



THE BAYSWATER 'BUS.

(From the Painting by GEORGE W. JOY.)



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

“IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—”;

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE JOURNEYS.

THUS three months passed, in uneventful succession, and winter snow once more shrouded the land.

For Madge they brought no change, either for better or worse, and she continued to pass the days in the quiet,

somewhat fanciful way that seemed to suit her best.

She seldom went out with her husband, except to good concerts, and these, in her own quiet manner, she seemed to enjoy. For the rest she read a good deal and constantly took long walks alone, finding an unending interest in both the out-of-the-way

nooks and busy thoroughfares of the great city.

Meanwhile Guy's life was almost akin to his old bachelor one, but for all that the months had not passed for him unfraught with change.

No one knew much about it, because it was an inward one, and the only outward signs were that he was more



“A GLEAM OF RAPTURE SHONE IN MADGE'S EYES.”

reckless than he used to be, and at times irritable.

And the cause was this: he had grown to love, in the best sense of the word, his beautiful, unresponsive wife. Every week his love grew stronger and struck deeper down into the roots of his heart, so that he could take no pleasure in anything apart from her. And every week he felt her unresponsiveness more, and gradually came to exaggerate it until he persuaded himself into believing that she did not really care for him at all. The quiet, little attentions which she did not fail to render him, were too matter-of-fact to count as anything, and her continued indifference to his movements hurt him far more than if she had over-plied him with questions.

If he remonstrated, she only looked at him gravely, and either said nothing at all, or alluded, more or less indirectly, to their former compact.

This last goaded him, because he was mad with himself for not being able to act up to it without caring, and partly because it only showed how luke-warm her affection still was.

And still the best part of him, the part that had never yet been called into action, remained smothered by his habitual easy-going temperament, his love of enjoyment and his dislike of worries or troubles of any kind.

Instead of facing the matter manfully and trying to surmount his trouble, he sought to run away from it.

And alas! how many strong-hearted men and women do likewise; striving desperately to break away, until after repeated vain efforts, in which energy and strength are unnecessarily wasted, they are obliged to succumb and let the waters close in all round.

Better face the storm bravely from the first, and battle with it with all one's might.

From the aching longing and restless feverishness that reigned in his heart whenever he was with Madge, Guy sought to find forgetfulness and ease in excitement, and the form he chose was gambling.

He knew it was hateful to her, and sometimes in the very midst, her pale, calm face would rise before him reproachfully, but except for the moment, he took no heed of it.

"She does not care what becomes of me," he would muse half fiercely, "I am nothing to her; why should I consider her? I must do something to pass the time. If she cared it would be different."

So he staked higher, and let himself be drawn more deeply into the net.

One word from her, one look of hurt disapproval would have saved him, but night after night he came in late with a flushed, excited face, and she never once asked him where he had been, or evinced any interest in his movements. He would look hungrily for it, time after time. He would suggest staying with her lest she were dull, or taking her out, but the cold response was always the same, and so he believed his company was distasteful to her, and stayed away longer than he might otherwise have done.

And this was the woman who, two short years ago, had described the love she sought, and which alone could satisfy her as "A love that is not afraid of sacrifice—that shines brightest when the strife is fiercest; and grows ever stronger with the passing years."

The priceless boon lay at her feet! The best thing in all the wide world was within her grasp—and because her eyes still gazed ever at her sorrow and her heart still clung to its anguish—she passed it by and knew not that it was there. Verily, the angels might weep tears of blood over the blindness and pain sown everywhere in this world of ours by the Demon Self.

Meanwhile, early in the month of February, they decided to journey to the Riviera in search of sunshine.

The cold spring winds were very trying to Madge, and observing that the cold, pinched look on her face grew daily more apparent, Guy decided to start at once.

When he proposed the plan she acquiesced in her usual quiet manner, and shortly after went to pack up, preparatory to a hurried departure.

Guy stood on the rug with his hands behind him and looked moodily at the floor. He was wondering if she would have preferred to go without him, with a lady companion. He thought he had better suggest it; but then if she should agree, what of him? Could he let her go, and stay on there alone, where every nook and corner reminded him of her? Could he possibly exist without a glimpse of her for perhaps three whole months? And if he did, might she not forget even the little liking she had for him? This was all he cared about in the world! She was "life" and all things to him now! No, no, there was no actual need for it, he must go with her!

Then he shrugged his shoulders and called himself names. "I never would have believed it of you, Guy Fawcett," he said. "You are like any silly school-boy who is head over ears in love with a girl twice his age. Why on earth can't you be a man and defy her to have such a hold on you?"

He drew himself up sharply, as if he had already succeeded. Then he crossed the room and stood beside her beloved flowers. He touched tenderly the petals of a beautiful Christmas rose. He bent down and rested it against his lips and cheek, and something glittered on the rose that was not dew, but like it.

"I can't help it," he murmured, "I love her with all my heart and soul. I would give my life to make her happy."

Then he again drew himself up sharply, and this time he hastily left the room. He took his coat and hat and went out into the night, for he felt as if he could not bear the pain in his heart. He was going to try and drown it in the usual way. He had learnt his heart's secret at last. It had taken him nearly twelve months, but there was no doubt about it now. He knew what she was to him. That night he staked higher than he had ever done before and, unfortunately, he won.

Two days later they alighted from the train in Monte Carlo, and drove at

once to a small private hotel, facing the sea.

Their sitting-room was in the front, and from the balcony commanded a beautiful view of the coast, and a dawning gleam of rapture shone in Madge's eyes as she leaned on the iron paling and looked around. A faint colour flushed her usually pale cheeks, and she breathed quick and fast, as if the soft, balmy air had already revived her.

Guy stood by and watched her; and thought, as he was always thinking, how beautiful she was. He was glad he had not remained behind.

"You like it, Madge?" he asked wistfully.

"Yes, it is beautiful," and she shaded her eyes and looked across the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

"You will be happy here?"

She did not answer, but looked away from him.

"I want you to be," he continued, in low pleading tones. "You can't think how it hurts me to see you always so quiet and sad and careworn."

"You shouldn't think about it," and the old slight ring of ungraciousness sounded in her voice. "It is natural to me to be quiet and thoughtful; you wouldn't have me go against nature?"

"I don't think it is altogether natural," he answered. "I think you indulge in morbidness."

She glanced at him quickly in astonishment, then turned away rather haughtily.

"You may be right," she said, "but I don't think you know anything about it," and she stepped past him towards the window.

But he caught her hand and held it fast between his.

"Now you're offended," he exclaimed, "and you'll go in and hate me, I know you will. But I can't let you. Promise me, you won't hate me, Madge," and there was an undercurrent of passionate emotion in his voice.

She looked at him with a half-bewildered air and the flush in her cheeks deepened. She was quite taken aback by his earnestness.

"No! why should I hate you?" she said hurriedly, "I am not offended; I only think you don't understand."

"But I should if you would only let me. Why won't you talk to me more? I'm not such a thoughtless, empty-headed fellow that I can't sympathise."

But she shook her head and tried to draw away her hand. "It would only make you miserable too, and that would be foolish. I don't want to be a burden to you. You've been so kind to me; I want you to enjoy life."

"Enjoy life," he repeated bitterly; "and are you so blind you can't see that enjoyment is impossible to me if you have no part in it? Don't you know that I care for nothing in the world but you, and want nothing but your love?"

"You have it, such as it is," she answered, with a strained look in her eyes.

"Such as it is, yes! but I can't be satisfied with that. I know I thought I could long ago, but I was wrong. I haven't got your heart, Madge, and nothing else will do."

She bit her lips and half turned away.  
 "I have no heart. I have told you so before. Why can't you believe it?"  
 "Because I know it isn't true. You think your love is buried in Jack's grave, but I believe you are altogether wrong, and you are only letting yourself be a tool of fancy. If you would only try to master it, and let the dead past bury its dead."  
 "Do you mean forget?" she asked in a sudden hard tone.  
 "No, certainly not, but be more reasonable in your grief."

"You don't understand what you are talking about," she replied loftily. "I am going in," and she tried to draw her hand from his.

But instead of letting go, he tightened his hold and drew her close to him, folding her in his arms.

"I think you'll change your mind, and find out which of us is right some day," he said, a little huskily. "And meanwhile, I must be content to serve you."

His voice broke, but he quickly

mastered it. "I feel sure you will love me some day, Madge. If I didn't I think I should go mad, or something."

He kissed her two or three times on the lips, and because she was abashed by the light in his eyes, her face softened.

"But I'm not going to bother you," he continued. "Don't be anxious. You shall go your way and I will go mine, since you wish it."

Then he loosened his hold and she disappeared quickly, into the house.

(To be continued.)

## GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

### INTRODUCTION.

"If each man in his measure  
 Would do a brother's part,  
 To cast a ray of comfort  
 Into a brother's heart;  
 How changed would be our country!  
 How changed would be our poor!  
 And then might merrie England  
 Deserve her name once more."

*Favourite lines of the late Duchess of Teck.*

JUST as none of us know fully the infinite needs of the populations of our great cities, so neither do we know the vast and varied character of work undertaken in order to satisfy these needs, or at least to diminish them and make them bearable.

Whether the people be poor, or overworked and weary, lonely, or sick, or blind, or in prison, they are known to, and sympathised with, and helped by noble-hearted women, who devote themselves to the class they best understand and can best minister to.

Like ministering angels they visit the helpless little ones and the very old people, making their attics and cellars warm and bright with their presence; or they raise Homes of Rest for the weary in mind and body; or they are eyes to the blind. Others again visit the sick and care for their children while they are in hospital; some take the drunkard by the hand and help her to give up the vice; or they visit the criminal in prison and give her something to hope for. They also provide remunerative work for those who have lost their place in the world; others leave their own beautiful homes to live entirely among the people they want to help, that they may teach girls to live honourable lives, and train them to be good wives and mothers. And last not least there are women of high position who devote life and fortune to those children whose sorrows and diseases render them loathsome even to the mothers who bare them.

We may well thank God, Who has put it into the hearts of women of means and position to be brave, kind, wise and gentle in the cause of women less favoured than they, and whose sorrows and miseries would be intolerable but for the loving hands held out to them by the army of women workers.

If these articles should be the means of increasing the number of workers, even by a few, the writer would be thankful, and so would our Editor, whose sympathy with every class of need is well known.

### PART I.

LADY LOUISA ASHBURTON.

"Christ is the Head of this house;  
 The unseen guest at every meal;  
 The silent listener to every conversation."\*

\* These words are printed and placed in every room in Lady Ashburton's block.

IT is very difficult to see at a glance all that is being done by good, noble-hearted women for the poor and the sorrowful in this London of ours, not only because of its amount and variety, but also because of the quiet way in which most of it is performed. Of one thing, however, we may be quite certain, viz., that each worker is using her special gifts in trying to make the world better, happier and brighter, and succeeds, even though she herself may not see the result with her own eyes.

Now and then, when we are allowed to look personally upon what these women-workers are doing, we stand amazed at the giant proportions and far-reaching influence of their work.

This thought is uppermost in my mind when thinking of Louisa Lady Ashburton. She looks so delicate and fragile, that you fear a rough wind may blow her away, and yet the power and influence she wields for good over those for whom and among whom she works is simply wonderful.

I am always very interested in the origin of work, and I like to know the impetus which set it going.

One can understand Lady Ashburton's good and beneficent work on her own estate at Addiscombe, near Croydon, but it was difficult to give a reason for her vast work in the Victoria, Albert and Central Docks, where she had no estate. It is of this special work I want to speak first.

Lady Ashburton was led to this part of East London by what looked very like an accident, only that we know nothing occurs by accident.

Some eleven or twelve years ago she was present at a drawing-room meeting held on behalf of the London City Mission, at which one of the speakers alluded to a good work going on at Tilbury Docks. She wished to see it, and it was on her way there that she passed the Custom-house station of the Victoria Docks. All who know this neighbourhood are aware of the many public houses which face the men with open doors as they pour out of the docks for their meals.

As she was driving past she was appalled at the number who made their way direct to one or other of these houses. She stopped the carriage, and without any hesitation attacked the men with the question, "Why do you go to the public-houses for your meals?"

"Because we have nowhere else to go," they replied.

"Would you go anywhere else if a place were open to you?" was her next question.

"Just you try us," was the answer.

I need hardly say that she did not continue her drive to Tilbury, for she felt that here lay her work; here was the platform on which to exercise the talents with which God had entrusted her.

She was very much in earnest, and by March in the Jubilee year she had built a mission-room and a coffee tavern, both of which the late Duchess of Teck opened.

During the Jubilee week she also erected a tent on an empty space behind the new buildings, in which four thousand teas were given and spiritual refreshment as well. The tent stood and continued to do good service until rough winds blew it down and left Lady Ashburton with a mission-room holding only two hundred people, a number far short of those who sought admission.

She then bought land and pulled down the houses on it, and in their place erected the present block of buildings known as the "Ashburton Block." It consists of a coffee tavern, sleeping accommodation for fifty men, a library, a house of rest, a small suite of rooms furnished quite simply for Lady Ashburton, who occasionally stays here to be in the midst of her work, a class-room and the beautiful mission-hall, which will accommodate eight hundred people. It is built on what is known as Plaistow Marshes, and therefore cost a great deal to build.

In digging for a foundation they found at the top nothing but mud, but below they came upon primeval forest; thirty feet down they came to trees, and the foundation was sunk thirty-three feet until clay was reached.

Piles were driven in and the spaces between filled with concrete, and the building stands as firm as a rock, although houses in the neighbourhood shake every time a train passes.

The hall is paved with blocks of wood and built of pine-wood. The carving round the windows alone cost £200. I believe it is no secret that Lady Ashburton sold a very valuable picture for £7000 to defray part of the expense of building this hall.

Services are held here every night, the address being given by some earnest, eloquent Christian preacher, while the choir, instrumental and vocal, is of a very high order.

We were present at one of these services, the congregation of men and women was large and exceedingly earnest. At the close many of the people came round Lady Ashburton as round a mother, not in any way familiar but with reverence.

It was pretty to hear them all address her as My Lady, just as though she were the only lady in the world to them, and when I made this remark to her she said quite simply, "Well, I suppose I am."

Our next visit was to the coffee tavern. The two large dining-rooms looked so clean, pleasant and comfortable with their green, brown and white dado, sanded floor, polished urns, marble tables and good, steaming-hot, wholesome food.

They accommodate comfortably two hundred and fifty, but at each of the mid-day meals there are frequently four hundred. We

were there at twelve o'clock. The food was brought in as I have said very hot, and the men came pouring in as orderly and quiet as possible. Each walked up to the bar asking for what he desired, laid the money down and took his portion to one of the tables where he sat down and ate it; the rapid, neat way in which each person was served was admirable; there was no hurrying, no pushing, no loud talking, no grumbling. Each man knew exactly what he wanted and which part of the bar to go for it, and with the correct sum in his hands to pay for it.

You remember the men's answer to Lady Ashburton when she asked if they would get their meals elsewhere than at public houses if they had the opportunity. It was "Just you try us."

Well she has tried them and for ten years daily this has been their answer.

But all this time you do not know of what the meal consists nor the price paid for it.

A pint of good soup, 1d., made of fresh bones, scraps off the fresh carcasses, the rinds of hams and plenty of fresh vegetables. A thick round of bread, ½d., familiarly known as a "doorstep"; steak puddings, beautifully made, 4d.; a saucerful of potatoes, 1d.; six ounces of roast meat, 4d.; a plate of cold ham, 2d.; a small plate of pickles, ½d.; a plate of good hot tapioca, 1d.; a plate of jam pudding, 1d.; a large mug of cocoa, 1d.; a cup of tea or coffee with milk and sugar, ½d. A luxury known as the 2d. tray consists of a teapot holding three half pints of tea, a tiny milk jug and sugar basin, 2d.; a good plate of fish, 1d.

By a quarter to one the meal is over and the rooms made clean and fresh for the men who leave work at one. All the food brought in now is fresh and hot, and as the clock strikes the mid-day scene is repeated. The men who take advantage of these meals are, as a rule, dock labourers, stevedores, sailors waiting for ships, and men whose occupation has been or is on the water.

Practically food is being served here all day and I might say night as well, for no man coming in for food is refused lest he should drink instead. Experience shows that if a man is well fed he does not crave for stimulants. Breakfasts are served from six o'clock in the morning, and often as much as £2 is taken just for halfpenny-worths of cake at that early hour.

Our next visit was to the bed-rooms, varying according to size from 4s. to 6s. a week or so much a night—all of course for men. Each room contains a bed, washstand, table, Bible and inkbottle.

The new cubicles have pinewood panels, which is a great improvement on paper walls. There is a good bath-room at the men's disposal. There is also a library which is not appreciated greatly by the men, the books being of a character they do not understand, but they love Chambers' Journal, Dickens and kindred works. All the rooms were clean and comfortable, though I should have liked all the pieces of carpet up.

The smoking-room is very good, with a bagatelle board and a lavatory attached.

Ten servants do the whole work of this big place—the women's rooms being at one end and the men's at the other. Before speaking of the management of this work I should like you to see a branch of it which is carried on two miles further east, opposite the central station in the Albert Docks south side. It is known as the dockers' dining and coffee rooms. It is a large iron building capable of seating four hundred men; here on an average two thousand are supplied every day; they consume about one hundred and fifty gallons of tea, coffee and cocoa, for which they pay a halfpenny for a half-pint.

For the sum of twopenny they get a plate

of cold ham or cold meat; one hundred and fifty such are sold at the tea hour alone. So good is the attendance that they serve four hundred people in thirteen minutes.

During the winter months the favourite food here is pea soup, of which fifty or sixty gallons a day are consumed at the cost of a penny a pint.

This building is also used as a shelter for men while waiting for a call to work; they sometimes have to stand about for hours, and a shelter is a great comfort to them.

Neither are the men's spiritual needs forgotten, Gospel services having been held here twice a week during the last three years, and thousands of men have been reached in this way.

Nor does Lady Ashburton's work stop here; there is yet another centre at Manor Way, North Woolwich, close to the Dock Gates; this is on similar lines to the work at the Custom House, there being eighteen beds for seamen, a large coffee and dining room and a mission hall for the workers in the docks.

Barrows are also laden with provisions and sent round to the dockers while at their work.

One thing I must say—nothing is wasted. Pieces left are given to the very poor outside, and nothing that has been handled ever goes into the stock pot.

Just think of the magnitude of the work Lady Ashburton has been carrying on during the last ten years without in any way pauperising those she has helped; and yet she often gets depressed and wonders if she is in the right place doing the right work. One would like to remind her at such moments of the improved health, habits and social condition which regular wholesome food has brought about, and the power it has given to the men to resist drink; one would like to call to her mind the number of seamen who have been saved by her watchful helpers from falling into bad hands the moment they put foot on shore, and to bid her think of the Gospel message which during the last ten years has, through her means, been carried to many thousands who in their turn have conveyed it to the far-off parts of the world.

From what I have seen I should say that the reverence these seamen and dock labourers have for the delicate, fragile woman who has thrown herself heart and soul into their lives is rich in influence for good.

Certainly she must not feel depressed, but rather let the remainder of her life be one long hymn of thankfulness to the good God and Father of all, Who has permitted her to be the good angel to a large portion of His people who just needed what she has been able to give.

Just as it was no accident that she should find her work in this district, neither is it by accident that she has found such honourable, capable, Christian lieutenants. Needless to say that the success of her work is in a great measure owing to their untiring, unceasing service, spending and being spent in what they firmly believe to be God's service and their lady's.

Mr. Hill, who has the entire charge of all the dock district coffee taverns and dining rooms belonging to Lady Ashburton, is a keen business man, and knows to a fraction how much an article should cost and the best market from which to obtain it; the amount of his work physical and mental is startling, yet he never loses his head, nor gets into a muddle, nor finds himself short of material. I need hardly say that he in his turn has good faithful workers; there is for example, Mr. Reid, who with a large staff is engaged in the Albert Dock centre, and there is Mrs. Hill, his wife, at the North Woolwich centre.

I have never seen a manager so altogether

honourable and capable, but to my mind he is overworked.

Then there are Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Skuse, both of whom are Lady Ashburton's lieutenants in the mission halls.

I think the question which every one would like answered is—Are the coffee taverns and shelters self-supporting? Yes they are. Take last year as an example. After every expense was paid Lady Ashburton had £400 profits towards the expense of her mission work.

You would think that the work I have described would be enough for one woman and one lifetime, but there is more to come, and although laid in a very different scene it is carried on in connection with the dock district.

On her own estate at Addiscombe, in the midst of rose gardens and beautiful country, she has built three homes each perfect in its way; the first, built in 1883, is known as the Nest, occupied by children between the ages of six and fourteen; boys one fortnight, girls the other; thirteen can be received at one time. A second, built in 1884, called the "Rest," is for men and women; one fortnight occupied by men and the next by women.

Within this is what is known as the Prophet's Chamber, set aside for a weary clergyman or lay helper greatly in need of rest but too poor to pay for it. It is a combination of sitting and bedroom with every comfort required by such a worker; and lastly we come to the "Dove Cot," built in 1886, for mothers and babies between six and fifteen months old. The sleeping room in this home looked very sweet with its ten white cots and pink and white curtains for the "little angels without wings," while on the wall hung the appropriate text, "Under the shadow of Thy wings."

Each home is two storeys high and complete in itself and built with due regard to sanitary arrangements. Everything in them and about them is most attractive. There is a competent staff of workers, a matron, gardener, boy and four servants.

Mr. Bradshaw is the lieutenant here, everything being in his charge. Lady Ashburton allows £700 a year for these homes, and this takes in all expenses; Mr. Bradshaw considers that the average cost of each guest per week is 4s. 6d. The only expense to the visitor for a fortnight's change and rest is a railway return ticket reduced to 10d. by the railway company.

These homes are filled mainly by people from the dock district among whom Lady Ashburton works, at least they have the first choice. They are for the tired, weary, over-weighted men and women and their delicate children—people who with all their work can barely make two ends meet, and certainly have no means of paying for a holiday.

It is easy to imagine how they value this lady's thoughtful care which provides them such a rest. All are known personally to Lady Ashburton or her lieutenants as honest, hard-working people to whom a rest like this is almost essential. The rules are very few and simple and by no means irksome. I was amused to see that no hair oil was permitted.

About seven acres are attached to the homes; a private road is made from one end to the other from the three homes to that built by Lady Compton for training servants. Lady Ashburton gave the ground, and the home, built under the direct superintendence of Lord and Lady Compton, now the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, is admirable in all its appointments. The work going on here is very good and practical under a very sensible matron, and is becoming well known for the good training the girls get. Most of them come from the East End of London.



## PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "OUR PUZZLED GIRLS."

### SOLUTION.

#### OUR PUZZLED GIRLS.

Dear puzzled girls, who bravely pore  
O'er } all our hieroglyphic store  
On }  
And never vote it all a bore,  
Say, patient friends, we do implore,  
Are not the brain and temper sore,  
Would you not like to have no more?  
But in by thousands papers pour,  
Much more than ever heretofore,  
Solutions good and bad galore!  
So then, dear puzzled girls, who pore,  
How may we change our plans aforesaid?  
You say, politely, "Pray give o'er?"

### PRIZE WINNERS.

#### Fifteen Shillings Each.

Miss A. C. Carter, Shottery Hall, Stratford-on-Avon.  
Mary I. Chislett, Great Broughton, Northallerton.  
Lily Horn, 85, Victoria Terrace, Littlehampton, Sussex.  
Miss F. A. Prideaux, Modbury, Ivybridge, South Devon.

#### Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Henrietta French, 60, High Street, Maidstone.  
Mildred M. C. Little, Great Broughton, Northallerton.  
Stuart Bostock-Smith, 3, Hillside, Cotham, Bristol.  
A. P. Suttill, Bridport. [Kent.  
Ellen C. Tarrant, 2, Palace Grove, Bromley,  
Eleanor Whitcher, 21, Hove Park, West Brighton.

#### Very Highly Commended.

E. Adamson, Annie A. Arnott, Edith K. Baxter, Lily Belling, E. Blunt, Mary Bolingbroke, Amy Briand, B. Bryson, Ines Bryson, Rev. J. Chambers, M. J. Champneys, E. H. Duncan, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Edith E. Grundy, Marie E. Hancock, Edith M. Higgs, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Alice E. Johnson, Mrs. H. Keel, Louise M. McCready, Ethel C. McMaster, Nellie Meikle, Mrs. Nicholls, E. R. Oliver, Margaret G. Oliver, Ellen M. Price, Janet M. Pugh, Annie Robinson, Kate Robinson, Fanny Shepard, Ellen R. Smith, Isabel Snell, Clara Souter, Florence Whitlock, Henry Wilkinson, Hubert Wix, M. Woodcock, Josephine Woodrow, Edith M. Younge.

### Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Edith Berry, Isabel Borrow, Helen M. Coulthard, Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, M. A. C. Crabb, Edith Dickson, Marguerite L. Dow, Jessie F. Dulley, Mrs. A. D. Harris, M. Hodgkinson, Edward St. G. Hodron, Minnie Ives, P. R. Kemp, Mrs. Latter, E. E. Lockyear, Winifred A. Lockyear, Maud C. Macpherson, Lillie Milner, Nina E. Purvey, Amy I. Seaward, Rose Shepheard, A. M. C. Smith, R. Carr Smith, Gertrude Smith, Mary J. Taylor, Edith F. M. Varnish, Louisa Whitcher, W. Fitzjames White, Katie Whitmore, C. H. Wimpres, Helen B. Younger.

### Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Acheson, Elsie Bayley, E. M. Blott, Melinda S. Bourne, Miss Bradbury, Agnes B. Chettle, Lilian Clews, Mrs. Crossman, Mrs. Ranald Daniel, K. Dawson, Ada L. Drayton, C. M. A. FitzGerald, John J. Giraud, Ada J. Graves, Florence Graves, L. Hartshorn, Caroline M. M. Hog, Katie Jameson, Ellen H. Kemp, A. Kilburn, Edith Lenton, Edmund Lord, Annie G. Luck, Mrs. McKenzie, Ethel H. Maddox, E. Mastin, F. Miller, E. C. Milne, Mrs. A. Moraine, Annie B. Olver, Emily L. Reid, Ada Rickards, A. Roderick, A. J. Rogers, Alice Salberg, Alice N. Seaman, A. C. Sharp, Sadie Stelfox, Alice E. Stretton, C. E. Thurgar, Violet C. Todd, Annie L. Trendell, May Tutte, A. F. Walker, Emily M. P. Wood, Alice Woodhead, Charles Wright, Sophie Yeo.

### EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Wonderful to relate, there were only four perfect solutions. Some of the authors of the seven next best may demur to this statement, and if they like to complain we shall be happy to point out their mistakes in spelling and to prove that perfection is not allied with such errors. The puzzle evidently presented many difficulties, and mistakes abound in connection with the solution of almost every line. The title was rendered in many curious ways. "Our Puzzle Poems" would not do as the solvers rather than the poems were depicted. Only those solutions which worked in the evident distraction of the solvers could be accounted really good. Taking the second line, "o'er" is more usual in connection with the verb to pore than "on." On the other hand the letters in the puzzle are distinctly *on* one another and the word is rhythmically

better than o'er. We therefore accepted both readings. To translate the patient in the fourth line into "tired," "weary" and the like, begs the question. The purpose of the poem was to find out if our solvers are tired of these puzzles yet, and it would be prejudging the case to assume, as early as the fourth line, that they are. Besides it is not necessary to have a bottle of medicine within reach if you are merely tired. In the same line our artist drew a thistle for the *weed*, which calls forth a dignified rebuke from a Scotch solver. We have a great deal too much respect for the Scotch to retort that, apparently, the weeds of England become the flowers of Scotland. We simply apologise for what was a grave artistic error.

In line 5 we found the most common mistake, "muscle" being adopted by a majority instead of "temper." But even wrestling with puzzle poems does not involve much muscular distress, while as to its effect on the temper whole volumes might be written. The lad is clearly displaying temper, and though such an exhibition is often accompanied by a certain amount of muscular activity, *temper* is obviously the better word here.

For the rest little need be said. The solutions in the ninth line were often described as "letters" or "answers," but either word robs the line of a syllable. The *change* in line 11 was sometimes rendered "coin," but "change" is necessary to express the right idea. And lastly, the word "politely" caused any amount of trouble, many of the suggested readings being extremely wild.

We have noticed that when there has been nothing particular for competitors to write about we have been favoured with a large number of letters or interesting notes with the solutions. But now when we have distinctly challenged an expression of opinion we find only four responses, and from all the rest an ominous silence. Truly the four beg us to continue the puzzles, but it is rather a large undertaking for the sake of four. In short, after the most careful consideration we are afraid that in the absence of a more unanimous (to put it as gently as we can) expression of opinion we must— But there! Christmas is barely over and we have not the heart to say the final word. Let us review the situation for another month.

To "Violet" and others. In the solution of "On a visit to the country," "come" is a misprint. The word in the original is "fierce."

## THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

## PART III.



WHEN I began to confer with my girl readers—for the sake of nearness to whom I have discarded the editorial We—on the special troubles in which they may need comfort and help, I strongly disclaimed any intention of being sentimental myself, or of encouraging sentimentality in them. This danger is real, and so much to be dreaded, that in each case it seems necessary to rigidly lay down the limits within which sympathy may be granted, and confidence encouraged.

The present theme above all others needs judicious limitation, and for this reason—that in women, overstrung nerves, morbid tendencies, frequently assume the form of a complaint of loneliness and neglect. "I am so lonely; no one cares for me!" cries an invalid of a certain type, lying in a room bright with the flowers sent by sympathising friends, while the knocker is almost worn out with the constant assaults upon it in "kind inquiry." Try to prove to such an invalid that she is mistaken, and you will only be thought unsympathetic. The governess in home or school, worn out and overtasked at the end of a term, feels bitterly that certain wholly innocent actions on the part of her employers, fellow-workers, or pupils are meant as a deliberate slight. One can, in many women, detect the approach of a nervous break-down by the complaint of neglect or loneliness.

This is not a symptom to be ridiculed. It entails a great deal of suffering upon its victim; but it is not, by the recipient of such confidences, to be met by assent and pity. Rather it should be recognised as a symptom of ill-health and treated by the remedies of less work, less strain, cheerful society, and all that can brace and invigorate and help. It is a mistake in these cases ever to encourage the delusion.

The consciousness of plainness, or a painful shyness—troubles I have already discussed with my readers—are other causes that will lead to this morbid view of life; and pride in its various forms is a fruitful source of fancied loneliness and neglect. The proud and poor relation or acquaintance sees an affront where nothing of the sort is intended. Which of us cannot recall such instances? It is often most difficult to "get on" with delightful people who are a little poorer than you are because they are apt to imagine themselves neglected on account of their social insignificance, when there is not the faintest ground for the supposition.

This sort of thing is nothing but pride, and pride after the "Uriah Heep" style, which

apes humility; it has its root in a diseased self-consciousness. Therefore let us beware of it with might and main.

There is also a proud reserve which fences in its owner from all approach and makes her lonely in real earnest through her own fault, while she blames other people.

Ill-health and overwork, plainness, shyness, pride: these are some of the causes that will foster the morbid conviction of loneliness or neglect, and each cause should be met in its appropriate way.

So much for the pseudo-forms of this trouble. But what of the realities? for realities they are in many a case.

All of us are lonely to a certain extent. "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther," might be inscribed above the sanctuary of every heart for all human intruders.

"Why should we faint and fear to live alone,

Since all alone (so Heaven has willed) we die,

Not even the fondest heart anxiet our own  
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

So Keble says: and as life goes on this truth is increasingly known.

And yet it will always be true that in friendship and loving converse lies the chief joy of life. In proportion as one is endowed with a sensitive, sympathetic nature does one need the response from other natures, and its lack is a misfortune so great that it is simply indescribable.

The most eminent of novelists have chosen this theme. In a past generation the *Sorrows of Werter* took hold upon the young with overmastering force. One may, with reason, call the book exaggerated and morbid and blame its influence, but Goethe knew the human heart. Charlotte Brontë, in each of her novels, has a heroine deeply, tragically conscious of this loneliness. *Jane Eyre* and *Lucy Snowe* are no mere sentimental girls lamenting loudly over fancied griefs, but women who knew and quietly faced this terror, working with all their might the while. One of the most charming passages in *Shirley* is that where Caroline Helstone finds her mother in Mrs. Pryor after her lonely suffering. Some of Christina Rossetti's sweetest poetry is on this theme; for instance, the verses on "L. E. L." "whose heart was breaking for a little love."

"Downstairs I laugh, I sport, and jest with all,

But in my solitary room above

I turn my face in silence to the wall;

My heart is breaking for a little love.

Though winter frosts are done,

And birds pair every one,

And leaves peep out, for springtide has begun.

Perhaps some saints in glory guess the truth,

Perhaps some angels read it as they move,

And cry one to another, full of ruf,

Her heart is breaking for a little love.

Though other things have birth,

And leap and sing for mirth,

When springtime wakes, and clothes and feeds the earth."

The great poet Dante knew and recorded how hard it is to pace up and down the stairs of alien homes!

In spite of Keble's question, human hearts do "faint and fear to live alone." And this

is specially terrible when one is young. There is a loneliness of age that is sad and tragic enough, but the loneliness of youth has something so strange and unnatural about it that it is perhaps harder to bear. The young life sends out its tendrils in all directions, seeking to find some friendly support to answer the clinging embrace, and for due development these are necessary.

There are three chief causes which produce this genuine loneliness. First, there is the loneliness attaching to the position of a "dependent" (?) in other houses; then there is the loneliness of being surrounded by unsympathetic people, no matter who they are; lastly there is the actual isolation which sometimes cannot be helped.

The young governess in a family has long been the chief recognised type of lonely girlhood. Charlotte Brontë had had experience of that which she wrote about. In the purse-proud ignorant household, honoured for a time by her services, she was made in every way to feel that she was utterly outside the family life. "Love the governess, my dear!" exclaimed the mother in consternation when a little boy showed Miss Brontë some affection, and the fire smouldered at her proud heart until it found its vent in the novel that took England by storm. Among people of any refinement and education such treatment would be impossible. To allow a stranger living in the heart of a family to feel solitary or neglected if it can possibly be helped, is a crime that might deserve the censure of the lady in *Punch*; "It's worse than wicked, it's vulgar!" So in Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House*, Jane Graham writes to her mother-in-law on her visit to "The Hurst" concerning the beautiful Mrs. Vaughan.

"She led

The way to where the children ate

Their dinner, and there Williams sat.

She's only nursery governess,

Yet they consider her no less

Than Lord or Lady Carr or me.

Just think, how happy she must be!"

In spite of the utmost courtesy and kindness of well-bred people, however, it must always be a difficult thing for one girl or woman, living in a household in a special capacity, without colleagues, to avoid a feeling of desolation. She who still wants affectionate guidance, has to guide others; she has to stand on an imaginary pedestal which is always a solitary position, and when her work is done for the day, for the very sake of quiet she prefers to remain alone. The girl from a large family who has gone out into the world, even although she may have secured a "desirable situation" and has no slights to boast of, must often know what it is to bear this sorrow.

To her I would say, Do all you can to put away the thought of it. If the people with whom you live are kind and anxious to make you "one of the family," do not repel them, even though solitude would sometimes be pleasanter than their society; try not to brood or grow morbid; never allow yourself to impute slights and, above all, find companionship in books, which will carry you away from yourself. One must in these matters "make the best of things." I am always sorry for the "bright young governess" so often advertised in the daily papers; and yet she may have it within her own power to make her life as "bright" as her reputed character.

The second sort of loneliness is that which comes solely from being with people of

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unsympathetic character, and here "Aurora Leigh" is the type. Many modern girls have read of Mrs. Browning's heroine, the half-Italian, half-English child, thrilling with passionate impulses and the poetic fire within, sent to the care of the cold, rigid, passionless English aunt.

"She had lived

A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,  
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch  
Was art and joy enough for any bird.  
Dear heaven, how silly are the things that live  
In thickets and eat berries."

So terrible was the isolation to the lonely girl, under the icy *régime* of this undesirable relation, that she would have welcomed death.

At length she lighted upon a treasure; cases of books packed away in a garret. With feverish haste she dragged the volumes from their hiding-place, and henceforward she had a resource. The poets she found nourished her inner life, and she could live in a world where other souls spake to her soul. The aunt in vain carried out her theory that crochet-work was a woman's chief end.

"Then I sat and teased

The patient needle till it spilt the thread  
Which oozed off from it in meandering lace  
From hour to hour. I was not therefore sad,  
My soul was singing at a work apart  
Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm  
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight  
In vortices of glory and blue air.  
And so, through forced work and spontaneous work  
The inner life informed the outer life."

Aurora Leigh did not die but lived to find a happy fate.

The loneliness of the young is chiefly of Aurora's type. Those who are forced by circumstances to live as the solitary one in a family, and are therefore lonely, are few in comparison with those who feel themselves for other reasons solitary in a crowd. The shy, reserved girl at boarding-school whose tastes are not those of her fellows, and who cannot express herself freely to them; the lonely girl among brothers and sisters with whom she has little really in common; the orphan in the home of unsympathetic relations, like Aurora Leigh, may know the bitterest pang of loneliness, though they are never alone.

Again, loneliness may befall a girl, not from so-called "dependence," not from ungenial companionship in any form, but from circumstances that shut her out from any society, pleasant or the reverse; such, sometimes, is the loneliness of an only child.

For the genuine sufferings of which I have written I have a warm sympathy. They cannot be altogether avoided, but there are many ways in which comfort may be taken.

One great help is to cultivate the inner nature, so as to be a companion to one's self. This is quite possible, and girls who know this truth can conquer the ache of loneliness. "They are never alone," said Sir Philip Sidney, "that are accompanied by noble thoughts." And of course the power of reading is above all the power that will supply companionship. As Mr. J. R. Lowell says, "It is the key that admits to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments, that enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time." Ruskin puts it in something of the same way. "All the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time."

Yes, and within this great array there are

the gentle and the sympathetic who will stoop to comfort and to help the simplest lonely child in her solitude.

Cultivate, then, an inner life in which you know the delight of communion with the world of literature. If, perchance, you are treated with neglect or scorn by silly people, such interests as these will help you to put trivial matters in their right places and to go your way undisturbed by them. It may be a solace to remember the saying of Lord Bacon:

"In reading we hold converse with the wise; in the business of life, generally with the foolish."

Lonely hours in youth may be made a preparation for the life that is coming. In them we should learn, as far as possible, the strength and the weakness of our own character; we should practice self-control and self-denial; we should lay up treasure for the coming years, in the shape of beautiful thoughts and inspiring knowledge. If solitude is thus used, it may come to be recognised as a priceless boon.

Once more, then, I may say to the lonely as I said to the shy, look away from yourself, avoid brooding, avoid self-consciousness—never nurse or indulge the lonely unappreciated feeling. Find plenty to fill up the recesses of your mind. Take all the opportunities you can, even if they are not at first sight attractive, of having companionship.

And, above all, cultivate the sense of intercourse with the unseen that lies about you and around—

"Closer is He than breathing; nearer than hands or feet."

Then you will know that the worst sort of loneliness is impossible to you, and, even in your youth, will understand the meaning of the lines:

"Earth's crammed with Heaven,  
And every common bush a fire with God."

## VARIETIES.

## SHOP-KEEPING IN THE EAST.

The small shop-keeper in Eastern lands has ideas of business very different from ours. When a customer enters, he looks at him and makes up his mind how much he may ask, which is usually about three times as much as he thinks he may get, that being about five hundred per cent. beyond the actual value of the article.

"When I was in Alexandria," writes a traveller, "I went into a small *boutique* to buy a trifle I saw in the window. I asked the price. 'Ten francs.' 'Nonsense!' I said. 'Five, sir! two—one franc only.' Eventually I bought it for two large piastres (fourpence-halfpenny). Not a bad instance this of a rapid fall in prices."

## "TEA OF LONG LIFE."

Numerous charlatans have appeared in the history of the world, and still appear at intervals, loud in their claims to have discovered the veritable elixir of life—gold, tinctures, and many other nostrums with which they promise to prolong human existence.

The most notorious of these quacks was the Count de St. Germain, who, with barefaced impudence, declared that he had already existed for centuries by the aid of his "Tea of Long Life," which he asserted would make the oldest of mankind young again.

On close examination, his miraculous tea was found to consist of a simple infusion of sandal-wood, fennel, and senna leaves.

## THE HONEST FARMER EXPLAINS.

"It's dreadfully queer," said the housewife, "that the potatoes you bring should be so much bigger on the top of the basket than they are at the bottom."

"Well, mum," said the honest farmer, "it comes about this way. P'taters is growin' so fast right now, that by the time I git a basketful dug the last ones is ever so much bigger than the first ones."

## AN ODD ADDRESS.

The post office officials recently had their ingenuity taxed by the following curious address:—

"Mrs. —, wearing a large bear boa, violet flowers in bonnet, promenade (morning), Aberystwyth."

The letter was from the lady's son, who had mislaid his mother's seaside address. It was successfully delivered.

## SHE STOPPED TO PLAY WITH A KITTEN.

—An authority on the subject of nursing, in discussing the question of the age at which training should begin, declares that twenty-three is quite early enough. "I have known," she adds, "some small hospitals and nursing-homes take girls to train as young as seventeen; and, in one instance I remember, a girl who had been sent for a splint in a great hurry stopped on the way to play with a kitten and forgot all about what she was sent for."

## A MUSICAL SISTER.

*Captain (to stewardess):* "See, you young rascal, you ran away from home, did you? You ought to be thrashed for leaving home, and thrashed again for getting aboard a ship without permission."

*Stewardess:* "Please, sir, my sister commenced takin' music lessons an' practisin' scales on the pianer, an' I thought there wouldn't be no pianers on ships."

*Captain:* "Come to my arms, my son. I had a musical sister once myself."

## WHAT TIME CANNOT DESTROY.

"Thou shalt not rob me, thievish time,  
Of all my blessings, all my joy;  
I have some jewels in my heart  
Which thou art powerless to destroy."

## THE SUBJECT OF QUARREL.

*Lady (in want of a cook):* "Why did you leave your place?"

*Cook:* "I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and mistress used to quarrel, mum."

*Lady:* "What did they use to quarrel about?"

*Cook:* "The way the dinner was cooked, mum."

GOOD IN EVIL.—There is this of good in real evils—they deliver us from the despotism of all that were imaginary.

## THE GOLDEN LONG AGO.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

DREAMING in the tender twilight  
Of my garden, tranquil, sweet,  
Not a sound to break the silence,  
Save the fall of mine own feet  
As I pace the dear old pathways,  
To and fro, and to and fro,  
Just as we were wont, together,  
In the golden long ago.

White and saintly stand the lilies,  
As they did in days of yore,  
Ere my lily had been gathered  
To make glad the earth no more.  
Fragrant as the breath of roses  
Her sweet memory lingers yet,  
Dews are heavy on the blossoms,  
Mine own eyes are dim and wet.

Dreaming in the hush of twilight,  
As the shadows deeper grow,  
Dreams the sweetest and the saddest  
Of the golden long ago.  
Peace and silence reign around me,  
Hallowed are those evening hours,  
For an angel walketh with me  
In my dear old world of flowers.



## AN OLD CORNWALL ROMANCE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

## CHAPTER I.

"Cornwall is a poore and very barren cuntrye of al maner of thinges except Tyn and Fische. Their meate and their drinke is ruin'd and spylt for lacke of good ordering and dressing. Fyres and Turves is their chief Fewel, their Ale is stark, naughty, looking whyte and thynne, as pigges had wrestled in it, smoky and ropy and never a good sope. . . . There be many men and women that cannot speke a word of English, but all Cornish."

*Dr. Andrew Boyle, 1542.*

THERE have been in this paper many commemorations of good women who have left

"Footsteps on the sands of Time,"

to direct and encourage the efforts of those who, young and perhaps inexperienced, are fighting the battle of life; and we have watched in vain for one name, that of a young peasant girl whose strange career, heard by accident, has haunted memory ever since as the melodies of the gods were said to haunt the poets. An old writer says—

"This Wike St. Marie was the birthplace of

that famous minion of fortune and example of charitable benevolence, Thomasine Bonaventura. Whether so called from her success in worldly affairs, or from her ancestors is altogether unknown to me. Most certain it is, she was born of poor parents about the year 1450, tempore Henry VI., but not so poor but that her father had a small flock of sheep that depastured on the wastrell of Wike St. Mary Downs, or moors, whereof she was the shepherdess."

So far this old chronicle, founded on the histories of Hall and Tonkin relating to this noble lady, and we add as much of her history as we can gather from old histories and documents of that time. The Rev. R. T. Hawker, of Morwenstow, has written charming sketches on this subject, from which we are allowed to make extracts; but contemporaneous histories, parish registers and MS. have also contributed facts and dates which have often thrown another light on her history and character.

"It was in the old days of Cornwall, a wild desolate country, poor in all material luxuries, rich in mines, in grand ruins of still older times, savage in population, but strong in religious faith, and in superstition and wild legends.

"It boasted among its nobles some of the most honoured names in English history—the Grenvilles of Stowe, the Arundels, the Carews, the Trelawneys, the Godolphins, the Fortescues, the Bassets, the Trevanions, who had great sway and possessions.

"But the principal domains of the land were mostly expanded into woodland and marsh and moor, with glades or grassy avenues here and there for access to the lair of the red deer, or the wild boar, or other native game, which afforded in that day a principal supply of human food. Yonder in the distance appeared ever and anon a beacon tower which marked the place and word for the warning of hostile advances by night, and for the gathering rest of the hobblers or horsemen whose office it was to scour the country and to keep in awe the enemies of God and the king.

"Wheelroads, except in the neighbourhood of cities, or on the line of a royal progress, there were none, and among the bridle-paths men urged their difficult path in companies, for it was seldom safe for an honest or well-to-do man to travel alone. Rivers glided in silence to the sea without a sail or an oar to ruffle their waters, and there were whole regions that now are loud with populous life that might



"THE GOLDEN LONG AGO."

(From the painting by E. Patry, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1894.)

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then have been called void places of the uninhabited earth."

"But more especially did this character of uncultured desolation pervade the extreme borders of the West of England, the country between the Tamar and the sea. \* \* \* Long after other parts of England had settled into an improved agriculture and submitted to the discipline of more civilised life, the Cornish were wont to hew their resources out of the bowels of their mother earth, or to haul into their nets the native harvest of the sea. Thus the merchandise and fish, tin and copper became the 'vaunted staple of their land.' These, the rich productions of their native country were, even in remote periods of our history, in perpetual request, and formed, together with the wool of their moorland flocks, the great trade of the Cornish people. From all parts, and especially from that storied city whose merchants were then, as now, princes of the land, men were wont to encounter the perilous journey from the Thames to the Tamar to pursue their traffic with the 'underground folk' as they termed the inhabitants of Cornwall, that rocky land of strangers, as, when literally interpreted, is the exact meaning of its name."

"It was in the year 1463, when Edward IV. occupied the English throne, that a tall and portly merchant in the distinctive apparel of the times rode along the wilds of a Cornish moor. He sat high and firm upon his horse, a bony gelding with a demi-pique saddle. A broad beaver, or, as it was then called, a Flanders hat, shaded a grave and thoughtful countenance, wherein shrewdness and good humour struggled for the mastery, and the latter prevailed, and his full brown beard was forked—a happy omen, as it was always held, of prosperous life. His riding garb displayed that contrast of colours which was then so valued by native taste, inasmuch that the phrase 'motley' had in its origin a complimentary and not an invidious sound. Behind him and near rode his servant, a stout and active looking knave armed to the teeth."

It was a fair summer evening, and they had wandered on and on over those trailless moors till the question of safe shelter had become an anxious one. They surmounted a rising knoll, and the merchant halted, struck by the scene beneath him—a wayside cross was shining in the evening light, a gnarled and wind-swept tree gave shelter to a young girl, who leant on her shepherd staff, her little flock of sheep had settled quietly on the slope, and beside her stood a peasant youth, his little flock of goats feeding near him. It seemed an old trusting-place, and the merchant, arrested by the peace and beauty of the scene, stayed his horse and surveyed them a few moments before speaking. At last, raising his voice, for the wind was boisterous,

"Can you tell me," he said, "maiden, some way across this moor to shelter for the night? We need rest and food, and the horses are spent with a long journey."

The girl came forward. "Sir," she said, "this is a very lonely place, and there is no inn nor shelter for many miles."

This was embarrassing, but the merchant was not one accustomed to be thwarted, and stayed looking at the fair innocent face and the graceful form he saw before him, while the youth scowled and drew back, in apparent dislike of any communication with a stranger.

"Well," said the rider, "what are we to do? Our horses are spent; we are both hungry and shelterless in this wild place. Is there absolutely no roof in the neighbourhood which can take us in for a night?"

The girl, with some hesitation, answered, "My father's hut, sir, I can guide you to; but it is a very poor place—not fit for a gentleman like you. I know they will do all they can for you, and there is a shelter where the horses would be safe, but—"

"Say no more!" joyously said the merchant. "A cover for our heads, any food for the beasts and for ourselves! We will be glad and grateful for shelter and safety!"

"It is a very poor place, sir," still urged the girl; but all remonstrances were thrown to the winds. The unwilling youth had to gather the flocks together and go off with his own across the moor, while the little maid guided the strangers across the ford and over the moor till they came in sight of a very low-roofed hut sheltering beside a hillock, which they assuredly never would have observed, and where they were welcomed by the father and mother of their guide.

The merchant was a wealthy man, and in his own house in London knew comfort and luxury, and yet, when he looked round the interior of this poor home, felt a thrill of surprise as he marked the extreme cleanliness and order which was there, and still more when, having explained his situation, the true kindness and courtesy with which they made him welcome, and arranged a sleeping-place for himself and his servant, and prepared him a supper—poor and simple indeed, but clean and wholesome—which refreshed and rested the weary travellers.

Within those mud walls, evening came with a feeling of peace and rest. And in the night the merchant lay awake musing on the character of the people among whom he was thrown, and the native modesty and dignity of the girl. The parents were evidently such as might have been expected from what he had seen of their child.

His wife was ailing, and had begged him to find for her some little maid who could help in her housewifery, and also be a personal

attendant to her. Where could he find a better? He had talked with her along the way when she guided them home, and had been surprised at the intelligence and character he found in her; and he knew he could offer her a kind mistress, and a home of comfort and plenty, but would she come? And would her parents spare her? To say nothing of that young scowling lover, who seemed to grudge every word she said to another, and every minute away from him.

The next morning the merchant spoke on the matter. The parents were good judges of character, and they trusted and liked their guest. His man had not been silent as to his master's dignity, the wealth of his home, and the goodness of his mistress; and the letters to dwellers in the same county which were shown to them made them aware of his real position and honourable character—but the girl? Would she willingly give up home, parents, and, perhaps more than all, the dream by the wayside cross, for years, perhaps, ah! for more than years?

She was very young—not fourteen years old. She looked at her parents. They, true father and mother, were thinking only of her, her advancement, the honourable home she was offered, the kind friend they thought, and truly thought, her mistress would be to her, and her master whom they felt they could trust.

She looked at her parents—ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-sheltered from wind and weather, exposed to a thousand ills she bitterly knew. And she was offered means—help to get for them comforts, perhaps luxuries, certainly safety and security from many dangers. She thought of her lover—but she was very young, and life promises so much at thirteen—and then the coming winter, the food, the clothing, the warmth she might cause to glow in that poor wind-blown hut. And then she made up her mind.

There was no hesitation in the frank acceptance of the offer. Bright visions of what she might be able to do for those dear parents, for that dear home, were crowding on her as she packed her very small store of luggage and left the home.

They got a pillion for her, and belted it behind the saddle of the merchant's man; and so, bidding farewell to the wild moors of Cornwall, she travelled to London, "where she would see the place where the King lived, and where, she was told, the houses were stuck as close together as Wike St. Marie church and tower. Ah, truly she would store up every coin and come back with money enough to buy a flock of sheep of her own, which perhaps she and John would tend together as aforetime on the moors!"

Happy child in her love, and trust, and hopefulness of the future!

(To be continued.)

## VILLAGE HOMES FOR LADIES.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN.

### PART II.

I POINTED out in my first article that the depopulation of the country is a problem that not only affects every one interested in agriculture, but affects likewise, though it may be indirectly, all workers in the towns. And I went on to say that I felt sure that the chief reason for the mad rush of the young village life into the towns was not on account of wage (because wage in the country, with all its accompanying advantage, is for the

average workers as good if not better than that in the towns), but because of the almost entire absence of life, change and amusement in the country villages.

You may say, why cannot the villagers be satisfied with their life as were their forefathers of old? But it should be remembered that, since those old days, conditions have changed—the school, the library, the press, the train, the cheapening of books, has developed the imagination, has all contributed to teach the villagers of a wider, deeper, more

restless life than they have had the experience of, and the young life of the villages very naturally desire to see and share it. And if this wider life is not brought to the villagers, the villagers will go to it at any sacrifice to themselves or others.

It would be just as foolish and as futile to try and bid the earth not march round the sun as to try and check this growing desire for a life more varied and full of interest.

To accept the inevitable and then to try

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and make the best of it is the attribute of wise statesmanship, loyal citizenship, and sane living.

The fact therefore has to be faced, that the young villagers want to live, think, and be amused and not to stagnate.

The stage lights, the movements on the boards, the hustling, crowded audience of a music-hall do not, by any means, form desirable entertainment; but it stimulates the thoughts of the villagers, and causes the life to pulse through their veins a little quicker than the muddy lanes, the isolated cottages, and the tumbling into bed night after night, without any change, by the light of a mournful, badly-burning candle. Who can help to satisfy this growing desire in the villagers for a wider life and deeper thought better than unoccupied untrammelled ladies?

Ladies possessing small incomes can live in the country at a less cost than in the towns, and can in addition find no end of useful work to fill up all their spare time, so that there need be no spaces left for feeling dull and bored.

The helping to get up amusements, running clubs and libraries, the forming of social gatherings on terms of perfect equality, interest taken in the work of the school and in the children themselves, all such work will cause the sweetening of many a despairing, soured life, and will, I venture to say, do more to restore bad health than all doctors and medicines can do.

Let me, however, here utter one note of warning. No one can do any real good amongst the villagers who works amongst them in a spirit of condescension or with a feeling of superiority. These simple folk can easily see the real person behind the put-on person, no section of society quicker—just because, I think, all their lives they have been obliged to deal with simple, stern realities.

No one, I say, can do any real good who does not feel the deepest respect for them, who does not feel a conviction that the housemaid who dusts the room and the agricultural labourer who turns over those beautiful straight furrows (provided the work is well and honestly done) is just as important to the life of the great whole and therefore as much to be respected as the politician and student who, from platform and study, endeavour to teach a gospel of wiser, cleaner, and more kindly living. If this spirit, this conviction, is not in you, then do not attempt life in the villages.

Now as to the cost of living. Of course I can only give it for my own part of the country, Shropshire; but from many inquiries, I think the prices are as high there as any other part of the country, because we have a market-town close at hand that taps Manchester, Liverpool, and the thickly-populated Pottery districts.

First, as regards house rent. An artistic and conveniently-planned little house, two sitting-rooms, four bed-rooms, and fairly spacious back premises, with a garden sufficiently large to keep the household supplied with fruit and vegetables, can be erected for £300. A landlord, as rent, would require £18 per annum, 7s. per week, which would give him 4 per cent. per annum for interest and 2 per cent. for repairs, depreciation, etc. The taxes would amount to £1 10s. per annum.

If a lady tenant's income was not sufficient to allow her to keep a servant, a woman from the village could easily be obtained who would gladly give two or three hours each day for the doing of the rough work, and if two or three of these village homes were situated fairly close to each other, one woman could manage them, and her wage and food thus divided would not be a very serious item.

In almost every country village there are a few young and healthy girls who would be only too glad of a kind and thorough training for domestic service, and in exchange for such a training and their food would gladly give their work. And so in this way by living in the country, not only would ladies be of great service to the village girls themselves, but would be the greatest benefactors to the nation by sending forth a number of honest and efficient servants.

As regards food: the best English beef, prime cuts, 8d. per lb., mutton 9d.; English Cheshire cheese 7d. per lb.; best butter varies, according to the time of the year, from 10d. to 1s. 3d. per lb.; milk 2d. per quart—but I had to send my cans for it to one of my tenants who happened to be within a very short distance; young chickens and ducks of a large size 2s. 3d. each or 4s. 6d. per pair; rabbits 1s. each; partridges in the season, when plentiful, 2s. per brace; pheasants, good young birds, 4s. 6d. per brace.

Every efficient housekeeper, who is well up in current market prices, will see at once that these prices are under London prices. Groceries, etc., of course are practically the same everywhere.

Strangely enough what I found it most difficult to obtain was good fruit (this is a complaint in many country places), it was scarce, and when I did obtain it, it was of very inferior quality.

From the few figures given above, it will be seen that a small income will go further in the country than in the towns; also in the country there is not the same temptation to spend a few pence here and a few pence there, that at the time does not appear much, but at the end of the year amounts to a very considerable sum.

I will now state some of the difficulties of the landlord's point of view. There are many landlords who are simply tenants for life; that is, tenants who only receive the income of the property, and have not the power, even if they had the wish, of selling one yard of ground, and in other ways have their hands much tied.

The rent and value of agricultural property during the last twenty years has decreased by at least one-third, in some cases one-half; therefore landlords have to be careful before they embark on any doubtful speculations and a 4 per cent. interest on capital does not leave any margin for an unoccupied tenancy, and the risk of an unoccupied tenancy is a contingency that has to be faced in erecting village homes.

Another great difficulty in many parts of the country is the water-supply. In some cases water can only be obtained by sinking very deep wells, and in other parts it has to be brought from a distance, all of which entails considerable expense.

Also most of the farms are let, and it might upset a good tenant if one of his fields were taken from him for the purpose of erecting these village homes, and in the present precarious state of agriculture, no landlord would care to do this.

Miss Mary Campbell-Smith in the *Queen* newspaper says: "Convert unoccupied cottages into artistic homes." Yes, that is all very well, but where are the unoccupied cottages? In my part of the world an unoccupied cottage is nowhere to be found. What is required in country districts are more cottages, and the reason why they are not built is that, in most cases, a landlord cannot ask more than 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week rent, which does not give 2 per cent. interest on his outlay.

But still, I feel sure that all these difficulties might be overcome if a landlord had some kind of guarantee, that when he had gone to all the expense and trouble of erecting these

village homes, they would be permanently occupied by suitable tenants.

Now let me consider some of the objections from the lady-tenant's point of view, because it is always as well, before taking a serious step in life, to weigh well the pros and cons.

There is no doubt that to stimulate thought, to keep in touch with all the forward movements, to live a broad, free, tolerant life, there is no place like London. There is something infinitely refreshing to come to huge, bustling, selfish London, where few people know you, and fewer still care anything about you. A sense of delicious freedom is there in its perpetual movement and big interests; especially if you come from the narrower, more intolerant, gossipy and more sluggish life of the country, where everybody knows you and your every movement is criticised and commented upon.

But to live always in London, owing to the rapid manner of its life, is to skim the surface of things, brilliantly it may be, but still to skim the surface merely and not go deep down into any subject or to make any subject your own possession.

You are stronger far and more satisfactory, if by pondering you think out one thing for yourself, than to be simply a mechanical machine for the reproduction of a vast number of the thoughts and sayings of others. One ounce of original thought, arising from your own experiences, arising from your own sufferings and joys, your own observations, your own thoughts, your own successes and failures, do more to the building up of immortal character than to know parrot-like the inside of cartloads of books.

The stimulation and activity of London needs the hours of quiet and solitude of the country if your own fruit, and not another's, is to ripen to the harvest. So when, in your village home, you feel the need of stimulation, of fresh thoughts, when you feel yourself becoming narrow, intolerant and miserably gossipy, why not seek for a while refuge in London or one of the other big centres.

The saving in the cost of living in the country will probably allow you a few weeks each year in London; but if you cannot afford the expense of a boarding-house or lodging in London, then surely some London friend would be glad to give you welcome for a few weeks, if, in exchange, you would offer your friend the quiet of your village home, when the strain of London life is paling the cheek and hardening the expression.

I think, in a very short time, the motor-cars will be used in the country; the cars, by connecting cottage with cottage, village with village, town with town, will do a great deal to enliven and make easier country life. These cars will, I believe, run from place to place at stated times, and then the poor old woman, instead of trudging, as she does now, to the nearest market town, burdened with a terrible load, will for a penny or so ride to and fro on a motor-car.

By calling each day at the different farms and by picking up the eggs and butter, and running them into a central depot, these cars will be of immense service to the farmer and the whole community. A prettily-painted motor-car, driven by an artistically-dressed young lady, with its freight of eggs and butter, would be a sight that would enliven the heart of the labourer as he toiled at his dull work in the fields.

The country roads are, I believe, to be taken over by the district authorities, so that a muddy, badly-kept country road will be a relic of the past.

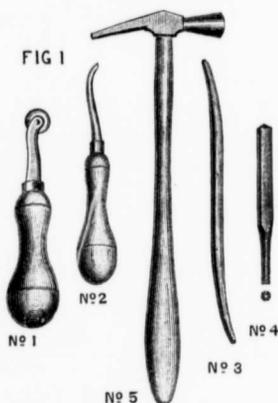
In my last and third article, I shall make some suggestion whereby I think a lady living in a village home can add to her income with advantage to herself and the community at large.

(To be continued.)

## CUT LEATHER WORK.

CUT leather work is one of the most fascinating of minor arts, and has the great advantage of being open to amateurs as well as to skilled designers.

In this, as in every other pursuit, talent and originality produce an adequate result, but a



good copyist who can transfer or adapt the patterns of more gifted artists, can turn out very creditable work.

The cutting of leather is not an expensive pursuit. Two or three shillings will provide an ample supply of material upon which to begin, while the same remark applies to the tools, which once bought wear for a long time.

As regards the tools there is a very large choice before the worker, but it is better to start only with those which are absolutely necessary, and to gradually add others to the collection as increasing proficiency seems to warrant the expenditure.

Five tools are here shown, and they are all sufficient for early attempts.

Cut leather-work being, as its name implies, a process by which certain outlines are incised upon the material, it follows that the first requisite is a tool which will mark curves and angles evenly. The wheel (Fig. 1, No. 1) accomplishes this satisfactorily if used as shall afterwards be described. The bent awl (No. 2) should be employed to more deeply mark certain points in the design and to trace corners and small curves which the coarser tool cannot reach.

No. 3 is a modelling tool, intended to help rub and soften down the edges of the cuts made by the tracing wheel and awl.

No. 4 shows a punch, at one end of which is a mould of a star or other design which is



FIG 2.

of great help in making little patterns over a leather background, to which it is held with the left hand, while with the right grasping the light hammer (No. 5) a sharp tap is given so that the pattern is transferred to the leather whereon it is used most commonly as a powdering.

There are many of these punches to be had, each, of course, made to stamp a different device.

A few specimens of punching are shown at Fig. 2, where sixteen punches have left as many impressions of crosses, stars, circles, trefoils, roses, triangles and other patterns.

Punching is easy and interesting, but the worker must not employ it too liberally, nor be tempted by the prettiness of the little patterns to invest too largely in these tools.

The next consideration is the leather. Of this there are two kinds which are more frequently used than others. There is cowhide and calfskin; the former thicker, stouter, suited for larger articles, and requiring greater firmness in handling than the latter.

They should be worked upon a flat board to which they can be fastened with drawing-pins, the cowhide being lightly but evenly sponged over the back before work is begun, and then, when dry and pinned down upon the board, should be again moistened with clean water over the face of it. Calfskin requires, if soft, no such preparation; but if firm, damping on the under surface only.

Whichever kind of leather is used will probably need a little rearrangement on the board before any pattern is marked upon it, as after being damped it is sure to stretch a little. The leather should be larger than is desired for the finished article, as the marks made by driving the pins through it can then be cut away.

It is to be supposed that the worker has from the first made up her mind what article she is going to make, and what design she means to emboss upon it. The pattern should be drawn upon paper and perfected, then this paper should be stretched over the leather, being fastened

down with drawing-pins, and all the outlines gone over with a sharp bone-knitting-needle, or even with a penknife, held so that only the point touches the paper.

The pressure exerted should be sufficient to mark the pattern clearly, but rather faintly upon the leather. When the paper is taken away any mistakes can, in this part of the work, be corrected

by rubbing out the erring line with any smooth and polished surface, as that of a knife-handle or agate burnisher. So far the surface of the leather has not been cut through, so judicious smoothing and, if necessary, damping, can thus be employed.

When the outlines are satisfactory, the wheel is the next tool required. Wheels are to be had in various sizes, but one only, of medium dimensions, is sufficient for a beginner.

The wheel is to be held in the right hand, firmly and upright, to be guided and assisted by the left hand.

The wheel passes over all the lines of the



FIG 3

design and should dent through the leather for about half its thickness.

The wheeling done the bent awl is taken up, and the use of this is to cut, as did the wheel, but especially all those portions of the pattern which could not be reached by the larger tool. This may seem a small purpose to serve, but such is not the case, as a study of the bends and curves of even a simple pattern will show.

When the lines seem ready for its use the modelling tool is applied to them to rub or bend down the edges of the cuts so that they have a rounder and more gradual slope than when, as at first, gashed straightly down into the leather.

There are few patterns in which one or more punches are not used as a speedy and effective way of ornamenting either the background of the work, or of certain details of it which it is desirable should have some such distinction.

As hinted above, punching is done by holding the punch pattern downwards on the leather and striking the head of it a sharp tap with the hammer. Each stroke should be of similar force that the marks may be of equal depth and sharpness.

When the work is finished as far as the tooling is concerned, it can be released from the board and made up.

For a beginner a penwiper is a good thing to make, as this consists only of a circular or other shaped piece of leather glued on the top of a pile of sections of cloth. The pattern may

be either simple or elaborate, but beyond it all should be marked the extreme limit of the finished work, outside of which boundary were the drawing pins. The leather is to be cut with scissors along this line when, for a pen-wiper, the making up alone remains to be done.

The mat shown in Fig. 3 is a sample of a handsome and rather uncommon way of using cut leather. In this all the skin beyond the outlines has been cut away to form a vandyked edge, and certain portions of the design have also been removed. This was, of course, done after the wheeling and bevelling, in fact after the removal of the work from the board. In a small picture the details of the tooling cannot be fully seen. Suffice it that the corner sprays and inside of the edge are wheeled, while for the background of both centre and edge three differently patterned punches were employed. The leather when fully tooled was glued firmly down to a square base covered with brown velvet.

The fourth figure is of another variety of the work and is easier, more fit for a novice. The strip of leather is intended to be fastened into a circle for use as a serviette ring. The pattern is particularly easy, being all wheeled except the tiny rounds in it, which, if liked, can be punched. The special feature, which



FIG 4.

alone distinguishes it from previous examples, is its colouring.

Bright hues are not employed for this ring, black, brown and yellow alone being used. It is lined with a strip of leather and fastens with a stud and slit.

The last design is a heraldic one of special beauty and a typical specimen of one variety of the work. It is partly completed, the head and shield being both tooled and varnished. The tooling is somewhat elaborate in character, the outlines being not merely cut with a wheel or knife, but also undercut and modelled. Undercutting needs a little practice to accomplish satisfactorily, but is simple enough in theory, merely consisting, as its name implies, of raising the upper surface of the leather with a knife inside the outlines of the design so as to cast them into higher relief.

The modelling is done after the leather is taken from the board by laying it face downwards on some soft surface, and pushing and pressing out from the back with the modelling tool all the parts which are to be in relief. The leather may need damping to render it pliable.

Work intended to be in high relief is maintained in position by filling in the hollows at the back with modelling wax. Silver paper is laid over this to make a clean and level surface. The effect is naturally much richer than that of the plain cut leather work.

A coat of varnish is an improvement to some articles of leather-work and gives them a more professional and finished appearance.

Sometimes staining is applied, or staining and varnish are seen on the same piece of work, thus introducing two shades of colour. The varnish must be first laid on where it is to go, but not over the parts to be dyed.

The varnish dry, the stain can be applied to the rest of the work; this will leave no mark on the portions already varnished. Varnish, staining and wax, are obtainable ready prepared.

Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co. are doing



FIG 5.

much to revive the art of leather work, and their tools, designs and commenced articles are to be had from any artists' colourman.

There is an endless choice of subjects for ornamenting: chair seats, cushion covers, panels, portfolios and desk-strips are for the skillful; caskets, book-covers, card-cases and blotters offer rather smaller fields.

Even scraps can be used up for mats, purses and other trifles.

A caution on the important subject of designing. In every case the patterns must be chosen with regard to the articles they are to decorate; bars of music (the notes punched) can be included in the design for a music-case and heraldic "beasties" on a panel, but not impossible flowers on a church hassock or a dog's head on a chair-seat for instance.

For a powdering on a large surface, such as a *fleur-de-lys* on a church curtain for example, a stencil plate is an assistance, as the pattern can be repeatedly traced round with wheel and knife and then tooled in the usual way.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

## USEFUL RECIPES.

## ORIENTAL FACE CREAM.

Six grains of powdered tragacanth, six drams of pure glycerine, nine ounces of triple rose water. Mix well, and add two drams of simple tincture of benzoin. This makes a splendid white emulsion, which leaves no greasy stain upon the skin.

## HAIR RESTORER (IN POWDER).

Two drams of pure sugar of lead, three drams and a half of pure milk of sulphur, five grains of powdered cinnamon. Mix. To be added to twenty ounces of rose water.

## LAVENDER PERFUME FOR SMELLING SALTS.

Six drams of oil of lavender aug., five drops of oil of cloves aug., ten drops of oil of rose geranium, ten drops of attar of roses, one dram and a half of essence of ambergris, two drams of essence of bergamotte, one dram and a half of essence of musk. Mix and shake well before dropping on the salts.

## MACASSAR OIL.

Ten ounces of oil of sweet almonds, three drams of oil of bergamotte, two drams of oil of rose geranium, sufficient alkanet root to colour. Digest.

## COCA TOOTH PASTE.

Four ounces of powdered precipitated chalk, three ounces of powdered orris root, one ounce of powdered white soap, half an ounce of powdered cuttle fish, two drams of powdered carmine, half an ounce of tincture of coca leaves, thirty drops of oil of ligu aloe, thirty drops of oil of peppermint, five drops of oil of castarilla, sufficient pure glycerine to make a paste.

## BLOOM OF ROSES.

One dram of pure carmine, one dram and a half of strong solution of ammonia, three drams of pure glycerine, one dram and a half of white rose triple perfume. Sufficient triple rose water to make up four ounces; rub up the carmine with the ammonia and glycerine, add an ounce of rose water, and heat to drive off traces of ammonia. When cold add the white rose, and make up to four ounces with rose water, and filter.

## FRECKLE LOTION.

One dram of sulpho-carbolate of lime, two ounces of pure glycerine, one ounce of spirits of wine, one ounce and a half of orange flower water, three ounces and a half of triple rose water. Mix well; to be applied morning and evening, and also after exposure.

## LIME-JUICE AND GLYCERINE.

Two drams of white curd-soap, two ounces of distilled water, eight ounces of fresh lime-water, eight ounces of oil of sweet almonds, one dram of oil of bergamotte, half a dram of oil of lemon-grasse, half an ounce of essence of lemon. Well mix the oil and the lime-water in a large bottle, dissolve the soap in the distilled water by aid of heat, add the solution to the emulsion, shake well, and, lastly, add the essential oils.

## MOUTH WASH.

Half an ounce of salts of tartar, four ounces of honey aug. opt., thirty drops of oil of peppermint, thirty drops of oil of wintergreen, two ounces of spirits of wine, ten ounces of triple rose water, sufficient liquid cochineal to colour. Mix well. To be used morning and evening.

## WHITE HELIOTROPE.

(A). One dram of heliotropin, one ounce of extract of jasmine, one ounce of extract of white rose, two ounces of extract of ambergris, sixteen ounces of spirits of wine. (B). Thirty drops of oil of bergamotte, three ounces of extract of neroly, three drops of essential oil of almonds. Mix. Allow (A and B) to stand separately for a week, then mix them and filter.

## SISTERS THREE.

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

## CHAPTER XVIII.



OR the next month, Lettice saw nothing of Arthur Newcome. He had packed up his traps and gone to spend the

weeks of probation in Norway, where he would be out of the way of temptation, and have his mind distracted by novel surroundings.

No such change, however, fell to Lettice's share. Mr. Bertrand would not allow the ordinary summer visit to Clearwater to be anticipated. He had forbidden Lettice to mention the proposed engagement to her sisters, as he was sanguine that a month's reflection would be more than enough to convince the girl of her mistake, when the less that was known about the matter, the better for all concerned. As Arthur Newcome was out of town he could see no objection to Lettice remaining where she was, and Miss Carr agreed the more readily in this decision as she had made a number of engagements which it would have been difficult to forego. Both were thinking only of the girl's welfare. But alas, the best-meaning people make mistakes at times, and this arrangement was the most unfortunate which could have been made, considering the object which they had in view. Lettice had nothing to distract her mind from the past, no novelty of any kind to keep her from dwelling on the gratifying remembrance of Arthur Newcome's devotion. On the contrary, her life was less bright than usual, for the Newcomes were naturally displeased at Mr. Bertrand's objections to the engagement, and would not hold any communication with Miss Carr's household until the matter was decided. Thus Lettice was deprived of the society of her best friend, and was forbidden the house where she had been accustomed to spend her happiest hours.

Miss Carr did her best to provide interest and amusement, but there was a constraint between the old lady and her ward, which was as new as it was painful. Lettice was conscious that she was in disgrace. When her father fumed and fidgeted about the room, she

guessed, without being told, that he was thinking of the proposed engagement; when Miss Carr sighed, and screwed up her face until it looked nothing but a network of wrinkles, she knew that the old lady was blaming herself for negligence in the past, and pondering what could still be done to avert the marriage, and a most unpleasant knowledge it was. Lettice had lived all her life in the sunshine of approval.

As a little child everyone had petted and praised her because of her charming looks; as a schoolgirl she had reigned supreme among her fellows; her short experience of society had shown that she had no less power in the new sphere. Cold looks, and reproachful glances were a new experience, and instead of moving her to repentance, they had the effect of making her think constantly of her lover, and long more and more for his return. Miss Carr thought she was vain and selfish. Arthur said she was the best and sweetest of women; her father called her a "foolish little girl." Arthur called her his queen and goddess. Miss Carr sat silent the whole of the afternoon, sighing as if her heart was broken; Arthur had walked across London many times over for the chance of a passing word. Other people were disappointed in her, but Arthur declared that she was perfect, without possibility of improvement. Lettice would take refuge in the solitude of her bedroom, cry to herself and look out of the window wondering in which direction Norway lay, what Arthur was doing, and if he were half as miserable at being separated from her, as she was at being left alone in London. Then she would recall the afternoon on the river, when he had asked her to be his wife. How terribly in earnest he had seemed. She had tried to say no, because, though she enjoyed his attentions, she had never really intended to marry him, but the sight of his face had frightened her, and when he had said in that awful voice, "Lettice, do you mean it? Is there no hope? Have you been making a fool of me for all these years?" She had been ready to promise anything and everything in the world if he would only smile again. And he had been very "kind." It was "nice" being engaged. She had been quite happy until father came, and was so cross.

If Miss Carr could have been her own cheery, loving self, and talked to the girl in a natural, kindly manner, still better if she could have had half-an-hour's conversation with out-spoken Norah, all might have been well, but Miss Carr was under the mistaken impression that it was her duty to show her disapproval by every act and look, and the result was disastrous. Every morning Lettice awoke with the doleful question, "How am I to get through the day?" Every night she went to bed hugging the thought that another

milestone had been passed, and that the probation was nearer to its end. By the end of the month her friends' efforts had so nearly succeeded in making her honestly in love with Arthur Newcome, that they marked the girl's bright eyes, happy smiles, and told each other sadly that it was no use standing out further.

Arthur Newcome wrote to Mr. Bertrand announcing his arrival in London, and asking permission to call and receive his answer from Lettice's lips, and there was nothing to do but to consent forthwith. An hour was appointed for the next afternoon, and Lettice spent an unconscionable time in her bedroom preparing for the great occasion, and trying to decide in which of her dainty garments Arthur would like her best. Her father had taken himself into the city after a conversation in which he had come near losing his temper, and when Lettice floated into the drawing-room, all pale green muslin and valenciennes insertion, and looking more like an exquisite wood nymph than a creature of common flesh and blood, there sat Miss Carr crying her eyes out on a corner of the ottoman.

"Oh, Lettice, Lettice, is it too late? Won't you listen to reason even at the eleventh hour? It is the greatest folly to enter into this engagement. Never were two people more unsuited to each other. You will regret it all your life. My poor, dear child, you are wrecking your own happiness."

It was too bad. For almost the first time in her life Lettice felt a throb of actual anger. She had been docile and obedient, had consented to be separated from Arthur for a whole month, and done all in her power to satisfy these exacting people, and even now they would not believe her—they would not allow her to be happy. She stood staring at Miss Carr in silence, until the servant threw open the door and announced her lover's arrival.

"Mr. Newcome! ma'am. I have shown him into the morning-room as you desired."

Lettice turned without a word and ran swiftly downstairs to the room where Arthur Newcome was waiting for her in painful anxiety. For three long years he had tried to win the girl's heart and had failed to gain a sigh of affection. Her acceptance had been won after a struggle, and he was racked with suspense as to the effect of this month's separation. When the door opened, Lettice saw him standing opposite, his tall figure drawn up to its full height, his handsome face pale with the intensity of his emotion.

She gave a quick glance, then rushed forward and nestled into his arms with a little cry of joy.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur, you have come back! Take care of me! Take care of me! I have been so miserable!"

(To be continued.)

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## MEDICAL.

**A VOCAL CORD.**—You certainly might try gargling for a "relaxed throat," but you would find spraying more efficacious. Whichever method you employ, you must pursue it thoroughly, so that the remedy may come in contact with every part of the throat. Salt and water is not a bad lotion to use, though certainly inferior to solutions specially made for the purpose. The following is the best application for "relaxed throat"—Take one teaspoonful each of bicarbonate of soda, chlorate of potash and borax, and two teaspoonfuls of finely ground white sugar. Mix these ingredients well and keep the powder in a dry bottle or box. You make the lotion by dissolving one teaspoonful of the powder in half a tumblerful of tepid water. An astringent lozenge, of which the best is "rhatany and black-curtain," of the throat hospital pharmacopoeia, taken occasionally, especially before singing, is also helpful. We hope you will excuse us for reminding you that there is no "h" in "vocal cord." It is only spelt vocal chord in some books on the voice. If you wish to spell the word with an "h" you must use the Latin phrase "chorda vocalis." The vocal cords are so called because they are cords, like pieces of string. They have nothing to do with "harmonic chords."

**KATHLEEN.**—We would like to know two points in connection with your nose. First, do you breathe through your nose? or is it always stopped up? If you answer that you do breathe through your nose, we can tell you for certain that you have not got polypus. The second question is, is there any bad smell connected with your nose, apparent to yourself? or to others only? Here we expect the answer "that other people have noticed a bad smell, but that you do not notice it yourself." The treatment we advise is the following. If you will read above the answer to "A Vocal Cord" you will see a prescription, or more rightly speaking, a description, of how to make a lotion. Use this lotion as a spray for your nose and as a gargle for your throat. Next, get a chemist to make up for you the following ointment—

R. Zincii Benzoatis, gr. xx.

Lanolin ℥j.

Apply this ointment to the sore places after using the spray. The little finger is the best "instrument" to use for this application. Use both spray and ointment as often as you possibly can. Your nose will soon get better, but you must use the applications for a long time.

**EVA.**—If you have an abscess in your gum, above a tooth, you may be almost certain that the abscess is caused by that tooth being decayed. We therefore advise you to have the tooth looked at at once by a dentist, who will either remove it or stop it as he thinks fit. To get rid of the abscess wash out your mouth two or three times a day with water, as hot as you can stand it. When the tooth has been seen to the abscess will not recur. Neither the abscess nor the tooth are without dangers, and it is not by any means uncommon for serious mischief to arise in connection with either. We therefore repeat—go to a dentist and have the tooth seen to.

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

**"PROTESTANT."**—1. You should procure "Family Prayers for One Month," by Archbishop Langley and others, edited by the Rev. C. Hodgson (Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d.).—2. For a grace before meals we have heard the following—"Sanctify, O Lord, these Thy mercies to our use, and ourselves to Thy service;" or "Grant us Thy blessing with these mercies and help us to live to Thee;" or, "For these and all His benefits God's Holy Name be praised." The latter is suitable for grace after meal also.

**REVAL.**—There are many points in which your verses are open to criticism. "Thou brings" ("Faith," v. 1) is incorrect, and your rhymes and metre are often faulty. "Name" and "refrain," "wealth" and "itself," are instances; and the line "Desires small and great" is a syllable too short. "Love" is the best of the poems. All the thoughts you express are very good.

**CHRISTMAS ROSE.**—1. We think the remarks of your friend (with whom we sympathise) on "Is Life worth Living?" are altogether too dismal, and that the majority of people, considering the eagerness with which they cling to life, do *not* (as she says) "reply in the negative." You tell us that she has a contented mind, although she does not possess the gift of sight; therefore it is a pity she takes so dark a view of the universe.—2. When "How d'ye do?" is said as a matter of form, the correct thing is, not to reply with detailed statements about one's health, but to say "How d'ye do?" in return. Only two questions are admissible at once.

**BESSIE.**—The safest way for you to set to work would be to write to the National Debt Office, London, saying what you want to discover. You might also write to the office of the London Gazette, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.1; for the Gazette each year publishes a list of the sort you require. These are more reliable sources of information than the one you mention.

## OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

**CAN** any of our readers help "Mademoiselle Nemo" to find the author and source of the following extract which appeared years ago in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*?

"Let us be thankful for all God's gifts to us, but ever most thankful for those He lets us give. Sometimes it is our giving that leaves room for His gifts. But we must not think of getting, only of giving; nor of doing, only of being; and not even of being loved, but only of loving. This is the daily dying which keeps our souls open to the fountains of eternal life."

We have to thank "Flo" and "Ella" for the information "A Lover of Poetry" requests concerning the "Queen's Mairies." From "Ella" we learn that the ballad has been set to the music of an old melody, arranged by James Merryloes; and that the song is included in that collection of Scotch songs called "The Thistle," by Colin Browne. "Flo" gives the last three verses as follows:—

"Oh, little did my father think  
That day he held up me,  
That I, his last and fairest hope,  
Should hing upon a tree.

For if my father and mother got wit  
And my baird brethren three,  
O mickle wad be the gude red blude  
This day wad be spilt for me.

Sae weep nae mair for me, ladies,  
Weep nae mair for me!  
The mither that kills her ain bairn,  
Deserves well for to dee."

**WINIFRED A. GRIFFITHS** says, "Can any of your readers give me the words of 'The Voiceless Chimes,' or tell me where I can obtain a copy of it. It begins as follows:—

"Many deeds of daring glory,  
Figure on the roll of fame."

**HAWTHORNE** wishes to know where the following lines are taken from:—

"'Tis we, not they, who are to blame  
When others seem so wrong."

**M. LILITH E.**, Los Angeles, California, who tells us that our magazine "has been an intense pleasure to her from the initial number," asks for the remainder of the last verse and the author's name of the following:—

CHARADE. (ANSWER "CAMPBELL.")

I.  
Come from my first, aye come,  
The battle dawn is nigh,  
And the screaming trump, and the thund'ring  
drum  
Are calling thee to die;  
Fight as thy fathers fought,  
Fall as thy fathers fell,  
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,  
So forward, and farewell!

II.  
Toll ye my second, toll,  
Fling high the flambeau's light  
And let us sing the parting hymn of a dying  
soul to-night,  
The wreath upon his head,  
The cross upon his breast,  
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,  
So take him to his rest.

III.  
Call ye my whole, aye call,  
The lord of lute and lay—  
She also asks for the name and author of the poem from which the following lines are taken—

I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell,  
I know the grass beyond the door  
The sweet, keen smell;  
The sighing sounds the lights around the shore.  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned—so,  
I saw it all, I knew it all of yore.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**LENA.**—All you have heard of the late Laura Bridgeman (of New York) could scarcely exceed the truth. Blind and deaf she proved to be a singularly gifted woman, wrote, spelt, and expressed herself well; and her scientific attainments were of no mean order. We have read a letter of hers, and seen a beautiful specimen of her needlework. Now another marvel of a similar character has arisen, also American, Miss Helen Keller, who lost both sight and hearing at nineteen months old from fever. Now, at the age of sixteen, she has learnt to speak not English alone but French and German; and she has made such an advance in literature and science that she was to enter Dr. Gilman's school at Cambridge, U.S.A., this autumn to prepare herself for entrance into Radcliffe College, the so-called annex of Harvard University. All this has been accomplished by the sole sense of touch. She learned to speak by placing her hands on the throat and lips of her teacher, Miss Sullivan.

**BIBLE STUDENT.**—No, it is not believed that our Lord spoke Hebrew. Dr. Meyer, of the University of Bonn, who has made a special study of the question, says that there is one only work extant written in the language He spoke, i.e., the Jerusalem Talmud, written in Tiberias, in the third century after Christ. According to this authority (and a transatlantic contemporary) our Lord spoke a Galilean dialect of the Aramaic tongue. This latter is one of the Semitic family of languages, and sister-tongue to Hebrew. Aramaic was at one time the language of business intercourse between Syria and the countries farther east. We do not pledge ourselves to this opinion. We only give it as that of a learned man, whose special researches give weight to the theory he has formed and pronounced.

## Odds and Ends.

It is generally believed amongst French people that there is a five-franc piece still in circulation which is worth 100,000 francs, which is equivalent to £4000. The story of this valuable coin is, that the Emperor Napoleon the First finding that a new issue of five-franc pieces, which he had ordered to be coined, was by no means popular with the people, made it known that in one of the coins of this issue he had caused an assignment for 100,000 francs to be hidden, and afterwards had had this particular piece re-minted so that it should be undistinguishable from the rest. The story was received by a large number of the French with the greatest incredulity, but those who believed it, pointed out that the five-franc pieces were sufficiently large to conceal a small paper, and that in order that the assignment should pass uninjured in the re-minting of the coin, it was written on asbestos paper. The consequence was that every year hundreds of five-franc pieces were split open, and those who believe that the coin is still in existence continue to destroy as many five-franc pieces as they can afford in the hope of lighting upon the assignment. It goes without saying that the search is an expensive one, as when split open the coins can only be sold for their silver worth. However, it has now been suggested that the Röntgen rays should be called into the service, as any difference in the density of a piece of metal could readily be discerned by their aid. In this way the 100,000 francs assignment could be quickly discovered, or its existence proved to be a myth, by the examination of all the five-franc pieces issued under the rule of Napoleon, and seeing the years that have elapsed since then, the number of these coins cannot possibly be very large.

To attempt to tame butterflies seems to attempt the impossible, but two ladies in Paris have succeeded wonderfully in this apparently impossible task. A friend of theirs on returning from Asia brought them nearly a hundred rare specimens, each lady taking fifty. By dint of much patience the ladies have tamed the insects to such an extent that now, when they enter the rooms in which each keeps her collection, the butterflies fly to greet her, perching upon her head and shoulders, but particularly upon her finger-tips. This is explained by the fact that they were originally tamed by smearing the finger-tips with honey. Both the ladies paint, and their unusual pets have proved of great service in their art, as they have been able to paint them on the wing and also in groups, and this is impossible under ordinary circumstances.

THE lovely *Maréchal Niel* rose owes its name to the Empress Eugénie. When General Niel returned from the scene of his triumphs over the Austrians in Italy after the battles of Solferino and Magenta a poor man gave him a basket filled with exquisite yellow roses. The general had a cutting struck from one of the blooms, and when the rose tree from it had grown he took it to the Empress Eugénie. She was charmed with the gift, but when she asked the name of the rose, she was told that it was unknown. "Ah!" she said. "I will give it a name; it shall be the *Maréchal Niel*." By this she conveyed to the gallant officer that he had been made a marshal of France for his services to the country, as well as naming the lovely blossom.

"Of all passions indolence is that which is least known to ourselves; it is the most powerful and the most baneful, though its powers be unfelt and the loss which it causes be unseen."

THE official history of the War of the Rebellion now being issued by the Government of the United States of America has the distinction of being the most expensive book ever published in the world. Already it has cost £446,000 and is by no means complete. One half of this sum has been paid for printing and binding, the rest going in rent, stationery, salaries and other miscellaneous expenses.

IN the little village of Hartley in Yorkshire there is a baby so small that it is called "The living doll." The name of this midget of a child is Margaret Saddaby, and she is only twelve inches high and a few ounces in weight. She is perfectly formed and perfectly normal for her age, and has a bright and intelligent expression. Since her birth the child has not grown either in size or weight and has never worn anything but doll's clothes, sleeping in a doll's cradle, which could easily be placed in a doll's house.

THE Argentine Republic has imposed a tax upon celibates of either sex. These are the first two clauses of the new law: "On and after January 1st, 1897, every male from the age of twenty to eighty shall pay a tax until he marries, and shall pay it once in every month." Clause 2: "Young celibates of either sex who shall, without legitimate motive, reject the addresses of him or her (ladies may propose in Argentine) who may aspire to her or his hand, and who continue contumaciously unmarried, shall pay the sum of 500 piastres for the benefit of the young person, man or woman, who has been so refused."

GRASS might be supposed to be the last material from which glass could be obtained. But an accident at a northern glass-factory proves that it is so. A large mass of esparto grass had been burnt by mischance in a furnace, and after it had been entirely consumed large masses of glass were found amongst the ashes. These pieces, on being treated in the usual manner in a kiln, produced glass which is described as "a good sample of bottle-glass." At first sight this seems most extraordinary, but as flint, which is the chief component of glass, is to be found in large quantities in all grasses, and particularly in the straw of wheat and oats, it is easily explained.

A GREAT portion of subterranean Paris is honeycombed with catacombs which were once used as burying-places. A novel use has now been made of these underground galleries that lie immediately beneath the *Jardin des Plantes*, for they have been converted into a laboratory and aquarium. A number of them have been filled with reservoirs and glass tanks, whilst in others the niches that once contained human bodies have been turned into cages, so that scientists may be able to study the effect upon animal life of total and partial darkness.

DAMASCUS is probably the oldest city in the world, and is estimated to be about 4200 years old. It is supposed to have been founded by a great-grandson of Noah, and for many centuries was famous for its manufacture of jewellery, silks and swords. In the Middle Ages a Damascus sword was more highly prized than any other; but the Damascene method of tempering steel is one of the vanished arts of the world, and the famous swords are no longer made. In point of age Jerusalem comes next to Damascus amongst the oldest cities in the world, it having been a Jebusite city in the days of Abraham 3900 years ago. Athens is the oldest city in Europe, being about 3453 years old. Rome is the next oldest, and after that comes Marseilles, founded by a colony of Greeks when Rome was still a small village. London and Paris have neither of them been in existence two thousand years.

FENCING is becoming quite a favourite exercise and pastime with women, it being claimed for it that it thoroughly develops all the muscles of the body. In Germany it is extremely popular, and there, the most fashionable young women receive half-a-dozen of their friends in their fencing-rooms in the afternoon and indulge in trials of skill and strength with the foils. It is said that a few months or even a few weeks' fencing will put muscles of steel into the slenderest of wrists, will train the eye and give a suppleness and grace to the figure, which must be seen to be believed. The devotees of the exercise declare that it develops the strength of the muscles without enlarging them, as is the case with most gymnastics.

ORANGE juice is an excellent cleanser of black boots and shoes. A slice of orange should be rubbed upon the shoe or boot, and as soon as it is dry should be brushed with a soft brush until it shines brightly. The inside of a banana skin will be found most effective for cleaning tan shoes, the skin being rubbed all over the shoe, which should be carefully wiped with a soft cloth, and then briskly polished with a flannel cloth. Patent leather boots or shoes should never be touched with blacking. They are the most difficult of all boots to keep in good order, and require constant care. A damp sponge rubbed over them, and an application of a little sweet oil or vaseline after they have been thoroughly dried will keep them soft and bright, and prevent them cracking.

"THOU knowest well how to excuse and colour thine own deeds, but thou art not willing to receive the excuses of others. It were more just that thou shouldst accuse thyself, and excuse thy brother. If thou wilt be borne withal, bear also with another. Behold, how far off thou art yet from true charity and humility, for that knows not how to be angry with any, or to be moved with indignation, but only against oneself. It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing."—*Thomas à Kempis*.