutton into nice sized pieces and take away all gristle; prepare the vegetables, cutting all the potatoes, except four, into quarters, and cutting the onions in slices from top to bottom; cut the other four potatoes in halves; arrange the rest with the meat and onions in layers in a stewpan, putting the halves of potatoes on the top; cover with water, season with pepper and salt and simmer very gently for two hours. Arrange the halves of potatoes round a hot dish with a little parsley on each, arrange the rest of the stew in the middle with the gravy over.

#### BROMPTON STEW.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of shin of beef, half a pound of mutton, quarter of a pound of

ox kidney (cut small), two pounds of potatoes, two onions, two leeks, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one ounce and a half of dripping, one ounce and a half of rice, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, warm stock or water to cover.

*Method.*—Mix the pepper, flour and salt on a plate and dip the meat in it. Slice the onions from top to bottom and fry them a good brown in a saucepan in the dripping with the meat. Parboil the potatoes, cut them in slices and add them to the meat and onions. Add the water or stock, the vinegar, the leek prepared and cut up and the rice. Simmer gently one hour and a half.

#### TOAD IN THE HOLE.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of flour, three eggs, one pint of milk, pieces of meat, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Put the flour in a basin, make a well in the middle and stir in the eggs with the back of a wooden spoon; add the milk by degrees, keeping it very smooth, beat well with the front of the spoon until covered with bubbles. Cut the meat into pieces, about two inches square, season and lay them on a greased tin or pie dish. Pour the batter over and bake in a good oven.

#### LIVER STEW.

*Ingredients.*—One pound of calf's or sheep's liver, half a pound of rashers of bacon, two pounds of potatoes, half a pound of onions, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, warm water or stock to cover.

*Method.*—Wash the liver and cut it into slices. Mix the pepper, flour and salt on a plate and dip it in this. Fry brown in the dripping with the onions sliced from top to bottom; slice the potatoes and add them; simmer gently for one hour and a half. Fry the bacon separately. Arrange the stew on a hot dish with the bacon placed round.

#### ROAST RABBIT.

*Ingredients.*—A rabbit, six or eight ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of suet (chopped), one ounce of chopped parsley, one shallot, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, pepper and salt, one egg (beaten), a little stock, dripping.

*Method.*—Well wash and clean the rabbit; make a stuffing of the breadcrumbs, suet, parsley, mixed herbs and pepper and salt, mixed rather wet with the beaten egg and stock. Stuff the rabbit with this and then sew it up with white cotton; the liver and kidneys can be simmered gently for fifteen minutes, chopped and added to the stuffing or they can be used in the sauce. Truss the rabbit with its fore paws turned back under it and its hind paws forward, and its head trussed up with a skewer. Put plenty of dripping on it and lay it on a well-greased dripping tin. Cook in a good oven about an hour basting often; make gravy in the usual manner, thicken it well with brown thickening and add the chopped liver and kidneys and seasoning and pour round.

#### BOILED STEAK PUDDING.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of chuck steak, quarter of a pound of ox kidney, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a little water, half a pound of suet crust—(see chapter on "Pastry").

*Method.*—Cut the steak in thin pieces and the kidney very small, roll up the pieces of steak with a little piece of fat in each. Mix the pepper, flour and salt on a plate and toss all the meat and kidney in it. Cut off a third of the crust and roll it into a round for the top. Roll the larger piece into a round to fit the pudding basin which should be ready greased; line the basin carefully with it, put in the meat and a little water, wet the edges and put on the top, pressing it firmly. Tie over a floured and scalded cloth and boil two hours.

#### CORNISH PASTIES.

*Ingredients.*—Quarter of a pound of meat, six new potatoes or two old ones, one small onion (chopped), one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little water, pepper and salt, half a pound of short pastry, beaten egg.

*Method.*—Prepare the potatoes and cut them and the meat into dice, put them on a plate with the parsley, onion, pepper, salt and a little water and mix well. Flour the board, roll out the pastry, cut into rounds with a small saucepan lid, wet round the edge and put some of the mixture on each; close up, beginning in the middle, ornament, brush with beaten egg, lay on a greased tin and bake in a good oven twenty minutes.

#### BEEFSTEAK PIE.

*Ingredients.*—One pound of steak, quarter of a pound of ox kidney, stock or water, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, half a pound of short or flaxy pastry—(see chapter on "Pastry").

*Method.*—Prepare the meat with the seasoning as for beefsteak pudding and put it in a piedish. Roll out the pastry, lay it over the top of the piedish and cut sharply round, holding the dish in one hand and the knife in the other; cut strips from the rest of the pastry, wet the edges of the dish, lay on the strips, wet them and put on the cover; press round the edge, make a hole in the middle, ornament with leaves cut from the remains of the pastry, brush with egg and bake one hour and a half.

#### SAVOURY DUMPLINGS.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of salt pork, three large potatoes, one small onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, a little water, one pound of suet crust—(see chapter on "Pastry").

*Method.*—Roll out the suet crust and cut it into rounds as for the Cornish pasties; have ready the pork, potatoes and onions cut into dice and mixed with the parsley, pepper and salt and a little water; put some of the mixture on each round, wet the edges, close up in the shape of a dumpling and tie each in a scalded and floured cloth. Boil one hour.

#### FRIED SAUSAGES.

*Method.*—Prick the sausages well and put them in a frying pan with cold dripping and let them cook slowly until a good dark brown, turning them over and over so that they are evenly cooked. They take quite half an hour.

#### LIVER AND BACON.

*Ingredients.*—One pound of liver, half a pound of bacon, two ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, half a pint of water.

*Method.*—Cut the bacon in slices and cut off the rind, fry it slowly and place it round a hot dish; cut the liver in slices, dip it in pepper, flour, and salt, and fry it brown in the bacon fat, put it on a dish; dredge in the rest of the flour and fry it brown in the rest of the bacon fat, or if necessary add a little dripping; stir in half a pint of water, let it boil well and pour over the slices of liver.

#### PIG'S FRY.

*Ingredients.*—One pig's fry, two onions, four potatoes, half a pound of rashers of bacon, half a pint of warm water, one ounce of brown thickening, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Wash the fry and simmer it in salt and water half an hour, drain and fry it, dredge with flour, pepper and salt. Fry the bacon and put it on a hot dish; keep it hot while you fry the fry in the bacon fat with the onions sliced in rings; cook a light brown, pour off the fat and stir in half a pint of warm water, add one ounce of brown thickening, stir and cook well. Put the fry and onions on a hot dish and arrange the bacon round. Pour the gravy over the fry.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## MEDICAL.

**GALLIER AND OTHERS.**—The treatment of a chronic winter cough is not by any means merely a question of a prescription. We must use other measures beside drugs, such as hygienic and dietetic treatment. Winter cough is usually due to chronic bronchitis, but it may be due to consumption or to affections of the throat or of one of a very large number of ailments. If no symptom is present except cough with excessive expectoration, the condition is almost for certain chronic bronchitis. The following is the regimen for this condition—

**Hygienic.**—Avoid draughts as far as possible, but do not shut yourself up in an ill-ventilated room. Fresh air is the first necessity. Take a walk every day unless the cough is bad, in which case you must remain indoors. Have a fire in your room if possible, as this, besides heating the room, produces perfect ventilation. Clad yourself warmly with flannel next to the skin.

**Dietetic.**—Do not overload the stomach and do not eat a large supper. Avoid biscuits and other crumbly foods as these produce coughing. Use pepper, salt and mustard with great moderation.

**Local.**—A mustard plaster or a turpentine fomentation at the beginning of an attack, or failing this, whenever you can, often completely cures the condition. Steam-kettles, so valuable in acute bronchitis, are worse than useless in chronic coughs.

**Drugs.**—There is no specific for this complaint. Many preparations are sold for coughs which contain opium. This drug relieves the cough but does more harm than any other substance and many persons have died asphyxiated from taking opium to cure a cough. The cough of chronic bronchitis must not be stopped, it must, to a certain extent, be encouraged. The lungs are full of phlegm, and this must be coughed up. We must therefore endeavour to loosen the cough, if the expectoration is too viscid and to make the cough as little troublesome as possible. Now a very frequent cause of aggravation of the cough of chronic bronchitis is the presence of irritation in the throat and upper air passages. The cough due to this is no good, and therefore it is advisable to stop it. We do this by lozenges. The best lozenges for the purpose are liquorice lozenges. These contain besides liquorice, benzoic acid and oil of aniseed. A lozenge placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly will relieve the cough due to throat irritation. Now how are we to treat the cough due to the bronchitis? If the expectoration is very viscid and tenacious we must give something to loosen it. Ipecacuanha is the drug of most value here. It can be given in a lozenge or in a mixture with salines. Ten drops of the wine of ipecacuanha (R. P.) on a lump of sugar is a convenient way of administering it. If the expectoration is profuse ammonia and squill are the best remedies. They may be taken together in such a mixture as the following—Carbonate of ammonia, three grains; tincture of squills, thirty drops; aniseed water to the ounce. Taken every six hours. An aperient, of which the best is liquorice powder, should be taken occasionally. No mixture containing opium in any form, no paregoric, and above all, no chloroform, may be taken by bronchitics to relieve their cough. We mention these drugs purposely because we have seen most alarming results from their use. We have seen more than one child fatally poisoned by cough mixtures containing opium. It is hardly necessary for us to remind you that the ordinary mouth respirators are useless except as ornaments. Of course, if you can afford it, you should pass the winter in the south or in the Alps, but this is above the purses of any but the very rich.

**Dicky.**—You are twenty-two years old and blush very much. You do not feel shy or nervous, but often blush on slight causes, more in the presence of your friends than with strangers, and you ask us to what this may be due and how it can be remedied. Lately we have given advice to a great many girls on the subject of blushing. In one case, some weeks ago, we thoroughly discussed the subject of flushing and blushing due to such physical causes as anemia, indigestion, etc. You should read the advice we have given, but we think that yours is a case of blushing due entirely to emotional conditions. Such being the case, the first question we ask ourselves is—“Is it anything abnormal or is it simply a healthy peculiarity?” It is, of course, more common for girls to blush more in the presence of strangers than when with their own people. But this is not by any means an invariable rule, many girls blush as you do. Perhaps there is an element of self-consciousness in this. However this may be, we cannot consider your condition as abnormal. That you obtained no relief from a “so-called blushing cure” is all that we would have expected. If you are anemic or if you suffer from indigestion read the advice to which we have directed you above. There is a drug often used in this condition; it is called ichthiol, and is taken in doses of two and a half grains in pills or cachets. You might try this, but we cannot guarantee any definite result.

**DISTANT READER.**—That you suffer from some catarrhal condition of the eyes is undoubted, but what is the exact nature of the catarrhal process is not easy to say. The fact that it has lasted for five years together, with the other information that you give us, makes us think that it is the granular form of ophthalmia which troubles you. You say the lids are granular and that little blisters appear on the lids from time to time. You also tell us that you are shortsighted. Try bathing your eyes in warm boracic lotion (thirty grains of boracic acid to one pint of warm water). If this does not soon relieve the symptoms, go to an oculist and have your eyes thoroughly treated, for it is a serious disease and may lead to unpleasant symptoms. You should use your eyes as little as possible, and never read small print, or read in a bad light. We are pleased that our paper affords you so much pleasure.

**AMY.**—What you call “little black grubs” in your skin are comedones, more commonly known as “blackheads.” They are not grubs nor animals, nor organisms of any kind, but are the dried secretion of the sebaceous glands. They are one of the manifestations of acne. We gave a very extensive answer to “Fair Isabel” on acne in last week’s correspondence, which we advise you to read.

**ELAINE.**—Surely you exaggerate when you say that your skin is “like the rind of an orange.” The large open pores on your nose and forehead is a congenital condition. In this state of enlarged pores (i.e. sebaceous and sweat glands), the skin is naturally greasy and is more prone than usual to be attacked by acne. You should wash your face in warm water and borax (one teaspoonful to a pint of water). It is not a condition to worry about. What you describe as “sensitiveness” is pure self-consciousness. You say that you think “that every one who talks to you is thinking about your bad complexion.” In all probability not one of those whom you suspect has ever paid the slightest attention to your looks. You should try to overcome such feelings and remember that mere beauty of complexion is not the chief aim of a girl’s life. If, in your conversations, you paid more attention to the subject and less to yourself you would soon overcome any nervousness or confusion.

**EVELYN.**—You wish for a cure for “hair falling out in patches, leaving absolutely bald spots.” This is the condition of “alopecia areata.” It differs, on hasty inspection, from ringworm, in that the patches left are almost, if not quite, bald and smooth. It is a common condition in girls, but of its cause nothing is known. The hair always grows again. We do not, in our experience, know of a single case in which the patches remained bald. The duration of the bald patches is very uncertain. The best method of treating it is to apply “white precipitate ointment” to the bald spots. Painting with tincture of iodine is a very popular method of treating this condition, but we prefer the ointment. Now you ask us for something to take away hairs. We discussed the subject of superfluous hairs at full length quite recently.

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

**CAROLINE HOGG.**—1. Your sketch of a ladies’ cricket club is clever and amusing. You might certainly “try to get it accepted,” perhaps by one of the weekly “home” magazines that are so numerous. We think you show decided facility in descriptive writing. Do not employ useless abbreviations such as “H-t-f-dshire,” and note that “practice,” the noun, is spelt with a c. Be careful, if you publish, to avoid hurting the feelings of your friends and neighbours by too much fidelity to a special or local set of characters!—2. Your description of work would find a place in the “Correspondence” column, if you sent it to us, but nothing is paid for such communications.

**E. G.**—We would criticise your drawings, if you forwarded them for that purpose, but can hold out no hope of accepting them for THE GIRL’S OWN PAPER. We never undertake to answer letters by post.

**SPECULATION.**—1. Your quotation—  
“Kattle his bones over the stones  
He’s only a pauper whom nobody owns.  
is from “The Pauper’s Ride,” by Thomas Noel.—  
2. We have never heard the lines beginning—  
“I dreamt I was an omnibus,”

Possibly one of our readers may be able to help you to light upon them; although we cannot say they strike us, from the fragment given, as worth pursuing.

**DAISY.**—You will find the extract beginning—  
“Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,”

in “Horatius,” the first of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, by Lord Macaulay.  
**E. N. G.**—Consult advertisements in musical papers for Harmony Lessons by Correspondence.

**JESSIE N. ASHTON.**—Your writing is too black, and the tails of your y’s, etc., are of inordinate length in comparison with the stunted form of the other letters. We do not profess to read character from handwriting. Your other question is inserted in “Our Open Letter-Box.”

## OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

**MAY BLOSSOM** kindly writes to inform a “*Love of Poetry*” that “*The Four Mairies*” is set to music in a book of Scottish songs entitled *The Auld Scotch Songs*, arranged and harmonised by Sinclair Dunn, and published in 1888, by Morrison Brothers, 99, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. The last three verses are as follows:—

“Oh! often hae I dresst my Queen  
An’ put gowd in her hair;  
But noo I’ve gotten for my reward  
The gallows to be my share.”

“Oh! little did my mither ken,  
Ere I lay she cradled me,  
The land I was to travel in—  
The death I was to dee.”

“Oh! happy, happy is the maid  
That’s born of beauty free;  
It was my dimplin’ rosie cheeks  
That’s been the dule o’ me.”

Will any reader direct **JESSIE N. ASHTON** to the source of the two following extracts:—

1. “Just to bloom beside your way  
That is why the flowers are sweet.”

and

2. “Just as of old  
Man by himself is pricid,  
With thirty pieces Judas sold  
Himself—not Christ.”

**ROSEBUD** asks the author of “*The Doctor’s Fee*,” and where she may find it. It is a story of a child who tried to help his parents by paying the doctor with a cherished toy.

**E. M. C. H.** and **FLORENCE M. COOPER** kindly refer Margaret Bulgin to Björnson, the Norwegian poet, for the extract beginning—

“Tis a day just to my mind.”

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**DOUBTFUL.**—The Bishop of London recently gave good advice when he recommended a correspondent of his to “go to that place of worship which suited him rather than to one which did not suit him.” If, as you say, you “feel so much better spiritually” as the result of the services which you have recently been attending, would it not be soul-suicide to change again?

**E. L.**—A party nearly reached as far north as the 82nd parallel; Jackson reached as far as 81° north. Messrs. Björning and Kalestenu were two venturesome Swedes, who tried to reach the North Pole in 1893. The wreck of their small steamer was found at the Carey Islands, but no trace of them was discovered in 1893.

**KINSTORP.**—The original Secession Church is popularly known as “Auld Lichts.” At the Union of the Secession and Relief Churches in 1847, about thirty congregations in connection with it the former body held aloof from the Union, and assumed the name of “Original Seceders.” There were, in 1895, forty congregations, and about 6000 members.

**INSKIP.**—Edward Augustus, Duke of York, was the son of the Prince of Wales, grandson of George II., and brother of George III. He was a Rear-Admiral in the Navy, born in 1739, and died unmarried in 1797, which would make him rather more than twenty-eight when he died. He was born on March 14th, and died September 17th. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

One of **FRYE**’s Laplanders are nomadic and do not live in cities. Finland includes a large part of Russian Lapland, and the capital of Finland is Helsingfors, where a Governor-General represents the Emperor of Russia, who is Grand Duke of Finland. There are some fishing villages, such as Enares, in Lapland. Part of the latter country belongs to Sweden, and also Norway, as well as part to Russia. Some live in the government of Archangel and inhabit the peninsula of Lapland or Kola.

**NIMBLE NIPPER.**—A gentleman is presented to a lady, certainly not *vice-versa*. In England men generally offer the left arm in conducting a lady; but on the Continent the right arm is more commonly given. The “*Boy Bachelor*” was William Wotton D.D., who was admitted at St. Catherine’s Hall before he was ten years old, and took his degree of “B.A.” when he was only twelve and a half (A.D. 1666-1726).

**DOUBTING.**—There could not be anything wrong in telling the excellent woman, with whom you have had helpful conversation on religious subjects, that you felt a great attachment towards her. Why not? She could only feel gratified.