

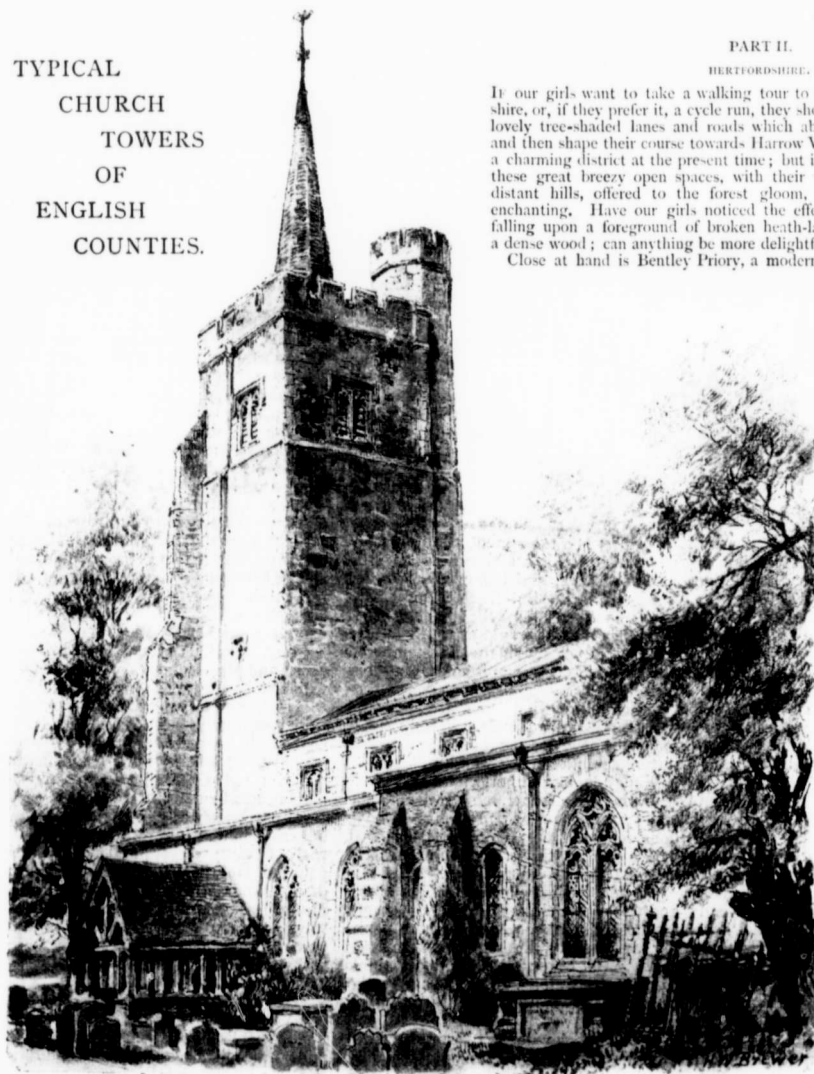


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NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL  
CHURCH  
TOWERS  
OF  
ENGLISH  
COUNTIES.



ALDENHAM CHURCH, HERTS.

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PART II.  
HERTFORDSHIRE.

If our girls want to take a walking tour to the pretty county of Hertfordshire, or, if they prefer it, a cycle run, they should go by Pinner through the lovely tree-shaded lanes and roads which abound in that neighbourhood, and then shape their course towards Harrow Weald and Stanmore Common, a charming district at the present time; but in early days the contrast which these great breezy open spaces, with their views of range after range of distant hills, offered to the forest gloom, all around, must have been enchanting. Have our girls noticed the effect of a warm ray of sunlight falling upon a foreground of broken heath-land after a long walk through a dense wood; can anything be more delightful?

Close at hand is Bentley Priory, a modern house of no special interest from an architectural or archaeological point of view. And few people even in the neighbourhood seem to be aware that the name is old. The grand forest trees surrounding the estate hint that it has a past history, and such is really the case, for an ancient record proclaims the fact that in the year 1258 a prior of Bentley was killed by a corn-mow falling down upon him; the lands of the suppressed monastery were made over to the king in 1543, and not a single vestige of the building now exists. When we have followed the road to the end of the noble grove which borders the demesne of this ancient estate, we have crossed the border of the counties of Middlesex and Hertfordshire and are in the latter county. When we come to explore we find evidences that we are in what was formerly a richer and more well-to-do county than that which we have just quitted, and the very first church we come across, Aldenham, proclaims the fact unmistakably. Instead of the low, rudely-built Middlesex tower we have a tall, handsome one, embattled at the top but with a little wooden spirelet or "spike" rising out of the lead-flat at the top; this "spike" or spirelet is a common feature in Hertfordshire, and is found in other counties, but we think it is a

native of this county. It will also be noticed that the tracery and mouldings of the windows have an elegance and beauty not to be found in the Middlesex towers; and when we enter the church the detail is very superior, the roof still retains its old painted decoration and is harmonious and beautiful. The plan is most singular and unaccountable; the chancel does not fit on at the end of the nave, but opens partly into it and partly into the north aisle! A curious feature in the tower is shown in our sketch, a little arched aperture just under the parapet; it does not appear to have been a window, and we venture to suggest that it was an opening for drawing up the wood to light the beacon fire. Aldenham church is a large one for so small a village, but it is probable that in former times the place was more important than it is at present.

A very pretty walk of three miles, either by shady lanes or across the fields leads to Watford, where there is a large church with a striking tower of the regular Hertfordshire type; it has, however, been so much restored that we preferred sketching Aldenham.

A pleasant county is this Hertfordshire with its shady lanes, well-wooded and richly-cultivated lands, its picturesque old villages, its cheerful farms and homesteads, its clear bright rivers full of fish and its murmuring and grinding old water-mills. Do our girls know Hamper Mill? If not, let them lose no time in walking to it from Pinner along the *old* Watford road; remember the *old* Watford road, not the new one or the Rickmansworth road, which are not specially interesting; when they get about half-way between Pinner Wood and Watford,

if they look to the west they will see an enchanting prospect of Rislip with its wood, reservoir, and church tower, backed by ranges of hills, and a little further on, looking to the north-east, they will see Watford with its church tower rising above the richly-wooded country. As they get to the foot of the hill a little path will take them down into the dell where is the millpool of Hamper Mill; let them stand on the bridge, watch the fish and listen to the whirr of the water-wheel and splash of the fall, all shaded by lofty trees except where the miller's pretty garden clothes the bank with its velvety lawn and gay flowerbeds. What a charming old English scene, peaceable sweet English country, not grand or sublime, but so respectful to the overworked brain or toilworn mind of the Londoner.

## "IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### GATHERING CLOUDS.



THE months have passed.

The flowers and leaves are all dead, and the Cumberland Hills lie white with snow. They have been trying months for Madge, but so far she has contrived to bear the old routine. Often she has had serious thoughts of resolutely breaking loose from her step-mother's authority, but, on second considerations, she has controlled herself for Jack and her father's sake from causing any actual ill-feeling in the house. But every week the proud, independent temper grows stronger, and passages of bitter words more frequent.

"I think I have no soft feeling left in me," she said wearily to her little friend one afternoon as she sat beside her. "And I am so sick of everything!"

"Oh, you must not talk so!" said Helen. "Think how you love your brother, and then how good you are to me."

"Yes, I love Jack with all my heart, but it isn't with a soft happy feeling. I always want him so dreadfully, and I don't think he can love me very much or he would come and see me oftener. I

think there must be someone in London he loves a great deal better, and the thought makes me bitter."

"But surely you would be glad if it made him very happy," Helen said gently.

"I don't think I could be glad under any circumstances," was the slow

reply. "You see, he is all I have."

"But it will not always be so. Some day you will love someone better still."

"Never!" exclaimed Madge vehemently. "I don't like men, what little I know of them, and I should hate to feel tied to anyone. But there, I don't suppose I shall ever have the chance. It is not likely anyone would ever fall in love with me; I am much too bad-tempered and self-willed to inspire anything but dislike."

"No, you are not, you are beautiful and kind," replied Helen warmly. "If anyone knew you as I do, you would inspire something like worship."

Madge looked at her wistfully.

"You little know me, Helen," she said; "anyone would do what I have done for you; they couldn't help it. I would give anything I have in the world to make you strong and well."

"I don't think I want to be strong and well," the child said softly, "except for mother's sake. As I lie here, looking at the sky, I have grown to long so to pass beyond it. I don't think I shall have long to wait now; the doctor gave mother but little hope yesterday."

"Oh, but he doesn't know!" said Madge quickly. "It is only the cold weather that makes you so poorly; you will be better when the spring comes again."

"But it will not be here for some time, and—meanwhile—you will call and see mother sometimes?" she said, breaking off suddenly in the middle of her sentence.

"Oh yes, indeed, but don't let us talk about it. You really look better to-day."

Helen smiled softly.

"Just one word more," she said. "You will be with me at the last, if you can?"

"Indeed I will, I promise you. But it is a long time to look forward to; you are no worse than you are other winters. I think you are a little bit dull to-day; shall I read you something interesting?"

"No, thank you, I like to hear you talk best and I want to talk to you. Oh, Miss Margaret!" she continued eagerly, "I want so to tell you how good Jesus is and to help you to know Him better. He is yearning over you and longing to comfort you, if you would but go to Him with your troubles."

Great tears gathered in Madge's eyes, and she looked away out of the window.

"I will not forget what you say," she said presently, "but I can't feel it. If God really loves us and is all-powerful, why is the world so full of sorrow and suffering? If He is all-powerful and can prevent it, why doesn't He?"

"I can't answer you; I don't know; but somehow I am quite content. I wish I were clever and could help you, but He will tell you Himself some day, I know He will," and she held Madge's hand tightly. "It isn't always hard to suffer. I don't mind it much; sometimes I think it is beautiful to have something big to bear for His sake."

Madge bent down and kissed her.

"You are so good," she murmured fondly. "Perhaps some day I shall understand better, but now it is all dark. But you must not talk any more now," she added, "it makes you cough so. It is time I went too, for it is getting late

and I have been here a long time. Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye," whispered Helen, clinging round her neck, and her eyes grew dim with tears as she watched her pass out. She felt very ill, and knew that she should not see her many more times.

When Helen's mother came to her she was crying quietly.

"What is the matter, darling?" she asked anxiously.

"Nothing, mother; it is very foolish of me, but I feel so ill to-night," and again her cough became very troublesome. "Is it snowing?" she asked presently.

"A little, darling."

"If I get worse, mother, will you send for Miss Harcourt?"

"Yes, darling, I will send. What makes you so tired to-night? I think I had better send for the doctor," she continued, seeing the deadly pallor that had spread over the child's face.

"No, not yet, I am only tired. What time is it?"

"About half-past eight."

For another hour the mother watched anxiously beside her, and then rising, she slipped out for a minute and sent a boy quickly for the doctor.

Two long hours passed before he arrived, and meanwhile the little sufferer had grown rapidly worse.

When at last he stood beside her, the mother knew by his face that the worst had come.

"Is there no hope?" she asked in despairing tones.

"Very little," he answered gently, "but I can do no more for her. She may live until to-morrow."

"Then I must send for Miss Harcourt," she said, in a choking voice, and went to despatch a messenger.

"Say that Helen is worse and would like to see her," she said, and then returned to watch by the dying child.

It was about eleven o'clock when Mrs. Harcourt was startled by a foot-step outside the dining-room window. Her husband was in his study and she was waiting up for him, everyone else having retired. Thinking it unnecessary to disturb anyone, she went quickly to the door and opened it, just as Mrs. Liston's messenger was about to ring.

"What do you want?" she asked quickly.

"Mrs. Liston sent me to tell Miss Harcourt that Helen is worse," replied the boy.

"Surely Mrs. Liston doesn't expect Miss Harcourt to come out at this time of night, in all this snow, too! I never heard of such a thing; why did she send you?"

"She told me to tell Miss Harcourt that, and to say Helen wanted her."

"Is the child much worse?"

"Yes, I think so, the doctor is there."

Mrs. Harcourt hesitated a moment and then said, "Miss Harcourt has gone to bed, and her father would not think of allowing her out such a night at this hour. You run back to your home and I will send Miss Harcourt the first thing in the morning;" and so saying she

quietly closed the door and went upstairs to bed.

When Madge awoke next morning, she had a strange restless feeling that she could not shake off. She rose before her usual hour, and was first down at the breakfast-table.

When her step-mother entered she noticed a rather uneasy expression on her face, and she watched her closely, feeling sure that something was amiss.

"I thought I heard someone outside, late last night," she said, presently, finding she could not take her breakfast calmly, as usual. "Did anyone come?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Harcourt, with an attempt at carelessness. "Mrs. Liston sent a boy about eleven to say that Helen was rather worse. I don't know what was the good of sending the poor child out that time of night with such an ambiguous message," she continued hurriedly, half-startled at the sudden flash of Madge's eyes. "I think you had better go and see if she wants anything, when you have finished your breakfast."

"Did he say he was to tell me?" asked Madge, in a quick, stern voice.

"Yes; but I didn't think it wise to disturb you, as it was so late and such a bad night. I knew you would go early this morning."

"You were indeed considerate," she replied in hard dry tones, that flash still in her eyes. "If anything has happened to Helen during the night, I shall never forgive you." And without another word she left her untasted breakfast, hurried on her things and left the house.

A nameless dread was in her heart which stifled hope, and she hurried recklessly through the snow.

When she reached the cottage, one glance at the lowered blinds told her the truth. Without pausing, she passed swiftly up the little path, opened the door and entered.

Mrs. Liston was in the first room alone, weeping quietly over the fire. She started on seeing Madge, then rose and came towards her, holding out both hands.

She did not know her as Helen had done, but she knew that her child had loved her more than anyone in the world except herself, and so she turned to her for sympathy.

Madge took her hands without a word.

She tried to speak, but a great lump rose in her throat and prevented her.

"Oh, Miss Harcourt, Miss Harcourt!" sobbed the woman, "she asked for you several times. Why didn't you come?"

"I never knew," replied Madge hoarsely. "They did not tell me until this morning. Had I had your message, nothing on earth should have kept me away. When did she die?"

"This morning at three o'clock. The doctor came last night, but there was nothing he could do. I told the boy to say she was much worse."

Again that choking sensation came over Madge, but she forced it down and managed to say calmly, "I will go to her."

Then she crossed the room and

entered the chamber of death, where the child lay like a beautiful statue, with a look of perfect rest and peace on the little worn face. For a few minutes Madge stood and looked at her in awe, and then, with a sudden rush, her loss came home to her, and dropping on her knees by the bedside, she buried her face in her hands.

Presently she looked up and the tears had left her eyes, while a cold, calm expression crept over her face, more pitiful to behold than bitter weeping.

"Oh, Helen, Helen!" she murmured, "You were all I had to help me; without you I shall grow bad altogether. Speak to me, Helen, just one word," and she laid her face beside the dead child's. "Say you know why I didn't keep my promise. Helen, my little Helen, they kept me from you, and I would have done anything to help you, and now you are gone and I shall never see you again, never—never."

She clutched convulsively at the bed-clothes, and her face became almost as white as the little sleeper's.

"I shall never see you," she continued, "because all the evil in me is roused and strengthened. She broke for me my promise to you; I cannot forget—I cannot forget."

When at last she rose, the cold hard expression had deepened on her face. She bent down calmly and kissed the white brow and the cold lips, then, without a parting glance, left the room.

"You are ill, Miss Harcourt," exclaimed Mrs. Liston in a startled voice on seeing her. "What is it? Do you feel faint?"

"No, I am quite well, thank you," replied Madge, in a voice she hardly recognised as her own. "I should like to say something to comfort you, but I can't; I don't know why these things are; I should only increase your grief if I attempted to speak of it. She was all you had; it is so fearfully hard. Forgive me if I seem heartless, I don't know how to bear it all; I will see you again in a day or two."

Mrs. Liston took her hand and held it fast.

"God bless you," she said, "for all you did for her, and oh, don't let those cruel doubts take hold of you, it grieved her so. Indeed, though His ways are not as our ways, they are best."

"Yes, yes, I will think about it," replied Madge hastily, and then she hurried away.

Out over the snow she went, her breath coming short and fast from the tumult in her breast. A crisis had come. She felt this day would change her future.

On she went along the lonely road, oblivious of all except the strife within her, when her good and her evil nature wrestled in fierce conflict.

At last she turned homewards.

The dark look was still on her face as she entered the house; it was not difficult to name the victor.

"She did it on purpose, I will never forgive her," she muttered, and then throwing open the dining-room door, she confronted her step-mother.

(To be continued.)



## SOME SECRETS ABOUT FLOWERS.

By S. BALLARD.



They are back again at the season of chrysanthemums, and what woman is there who does not wish to decorate her rooms with great bunches of tawny-yellow curly things, or balls of pure whiteness, or those sprawly ones of that peculiar shade that reminds one of pink jelly-fish washed up on a sea-shore.

But the chrysanthemum is still rather the flower of the rich in England, and it is only the favoured few who can often indulge in big combinations of colours.

But when you have got a beautiful bunch arranged in a favourite vase, how it does go to your heart to see them drooping. If you notice, you will see that it is not the flowers that droop, but the leaves get flabby and hang down, which imparts a shabby look to the whole thing before the flowers have gone at all. People try to remedy this by breaking the stalks shorter and gradually taking off the withered leaves; but let me impart to you the "tips" on the subject that I got in the Flowery Land, Japan, where the Mikado's crest is a sixteen-petal chrysanthemum.

The chrysanthemum blooms there at the same time as it does in England, and the first autumn I was there, I admired the chrysanthemum arrangements very much. In Japanese houses, it is usual to decorate the room with one big vase standing on the ground, and containing a few, sometimes only three, chrysanthemums, whose stalks are not less than two feet long. These are put in the vase when they are quite small, tightly-curled up buds, and they gradually expand till they are huge flowers. The Japanese take great pleasure in watching the gradual unfolding of a bud.

I too wished to see the buds unfold and the glossy leaves standing out boldly from the stalk, so I bought my chrysanthemums and stuck them in, but alas, the results were very different. The leaves drooped, and long before the bud had become a flower, the shabby look of the withering leaves made it necessary to throw them away.

The next time that I went to the flower-shop I told the man what had happened. He shook his head gravely, and said that I had condescended to buy the best chrysanthemums, and I must have done something to them to make them behave in such a way.

What had I done to them? I began to explain that I had cut them short.

"Not with scissors?" he exclaimed; and when I admitted that I had done it with scissors, a groan went round the shop, and one

old man (who was spending endless time in choosing a few branches of green leaves) came forward and told me that I had made an "awful" mistake.

This gross stupidity made such an impression, that even two years afterwards, when selling me flowers, the man of the shop would say pleadingly, "And you won't use scissors?"

My servants also seemed to consider me incapable of dealing with flowers, though I was quite accustomed to arranging them in England, and I at last came to the conclusion that I had better get to the bottom of some of the mysteries, and so I hired a flower teacher.

The art of arranging and preserving flowers is one which all Japanese girls of good position learn, and there are certificated teachers who go to the schools and also give private lessons. There are a good many trade secrets which pupils may not teach others; they can only be learnt from a proper teacher.

The polite little lady who came to teach me, gave me hints of many and wonderful methods. In England, flowers have always been strict teetotallers, drinking only water; but in Japan, *sake* is injected into the stalk by means of a squirt. It seemed to me an extraordinary idea to keep up the spirits of a flower by means of a stimulant, but it is largely practised.

I told my flower teacher, however, that I wanted to know only the simple means of keeping flowers, such as could be practised at home without any implements, and what I pass on to you, as really worthy of attention because of their simplicity and the wonderful way in which they make flowers last, are the following—

Supposing you wish to arrange chrysanthemums, gather them, if possible, the day before you are going to use them. After breaking the stalks to the length you wish, hold them in the hot embers of the fire (not in the flame) until you have well burnt half an inch.

Then place them in water that will cover a good quantity of the leaves. I generally put them into a ewer full of water. They must be left all night, and arranged the next morning.

Another way is, instead of burning, to hammer the stalks until an inch at least is smashed.

An old Japanese woman who lived with me was very successful with her flowers; she would gather them as quite small buds, and they always blossomed beautifully; she always hammered the ends of the stalks most vigorously.

I asked my flower-teacher what she considered to be the reason for hammering or burning the ends. Her theory was, that with such a flower as a chrysanthemum, the stalk is

too thin to take up moisture enough for flower and leaves, but by putting the whole thing into water for a night, a quantity of water is absorbed by the leaves, and the burning prevents this escaping through the stalk. I do not know if this theory of sap running out of a flower at the stalk is correct from a botanical point of view, but this treatment is particularly good for garden chrysanthemums, for they generally have so many leaves, and can be gathered with long stalks. Nothing looks handsomer than half-a-dozen contrasting colours with long stalks covered with their beautiful leaves standing well out.

The same treatment of burning is equally good for wall-flower. It makes one sad to see a bunch of delicious sweet wall-flower gathered and put in water, only to be taken out after a couple of days because the heads which have the most buds, instead of gradually unfolding, are hanging down. If the ends are burned and the flower put in water so that a few of the leaves are under water, the stalks will remain perfectly stiff, and the buds come out.

To those who have to do with church decorations, let me impart what I thought a most valuable "tip." You know how often you get a beautiful flower, say a dahlia or a Christmas rose which won't "look the right way." Perhaps there are two on one stalk, and you try gently to persuade them both to look the same way. You bend one round but it jerks back, then you get a little cross and bend it more severely, and snap—your flower is broken. But you can make the flower look any way you choose if you only manage it in the Japanese way.

Hold the stalk near the fire so as to warm it gently, as you might warm your own fingers, then, with finger and thumb, stroke the stalk, bending it slightly in the direction you wish. It seems as if the warmth relaxed the muscles of the flower, if one may so express it, and made it pliable under the fingers. Indeed I was quite astonished to see how much manipulation and bending flowers will undergo. There is a great deal of what I may term flower "massage" in Japan. A teacher will take a stiff branch of plum blossom, and spending perhaps half an hour over it, will gradually stroke it into what are considered the correct lines of beauty. And this is done without in any way injuring the flower, for the branch, though gathered with the barest suggestions of buds, will blossom profusely after this treatment.

There is much that is too artificial for our taste in the Japanese flower arrangements, but they understand both how to make them last and how to bring them out, when gathered as buds, much better than we do.

## CHILD'S WASHING HOOD.

THIS charming little pattern fits so prettily on the head, is of very simple construction, and just the thing for garden or beach.

A small piece of washing material suffices, as will be seen from the measurements given in Fig. 1. A and B are merely soft twilled

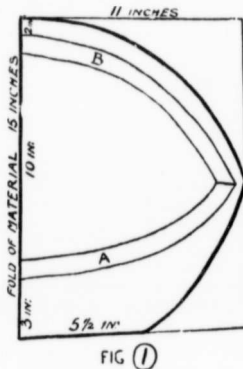


FIG 1

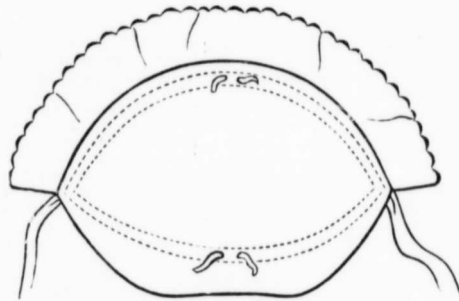


FIG 2



FIG 3

tape laid on and stitched at each edge to contain the runners of narrow tape, see Fig. 2, which shows the right side of the hood, the dotted lines indicating the stitching of the tape showing through from the wrong side.

There is a half-inch hem all round the hood, and the strings should be of ribbon, one yard, easily removed for washing.

One yard of embroidery is required for the edge, just eased on to set comfortably; one yard and a half of lace forms an inside frill stitched three-quarters of an inch further in than the embroidery.

If this frill is put on before the tape for the runners, the latter can be laid over the raw edges with a neat result.

"COUSIN LIL."

## HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

## BARLEY WATER.

Two ounces of pearl barley, cover with one pint of water and boil quickly to wash the barley; then throw away the first water, add fresh water, boil and throw away, then add a pint and a half of fresh cold water and let it boil gently for half an hour, *i.e.*, till the barley is quite soft. Then strain off and flavour with lemon, vanilla, or orange juice.

## RESTORATIVE SOUP.

Another nice food for invalids is one pound of veal, one pound of gravy beef, one pound of mutton, half a large fowl, and one quart of water; allow it to simmer slowly for six hours, then strain and serve. Give one teaspoonful of the jelly thus made every half hour, or as often as necessary.

## RAW MEAT JUICE.

Scrape one ounce of raw meat into a pulp and cover it with cold water (about half an ounce would be sufficient), and leave it to stand for two hours, stirring it about every ten minutes; then squeeze the juice through muslin, and give it to the patient. It is almost tasteless.

## TO MAKE GRUEL.

To one tablespoonful of oatmeal or prepared groats, allow one pint of water and a small piece of butter. Mix the oatmeal with a little cold water, add the rest of the water with the butter when boiling. Stir well to prevent lumps. The prepared groats require ten minutes' boiling, the oatmeal requires twenty minutes' boiling. If milk is used instead of water the piece of butter is not required.

## CHILDREN WHEN ILL

require special care, as their diseases develop very rapidly and much depends on their being carefully watched. Many diseases in children are due to mistakes in feeding them, especially

is this the case in children under two years of age. To understand the principle of artificial feeding of children is therefore of great importance. Human milk is the natural and best food; it contains everything that is necessary for the formation and nourishment of a child during the first few months of life; it ought therefore to be made the type food of all artificial feeding of infants. First as to quantity, one pint of milk in the twenty-four hours during the first few weeks of life, increasing in quantity as the child grows older. Regularity in feeding as to time and quantity is essential. Cow's milk diluted with water one to three and three grains of soda bicarb. added is a good substitute; or the cow's milk diluted with lime or barley water in the same proportions, and artificial human milk are useful to try where the child has to be brought up by hand.

*To Make Artificial Human Milk.*—Heat half a pint of skimmed milk to about ninety-seven degrees, *i.e.*, just warm, and well stir into the warmed milk, three grains of extract of rennet. When it is set, break up the curd quite small, and let it stand ten or fifteen minutes, when the curd will sink; then place the whey in a saucpan, and boil quickly. In this whey dissolve a heaped up teaspoonful of sugar in milk. When quite cold add sufficient new milk to make one pint, and two teaspoonfuls of cream, well stirring the whole together. If the milk is too rich use rather a larger proportion of whey.

## PEPTONIZED MILK

is an excellent preparation of partly digested food, only it must not be continued too long, as the digestive powers of the infant may become weakened from want of use. Mix three quarters of a pint of fresh milk with a quarter of a pint of water, warm to about forty degrees, add two level teaspoonfuls of Benger's liquor pancreaticus and half a level teaspoonful of soda bicarb., stir in quickly and allow it to stand for twenty minutes, it is then

ready for use; but if the peptonizing process is to be stopped, the milk must be boiled.

## EGG JELLY.

Half an ounce of gelatine soaked in half a pint of cold water, add rind and juice of two lemons, then some sugar to sweeten, and half a pint of boiling water. When cold strain on to three eggs well beaten, then strain into a mould.

No starchy food should form the chief element of diet during the first year of life as it tends to make the child rickety. Care must be taken that the feeding-bottle is kept absolutely clean. The boat-shaped bottle is the best. Do not allow children to get into the habit of having so-called "comforters" to suck. Wash out the mouths of infants with warm water after feeding, it keeps the gums healthy and renders teething easier for the baby; and a soft tooth-brush should be used for children as early as possible. Four teaspoonfuls of glycerine to one ounce of honey with one teaspoonful of borax is often of use as a mouth wash where the gums are sore and bleed easily.

For children inclined to rickets raw meat pulp scraped from a juicy piece of beef and spread on bread with a little sugar, or made into balls with sugar like little raspberries will often be taken by children, and is very good for them. Oranges, limes, and cream are also good to be taken when possible, and the food should contain as much of the fatty element as possible.

## IN MEASURING MEDICINES AND LOTIONS.

1 minim	= 1 drop.
60 minims	= 1 dram, or 1 teaspoonful.
½ an oz.	= 4 drams, or 1 tablespoonful.
1 oz.	= 8 drams, or 2 tablespoonfuls.
20 oz.	= 1 pint, or 2 breakfast cupsful.
40 oz.	= 1 quart.
4 quarts	= 1 gallon or ½ an ordinary sized bucket.

## COMPETITION FOR "STAY AT HOME GIRLS."

## PRIZE WINNERS.

## FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).

"Carnation," Haggerston, London.

## SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.)

"Rose," Aberdare, Glamorgan.

## THIRD PRIZE (£1 1s.)

"Anemone," Newquay, Glamorganshire.

## FOURTH PRIZE (£1 1s.)

Alice Margaret Dunn, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane.

## FIFTH PRIZE (£1 1s.)

"Daisy," Eaton Place, London.

## HONOURABLE MENTION.

"White Violet," Forest Hill.

"Cyclamen," Woodstock.

"Lily of the Valley," Woodbridge, Suffolk.

"Monthly Rose," Waikato, Auckland.

"Queen of Queens," Tremayne, Alton, Hants.

"Grass of Parnassus," Pollokshaws, Glasgow.

"Carnation," Ingarsley, Leicester.

"Lily," Great Melton, near Norwich.

"White Clarkia," Cheadle Hulme, Stockport.

"White Rose," Bromley.

"Sweet Pea," Halstead, Essex.

F. James, West Croydon.

"Moss Rose," Proxy Broadway, Woodbury, Exeter.

M. S. Webster, Rettendon Rectory, Essex.

"Wattle Blossom," Melbourne.

"Azalea," Welbourne Rectory, Lincoln.

V. M. Pearson, Combe Vicarage, Hungerford.

"Pansy," Shrewsbury.

"Stephanotis," Malta.

L. Daniel, Andalusia, Spain.

"Arum Lily," Upper Twickenham.

"Speedwell," Evesham.

"Wild Orchid," Lytton, Brisbane, Queensland.

## REPORT.

THE clear and descriptive competition papers sent in by girls who work with hands and heads have given pleasure to thousands of

people all over the world; they have created a sympathy with, and a reverence for the brave girls who, in spite of many difficulties and temptations, lead good, honest, unselfish lives.

Owing to the restrictions of the former competitions many thousands of girls were prevented from competing who would gladly have done so. The letters we have received from them prove how deeply interested they have been in the papers sent in by their working sisters, and the effect upon them has been to make them look into their own lives and see how they compare with those less protected.

We therefore opened a competition specially for "Stay at Home Girls" of every rank and condition, that they might have the opportunity of showing us how they spend their time.

It proves the interest excited by this competition, that the papers we have received come from every part of the globe—from India, Tasmania, New Zealand, Australia, Queensland, Manitoba, West Indies, Malta, Spain and France, as well as from the Channel Islands, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and all parts of England; and the position of the competitors is as varied as their dwelling-places.

It will be a matter of surprise to many on reading these papers to see how very full and interesting the lives of these "Stay at Home Girls" are, whether they are at home from necessity or choice. Many of the daily rounds are fully as hard and difficult as those of our working girls, the difference being the platform on which the work is done; the one in the midst of the world's buffetings, the other in the shelter of home, the one for wage, the other to supply a need at home.

We have received papers from all ranks of society except that of royalty, and we believe that if any of the princesses had given us a peep into their lives we should have found them as hard-working, as difficult and as interesting as those of our working girls or stay at home girls.

The papers sent in are, with one or two exceptions, well spelt and well written; the descriptions of how the girls spend their time and of the places in which they live are quite fascinating. We feel after reading

some of the papers that we should be able to keep poultry, milk the cows, make the butter, so clearly is the work set down.

The tendency to get up late sets a good many lives awry, but throughout the whole of the papers there is but one thing that decidedly displeased us. It was that of a girl responsible for the entire work of the house, sitting down for an hour immediately after breakfast in the midst of soiled plates and dishes to read her dear GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We do not feel honoured by this action; our object is to strengthen girls for the battle of life, whether fought within the home or outside it; and never to make them self-indulgent and careless of duties.

The occupations of "stay at home girls" are many and vary according to their position in life. Some keep house, others have the charge of poultry or dairy, while others have the entire charge of the garden. Again, others divide their time between study and society, but nearly all devote some of their time to music and painting. The bicycle seems to have found its way into the remotest corners of our colonies, and riding and driving stand second in the matter of giving pleasure. Some of the girls have spent their leisure time in making themselves good Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholars.

There is one thing practised by all whether in the colonies or at home, and that is teaching in Sunday schools, even where it means a walk of two or three miles. We wish earnestly that we could print all the papers; they are so good, so vigorous, so full of life that they would not fail to do good. Unfortunately we have been obliged to set some on one side, although they are interesting, because they transgressed the rules laid down in "Queen of Queens." Among our competitors is one confined to her bed with spinal trouble, another has no right hand, and a third who is blind. One and all of these are bright examples of lives happy and full.

In the whole of the papers sent in there are very few indeed that describe an idle, purposeless life. Each writer seems to be doing her best in the position where she is placed, and with her influence combined with that of the working and professional girl England must grow happier and more healthful.

## FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

It is most difficult for one whose time is not occupied in regular work to give an account of how she spends it, but I think that by taking a week of my ordinary life and relating its daily duties I may give a fair idea of how my time is occupied.

I live in an East End Vicarage and most of my time therefore is spent in church and parish work. I will take a week out of one of the winter months as the work is more settled, and tell what I am generally doing then.

*Sunday.*—Holy Communion at 8.30 A.M.—if it is a festival we have it at 8, so that it may be over in time for Sunday School. Breakfast at 9.15 and then prayers, after which it is time for Sunday School. I have a class of about 15 girls aged 11 and 12. Sunday School is over at 10.45 when we all go into the largest school-room where a service is held for the children. This finishes about 12, & the children disperse, & we teachers go over into church in time for the sermon,

Dinner at 1.15 and a little rest before afternoon Sunday School, which is at 3 P.M. School is closed at 4 & if it is a festival or the last Sunday in the month we go over to church, if not we may perhaps have a Teachers' Meeting or time for rest before tea at 5. Evensong at 7 P.M. and supper at 9 conclude my Sunday.

*Monday.*—Before rising I usually study a little for the Church of England Sunday School Teachers' Examination. At 8 I go over to the schools to help give between 30 and 40 poor children a breakfast. This consists of tea, coffee or cocoa and bread and butter, jam, or marmalade. After breakfast I have either a poster or tickets to print for the next Temperance Tea. This poster is done by stenciling each letter separately and printing some by hand; I do it in red and black ink and it generally takes me nearly all the morning. It is very tiring and I am very glad when it is not "Temperance Tea" week. The afternoon,—if I am not wanted at the

Schools, or sent to the Bank (which is often the case to take money connected with Church accounts)—I have free for needlework & study. At 5 P.M. we generally go to a Lecture at the London Institution, returning home in time to take a Band of Hope class to prepare the children for the Church of England Temperance Society Examination which takes place every March. This is over between 7 and half-past, then supper, & over to the Schools again for the Temperance Tea at 8. We have about 150 people there as a rule. It is in connection with the C. E. T. S. and consists of a speech, Entertainment and Tea. This is over about 10.30. These teas are fortnightly but on the alternate Mondays there are Missionary Meetings, Teas, Committee Meetings, Lectures &c.

*Tuesday.*—Study before breakfast. Afterwards I prepare the work for the evening Candidates' Class. My girls are making a Crochet Quilt from the pattern in the "Girls' Own" and I have to commence every square

for them and do all the joining together. At 12.15 we go over to the schools to help give about 200 children their dinner. They have soup with meat and vegetables in it and currant pudding. We have to carry their basins to be filled with soup & to take round the slices of pudding. The children bring their own basins, and we have a great variety:— soap-dishes, beer-cans, cake-tins, sugar-basins, tea-cups &c. This work does not give one an appetite for dinner. In the afternoon I go to read to 96 old women at the Workhouse—this is my favourite work, although reading in such a large room becomes rather tiring after a time. The women take such an interest in the story and are always so pleased to see one. At 6 P.M. we have our G. F. S. Candidates' Class, about 100 girls aged between 8 and 13. They do needlework, & have recitations, songs and games. Supper at 7.30 and at 8 Girls' Friendly Society Recreation Meeting. I am a Working Associate and my work is generally to play games with the younger members who feel rather "out in the cold" among the elder ones. The meeting ends with a hymn and prayers at 9.30.

*Wednesday.*—Children's Breakfasts at 8 A.M. This is one of the mornings on which I dust the drawing-room, this takes nearly an hour. Afterwards I write out songs and recitations for the evening Band of Hope Class. The afternoon my younger sister and I always spend at our grandfather's, but I have to be home at six for the Band of Hope children who come to learn songs, recitations, dialogues &c. They leave at 7.30 which is supper-time. Evening service is at 8, and at 9 we have a teachers' Bible Class in the Schools.

*Thursday.*—I dust the drawing-room, answer my questions for the Teachers' Class study & do needlework. In the afternoon 1st Thursday in the month Church Society Sewing Meeting, 2nd Thursday, Dorcas Meeting. Another Thursday I may go visiting with Mother or to the National Gallery with my sisters who are students there. But I do not often have time for this, in fact I have only been three times this year. At 6 P.M. we have our Junior Band of Hope which is like the meeting described in "How to Manage a Band of Hope" in the "Girls' Own Paper." This is over at 7.30, & after supper we go to the Senior Band of Hope, one week work; needlework for girls, fretwork, carpentering, cork-cutting etc for boys; another week games, and another, speech and entertainment.

*Friday.*—Children's Breakfasts at 8 A.M. This is our freest morning when we have time for needlework, practising and study. Children's Dinners at 12.15. In the afternoon I and my two elder sisters go for our singing-lessons. I have been obliged to give up music lessons because of a diseased bone in my right hand which renders even writing and needlework painful at times. At 6 P.M. I have any children who are backward in the Examination Class. At 6.30 there is a Cantata practise, and at 8.30 a class of Senior Band of Hope girls for their Examination I like this least of all as some of the girls are bigger than myself, making it rather awkward to teach them.

*Saturday.*—I do my mending, make cakes, as Mother prefers the cakes we make, and very often wash our little dog—a white Maltese

terrier. Either in the morning or afternoon I have 80 copies of questions to take off the Mimeograph (which is a sort of cyclostyle) for the Senior Sunday Scholars. On Saturday afternoon we often have a Rehearsal of the Cantata for the C.E.T.S. Fête at the Crystal Palace. Mother conducts these Rehearsals & we help with the different parts in the singing. The evening is usually free to prepare the Sunday School Lessons for the next day, except on the Saturday before the 1st Sunday in the month when there is a Communicants' Meeting.

I have not assigned any special time to visiting, for we do it when we have time or when there is a special necessity. I also go frequently with Mother to visit the three Board Schools of which she is a Manager.

In the summer my work is slightly different, excursions, treats, athletic sports, country holidays and a Flower Show taking the place of some of the other meetings. There are also the children's dresses to make for the Cantatas we have twice or three times a year.

Of course in addition to this there are extra services at Church, Committee Meetings, Entertainments to take part in, & Balance Sheets & Reports to draw up, these come at odd times; but I trust from what I have written it will be seen that though I am a "Stay-at-Home" girl my time is fairly well occupied.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"CARNATION"  
All Saints' Vicarage, London.

VARIETIES.

"TAKE CARE, MARIA!"—"Take care, Maria!" said a farmer's wife to her servant; "don't lean so far over the well. You might fall in, and then we should be obliged to get our water from the stream."

HOW TO MEASURE THE HEIGHT OF A TREE.

There is a very simple way of measuring the height of a tree which can be practised by anyone on a sunny day or in bright moonlight. All the apparatus that is necessary is a straight stick of any length.

Draw a circle with a radius (half the diameter) of a little less than the length of the stick. This will be done by holding one end of the stick, say, two inches from its end, and moving the other end around, making the circle with a knife or a chip.

Then place the stick in the ground exactly in the centre of the circle, perfectly upright, and press it down until the height of the stick is exactly the same as the radius of the circle.

When the end of the shadow of the stick exactly touches the circle, then also the shadow of the tree will be exactly the same measurement in length as its height. Of course in such a case the sun will be at an exact angle of 45 degrees.

Measurements of this character can be best effected in the summer, when the sun is powerful, and has reached a good height in the heavens, and when the trees are clothed with living green, so as to cast a dense shadow.

To many to whom this idea may not have occurred it might be made annually a matter of interest thus on summer days to take the height of prominent trees, and so to compare growth from year to year.

THEY USED TO WEAR MIRRORS.—The ladies and the gallants too of Queen Elizabeth's time felt the constant necessity of consulting a mirror to reassure themselves into a pleasing sense of self-satisfaction. In Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (1600) Amorphus says, "Where is your page? . . . Place your mirror in your hat as I told you, so!" The men wore mirrors as brooches or ornaments in their hats; the ladies at their girdles, or on their breasts, or in the centre of their fans.

WORTH WHILE BEING HOPEFUL.—Hope never hurts anyone, it never interfered with duty; nay, it always strengthens to the performance of duty, gives courage and clears the judgment.

THE FASHION HAS CHANGED. Change of fashion is the tax laid on the vanity of the rich by the industry of the poor.

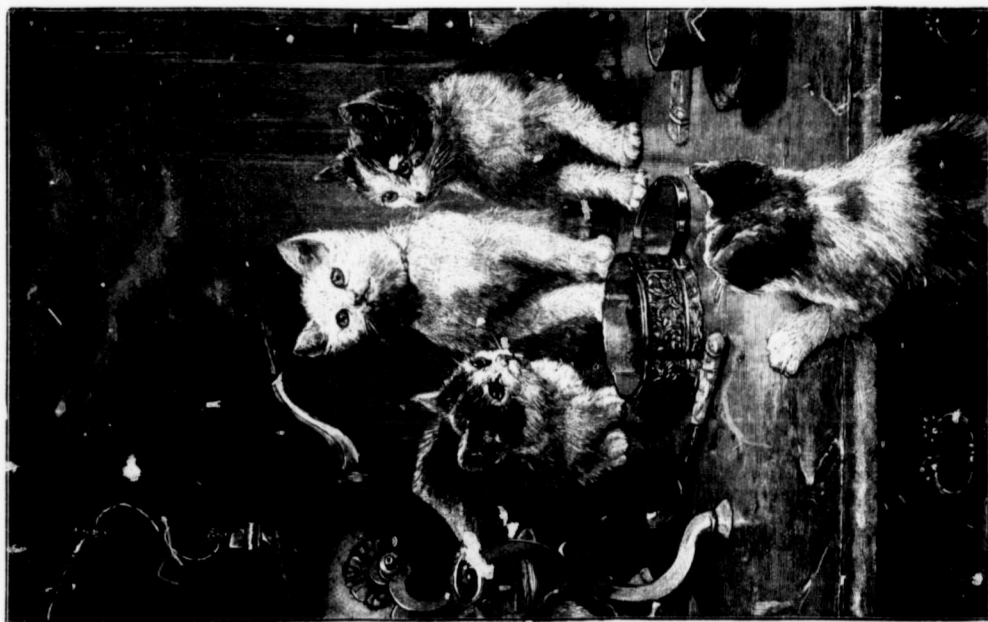
DOUBLE ACROSTIC I.

TWO mighty masters in the realm of sound!  
For pathos, fervour, grandeur, one is known;  
One, for harmonious melody renowned,  
Invests it with a charm that's all his own.

1. When Normans seized on Erin's fertile soil,  
And conflict fierce forbade all hope of peace,  
They built a town, the Irish force to foil,  
And called their warlike settlement  
"Porte Leix."\*
- Sad years roll on—the unhappy English Pale  
(Of constant mutual violence the scene,  
Wherein attempts at concord ever fail),  
Excites the pity of an English Queen.

\* Pronounced "Porte-Leece."

- Her bands of colonists there settle down,  
Their labours and their skill success  
rewards;  
So old Porte Leix is made a county town,  
Whose altered name her memory records.
2. Who was it that first tracked the mighty stream,  
That stream of many rivers in the south,  
And, spite of great privations, toil extreme,  
And constant dangers, reached its deltid mouth?
  3. As twice foretold, a dweller by the sea  
Whence flowed the traffic more than  
from the land;  
For in the waters should "abundance be"  
And ample "treasure hidden in the sand."
  4. A mountain stream, which, as a fruit, you eat,  
Although it is not every taste I suit;  
Sometimes I'm bitter, sometimes I am sweet,  
And relished most when with another fruit.
  5. The famous horse of a most valiant knight,  
A steed that, low in flesh, in bone was high;  
He bore his master well in many a fight,  
But brought him home at last in peace to die.
  6. By students founded, as a resting-place  
When from their Universities they come;  
Here every subject study may embrace,  
While art and science here may find a home.  
Athletics, foreign travel, are pursued,  
And rhetoric strives the truth to well discern;  
While those with missionary zeal endued  
Among the veriest poor their life-work learn.
- XIMENA.

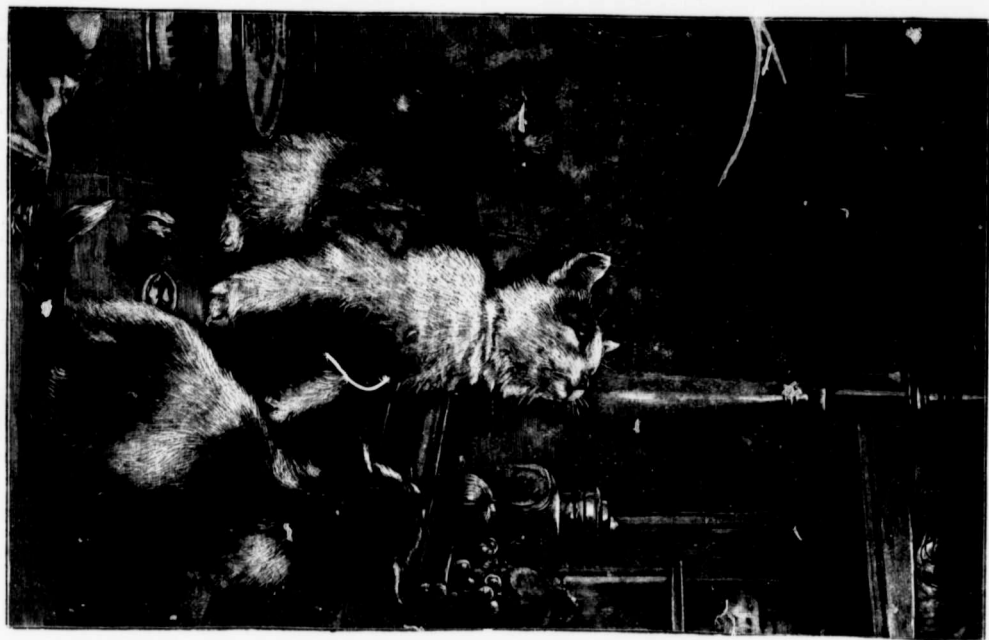


HEARING.

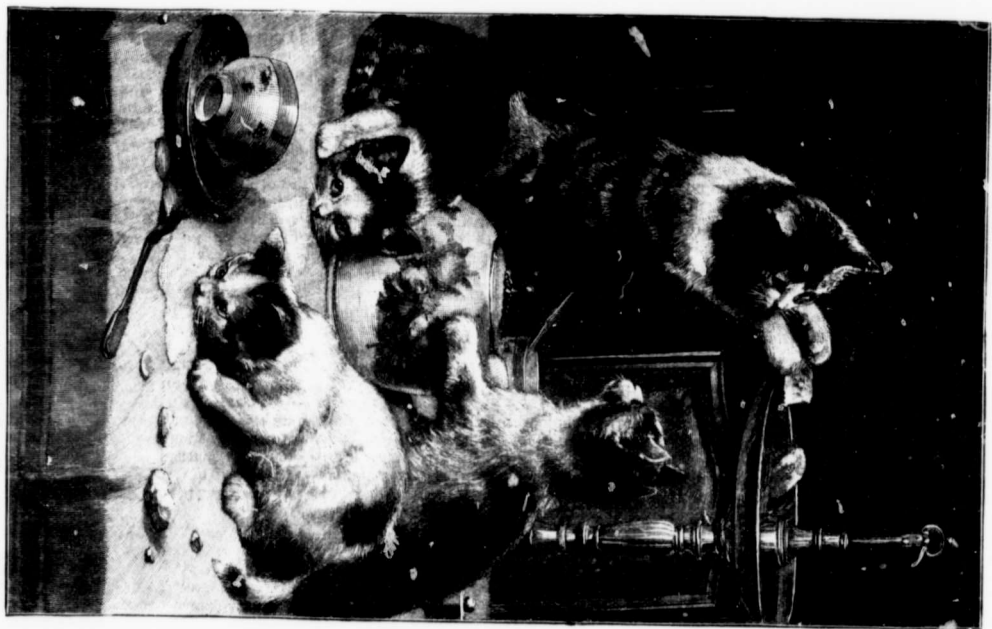


SEEING.





SMELLING



*From photo. Copyright, 1935, by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.*  
TASTING.

## SISTERS THREE.

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

## CHAPTER VII.



HILARY asked her father many questions about the new acquaintance, and took great interest in what he had to tell.

"Clever fellow, clever fellow; one of the most promising of the younger men. I expect great things of him. Yes, lame, poor fellow, a

terrible pity! Paralysis of the lower limbs, I hear. He can never be better, though I believe there is no reason why he should get worse. It's a sad handicap to such a young man, and, of course, it gives a melancholy cast to his mind. It was kind of him to entertain you so nicely—very kind indeed."

Hilary gave her head a little tilt of displeasure. Why should it be "kind" of Mr. Rayner to talk to her? Father seemed to think she was a stupid little girl, on whom no grown-up person would care to waste their time; but Mr. Rayner had not seemed at all bored by her conversation, and when some friends had tried to take him away, he had excused himself, and preferred to remain in the quiet corner.

When Tuesday came, and Mr. Rayner arrived, Mr. Bertrand was busy writing, and dispatched his daughter to amuse his guest until he should have finished his letters. "Tell him I won't be more than ten minutes, and he must excuse me, like a good fellow, for I really am obliged to catch this post," he said, and Hilary went into the long drawing-room to find her new friend seated on the couch, with his crutches by his side. He was looking better than when she had seen him last, and had a mischievous smile on his face.

"Good morning, Miss Two Shoes!" he cried, and Hilary gave a little start of surprise and consternation.

"Oh—h—ush! They don't know. I didn't tell them. Miss Carr would never stop talking about it, and father would tease me to death. I only said that I had forgotten to put the slippers on coming home, which was quite true. It was rather awkward, for they belonged to Miss Carr. She insisted on lending them to me at the last moment. The servants would be surprised when they found them behind the curtains the next morning, wouldn't they?"

"They would!" said Mr. Rayner, drily, and there was a peculiar smile upon his face which Hilary could not understand. "So they were not yours, after all. I thought the size seemed rather—excessive! I promise not to

betray you if you would rather keep the secret, but if the story gave as much pleasure to your father as it has done to me, it seems rather selfish to keep it from him. I have had the heartiest laughs I have known for months past, thinking of the tragic incident of the scarlet slippers!"

"Please don't!" said Hilary; but she laughed as she spoke, and so far from being offended was quite thankful to hear that she had been the means of giving some amusement to the new friend. "I have been hearing all about you from father," she continued, nodding her head at him cheerily. "He has promised to give me one of your books to read when we get back to Clearwater. Will you please write your name in my autograph book? I brought it downstairs on purpose. There are pens and ink on this little table."

Mr. Rayner smiled, but made no objections. He took a very long time over the signature, however, and when Hilary took up the book, she saw that each leg of the H ended in the shape of a dainty little shoe, so finely done that it would probably escape the notice of anyone who was not critically inclined.

"Too bad," she cried, laughingly, "I am afraid you are going to be as persistent as father in keeping up the joke."

"They are the proper slippers, you observe—not the woollen atrocities," replied Mr. Rayner, and Hilary was still rejoicing in the discovery that he could be mischievous like other people, when the door opened, and her father came rushing into the room.

Luncheon was served immediately afterwards, and when it was over, Mr. Bertrand carried off the young man to have a private talk in the library. They did not make their appearance until the afternoon was well advanced, and when they did, the drawing-room was full of people, for it was Miss Carr's "At home" day, and the presence of Austin Bertrand, the celebrated novelist, brought together even more visitors than usual.

Hilary had not found the entertainment at all amusing. It seemed absurd to her innocent mind that people should come to see Miss Carr, and exchange no further word with her than "How d'you do," and "Good-bye," and though the hum of conversation filled the room most of the visitors were too old and too grand to take any notice of a girl just out of the schoolroom. A few young girls accompanied their mothers, but though they eyed Hilary wistfully, they would not speak without the introduction which Miss Carr was too busy to give. One girl, however, stared more persistently than the rest, and Hilary returned her scrutiny with puzzled curiosity. She was a tall, elegant girl, but there was something in the wavy line of the eyebrows which seemed

strangely familiar, and she had a peculiar way of drawing in her lips, which brought back a hundred misty recollections. Where had she seen that face before? Hilary asked herself, staring fixedly at the stranger. The stranger began to smile; a flash of recollection passed across each face, and the next moment they were clasping hands, and exclaiming in mutual recognition—

"Hilary!"

"Madge!"

"The idea of meeting you here! I haven't seen you since we were tiny little dots at school. I thought you lived ever so far away—up in the North of England."

"So we do; but we are here on a visit. Madge! how grown up you are. You are only six months older than I, but you look ever so much more than that. How are you, and what are you doing, and how are all your brothers and sisters? Lettice will be so interested to know I have seen you."

"Dear Lettice, yes! She was a nice girl. So affectionate, wasn't she? I should like to see her again. Perhaps I may, for father has taken a house at Windermere for next summer, and if you are not far away, we could often meet and go excursions together."

"Oh, how lovely! We are three miles from Windermere station, but we have a pony carriage and bicycles, and could drive over to see you. Do sit down, Madge. I don't know anyone here, and it is so dull sitting by myself in a corner."

"I am afraid I can't. I am with mother, you see, and she doesn't like to be left alone. Perhaps I shall see you again before I go!" and Madge Newcome nodded, and strolled off in a careless, indifferent manner which brought the blood to Hilary's face. Mrs. Newcome was talking to a group of friends and looked very well satisfied, so much so that Hilary suspected that the daughter's anxiety had been more for herself than her mother, and that Miss Madge did not appreciate the attractions of sitting in a quiet corner.

"It's very unkind, when I told her I knew nobody; but she was a selfish girl at school. She doesn't want to stay with me, that's the truth. I wish this horrid afternoon would come to an end!" she told herself dolefully, and it was with unconcealed delight that at last she heard the sound of Mr. Rayner's crutches, and welcomed that gentleman to a seat by her side. He looked brighter than she had ever seen him, and had evidently been enjoying himself up-stairs.

"Well," he said cheerily, "here you are in the midst of the merry throng! Have you had a pleasant time? Not? Why, how's that? I thought you enjoyed seeing a crowd of people."

"I thought I did, but I find I don't like it so much as I expected," said

Hilary, dejectedly. "When people are talking and laughing all round, and I am left to keep myself company in a corner, it isn't at all amusing, and I feel lonely. I suppose there are a great many celebrated people here, but I don't know one from the other, so I am no wiser."

"Never mind, I know them all. We will sit here quietly, and when anyone interesting comes along, I will let you know. Your father has been so kind to me, and has encouraged me, until I feel as strong as a giant, and greedy for work. He has asked me to come down to the Lakes to visit you some time in spring, so I may see you again before long. Now then! one of those ladies over there on the sofa is the Duchess of M——. Guess which of the three she is!"

"Oh, I know; the pretty one of course, with the blue dress, and the bonnet with the cream lace."

"Wrong! Guess again."

"The dark one with the beaded cape!"

"Wrong again! It is the grey-haired lady in the corner."

Hilary gasped, and stared aghast at the stout, shabby lady, who looked everything that was motherly and pleasant, but as different as possible from her ideas of what a duchess ought to be. Then Mr. Rayner went on to point out a poet, a painter of celebrated pictures, and half-a-dozen men and women whose names the girl had known from her youth, but who all seemed terribly disappointing in reality. She expressed her opinions in a candid manner, which seemed vastly to amuse

her hearer, and they were so merry together that Hilary saw many envious glances directed towards their corner, and realised that other people were envying her in their turn. Madge Newcome came up to say good-bye, before leaving, and elevated her eyebrows in meaning manner towards Mr. Rayner.

"You seem to be having a pleasant time. I think Mr. Rayner has such an interesting face, but people say he is so stiff and reserved that it is impossible to know him."

"He is not reserved to me!" said Hilary, consequentially. She had not forgiven Madge Newcome for her desertion an hour earlier, and shook hands with an air of dignified reserve.

(To be continued.)

## PUTTING A STOP TO IT.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."



REMEMBER very well how it used to be said to a young writer: "Oh, never mind about the stops, the printers will put them in."

It would have been almost as sound advice to say to the young compounder of medicines, "Oh, never mind about the preparations, the errand-boy will fill them in."

Stops are the hairpins of literature. They do not make a mode, but they fix it. The fashionable head of a beauty comes to naught when the little clips give way. And it is the same with the three heads of an argument.

The relation of punctuation to style would be a delightful subject for an essay. I wonder that the matter escaped Dr. Holmes. He could have handled it exquisitely. Only the autocrat would have had to learn a little before he lectured. Habitually he favoured, or sanctioned, that monster of double-dealing, the comma-and-dash.

With very few exceptions great stylists have been proof stoppists. Bacon, Addison, Goldsmith, Landor, Thackeray, Stevenson—to name a few native masters—were all discerning and punctilious punctuators. The stops over the pages of the average novel might have been tossed by a mad bull.

Dickens—who fought his way from the style of a bank-holiday to the style of a reception—remained to the last, in the matter of punctuation, the veriest empiric. Scrupulous, almost fussy he certainly was, in this as in graver matters of style. But he had no better guides than personal fad and unscientific theory; blind men both, whom he walked into many a ditch. Often when a passage of Dickens has a slovenly look, the punctuation and not the construction is really at fault. Sometimes one breaks one's shins over a period

as ill-placed as a tray on the stairs. Again, when a comma is urgently needed, it is as hard to find as an honest man or a policeman.

That lack of precision in Dickens' practice was due to the defects of education. He had a thorough appreciation of the importance of typographical minutiae. In the very jots and tittles his page is richly personal. Next to Charles Lamb, he, I think, of all authors got most of mannerism out of the compositor's stick. Often he created a queer effect by some bit of perverse originality of couplet, parenthesis, dash, capital, or paragraph indentation. We all remember how he distinguished between people (with a little p) and the People (with a large P), professing a capital creed in a capital letter.

But while the scent and savour of an individuality linger about the typography of Dickens' page, the smack of literature is often absent from it. His punctuation (don't laugh if I take the matter seriously) is disappointing, unequal, irritating. Scanning it, one draws such a sigh as might have come from the breast of Fagin, when he viewed a youth with the fingers of a pianist, bungling at a pocket. Saddest of all words, as Whittier remarks, are "It might have been."

To the poet, of course—who depends almost as much upon the dressing of his page as the ladies' mercer upon the dressing of his window—punctuation is well-nigh a matter of life and death.

One of my humiliating memories is of a quatrain of Rossetti's which, after his death, Miss Christina Rossetti permitted me to quote, and wherein she discovered (in the proof only, not in the actual reprint) four departures from the author's exact and delicate disposition of the stops. Rossetti bestowed enormous care upon his punctuation. And one feels it as one reads. The hand of the literary artist is on the whole page.

And one of my proud memories is of a comma, anxiously debated between Mr. Frederick Locker and myself, whereof the London lyricist finally wrote to me, "I leave it in your hands." If that comma had been the secret heir to a kingdom, I scarcely could have felt more honoured or more burdened by the trust.

Personally (though I make no pretension to be more than a conscientious journeyman in punctuation) I am capable of reading an essay for the sake of its stops.

There are books that I long to taste, and never can, for sheer joy of their handling. There are rivulets of text that will never refresh my spirit because I cannot forego the rich pasturage of their meadows of margin. Some beautiful women affect one in the same way. One never finds out what is in them, being rooted fast to gaze at a distance.

The last page of some story contains nothing but three or four asterisks. Not a word of text, not even a *finis*. That page very nearly made me cry.

Certes, there is excellent virtue in fine and sensitive punctuation. In the hands of a master of all its subtleties—one who can fitly handle the wise and weighty colon, with its noble balance and judgment, seldom making appearance and never save for a great and worthy cause; the semi-colon full of tact and *savoir faire* as it moves between the great stops and the small, and oils the creaking wheels of society; the kindly and familiar parenthesis, with its little airs of quaintness as of one not quite of this jostling and train-catching generation, taking one by the button with a leisurely thumb and finger, or whispering confidentially behind its hand; the dotted line, infinite in suggestion, now reserved, and now mysterious, and now nodding innuendo. In the hands of a master of punctuation, the printed page shall take to itself the inflections of an eloquent voice, the play of mobile features. Think of Charles Lamb! Why, you can hear his delightful stutter as he talks. Not that he had not serious faults of punctuation; but, somehow, one loves him for them. It was the same with all his faults. One cannot help wishing he had had a few more.

No one, I think, ever equalled Lamb in that power of making a sentence die away with an infinite interrogation, an eternal suggestion. His dashes helped him there; but dashes were his weakness as well as his strength. His italics were quite inexcusable. That is, of course, in any one else. Beware of italics! They are a pasture of halfpenny novelists, a joy of wild asses.

I always take these disfigurements of the comely page as an almost conscious admission to write with grace or with precision. Italics are a brutal attempt to effect by mere beef and brawn that which should be achieved by delicacy of touch. Every word underlined is a rough order to the reader that he shall accept the wrong expression for the right.

No. Italics may stamp and bluster in tradesmen's puffs. Sequence, collocation and verbal nicety bow them out of polite letters.

Almost as bad as those—scores against literary credit run up by the reckless scribe—are those marks which a child in his wisdom is wont to call con- (or per-) verted commas. I have known people—mercy suffered them to live and go at large—who were capable of perverting the name of their house, their dog, their very child. "'Tommy' is still at 'The Hollies.' He has 'Sambo' for company." Personally I am opposed to capital punishment; but when depravity goes as far and as deep as that—don't you think?—surely it would be kinder to the creatures themselves.

Then there is—so named, I think, of Dean Alford—the shriek, or mark of exclamation. That useful member of the company of Mr. Vincent Crummles, worthy and nasty Mrs. Grudgen, was a large employer of its cheap labour. She had "quite a genius for making out bills, and was a great hand at throwing in the notes of admiration." And those notes do lend a pleasingly gary finish to such a title as—

#### THE MANIAC'S REVENGE!

Or, THE SPOTTED BOLSTER OF DEAD MAN'S DYKE!!!

I don't think, even there, I care about more than three. In other literature they are the

wampum and the feathers of the Mohawk. Only as *flambeaux* is the interjection or to veritable exclamation are they tolerable at all. I think they make even a sensitive Oh! a little uncomfortable.

Not very long ago, a writer on writing seriously advised the literary aspirant—the unfortunate, misguided literary aspirant—that he might cut away his colons and semi-colons and sail the ship with commas, full stops and—dashes.

Meesecrable wratch! Only Carlyle can express him. He might as well have advised the disuse of adverbs and conjunctions.

I think it may be laid down as a general rule—limited, no doubt, by many and notable exceptions—that the better a man has written the more he has foregathered with the colon, dear and desired, and with his gentle half-brother. And, as a man would avoid shipwreck, let him steer clear of the dash. It is the rock on which thousands of likely craft have struck and been dashed to pieces.

To any young scribe, anxious to master the delicacies of punctuation and of typographical detail, I would give one bit of advice—very brief and yet leaving little unsaid.

Consider the methods of Miss Marie Corelli. Give your days and nights to them. Make up your mind to understand the why and wherefore of every little eccentricity; and when you do—don't. Mind, I am speaking

of the merest externals. Miss Corelli is a woman of genius. But her dashes and her italics and her shrieks and her desperately-inverted commas! "The Sorrows of ——" Yes, that does describe what they induce.

Perhaps the most humorous misconception of the use of typographical arrangement relates to the printing of verse. The indentation of the lines, of course, should follow the metrical structure, and, in the case of a very elaborate rhyme system, accurate arrangement often demands a thorough grasp of the mechanism of metre.

Some of our artists, in making dispositions of poems within ornamental borders, set the lines (no matter what their relation) one out, t'other in, in regular alternation. They think they look nicer that way.

Poor, poor poets! Some day, perhaps, there will arise an epigrammatist or an emblemist who will mortify and abolish the *corpus vile* of verbal text, running our follies through or teaching us heavenward thoughts with the pure spirituality of stops. His book will inaugurate the new poetry—the poetry of the period. I shall begin to inquire for it at Mudie's as soon as ever that flying-machine is issued in a cheap and handy edition.

Meanwhile, if we are to employ the common organ of speech, let us learn to manage the stops.

## LAURELLA'S LOVE STORY.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



### CHAPTER II.

ISTORY repeats itself, but a picnic seldom does. It certainly failed to do so in this instance, though the fine weather remained unbroken. In the interim Sir Cosmo Cameron accompanied his son to pay his respects, as he termed it, to his future daughter-in-law, whom he greatly admired, and was wont to pet with a certain stately old-fashioned gallantry. Charlie, who remained to dinner, teased Laurella by pretending to be jealous of what she called the "decided flirtation" which she carried on with Sir Cosmo whenever they chanced to meet.

"I mean to cut the shooting for an hour or two to-morrow afternoon, sweetheart," he whispered as they bade each other a lingering good-night in the porch, "we'll steal away for a walk together, you and I," and Laurella nodded a glad assent.

Sir Cosmo's enthusiasm for his son's betrothed led him to order a plentiful supply of champagne to be conveyed to the hut on the morning of this second gathering, in order, as he said, that they might drink her health with due honour, and Mrs. Garth and Christie noticed, if Laurella did not, that Charlie filled his glass much more frequently than the other men, who one and all drank very sparingly of the sparkling beverage; by degrees he became rather noisy—joking and laughing loudly, and several times addressing Laurella with a lack of reserve and respect, which excited her wonder, and brought the pained colour to her cheek, but, innocent

child that she was, she had no conception of the cause of his changed manner.

"If you two mean to have your walk you had better be starting," observed Mrs. Garth, wishing to break up the party, and Charlie sprang up boisterously.

"Of course—of course—I was forgetting; are you ready, little girl?" he exclaimed; "well, then, I will be with you in one moment."

He disappeared into the hut, and Mrs. Garth's heart sunk as she saw him pour a quantity of whisky from a bottle which stood on a shelf, into a tumbler, and drink it off. He then joined Laurella, slipping his arm into hers in a free and easy manner, which she evidently resented, and the two were quickly out of sight round a curve of the road. When the men were ready to resume sport, Guy Garth strode up to his mother and said in a low tone, "Mother, I advise you to keep an eye on Miss Lonsdale. Could you not stroll in the direction they have taken? I do not imagine Cameron will get very far."

Mrs. Garth nodded, her son's disturbed countenance confirmed her own fears, and whilst the girls were occupied with their self-imposed labours, she took up a book and walked slowly along the road.

Guy was right, the pair had not proceeded very far, for Mrs. Garth presently caught sight of them seated in the shadow of a boulder; they did not see her, and she settled herself in a nook, out of earshot, but from whence she could not fail to see them should they move from their retreat. All was quiet for a long time, and rendered drowsy by the monotonous hum of the bee. Mrs. Garth was struggling with an inclination to close her eyes, when she was roused by seeing Laurella standing alone at a little distance, shading her eyes with her hand, apparently in search of someone.

"Laurella," she called softly as she rose and approached the girl.

"Oh, Mrs. Garth, I am so glad to meet you," exclaimed Laurella in a troubled tone. "I think Mr. Cameron is not quite well, he spoke rather strangely, and complained of giddiness. I persuaded him to sit down, and he fell asleep whilst I was talking to him. I feared it was time to return but I cannot get him to wake."

"I suppose he is tired after his long tramp in the sun," returned Mrs. Garth, "do not distress yourself, dear—no—I think we will not go and disturb him. It will be nothing of any consequence; the others will look after him. Trust me, I will tell Guy," she continued, answering the girl's doubtful look. "Ah, here is Guy. Guy dear, Mr. Cameron has fallen asleep under that boulder; this silly child is not accustomed to the ways of sportsmen and fancies he is ill. You will look after him."

"Oh, yes, mother! Have no fears, Miss Lonsdale. I assure you Cameron will be all right, the lazy fellow, but this hot sun is enough to make one drowsy. I for one begin to feel I have had about enough of it, and am inclined to take a nap myself." Guy spoke cheerily, but exchanged a glance of meaning with his mother, who rightly surmised that uneasiness on their young guest's account had brought her son back. He lost no time in getting the carriage ready and starting the ladies home in spite of Sybil's remonstrance that it was too early, and they had not yet made tea.

The drive home was a silent one, Laurella could not conceal her anxiety, and the girls guessed what had happened. Mrs. Garth glanced at her compassionately, but said nothing until they reached home when she slowly followed the girl to her room.

"I have come for a little talk, Laurel dear. You must let me speak to you as your mother would if you had one—as I would to my own girls. Nay, do not be alarmed," for Laurella

turned startled eyes upon her. "Mr. Cameron is not ill, but still it is of him I wish to speak." Then as gently as she could, the kind woman made the girl understand what had caused her lover's strange behaviour. Laurella's look of incredulous horror went to her heart.

"It is not as if it were the first time, or the second," she went on in broken sentences. "One could hope then—there might be excuses—but we, living so near, have seen and heard—everyone is talking. Such a terrible habit grows so fast, and is so fatal, I felt it was my duty to tell you, my dear; and your father must be told, he will know what it is right to do."

Mrs. Garth was weeping frankly now, but Laurella shed no tear, she sat gazing with unseeing eyes through the window in front of her, every trace of colour having faded from her face.

"You are quite sure of what you have told me, Mrs. Garth?"

"Sure! oh, my dear child, what doubt can there be, such a failing cannot be hidden. Everyone knows, that is, everyone in these parts,

except Sir Cosmo himself, and there's no man in all the country side would dare to tell him."

"Then, dear Mrs. Garth, will you leave me now, I want to be alone."

Clasping the girl in a motherly embrace Mrs. Garth returned to her daughters, and by-and-by a letter was brought to her by a maid, with a request that it might be dispatched to Felloot as soon as possible; Miss Lonsdale at the same time begged to say, with her love, that she was now retiring to rest, and did not wish to be disturbed that night. Even Christie, stealing to her friend's door on her way to her own room, and meeting with no response to her timid knock, had to turn sorrowfully away.

Laurella meanwhile was face to face with her bitter sorrow, and like a brave soldier's daughter as she was, fighting and winning the first dread battle between right and wrong which raged in her own heart. "The alarm, the battle, and relief" followed each other so quickly in her case, that weary indeed was the young victor, when, her resolution at length firmly fixed, she sunk into dreamless slumber.

A painful interview ensued between the lovers next morning. Laurella gently and firmly made it clear to Charlie that the engagement between them was at an end. In vain he pleaded, promised, and remonstrated, for he was indeed deeply attached to her, and felt that in losing Laurel he was losing his life's happiness. But the girl was inflexible. "I cannot—must not marry you, Charlie," she repeated mournfully. "How could I stand at God's altar and promise to honour and obey one who—oh, Charlie—Charlie—we must either fight for God or against Him! How could I live my life for Him at your side! I looked to you to help me as a man should when we were together, but now it can never, never be."

Charlie dropped his face in his hands with a groan that was almost a sob, and fearing that her courage and resolution would fail her, at thus witnessing his agony of sorrow and shame, Laurella, lightly laying her trembling hand for a moment on his bowed head, fled from the room.

(To be continued.)

## AFTERNOON TEA-CAKES AND SANDWICHES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



TEN years ago one would probably have enumerated muffins and crumpets, and given them the first place amongst tea-cakes, whether for what is called "high teas," or the lighter meal of a late introduction, which has risen into such world-wide fame, that the French have adopted it as a new word, and call it "five o'clocker." Here it is brought up as a matter of course every day, and is one of the usual afternoon entertainments, cheap, and at times rather dull. In Canada and America, it does not seem to have been so universally adopted, probably because high teas are the rule, and will never, I fancy, be ousted, the late dinner being nearly an impossibility in that region of few servants and surpassing difficulty in getting them. In the large cities and towns it is rather different; but even in these the afternoon tea seems still an entertainment for visitors, not a rule of the house. In New York I was introduced to the afternoon tea-table minus a teapot, and graced only with a handsome tea-kettle and spirit lamp, which was very boiling indeed. Instead of the teapot, a tea-infuser was used. This, as many of my readers may know, is an article in metal, of about the size of a very small egg, perforated with small holes, and having a chain and ring attached for holding it. It is filled with tea, and then dropped into a cup, which is then filled with boiling water, and you keep it in till your tea be as strong as you require it. Then it is passed on to another cup, and so on, till it be thought to be exhausted, and it is then replenished. But if the cups should be small ones, the amount of tea put in at first will usually go round, and be enough for half a dozen cups. Of course there is a great advantage in this modern method of tea-making, for you have what the medical men recommend, *i.e.*, five-minute tea, and, consequently, you are quite safe from all injurious consequences. I prefer, however, the old-fashioned style; but for anyone who wants a cup of tea early or late, in a hurry, the tea-infuser is extremely helpful, and as such I have used it many times. In

illness it is extremely useful; for the kettle is nearly always at hand in the invalid's room, when cold enough to require a fire, and no equipage is required.

I have begun by saying that muffins and crumpets would have formed part of the feast, but, strange to say, both these ancient and excellent articles of luxury seem to have gone out of fashion for the afternoon tea-table. I cannot, in fact, recall having seen them for the last few years. Their place has been taken by a score of things. By sandwiches, for instance, a concession to the many who nowadays do not eat sweets of any kind. An immense amount of small fancy cakes, and biscuits, made of almond paste, cream, chocolate, and sugar; and last, but not least, thin bread and butter, brown or white, which puts in an appearance on all occasions.

Hot buttered toast, in many houses buttered scones, or some form of tea-cake, such as Sally Lunn, is always seen; and it is generally the master of the house who wants such unwholesome things, or the boys at home from school. Sally Lunn, of Bath notoriety, never seems to lose her influence over her votaries; but her rivals, the muffins and crumpets, are no longer seen at fashionable teas. Two things have sent them out of date, I think. No one wants to soil their gloves, nor to take them off; and I don't think either of them are so nice as they once were; I know in the North of England they are twice as good as they are in the south, and much bigger. Many people would probably tell you also that the modern digestion is not the same as that of the last century, nor even when our sailor King was reigning.

In Scotland, or in a Scotch-English domicile, you will find, oh, such cakes; and if you never heard of "the land o' cakes" before, you will be a devout believer in its beauties to the end of your days. The Scotch scone is, of all cakes, when well made, and made at home, the best of all; even cold it preserves its supremacy. Next to them come potato-cakes, and that wonderful thing known in Yorkshire as fat rascals. The following is a Scotch recipe, tested and tried, *i.e.*, One pound of flour, two ounces of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder. Mix all together with a cup of cold milk, having first rubbed the baking powder into

the flour, and make into tiny cakes, the size of a penny; bake in a very quick oven and split, then butter and serve very hot. This is a small tea-cake that can be made and served in a few minutes, and there need be no difficulty in having them for afternoon tea at any time.

What is known in our English cookery-books as Benton tea-cake, is as follows. One pound of flour, four ounces of butter, and enough milk to make a paste; roll out very thin, and bake either on a hot hearth-stone or on an oven plate. Now this, which is a very old recipe, is evidently a kind of mother of all quickly-made tea-cakes, and is called granny cake in some parts of Canada and in Ireland; but the invention of baking powder has improved it. The Canadian recipe is very good, and has lost the butter. One teacup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Mix, roll into one flat round cake, and cook in a clean frying-pan. When done on one side turn the other up, cut into quarters, and serve very hot. This cake requires much butter.

The following has been sent me as the correct recipe for "fat rascals," but I cannot say if quite correct. Take two pounds of flour, mix in four ounces of butter and a pint of milk, three spoonfuls of yeast, and two eggs. Beat all well together and let it rise; then knead it and make into cakes; let them rise on tins before baking, which do in a slow oven. Split while hot and butter. This is done very profusely in Yorkshire.

A simple Scotch scone is taken from a good source, and is as follows. One pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, and the same of tartaric acid and a little salt. Mix with milk, roll out to the thickness of half an inch, cut into large rounds, and score with a knife into quarters, so that they can be broken easily when done. They require a hot oven, and to be baked for about twenty minutes. Nearly every cookery-book contains a recipe for scones, and when once made, you will quite understand how to manage so as to have good ones in future.

Now I suppose no notice of possible tea-cakes would be complete without a recipe for the famous American shortcake. This is another quickly-made cake, and is quite

possible for afternoon teas. One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of sweet milk, two spoonfuls of good baking powder. Mix well, roll out, cut into small round cakes and bake quickly. Split and butter, and serve very hot. Of course, these quantities need not be used, but the above is an American recipe, and I have not changed it in any way. It would be a simple matter to take half only.

Whigs are a kind of bun, but the modern dictionary gives the name as applied to them as obsolete. For all that there are people in country places in the north who still call them "whigs." They are made as follows: Take half a pint of warm milk to three quarters of a pound of fine flour, and mix into it two or three spoonfuls of yeast. Cover it up and set before the fire to rise for an hour; then work into the paste four ounces of butter and the same of sugar, knead it into flat whigs, *i.e.*, cakes, with as little flour as possible, and bake in a quick oven. Split and butter while quite hot. They are also good cold, and instead of the yeast two spoonfuls of baking powder may be used.

I do not advise anyone to attempt hot tea-cakes for a large party; they are only suitable for a home party, or when a few very favoured visitors are expected who are likely to be coming out of the winter's cold to feel the hot cakes a treat. Sunday is a favourite day to have them; especially in houses where a late supper is the order of the day, in order to arrange for the evening church-going; then, indeed, the hot tea-cake is a treat and a special luxury.

Now, so far as the fashionable afternoon tea is concerned, it must be considered a very light and airy meal. The usual cakes are those purchased at some confectioner's, who, for the moment, manufactures the fashionable cake. Some three or four years ago there was a perfect rage for the angel cake, a frothy and slight concoction of extreme sweetness. Just now the cakes most in vogue are those made from almond paste, as I have said, the general price of these is from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per pound at a first-class confectioner's. Then there are bon-bons of all kinds served at dessert in tiny silver dishes: good chocolates seeming the most popular. Other cakes, such as cherry cake with almond icing; Dundee and pound cakes are liked, the latter being rather a revival from ancient days, and too often, alas, a failure because the maker has not been sufficiently generous to purchase the very best of butter. But when good, nothing in the way of a cake can surpass it. I am always so sorry for myself when some one has been married, and I am obliged to eat wedding-cake at an afternoon tea. If there is a horrid and disgusting mixture, it is a modern wedding-cake.

The question of sandwiches is an all-engrossing one, I notice, at some afternoon teas, where they are made much of in the *menu* of the feast. But for all that, the first craze for them has worn off in a great degree, and they require to be very nice indeed, or especially appetising to make anyone take them, and the differences of opinion about sandwiches is remarkable. One person will consider those made of cucumber delicious, while a second will be equally determined to think them disgusting. They are often spoilt by being made of undressed cucumbers, which is a great mistake, as they should be always dressed with pepper, salt, vinegar and oil, or else with a salad dressing, before being introduced to the bread and butter they are intended to reorganise. Lately I have tasted some cucumber sandwiches with hard-boiled egg in them, which I think is a great mistake; but the greatest blunder of all is to chop the cucumber up finely and then use it for sandwiches. Of all our fruits and vegetables this is the one

most intolerant of the touch of a knife, and nothing can exceed its quickness in "taking a taste." I am certain that chopped-up messes are never successful in sandwiches. Anything, however, that can be pounded and made into paste is both suitable and palatable.

Curry, chutnee, and Parmesan, or any other rather delicate cheese sandwiches, including those delicious American ones made of toasted cheese, are all, or any of them suitable for winter; but even while I am writing of them, I must beg of you to be dainty and delicate in the use of all these ingredients, which are a little overpowering. There are several forms of curry sandwiches, curried-egg-paste, curried fish, or a fine paste made of chicken and curry, even curry powder rubbed into a little butter is said to make a good sandwich. The eggs are hard-boiled, and then rubbed smooth with curry and butter, just as you would proceed to make Indian eggs; and they would be regularly curried and then placed on the bread and butter in the nicest flakes you could make.

Chutnee is also used with hard-boiled eggs and cold meat; or the Lahore chutnee may be used alone, but must be minced, as the pieces are large of which it is composed. For those who do not mind hot things, a hotter chutnee may be liked, and a good Madras would be enjoyed. I have tasted pickle sandwiches made both of Indian pickle, and piccalilly; and though I did not care for them myself, many people would.

Anchovies were, and are a very favourite thing for sandwiches, and so are sardines and lobsters. The former are generally used with watercress, and are well boned, and soaked in milk and water before using them; they are also pounded with hard-boiled egg, and sometimes I have used a good anchovy paste, which I have thought better flavoured than the anchovies, either whole or pounded. Lobster must be pounded in a marble mortar, with a little butter, red pepper, and salt; and I have had some very good fresh shrimp sandwiches, though I should think they would be quite as good made from some shrimp paste. The same may be said of those made of game, for delicious fresh potted game can be had, and so can potted meat, chicken and tongue, as well as cheese; and these, if made at home by a good cook, would be sure to be appetising.

I am always afraid in writing of sardine sandwiches, or indeed of sardines in any way, to go through the ordeal of cooking, lest sufficient care should not be taken in wiping them, and making them quite free from oil. Lately they have not been so good, and this is in consequence of the oil used, which, I feel quite sure, is not olive, but cottonseed oil, which, in consequence of its greater cheapness, is sold everywhere as "salad oil." I am told that in asking for oil in the shops, you should always be very distinct in asking for "olive," not "salad oil." Olive oil can always be purchased at a chemist's; and I remember that some years ago, an old Italian friend of mine would either purchase it at the chemist's by the gallon, or go to a real Italian warehouse, as he was sure to get it fresh, and quite recently made. Sardines must be wiped, boned, and laid in lemon juice, and a very little water, for an hour before using. Then drain and place them in the bread and butter. They may be served with lemon-juice and cayenne, with a mayonnaise sauce, or with a tomato sauce very much seasoned, made hot and poured over them. When cold, make the sandwiches. Parmesan cheese had better be purchased in powder, sold in bottles, as it gives far less trouble. It can then be mixed in any proportion that may be liked, with hard-boiled eggs, and pounded into a paste.

The sandwiches which I have the most enjoyed in the winter myself, have been of *pâte de foie gras*, or *caviar*; but it must be

remembered that these two ingredients are not universally popular, also that *caviar* must never be touched by a steel knife, but spread with a silver one; and a little lemon and cayenne pepper added. The *pâte de foie gras* is bought in tins or jars, and can be used as it is, being excellent at all times with bread and butter.

A new sandwich to me was one made of very thinly-sliced sausages. They were purchased at a real German shop in London where the *Deutscher Delicatessen* are sold; and the sausage in question had been boiled, after buying, and had been served hot at table, and much enjoyed. I daresay that every one who has been in Germany has tasted it in this manner. Those who dislike the flavour of onion, garlic, or herbs, must be careful in buying German sausages.

The old proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun," is constantly brought to one's mind in daily life. The other day, looking over a cookery book of the latter part of the last century, I suddenly came upon a page devoted to sandwiches, and in it I found one or two quite novel ones. Beetroot sandwiches, for instance, are made as follows:—Take some slices of boiled beetroot; put vinegar over them and let them stand; drain them carefully free from vinegar, and put them in between bread and butter for sandwiches, adding a little made mustard to each. Slices of beetroot fried in butter are also said to make good sandwiches with mustard. The recipe for egg sandwiches is much as they are made now; but there are instructions how to make sandwiches of fried eggs, which seem likely to be nice. Beat up four eggs, season with pepper and salt, fry them in butter as for a pancake; and when cold cut in small slices and put between bread and butter. This is what is now called scrambled eggs without the usual stirring up they receive. Omelet sandwiches are made with four eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of water, adding a few bread-crumbs; season with pepper and salt, fry in small fritters of the size of a half-crown; and when these are cold, use them for sandwiches between bread, and butter with mustard.

The best of these old recipes is, however, that for making them with good Cheshire cheese; but in these days of decadence, we shall probably find it difficult to discover a real Cheshire cheese, and may have to use the nearest substitute. Take two-thirds of grated Cheshire cheese, one-third of butter, a little good cream, and a small proportion of made mustard. Pound all together in a mortar till smooth and without lumps. Add a little cayenne pepper or any relish you may please, then spread over bread and butter—not too thickly—and press very well together to form sandwiches.

The origin of these omelet and egg-sandwiches is probably French; for cold omelet is constantly used in France, and it is very enjoyable indeed for salads, and eaten with meat. Fried with butter, it is also excellent. I hope it is needless to remark that the eggs should be as fresh as possible. I never write anything about eggs, but the story of a friend of mine is recalled to my mind, *i.e.*: Walking down a street in London the labels on the eggs attracted him. They began at New Laid, then Fresh; Cooking eggs; and finally, "Eggs!" only what these were he could not imagine.

Tomato has been used lately for sandwiches with or without the addition of Parmesan cheese dressing, mayonnaise or anchovy sauce; or the true American breakfast dressing of vinegar and sugar. I prefer that they should be left quite plain myself, with a little pepper and salt, and cut in the thinnest of slices; they are quite good enough to my taste.

All kinds of fruit sandwiches are very good, though but little used on this side of the water. Bananas, pineapple, and peaches are all excellent in sandwiches; so are strawberries cut into slices with sugar and liqueur. Almond icing and lemon cheesecake are also very good for sandwiches; the latter especially, which can be made at home without much difficulty and kept in the house for use whenever wanted. The following is an old recipe for making it: To half-a-pound of butter put one pound and three quarters of castor sugar, the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of six; the grated rind of four lemons and the juice

of six. Simmer all together in a clean enamelled saucepan over a slow fire, stirring till it becomes as thick as cream; then store away in well-covered pots till wanted.

With these instructions for sweet sandwiches I shall leave this part of my subject, only delaying to implore my readers to be very careful to select the best of bread, and the better than best of butter. The latter is an ingredient not to be trifled with where sandwiches are concerned; and the former should also be thought of in time in order to secure a second day's tin loaf of the proper shape for sandwiches.

Brown bread should also be of the same age, and should not be of the crumbly sort. Mustard-and-cress, water-cress, and sardines, will all make nice brown-bread sandwiches; but cucumber will not answer, though most sweet things will be good. One of the most attractive of the brown-bread sandwiches is made with good fresh Devonshire cream. Of course, only the thickest part is used, and they must be made and served at once. I have often wondered whether that sour cream, which is served in France with fruit, would not be nice. Of course it would have to be slightly sugared before using it.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## MEDICAL.

**NANCY.**—The treatment of obesity is mainly a question of diet. Farinaceous foods should be taken in great moderation by those who are inclined to stoutness. Alcohol in all forms should be avoided. Exercise is of great importance, but it should not be carried too far. For stout persons it is very advantageous to get accustomed to take both their meals and their exercise regularly. If walking produces great perspiration, as it usually does in very stout people, it should not be abandoned altogether, but reduced, and then steadily and gradually increased. Walking is by far the best form of exercise.

**E. C. W.—1.** White precipitate ointment, though exceedingly valuable in certain diseases of the scalp, is by no means suitable for all abnormal conditions of the hair. The dry and brittle condition of your hair is in all probability due to "seborrhoea." Perhaps washing your head every week with a weak solution of borax would help you. The condition of your eyebrows is the same as that of your head. Cutting the hair of the eyebrows or even pulling them out by the roots does not prevent their return. The heat of a fire may possibly make the hair thin. The ordinary muslin or lace cap does not injure the hair.—2. The question you ask, "How can I teach myself to remember what I have heard and read," by no means lends itself to direct answer. Memory is in part a gift, but it is probably infinitely more dependent upon education than is usually supposed. At your age it is a difficult thing to learn to remember, but by far the best way to set about it is to learn by heart one verse of poetry every day and to read one page (or chapter if you have time) of some standard author, and then to write an account of the chief features in the matter you have read, and then compare it with the original.

**DICK.**—You ask us the best method for "thinning your blood." Drinking water is decidedly the best way, as every drop of water you drink gets into the blood and so dilutes it. But why do you want to thin your blood if you are not thirsty? You think that "thickness of the blood" is the cause of all your evil—of what evil you do not tell us, if you did we might help you. We will, however, tell you this, that whatever the evils are from which you suffer they are not due to "thickness of the blood." There is no such disease as this.

**L. A. B.—**You suffer from a "red nose." How much tea do you drink? We will not say that tea is the only cause of red noses, but from what you tell us it appears most probable in your case. Avoid tea altogether and attend to your digestion. Do not take any drugs.

**LILY.**—Tender feet are almost always due to ill-fitting boots. Your boots are probably either too large, too small, or too new. If your feet are sore at present bathe them in cold water, to which a little boracic acid has been added, and then rub them gently with a bath towel will help to cure them.

**BETA.—1.** Carbolic tooth powder is one of the best of all preparations for the teeth. It is absolutely harmless. We have heard that chalk injures the enamel of the teeth, but considering that the enamel is one of the hardest substances known it is difficult to believe that rubbing the teeth every day for a lifetime with chalk could have much effect in injuring this extremely hard enamel. If there is a dense deposit of tartar on your teeth you had better have it removed by a dentist; if it is not sufficient for this leave it alone.—2. As regards your hair we cannot see what you have to complain of. It comes out, but as it increases afterwards, it is a change for the better. The hairs do not live forever; they grow old, comb out, and are replaced by other new ones.

**NELLIE.**—See the answer to "Beta" about your hair. Of course some of your hairs come out, it is but natural that they should. There is no reason to be uneasy about the matter.

**MARIE.**—An enlarged great-toe joint is almost for certain a bunion. You tell us that you have your boots made for you and that there is no pressure upon the joint. Are you certain of this? Are the tips of your toes drawn together by a misshapen point to your boot? It is not common for a bunion to form if your boots are correct in shape. To reduce the pain in a bunion bathing the part in warm water and applying some anodyne liniment, such as belladonna liniment are very useful. If this fails you had better see a surgeon about some further treatment.

**DREWRY.**—It is a difficult matter to give any suggestion as to how lispings may be remedied. There are specialists whose business it is to treat this condition, and we advise you to consult one of them about it. Their results unfortunately are not highly satisfactory, and indeed at your age cure can hardly be expected, unless your lispings is dependent upon some abnormal condition of the mouth.

**ALICE.**—From the description with which you furnish us we rather believe that you suffer from true asthma. You must not give up exercise, take a walk every day, but wrap yourself up warmly. Perhaps a chest-protector may do you good. As locality is of great importance in the treatment of asthma, change of residence, if that is possible, may do good. The ordinary "respirators" worn over the mouth have one advantage and one only, that is, that they prevent you from breathing through them. This is a great advantage, as under no circumstances, least of all if you suffer from respiratory troubles, should you breathe through your mouth. If you habitually breathe through your nose a mouth respirator is simply an ornament.

**LOUISE VALENTINE.**—Deafness following scarlet fever is usually due to a deflection of the ear itself and not of the nerve. The most common form is that in which there is a discharge from the ear. Another form (and from your description we think it is this that you suffer from) is that in which the drum becomes indrawn and hardened. This is indeed a difficult thing to treat. We should advise you to consult a specialist who will tell you what to expect, and if he thinks that your condition is amenable to treatment he will give you all necessary information.

**"DOMESTIC."**—To our knowledge there is no preparation that will remove hairs from the face.

**FRANK.**—The best preparation for the teeth is carbolic tooth powder or else a powder of the following composition:—R. pulv. iridis (orris root) 30 parts; pulv. sepiae (cuttle fish) 30 parts; pulv. saponis dur (hard soap) 30 parts; creta precip. (precipitated chalk) 20 parts; magnesii carbonatis, 240 parts; olei caryophylli (oil of cloves) 8 parts; atar of roses 1 part.

**MANCUNIAN.**—We are much pleased that you have asked your question, and we are still more pleased to be able to tell you that the fact that one of your other relatives has died of consumption need not interfere with your marriage. Of course, your father is your parent and as such, any diseases from which he suffered are not unlikely to be transmitted to you; but if you are perfectly healthy now and your other relatives are also healthy you need not worry yourself about your family history. After all, there are but few families who have not lost at least one member from tuberculosis. You will do well to tell your intended husband that your father died of consumption, but we think it exceedingly unlikely that he would break off your engagement on that account.

**18.8.**—We quite agree with your remark that babies under two years old do not need change of air if they are healthy. Most certainly you may take a child of two years old to the Malvern Hills if you desire to do so.

**LIGHT BLUE.**—Perhaps you use the peroxide of hydrogen too strong. It is anything but our experience that peroxide of hydrogen removes hairs.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**GOLDEN ROD.—1.** We do not know to whom you refer as a "gentleman," that, and the terms "lady" and "esquire" having been of late years diverted from their original meaning. If the person you wish to address be an attendant on the person of the sovereign, one holding the Royal Commission not below the rank of "Captain," or (by general concession) a Barrister-at-Law, Master of Arts, or Bachelor of Law or Physic, or by hereditary right, as the eldest and representative son of the younger son of a Peer in perpetual succession (in all other countries but England he would inherit the family title), then you would be guilty of a breach of etiquette in addressing him by letter as "Mr.," you should style him "Esquire." But thousands of real "gentlemen," so born, who, by courtesy are so called, have no legal claim to that title; but, after the old-fashioned and more correct style, should have "gentleman" placed after their name instead. This no one now does, and the legality of the question is little considered. "Esquire" is accorded to all gentlemen, professionals of the higher class, and the upper middle class generally.

—2. The guest takes the cup from the small silver salver (or plate) on which the servant hands it.

**NAN.**—Make the wall to be papered thoroughly wet, and strip or scrape off all the old paper, and when nearly dry, lay on a coat of size, on which the paper will adhere. In cutting the paper in lengths, take care that they be an inch, or at least half an inch longer than the part of the wall to be covered, and observe the pattern so as to match the connecting parts well. A paste of flour, and best of all eye-flour, is what should be laid on the back of the strips of paper with a broad flat brush. The flour should be mixed with cold water and stirred till thick and creamy, and then boil it; boiling will thicken it, so be careful. If too thick, add a little boiling water, also a little carbolic acid to preserve it from getting sour. A suitable brush will cost about 2s. 6d., and a long pair of scissors 1s. 6d. Two people should be employed, one pasting on a wide board or table, handing up to another on a ladder, as the paper must first be put up at the ceiling, and the person below draw the lengths into correct position. We gave an article on this subject in vol. iii.

**HELEN JACKSON (Mission, Tirhoot, India).**—We have read your letter with much interest, and are obliged by all your information. We regret, however, that we cannot assist you in the manner you suggest.

**HARRIET.—1.** A hostess should not on any account sit down until she has placed her guests in a comfortable chair, or on the sofa. When a lady comes into the room where you are paying a visit, you should certainly rise when she comes forward to greet you. We wonder you should need to be told this; it is only common politeness, not to say friendliness. We are supposing that you are not an old person, and the new arrival not a little young girl. In that case you may keep your seat, and give her an extra smile of recognition instead.

—2. We answer at once, but cannot say how soon paper will serve for its insertion.

**CINDERELLA.**—We do not believe that there exists any scientific reason by which a half-extinguished fire may be re-lit or revived by means of laying a poker across it. Dr. Johnson said he thought it a superstition of the dark ages; when people fancied the presence of evil spirits prevented the fire from burning properly, and that, laying the poker across the bars, made the sign of the cross, which acted as a charm to drive them away. If you wish to make a poor fire light up clear the ashes from below it, and place one or two thin pieces of coal standing upright one by another (the grain upright, not across horizontally) and they will light up like a candle.

**DAFODIL.**—See our answer to "Golden Rod," with reference to the title "Esqre." There is nothing to prevent your bowing to your brother's friend, if you have spoken to him.

**DAISY.**—There is no truth in the assertion that ivy growing on a house makes it damp; on the contrary, it acts as a waterproof, or umbrella to shoot the rain off the walls. But it should not be allowed to grow very heavy and thick in the stem, or it may injure the masonry. You must also remember that it harbours earwigs and spiders, and they will come in at your windows. On no account allow it to grow on your trees, for it absorbs all nourishment both at the root and trunk, and strangles it to death before long.

**HONEYMOON.**—1. Certainly an umbrella or parasol would be excellent presentations to a lady from a gentleman-friend, should circumstances render him privileged to make any presentations at all.—2. We never heard that an application of cold cream or milk to the face would "create superfluous hair."

**FORGET-ME-NOT.**—1. We know nothing of you personally, your acquirements, age, appearance, nor family circumstances; and have no idea of what you are capable of doing worth payment, or for which there is a demand.—2. We suppose you are in the habit of raising your eyebrows, and it is that trick that makes wrinkles in the forehead, besides giving a very silly, inane expression to the face.

**ECONOMY.**—Killing is very generally done at sewing-machine shops. We often tell our correspondents that although their questions may be answered at once, the replies may find no space free for a considerable time. We do not undertake to insert answers "next week," as you, and many say.

**DOLLY YARDEN.**—Were you under age when you engaged yourself to the young man? Four years is a long engagement, and it seems little creditable to break it off, contrary to his wishes. It was clearly a mistake in the first instance, but it would not be for the happiness of either to marry if you have ceased to care for him. Your difficulties might be lessened a little by making a confidant of some mutual friend, and get him or her to break the state of your feelings to him, and represent the unhappiness of a union under the circumstances; and he may volunteer to release you himself.

**MIC.**—We have lately given a recipe for making Good Friday cross buns. The recipe for making them "hot," is to put them in the oven.

**GRETA.**—The term "Pope" is only the Latin for "Father," and was commonly used in reference to all the bishops—not of Rome only—of the Western Church, and is in common use in the Eastern Church up to the present time. It by no means indicated all that the Supreme Pontiff of Rome claims under that title, in the early ages of Christianity; nor does it, as still employed, with reference to ordinary priests of the Russian and Greek Churches.

**IGNORAMUS.**—A man cannot enlist in the Royal Engineers as a mere private unless he be a skilled workman in some mechanical calling. Gentlemen enter as cadets by competition into the Royal Military Academy for a course of instruction in mathematics, mechanics, the theory and practice of construction, architectural drawing and modern languages. From the Academy they pass out with commissions. The pay, both of officers and men, is considerably higher than in line regiments. The Ordnance Survey has been entrusted to the corps, as well as special Government works; and the facilities for advancement are great. Many are stationed. But there are twenty battalions of Volunteer Engineers, and seven divisions of Volunteer Submarine Miners, besides one Railway Transport Corps. The person you name must have been a skilled mechanic to have got into this department of the army, even as a private or volunteer. Your handwriting is good.

**JOY.**—The language called *Erse*, to which Burns (the poet) alludes, means "Irish." It is a corruption of the term, formerly in use by the Scottish Lowlanders, instead of *Gaelic*, in allusion to the Irish origin of the Western Highlanders.

**WINNEY.**—Hampton Court Palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey, on the site of the ancient Manor House of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. Hyde Park was the ancient Manor of Hyde, and belonged to the Abbey of Westminster, and it became the property of the Crown after the dissolution in 1535. It is not a "People's Park."

**JESSICA MERRILL.**—1. June 26th, 1888, was a Saturday; and June 12th, 1881, was a Sunday.—2. See answer to "L. A. B.?" on previous page.

**MUSICIAN** had better inquire at a music-seller's as to work as a copyist. You should be able of course to transcribe into any key required. A band-master might have work for you, and you might obtain some addresses. If you knew any composer you would be likely to get employment; but your style of writing should be very good and clear, and exceedingly accurate. We have given your answers (and quite recently) to your question as to the pressing of flowers, than to any other query.

**UNE FILLE PENSIVE.**—If engaged all day in school-teaching we scarcely know what you could do to augment your income. Are you a quick good knitter? As you might supply a shop with children's socks; people might supply the cotton or woollen yarn and pay for the making. If you know any respectable "ready-made" shop proprietor you might state your object and get advice, and probably an order. You need a tonic.

**HOUSEKEEPER.**—The claim for what are called "Easter Offerings" is a strictly legal one, and can be recovered under the warrant of a statute before Justices of the Peace. It is, however, but a very small charge, at the rate only of twopence a head for every person in a parish of sixteen years old and upwards, through the master or mistress of the family. There is no injustice about the claim, it is an award made by the law to the incumbent. The Latin words on our coins, *Dei gratia*, means "by the grace of God," because "by Me kings reign" (Proverbs viii. 15 and 16).

**SIXTEEN.**—See our advice to "Margery Pratt." Your writing is legible but not pretty. You might make it more graceful, and what is meant by "lady-like," by sloping it the right way—from right to left.

**DELY.**—Certainly you are not too old to learn laundry-work. There is an excellent Technical Training School or college in Colquhitt Street, Liverpool, where classes are held in Laundry-work, Hon. Secretary, Miss F. L. Calder. Also at Leeds, 60, Albion Street, Secretary, Miss McCombe. At Manchester there is a school of domestic economy, South Parade, St. Mary's Street, Deansgate. Address, Miss Romley Wright, 9, Addison Terrace, Victoria Park, Manchester.

## THE WINDMILL.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN.



The white sails turning, turning,  
Under the darkening sky,  
With a wild impassioned yearning  
I watch the roses die,  
And one bright star is burning,  
With a steadfast gleam, on high.

And the silent dead are sleeping  
On the hillside bleak and bare,  
And the tired eyes are weeping  
For the treasure hidden there;  
But the Father-God is keeping  
Their white souls in His care.

And the great sails whitely gleaming  
In the moonlight calm and still,  
With their shadows darkly dreaming  
On the graves upon the hill,  
Like a word of idle seeming,  
Hiding thoughts of earnest will.

And I watch the moonlight creeping  
O'er the hillside bleak and bare;  
Will the angels at the reaping  
Find the young souls white and fair?  
Will they know where they are sleeping  
By the lilies growing there?

Comes a deep impassioned yearning  
For the noblest and the best,  
From the stars a lesson learning,  
Shining with a gentle zest;  
And the windmill turning, turning,  
Near the happy dead at rest.