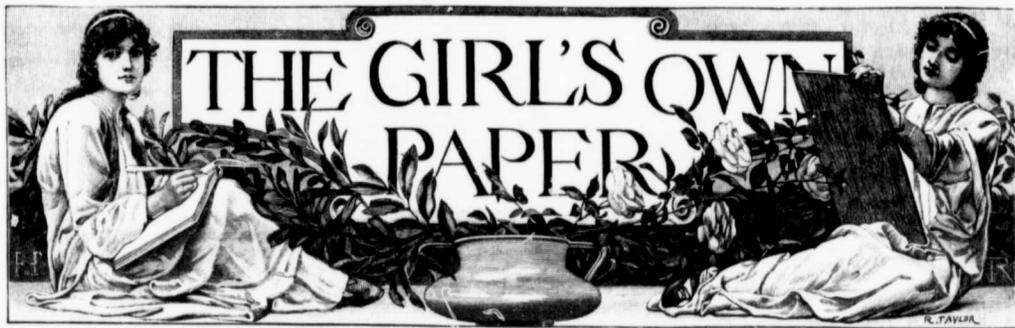




Girl's Own Paper.

WAITING FOR TEA.

London.



VOL. XIX.—No. 949.]

JANUARY 1, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

SHED no more tears upon the
lonely hearth,
Though night be gathering
round thy earthly way;
In the thick darkness of that
unknown path—
It shall be day!

There is no new philosophy to
dread,
Poor broken heart—why sit
and fret alone?
The slothful, and the craven
souls are dead—
The brave—live on!

It is not always night upon the
sea,
Though waves be dark, and
hearts are tired and worn,
Keep but thy vigil, and again,
for thee,
It shall be morn!

Lift up thy feeble hands unto
the skies,
Claim thy great kinship with
the Powers that be.
No humble effort of the brave
e'er dies
On land, or sea.

All rights reserved.



[From photo: Frau. Hofstaengl, Munich.]

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XIV.
THE FUNERAL.

IT was the day of the funeral, and Guy, who at Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt's earnest request, was remaining a few days longer, stood at the dining-room window with his hands in his pockets locking sadly out. He was waiting for Madge to come down, as he

wanted to ask her wishes about one or two details that he had been asked to see after.

Presently the door opened quietly, and he knew by the slow firm step that she had come.

He turned quickly and met her with outstretched hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fawcett," she said, touching his hand for a moment; then she sat down listlessly in an arm-chair.

She looked fearfully white and ill, and her face was drawn and haggard, but her lips were as firm as ever and her eyes as dry; she did not appear to have wept a single tear.

During the two days that followed that of the accident, she had been too prostrated to leave her room, but she had suffered no one to come near her except a favourite servant, and had scarcely opened her lips once.

On the third day she had appeared downstairs, and taken up her usual routine with a calmness that was worse to view than passionate grief, for there was with it an expression of such dumb, hopeless anguish, as wrung the hearts of all who saw her.

As she sat before Guy now, with the pallor of her face enhanced by her black dress, and her hands hanging heavily over the arms of the chair, his heart bled for her, and for the first time in his life he stood face to face with an overwhelming sorrow.

"I hope you feel a little better to-day," he began, in a voice of earnest commiseration, longing to say more, yet painfully conscious of his awkwardness in sympathising.

"Yes, thank you," she replied,

apathetically, and continued to look straight before her with a steady, aimless gaze.

"I suppose you know the funeral will be at two o'clock this afternoon?" he continued quietly.

She started a little, but only replied in the same manner. "Is it? No, I hadn't heard, but I supposed it would be some time to-day."

"You will of course be present?" he said inquiringly.

"No"—and she shuddered. "I—I—have decided not to go."

He looked surprised. "Don't you think your father will be disappointed?" he asked.

"He will not be surprised; he has known me too long."

"But surely it will look very strange; you must have been seen out yesterday."

"That wouldn't affect me in the least," she replied, with a touch of scorn.

Still Guy hesitated. "It doesn't seem natural for you not to go," he said, a little nervously.

"Nothing is particularly natural about me," she answered. "I have made up my mind not to go."

She looked down at the floor, then continued, with a sudden, unlooked-for warmth in her manner—

"I have been reading through the service, and I couldn't bear to hear it. If I stood there quietly, while the clergyman read 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord,' and again, 'We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world,' I should be acting a lie and lending myself to a farce. The clergyman may say 'It is well,' and all about him acquiesce, but I, in my heart, should say, 'It is not well for me!'"

She grew more roused and sat upright, grasping the arms of her chair tightly.

"I loathe farces," she said, intoxicated with misery and blinded with passion, "I am sick of pretence—the world is choked with it."

Guy knit his forehead in perplexity, and looked hard out of the window. He wanted to say something to help her, but had no idea how to set about it. He had never thought about these things at all, much less probed into the heart of them, but for all that, her words sounded harshly on his ears.

"I don't know," he said at last, "I'm not clever enough to reason with you, but somehow I don't feel like that about it. I think you would be happier if you could take things more on trust a bit."

He rose from the table, upon which he was half sitting, and walked to the window with a grave thoughtful expression on his face, that had seldom indeed rested there before. When he again turned to her she had gone.

Late that evening, when the stars were already shining in the sky and the moon had thrown its silvery light over all the sleeping earth, a tall slender figure, with a white drawn face and black garments, glided out of the Manor House and down the garden towards the little churchyard.

Guy was taking an evening stroll, and when he saw her, he turned and followed, for since that evening when he carried her in his arms from the chamber of death, he had claimed a right of protection towards her.

In the clear light he saw her hurry across the grass to where, in a quiet corner, were two grave-stones, and beside them a new-made mound. Then he drew back into the shadow and waited, lest she should again be overcome and need his help. He saw her kneel down in the grass and lean wearily against the larger of the white stones, then he turned away.

For twenty minutes he waited, then fearing ill-effects to her exhausted nature from the exposure to the night air, he stepped out from the shadow and approached her.

She started when she saw him, but made no remark on his presence, merely rising and turning to him.

"I was afraid you had forgotten the grass was damp," he began, half apologetically. "Hadh't you better come in now?"

She bowed her head in mute acquiescence and began to move away. After going a few paces, she stopped, and, turning again, said in a strange low voice—

"See, I have three graves now. On Sunday I told you I had no friends, only two graves. Now I have three graves, and neither mother, brother nor friend."

She hesitated a moment, and taking her listless hand in his, he said—

"Couldn't you look upon me as a friend now? I know I should only be a poor one, but perhaps better than none."

"You," she said, looking at him without seeing him—"yes, Jack loved you; of course you cannot be just nobody to me. Only think," she went on, looking once again at the quiet, moon-lit corner, "how many people have nothing in the world they really care for but two or three graves. Isn't it dreadful! I wish I could help them. I can't bear to think of anyone feeling as I do"—and a sob broke from her.

For answer he drew her arm through his, and led her back to the house.

That night he made a resolution, which seemed to him both natural and right, and two evenings later, in the same hallowed spot, he put it into words. He took Madge's unresisting hands into his, and said in a firm, manly voice: "Miss Harcourt, I have

something to say to you, will you listen to me?"

She motioned to him to go on, and the light in her eyes was softer and her whole manner more natural, so that he was emboldened in what he had undertaken.

"I want to know how you propose to live through the weeks and months to come," he said, "without the one thing which made your life seem worth living to you?"

"I shall not live, I shall only exist," she said, with intense bitterness; "and if I hope at all, it will be for the end."

"Yes, that is just what I expected!" he exclaimed earnestly, "and it will nearly kill you. I can't bear to leave you to it any more than Jack could have done. I only know of one way to help you, and that is to let me do the best I can to take Jack's place."

She looked at him with a strange wonder in her eyes.

"I don't understand," she said. "No one could ever take Jack's place."

"Not very successfully, I know, but perhaps better than nothing. If you will trust me, I will do everything a man could to make your burden lighter. Don't you see," and he pressed nearer to her, "there is but little chance for you to get away from here now, and if it was bad before, it will be infinitely worse now. But if you will trust yourself to me, we can go right away, anywhere you like, and it will not be so hard."

"How—I don't understand?" and she looked at him with bewilderment.

"I thought," he said nervously, "that if you would marry me—not now," he added quickly, as blank astonishment spread over her face, "but by-and-by.

It would give me the right to take care of you in Jack's place, and give you something to hope about and look forward to. I think perhaps Jack would have wished it."

"Marry you?" she repeated incredulously.

"Yes, why not? I know I'm only a commonplace fellow, and not half clever enough or good enough for you; but I'll leave nothing undone that could possibly make you happier and help you to forget your loss."

"But I don't love you," she said, "I never even thought of such a thing."

"No, I didn't suppose you did; but I don't think that need make so very much difference. We both loved Jack so well and that would be a firm bond between us. I don't think either of us is the sort to fall madly in love at any time. If we were both content with affection and mutual trust, it would be all right, and I am certain it would be better for you than staying on here, growing harder every day."

"I see," she said slowly, "you are prepared to make a sacrifice for Jack's sake and a little for mine."

"No—indeed no! You can't call it a sacrifice. I'm awfully fond of you, Madge. I never met a girl before that I liked half so well. I feel as if I could do anything for you."

"For Jack's sake," she put in quietly.

"No—for your own sake."

"It is very good of you," she said, looking on the ground, "but it is quite out of the question. I couldn't dream of burdening you with anyone such as I. You don't know in the least what I am. I know you are only fond of me because you are sorry for me, and what regard I have for you is chiefly because you were

Jack's friend and you have been kind since—since the accident. Either feeling might die and that would wreck your happiness. In any case my sorrow will cling about me, perhaps always, and why should I overshadow your life with it? No, no, I am not such a selfish monster as that. Please don't allude to it again. There is no room for love of that kind in my life at all and I don't want it. My heart is, and always will be there," and she looked towards the new-made mound beside the two shining gravestones.

"I know that," he said; "I have thought it all out, and I still think it would be better for you to come to me and let me take care of you. I never thought of being in love or marrying before; I was too contented as I was, but now I am sure I would rather marry you than any other woman I have met, and I feel certain I could make you happier. I will not ask you to love me passionately; only to be fond of me and let me take care of you."

But she turned away sorrowfully.

"No, no," she said, "your plan is a fearfully rash one, born of an over-generous impulse; you must forget it at once. You will feel different when you are back in town, and for me—I have told you my heart is in Jack's grave; it cannot make any difference where I am or what I do."

Then, without waiting for another word, she glided away from him, and he did not see her again.

Early the next morning he left for London, and—shall it be said?—there was something dangerously like relief in his heart, because she had refused to listen to his plan.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

SPECTACLES IN FASHION.

In Spain, during the seventeenth century, the wearing of spectacles by both sexes was a mark of social eminence. Although they were not necessary, many kept them on while eating or attending public functions—such as theatres, concerts and bull-fights—so that the owners might demand respect from those of the lower orders, with whom they might be compelled to come in contact.

The size of the spectacles was a matter of important consideration, just as carriages and men-servants are nowadays. As people's fortunes increased so did the dimensions of their spectacles. The Countess d'Aulnoy assures us that some of the spectacles she had seen worn by the grondees were as large as her head.

ABSENT-MINDED.—Some remarkable instances of absence of mind in great men have been recorded. A Dutchman seems recently to have surpassed anything of the kind yet perpetrated. He is a widower, and he presented himself one day last spring at the Registrar's in a little village near Amsterdam to give notice of his intended marriage. On being asked the name of the bride, however, he declared he could not remember it, and he had to be sent away in order that he might get the desired information.

TALES TOLD BY WRINKLES.

A careful observer informs us that one's history can be largely told by wrinkles. Horizontal lines across the forehead are found even in children who are rickety or idiots, and being out in the sun with the eyes unshaded will produce them permanently, but they are natural at forty or earlier.

Vertical lines between the eyes denote thought and study, since deep concentration contracts the eyebrows; grief and worry produce the same effect, and, frequently repeated, either leaves a permanent fold in the skin.

Arched wrinkles just above the nose indicate extreme suffering, either mental or physical.

The earliest wrinkles of all and the most unavoidable are those which run from either side of the nostril down to the mouth, and these are produced by smiling and even the motion of the jaws in masticating.

WEDDING-DAY SUPERSTITIONS.—It used to be thought by the superstitious that to try on a wedding-ring before the ceremony was unpropitious. If the shaking hand of the bridegroom dropped this symbol of love in the act of putting it on the bride's finger it was held that the ceremony had better be stopped then and there. To lose it was prophetic of evil, and to remove it after it was placed on the finger was unlucky.

A TALE OF A BANK-NOTE.

About the beginning of this century, a Bank-of-England five-pound note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary course of business. On holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, the cashier saw some faint red marks upon it.

Examining them closely, he traced some half-effaced words between the printed lines and upon the margin of the note, written apparently in blood. After a long and minute scrutiny he made out the words—

"If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers."

The merchant immediately communicated with Mr. Dean, and he lost no time in bringing the matter before the Government. Inquiries were set on foot, and the unfortunate man was discovered and ransomed.

He had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when the message he had traced with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood reached the Liverpool counting-house.

Liberty, however, we regret to add, came too late; the privations and hardships of the galleys had sapped his strength, and although he was brought home to England, it was but to die.

A NEW TREATMENT OF EMBROIDERED CURTAINS.

ANYONE taking up such an undertaking as the embroidery of a pair of curtains should try to get hold of a design that will be effective when worked, and, at the same time, not occupy too large a slice of one's leisure in carrying out. It is so often noticed that many works are begun and never completed because the interest evaporates owing to the long time occupied in completing them. I am going to direct the reader's attention to a method of embroidery in flax on a plain woollen material, and, for the design, I give one which repeats itself at regular intervals, very much as a wall-paper does, so that when a number of the repeats are wrought, such as would be the case in a large curtain, a "busy" and rich effect is produced, suggesting a great deal more work than has actually been expended upon it. This is what I term producing the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort. There are of course occasions when one can take up a piece of work, regardless of the time occupied in completing it—a work which shall show our patience as well as

double economy to use it. I have seen flax used with considerable effect by the Donegal peasants, who embroider their own woollen frieze with it. Their work can be seen in London in Wigmore Street.

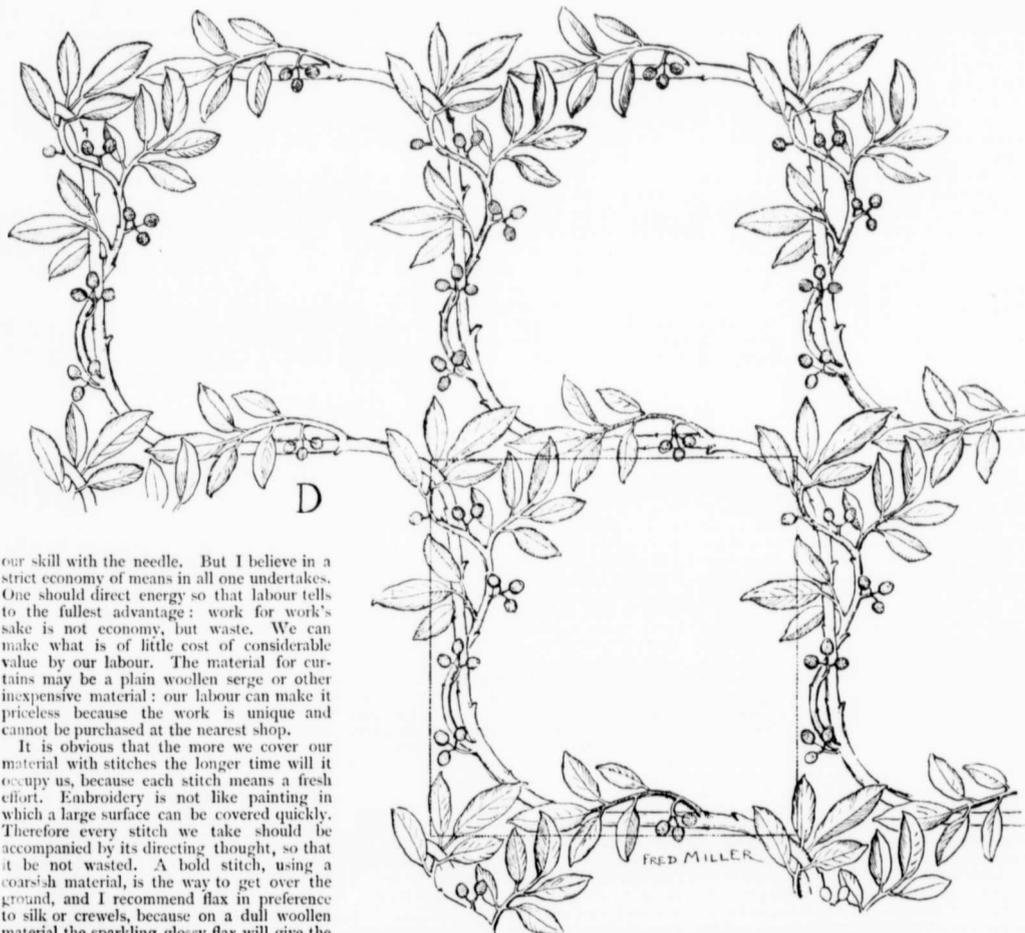
If we embroider a woollen material in worsted we don't get that relief by contrast that we do if we use a sparkling material like flax or silk. That is the reason silk is used to touch up and give accent to crewels; but if we use flax as I am advocating, the whole of our needlework is in contrast to the material wrought upon.

Then again, with flax great variety of colour is obtained by the direction the stitches take, though the same coloured flax be used, for the lustrous nature of flax catches the light and you get the same sort of quality as cutting glass gives that. Flax in fact is in appearance like spun glass.

I have taken the trouble to give details of the design in A, B and C to show how the stitches are to be taken. Thus, in working the fruits, take the stitches across each one at a slightly

different angle, for you will find if you do that each fruit will appear to be in a different shade of colour, though the same coloured flax be used; because flax shows a different tint as the light strikes it at various angles. Thus the stitches taken perpendicularly will appear a different colour to those taken horizontally.

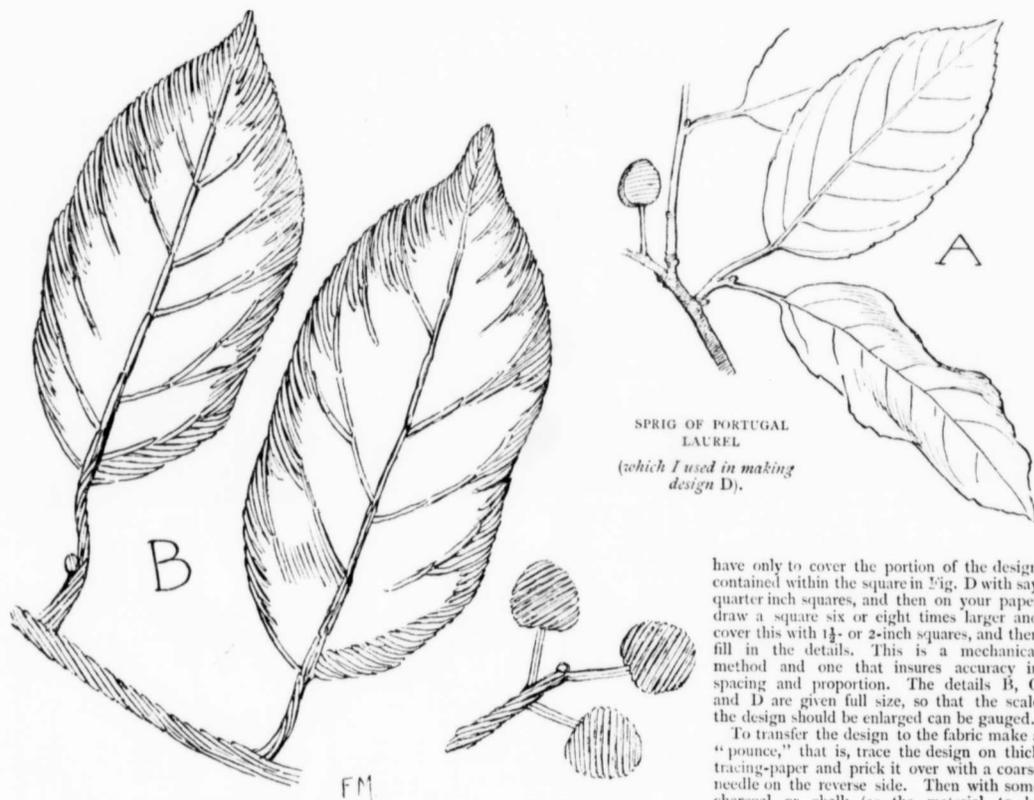
In the leaves I have shown that these are not to be worked all over, which would greatly add to the time occupied in working out our scheme, but in patches—if I may use the term—following the direction of the veins. You will be surprised at the varied effect you will obtain on a large surface by working the leaves in this way. Where one leaf comes over another the upper one can be in little more than outline while those below can be nearly solid. This method is what I term letting the stitches "play" about, and it gives work a sparkle and lessens the tendency to the mechanical, which is in all work such a desideratum; and the saving of time is enormous to what must be expended where every part of the design is worked solidly.



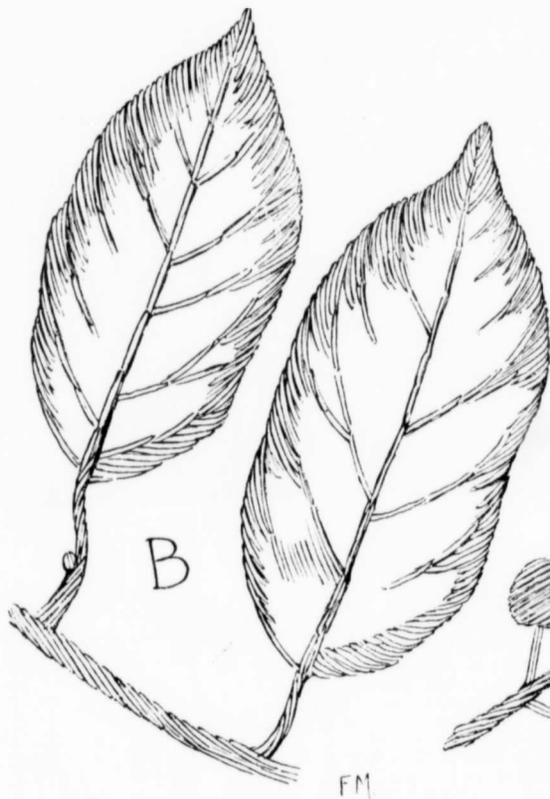
our skill with the needle. But I believe in a strict economy of means in all one undertakes. One should direct energy so that labour tells to the fullest advantage: work for work's sake is not economy, but waste. We can make what is of little cost of considerable value by our labour. The material for curtains may be a plain woollen serge or other inexpensive material: our labour can make it priceless because the work is unique and cannot be purchased at the nearest shop.

It is obvious that the more we cover our material with stitches the longer time will it occupy us, because each stitch means a fresh effort. Embroidery is not like painting in which a large surface can be covered quickly. Therefore every stitch we take should be accompanied by its directing thought, so that it be not wasted. A bold stitch, using a coarsish material, is the way to get over the ground, and I recommend flax in preference to silk or crewels, because on a dull woollen material the sparkling glossy flax will give the work brilliancy by contrast, flax being coarser than silk, as well as infinitely cheaper, it is a

REPEATING DESIGN FOR OUTLINE EMBROIDERY IN FLAX,
FOR CURTAINS OR HANGINGS.



SPRIG OF PORTUGAL
LAUREL
(which I used in making
design D).



Detail of D showing "way" of stitches, and how the leaves should be treated.

Reference to the detail C shows that the main stems which support the design are to be outlined only, though a little thought here will prevent this being mechanically done, for we can give the effect of knots or short twigs by thickening the outline in places.

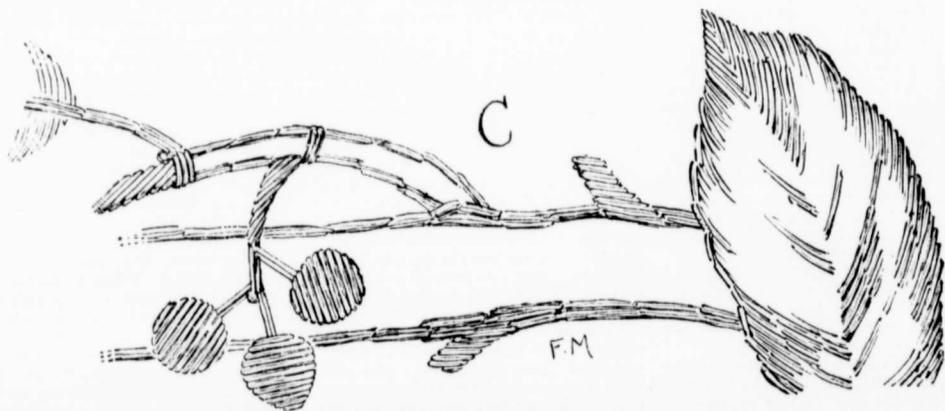
Now let us turn to the design itself and see how the repeat is accomplished. The whole of the design is contained within a square, as

will be seen, for I have marked off a square to show this. If the design overlaps or is carried beyond the square to the right, allowance must be made for this portion on the left, so that in designing this class of pattern we draw a square and scheme out our design in the way I have shown. A wall paper or cretonne might be taken and adapted, or the design I give could be enlarged by "squaring." You

have only to cover the portion of the design contained within the square in Fig. D with say quarter inch squares, and then on your paper draw a square six or eight times larger and cover this with $1\frac{1}{2}$ - or 2-inch squares, and then fill in the details. This is a mechanical method and one that insures accuracy in spacing and proportion. The details B, C and D are given full size, so that the scale the design should be enlarged can be gauged.

To transfer the design to the fabric make a "pounce," that is, trace the design on thick tracing-paper and prick it over with a coarse needle on the reverse side. Then with some charcoal or chalk (as the material to be worked is light or dark) tied up in a muslin bag rub over the pricked design on the right side; this will give you an impression, but you had better go over it with a little colour or soft pencil, as the powder will rub off in the working.

In selecting the colours to work in regard must be had to the material you work upon, but do not be too naturalistic, for you are not painting a bit from nature in which truth of representation is the first consideration, but working out a design. Arrange, therefore, a



Detail of design D showing the "way" the stitches should be taken.

scheme of colour. If your material is a reddish brown, then you might work the design in tones of yellow and grey; if green, in tones of warm light brown or reds. Keep the main stems running at the back of the design in more neutral colours so that they do not obtrude themselves and interfere with the leaves, or else in a distinct colour. Thus, if you are working on a light material, then the stems should be darker than the leaves, say a quiet brown with leaves in reds and yellows; or you might, for the sake of getting further relief, work the stems in crewels and the leaves in flax. There are many little variations of this kind that may be introduced with considerable effect which you must think out for yourself.

Always keep nature before you, and to emphasise this remark I have drawn a sprig of Portugal laurel with its berry, as in making the design I had the growth of this plant before me to keep me up to the mark. Nature keeps our work virile and free from the mechanical, and you cannot refer to her too often. To get the swing and nervous quality into

one's work can only come of a study of nature.

As a border to our curtain I have drawn Fig. E, one founded upon a peacock feather, while the spaces to the right and left are occupied by conventional representations of moths. As you will see I have avoided plant form altogether in this border, as I wanted a contrast to the foliage filling. This plan of making one part of the design contrast with that next to it should always be followed. If you had a flower painting to frame you wouldn't choose a frame with representations of flowers upon it, which would interfere with your painting, but some plain or distinctly ornamental pattern to contrast with the picture and throw it into prominence. The same holds good with embroidery. Your borders should be like a frame to a picture.

In some subsequent articles will be given some quite new designs for borders.

The border E might be worked either in tones of raw sienna, Roman ochre and yellow, or in turquoise blues and greens.

FRED MILLER.

SISTERS THREE.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

DURING the next few days the girls could not help noticing a peculiar contradiction in their father's manner towards themselves. He was alternately demonstratively affectionate, and unreasonably irritable. He snubbed Norah's performance on the violin, scolded Lettice because she was wearing white dresses instead of her old blue serge, and called attention to flaws in the housekeeping in a manner which sent the iron into Hilary's soul. And then, when a chance meeting occurred on landing or stair, he would throw his arms round them and kiss them over and over again with passionate tenderness.

"Something is happening, but I haven't the remotest idea what it is," said Norah to her sisters, and it added to their curiosity to notice that Miss Carr was openly amused at their father's demeanour, while he was as evidently embarrassed by her quizzical smiles.

Mr. Bertrand had decided to say nothing of Miss Carr's invitation until that lady had made her final choice; but when the third day came he could restrain himself no longer, and taking the girls aside he proceeded to inform them of the new life which was before one of their number. The news was received in characteristic fashion. Hilary stood in silence, thinking deeply, with drawn, anxious brows; Lettice promptly burst into tears, and clung round her father's arm, and Norah blurted out a dozen contradictory speeches.

"How horrid of her! I won't go! I should hate to leave you all. It's very kind. . . . The best masters! It would be lovely, of course, but— Oh, dear, whom will she choose?"

"I couldn't leave home, father. Who would look after the house? It would be impossible for Lettice to do the housekeeping. Miss Carr knows me

best. I should love it if it were not for leaving home."

"I don't want to go! I don't want to leave you. Oh, father, father, I'd be so homesick! Don't let me go!"

Mr. Bertrand stroked Lettice's golden locks, and looked on the point of breaking down himself.

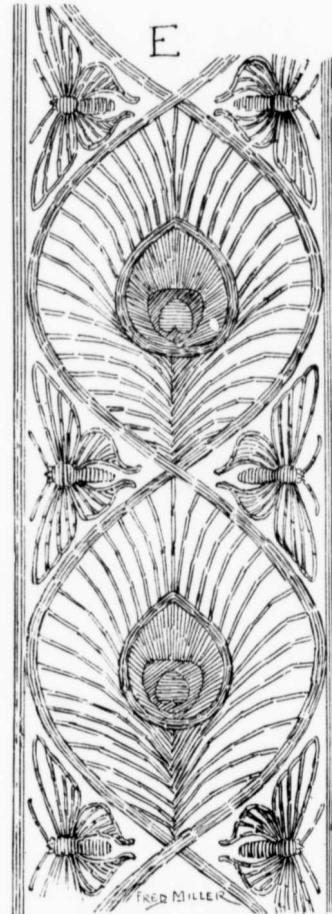
"Whichever of you Miss Carr chooses will have to go," he said slowly. "I have promised as much, and I think it will be for the best. I shall be in town every two or three months, and she will come home for Christmas and the summer holidays, so that it will not be a desperate matter. Don't cry, my pet; you are only one of three remember; it is by no means certain that Miss Carr would have you, even if you begged to go. Perhaps I should not have said anything about it, but it was on my mind, and I was bound to speak. London is a fascinating place. It is the centre of the world—it is the world; you will find many compensations."

"I shall see a great deal of Mr. Rayner. I'm sure he will choose me. It's only fair. I'm the eldest, and she knows me best," thought Hilary to herself.

"I should go to the Royal College of Music, learn from the best masters, and play at the concerts," thought Norah. "I wonder if it would stop Edna's lessons! I should feel mean if it did that, and I do enjoy going over every fortnight and having fun at the Manor!"

Lettice sobbed on her father's shoulder, and tried to smother the thought that it would be "nice" to know grand people, and drive in the park dressed in pretty, fashionable clothes.

Very little more was said on the subject. The girls were shy of revealing their secret thoughts, and Mr. Bertrand was already beginning to repent the confidence which had had the effect of damping their high spirits.



DESIGN FOR BORDER TO CURTAIN OR HANGINGS.

"We must get up an excursion of some kind to-morrow, or we shall all be in the blues," he said to himself, and when tea-time arrived he had all the plans cut and dried.

"A char-a-banc will be at the door at half-past ten to-morrow, good people. We will drive over to Grassmere and lunch at the Rothay. It is convenient for the churchyard and the gingerbread shop, and they have a good garden. We can lounge about in the afternoon, and get back here for a late dinner. There will be eight of us, and the char-a-banc holds twelve, so we shall have plenty of room."

"Oh, father, Rex and Edna! Do let us ask them! There is time to send a letter to-night, and we could pick them up at the cross-roads. Oh, father!"

"Oh, Norah! Certainly, my dear, ask your friends if you wish. I shall be pleased to have them," and Norah rushed off in delight to scribble her note of invitation.

When the char-a-banc came to the

door the next morning, Hilary busied herself looking after the storage of cloaks, cushions, camp-stools, and various little etceteras which would add to the comfort of the excursion. She looked a very attractive little mistress of the ceremonies as she bustled about, with a sailor hat on her head and the nattiest little brown shoes in the world peeping out from beneath the crisp, white, pique skirts. Hilary was one of the fortunate people who seemed to have been born tidy, and to have kept so ever since. The wind which played havoc with Norah's locks never dared to take liberties with her glossy coils; the nails which tore holes in other people's garments politely refrained from touching hers, and she could walk through the muddiest streets and come home without a speck upon boots or skirt.

Mr. Rayner leant on his crutches and watched her active movements with the wistful glance which was so often seen upon his face. Hilary knew that for the thousandth time he was chafing at his own inability to help, and made a point of consulting him on several points by way of proving that there were more ways than one in which he could be of service.

"I don't know. In the front—in the back; put them where you like. Are you going to sit beside me?" he replied hurriedly, and with an undisguised eagerness which brought the flush of pleasure into the girl's cheek.

"Oh, yes, I should like to!"

Hilary stood still in a little glow of exultation. The last few days had been delightful with their experiences of loathing, driving, and boating, but the coach-drive along the lovely roads, side by side with Mr. Rayner, able to point out each fresh beauty as it appeared, and to enjoy a virtual *tête-à-tête* for the whole of the way—that was best of all! And he had chosen her as his companion before Lettice, before Norah, before any one of the party! The thought added largely to her satisfaction.

As Miss Carr refused point-blank to take the box-seat, Mr. Bertrand insisted that it should be taken by the other visitor. Hilary advanced to the ladder, therefore, and was about to climb up to the high seat, when she turned back with an expression of anxious inquiry.

Mr. Rayner stood immediately behind, but his "Please go on!" showed that he understood her hesitation, and was annoyed at the suggestion of help. She seated herself therefore and tried in vain to look at ease while he followed. For two or three steps he managed to support himself on his crutches with marvellous agility; on the fourth they slipped, and if he had not been seized from behind by Mr. Bertrand and pulled forward by Hilary's outstretched hand, he must have had a serious fall. Hilary literally dare not look at his face for the first ten minutes of the drive. With an instinctive understanding of another person's feeling which was a new experience to this self-engrossed little lady, she realised that he would be smarting beneath the consciousness of having made himself an object of general commiseration. Whatever happened, he must not think that she was pitying him.

She racked her brain to think of something to say, some amusing stories to tell.

"I wish we were going on a coach instead of a char-a-banc. I love to see the drivers in their white hats and red coats, and to hear the horns blowing. There is something so cheerful about a horn! We are getting to know all the drivers quite well now. I say 'getting to know,' because it takes quite three years to know a north countryman. They are so terribly reserved! Last year I was on the box seat of a coach sitting next to the driver whom we knew best of all. There were some American ladies behind who kept worrying him with questions all the while. 'Driver, will you show us Wordsworth's house?' 'Driver, you won't forget Wordsworth's house?' 'Driver, he's you passed Wordsworth's house?' He just sat like a statue and took no notice whatever. Poor man, I wonder how many thousand times he has been asked those questions! One of the horses had bandages round his front leg, and at last I said—I believe I was trying to show off a little bit, you know, just to let them see how polite he would be with me—I said, 'Oh, Robert, why has the off leader got gaiters on to-day?' His face was just as blank as if I had never spoken. We drove along in silence for about ten minutes, while I got hotter and hotter. Then he cleared his throat deliberately, and said, 'Well, in the first place—he needs 'em! and in the second place—he likes 'em! and in the third place—he can't do without 'em!' I felt so small!"

A forced "Humph!" being the only reception which the story received, Hilary braced herself to fresh efforts. Two or three experiences of North country manners were suggested by the last; she related them in her liveliest manner, and even forced herself to laugh merrily at the conclusion. "So funny, wasn't it? Don't you think it was good?" The char-a-banc had now reached Bowness, and, for the first time, she ventured a glance into her companion's face. He met her eyes and smiled, the slow, sweet smile that transformed his expression.

"I know some one who is good," he said, meaningly. "You have talked yourself out of breath trying to drive away the evil spirit. It's too bad! I am ashamed of my own stupidity!"

"I wish," began Hilary eagerly, and stopped short as suddenly as she had begun.

"You wish? Yes, what is it? Tell me, do! I want to hear—"

Hilary paused for a moment and turned her head over her shoulder. A reassuring clatter of voices came to her ear. Rex, Norah, and Lettice, chattering away for their lives, and Edna's soft laughter greeting each new joke. The young folks were too much taken up with their own conversation to have any attention to spare for the occupants of the box seat. She could speak without fear of being overheard.

"I wish you would try not to be so cross with yourself for being lame!"

Mr. Rayner winced in the old, pained manner, but the next moment he began to smile.

"'Cross'! That's a curious way of expressing it. How am I cross?"

"Oh, always—every way! Every time it is alluded to in the most distant way, you flare up and get angry. You have snubbed me unmercifully three or four times."

"I have snubbed you? I!" He seemed overcome with consternation. "Miss Hilary, what an accusation. I have never felt anything but sincerest gratitude for your sympathy—I suppose I am stupid. I ought to be hardened to it by this time, but after being so strong, so proud of my strength, it is a bitter pill to find myself handicapped like this—a burden to everybody."

"You have been with us now for nearly a week, and there have only been two occasions on which you have seemed any different from another man, and each time," said Hilary, with unflinching candour, "it has been entirely your own fault! You would not let yourself be helped when it was necessary. If I were in your place I would say to myself, 'I am lame! I hate it, but whether I hate it or not, it's the truth. I am lame! and everybody knows it as well as I do. I won't pretend that I can do all that other people do, and if they want to be kind and help me, I'll let them, and if they don't offer, I'll ask them! Whatever happens, I am not going to do foolish, rash things which will deceive nobody, and which may end in making me lazier than ever!' And then I'd try to think as little about it as I could, and get all the happiness that was left!"

"Oh, wise young judge!" sighed Mr. Rayner sadly. "How easy it is to be resigned for another person. But you are quite right; don't think that I am disputing the wisdom of what you say. I should be happier if I faced the thing once for all, and made up my mind as to what I can and cannot do. Well, Miss Carr told me her plans last night. If you come to London you must keep me up to the mark. I shall hope to see a great deal of you, and if you find me attempting ridiculous things, such as that ladder business to-day, you must just—what is it I am supposed to have done?—'snub' me severely as a punishment."

Hilary smiled with two-fold satisfaction. So Mr. Rayner agreed with her in believing that Miss Carr's choice was practically certain. The prospect of living in London grew more and more attractive as the various advantages suggested themselves, and she was full of delicious anticipations.

"Oh, I will," she said merrily. "I am glad that I did not know you before you were ill, because I see no difference now, and I can do it more easily. I think I am like the Mouse; I like you better for being different from other people. She spent a whole morning searching for twigs in the garden, and now all her dolls are supplied with crutches."

"Dear little mortal! I never met a sweeter child," cried Mr. Rayner, and the conversation launched off to treat of Geraldine and her pretty ways.

(To be continued.)



EVENING PRAYER.

AN EVENING HYMN.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening."—*Luke xxi. 29.*

SINKS the sun in solemn splendour,
Gather fast the shades of night,
For the sombre hue of evening
Day has changed her golden light.
Wearied with the work Thou gavest,
Feebly done, yet done for Thee;
Lo! I kneel for benediction,
Bless me, Saviour—even me.

Gone the day beyond recalling,
Gone its hours—its minutes fled,
Gone the deeds that can't be cancelled,
Words that cannot be unsaid.
Lowly bending at Thy footstool
This my vesper prayer shall be:—
For all sins a full forgiveness
Grant me, Saviour—even me.

Though the sun in solemn splendour
Sinks before the shades of night,
Thou art still the ever-wakeful,
Sleeping not in gloom or light.
Keep me now from sins of darkness,
Make my thoughts—my dreams of Thee;
In Thine arms in safety sleeping,
Keep me, Saviour—even me.

When the sombre hue of evening
Gathers o'er life's closing day,
May the heavenly guards Thou sendest
Hover near me while I pray.
Then, at last, when angel-voices
Call my spirit back to Thee,
To the day that knows no evening
Take me, Saviour—even me.



GOLD OR ALUMINIUM.

By S. A. AGASSIZ.

"Moments make the year, and trifles life."

THE bright June sunshine was streaming into the noble old Gothic church of St. Lawrence at Alkmaar, one Sunday morning, 1895, its cheerful rays lighting up the immense chancel, now dis-used and bare, and empty save for the tomb of Count Florian V. of Holland, at the east end, and the gaily decorated choir-organ against the north wall.

In the nave was the amphitheatre-like arrangement of seats so common in Dutch churches; the splendid organ was placed up in the west gallery and the three-decker pulpit against a pillar below; the walls were white-washed and the lofty windows destitute of stained glass; nevertheless, the burghers were proud of their church, and justly so.

The attention of the younger members of the congregation had wandered grievously, long ere the pastor had finished his learned and extempore sermon of an hour's length, and sat down in the pulpit with the air of a man taking his well-earned rest, whilst his people joined heart and soul in the closing hymn, a slow solemn strain, lacking perhaps in culture, but soul-stirring in its heartfelt devotion. Even pretty Anna Hensch forgot for a time the glories of her new dress and joined in it fervently.

"Good-morning, Jungvrouw Anna," observed a voice behind her as she mingled with the out-going stream. "What an eloquent discourse Mynheer Schneevogt gave us to-day."

"Oh, the dear good man, why does he preach such long dreary sermons," responded she lightly. "I wonder you listen, Mynheer Jansen."

Now if Mynheer Jansen had been, like the youth in Longfellow's poem, of a romantic turn of mind, he would have replied—

"Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee."

But being only a sober-minded Dutchman, he changed the subject by saying—

"So you go to the Leyden *fête* to-morrow; there is every appearance of its being a wet day."

Hapless Mynheer, although most deeply in love with Anna Hensch, he generally bored or irritated her whenever they met. This calm prophesy of evil exasperated the fair Anna, who had been looking forward to the outing for months past.

Down, down in the scales went honest Mynheer Willem Jansen, and up went a certain Adriaen Dorrepaal, student of the University of Leyden. For two years now had she, the only and much indulged daughter of her widowed mother, wavered between these two suitors for her hand; prudent, prosperous Hert Jansen, with his well-established business; and the wild, extravagant young cousin Adriaen afore-mentioned, who had but little money, and no inclination at all to settle down to any occupation in the future.

For neither had Anna any deep affection; sometimes the idea of being mistress of a large house, with plenty of money to spend, inclined her seriously towards Mynheer Willem, whose sterling worth, in her secret heart she well knew far out-balanced the more showy qualities of Adriaen.

But then Adriaen was so amusing and so

handsome, and so uncluey, poor Adriaen; everyone but herself blamed him for idleness and folly; if she deserted him he should despair, so he declared, and so time went on and found her still undecided.

In the meantime Mynheer Jansen had escorted the offended Anna to the inn and assisted her into the quaint gaily-painted chariot which her father and grandfather had used before her. The sturdy horse trotted off along the straight level road paved with clinkers, and lined with trees planted exactly the same distance from each other, which led to the village of Binnen; a typical Dutch road, bordered on either side by dykes which prevented the black-and-white cattle from straying from their pastures.

The Hensch's house, with three rows of trees planted squarely around it, stood in a trim garden; the high sloping roof was partly thatched, partly tiled, the walls were spotlessly white save for a bright blue dado about three feet in height; the trees were also adorned with dados—valued as being washable—and even the farmyard animals were as clean as if daily scrubbed. Entrance was gained by a drawbridge over the dyke, and in describing one house, with trifling alterations, I have described the village.

The opening day of the Leyden *fête* *

* Held in commemoration of the founding of the University by William III. of Orange, 1622. Some of the student-corps assume the names and costumes of various historical personages connected with the town at that period, not only Dutch, but English, French and German. The honour of representing Prince Maurits, William's son, falling on the richest student, as the expense of "bossing" the week's *fête* is simply enormous.

dawned bright and clear, and the Hensch family was only one amongst the many who gathered at Alkmaar station. There stood Mynheer Jansen, with his usual good-humoured smile, and armed with a monster horn-handled bottle-green umbrella.

"Observe, mein Jungjuffrouw Anna, that I take my family motto for my guide, '*In omnia paratus*' am I."

Jungjuffrouw Anna's answer was merely a disdainful glance as she flitted by, but her coldness was amply atoned for by the effusion of Mevrouw Hensch's greetings, for she naturally favoured the well-to-do suitor.

Happily the journey to Leyden is a short one, and conspicuous amongst the crowd of students who had come to meet their friends was Cousin Adriaen. Here indeed was an escort to be proud of, and homely Mynheer Willem, in his sober brown suit, might retire to his proper place, i.e., the background.

Tall and well built, Adriaen Dorrepaal carried off his rich cavalier costume with easy grace and managed to walk without tripping over his long sword, and to lift his feet as if his huge tan-coloured jack-boots were made of leather and not of cast-iron, in which he was happier than most of his comrades.

"Exit Adriaen Dorrepaal and enter Jonkheer Hendrick van der Rijt, Ridder," exclaimed he gaily.

"Oh, Adriaen, you ought to be Prince Maurits," cried Anna in delight.

"Why did you bring that Jansen fellow?" returned he discontentedly.

"Where there is honey, there will be bees," quoted she demurely.

Then for the first time the glories of her attire burst upon him, and he recoiled aghast. Alas for Anna.

"You set my teeth on edge," he said with the frank incivility of a relation.

Tears of mortification flooded poor Anna's blue eyes.

"It must be nice," she retorted indignantly. "I copied it from an English fashion paper Jacoba sent me from London."

"English, oh, the English have no taste," quoth Adriaen airily.

And certainly the mixture of glaring colours, outraging all pre-conceived notions of good taste—with which we were pleased to adorn ourselves in 1896—justly deserved Jonkheer Hendrick van der Rijt's censures.

"Don't be vexed, my love, Adriaen is foolish," interposed her mother. "He is jealous because your dress is as gay as his; what do you say, Herr Jansen?"

Mynheer Willem was strongly tempted to console the weeping Anna at any cost, but, too honest to prevaricate, remained silent.

"Well, never mind," cried Adriaen good-humouredly, "you look as pretty as possible. Anna, and we must hurry or the Prince will arrive before we reach the Grootte Ruine," and off they drove.

Few can visit Leyden unmoved, teeming as it does with memories of its sturdy citizens who fought so gallant and apparently hopeless a fight for faith and freedom against the brutal Alva.

For nearly a year the desperate and starving people, under the noble Burgomaster, Van der Werff, held their town against the Spaniards; as a reward for their heroism, so say the local historians, William of Orange founded the university.

Let those who wish to know of the famous siege read Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

In the Brudestraat stands the picturesque Stadhuys, and over one of the doors are the words—"When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it and gave us bread again as much as we could wish." This, of course, refers to the siege.

But little recked Anna of these matters as she drove through the gaily-decorated streets—the sky well-nigh invisible for the flags and banners waving from roof and window—to the gardens where Prince Maurits held his reception, and which were appropriately adorned with a monument to the noble Burgomaster Van der Werff, mainstay of the burghers during the siege.

The gardens were thronged with gaily-dressed people, and presently the gates were thrown open; the soldiers on guard presented arms, and Prince Maurits dashed up in a splendid carriage with four grey horses; the hammercloth bore the royal arms; the footmen standing behind, and the coachman wore gorgeous liveries of orange and black, the colours of the House of Orange; and the Prince himself, a slight pale youth, was dressed in a magnificent costume of the same colours; his body-guard of four followed in another carriage in most quaint and becoming garb of green and white.

Escorted by the handsome Jonkheer van der Rijt in his rich dress of mauve and silver, Anna's cup of happiness seemed full, but alas, even Eden had its serpent.

Adriaen soon discovered the general amusement occasioned by her *outré* appearance.

"What a peacock!" scornfully observed one damsel in all the sweet simplicity of white.

"Quite a *rara avis*," said the student at her side.

"It is to be hoped so, certainly," retorted she acridly, secretly envying Anna's sunny golden hair.

"Rain, eh!" remarked an old professor, adjusting his spectacles. "I have not felt any, but I perceive that one end of the rainbow still lingers on earth."

These, and similar remarks were veritable torture to Adriaen, who, like most vain people, was extremely sensitive to ridicule, and but for his miserable shamefacedness, Anna would probably have remained blissfully unconscious of what was passing; once awakened, however, her one idea was instant flight.

"You want to go home because people are laughing at your dress! Nonsense, my love," cried Mevrouw Hensch loudly in answer to Anna's whispered entreaty. "Your dress is lovely and quite the smartest here."

Poor Adriaen, he positively shivered at the amusement this speech provoked.

"My dear, dear aunt, do remember that you are not calling the cattle on the polder!" he exclaimed in desperation, and then he really could stand no more and slipped quietly away.

The ridicule which scared the gallant Ridder away had quite the opposite effect on Mynheer Willem, and brought him, highly indignant, to Anna's side; indignant at the cruelly-expressed amusement of strangers; and still more indignant at his rival's faint-hearted desertion, whereat, had he been a more worldly-wise lover, he would have rejoiced.

But kindly Mynheer Willem thought only of Anna's distress, as, covered with confusion, she now shunned attention as eagerly as she had formerly courted it; and throughout the afternoon, since Mevrouw Hensch could not be persuaded to retire, he remained with them, and Anna even forgot that he carried his bottle-green umbrella.

About five o'clock the strains of Gandeamus were heard; the guard presented arms, Prince Maurits and his body-guard drove off to dinner, his guests speedily following his example; to assemble again a little later on in the streets with thousands of other spectators, to witness the grand procession which paraded the town.

The rich and varied coloured costumes of the actors in the pageant, the gaily caparisoned

horses and magnificent carriages, combined to make a splendid and effective spectacle, of which every detail had been so thoroughly studied, the figures might have walked out of one of Franz Hal's immortal canvases, so true to life were they.

There, too, were the quaintly accoutred halberdiers, and the pikemen trailing their long weapons, there were the artillery with their antiquated guns which provoked smiles from the nineteenth century soldiers; nevertheless it was this part of the procession which stirred the hearts of the patriotic spectators with proud memories of their forefathers, those war-worn scarred old warriors who fought so stubbornly for their rights.

"These shall On history's honest page be pictured bright To latest times."

The day's festivities ended with fireworks in the Grootte Ruine gardens.

Darkness, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and Anna's unfortunate dress being no longer noticeable; Adriaen ventured to rejoin her and soon managed to draw her away from her party on the pretext of seeing the display better elsewhere; the fireworks were being hurried on by reason of the dark lowering clouds which threatened a storm ere long.

"Anna," said Adriaen eagerly, when they were out of earshot, "would you mind living at Java? about Christmas, you know, when my time is up here; I think of going out to try my luck; I have just had a splendid offer to take a partnership in a business."

"Won't that need a great deal of money?" asked she dubiously.

"Of course, of course, I shall borrow it to start with," answered he easily. "Never fear, we shall get on famously—yes, we," he repeated, seizing her hand. "Why, Anna, you won't throw me over now, surely; without you, dear little cousin, I should be as a ship without a rudder."

He had taken off his plumed hat, and the light fell full on his flushed, handsome young face, his dark eyes sparkling with eagerness, a bonny well-favoured wooer was he.

Anna looked at him with affectionate pride; she was fond of this scapegrace cousin, and had he spoken but a few hours earlier, probably her answer would have been a different one.

"No one wishes you success more than I do, Adriaen dear, but I cannot go with you," she answered very low, for her poor little heart was beating fast. "Until to-day I thought you loved me, really loved me; but it was all a mistake—you think more of others than you do of me, or you would never have left me this afternoon."

"You surely won't refuse me for such a trifle as that," cried Adriaen hotly.

"It was not a trifle to me," she answered quickly, "and you were ungenerous, unkind to desert me—you might treat me so again; how can I trust you?"

How could she trust him? The gentle reproach annoyed him, though he made no effort to justify himself. Poor Anna burst into tears, and her tears effected what her reproaches had failed to do; for once in a way Adriaen was genuinely ashamed of himself, though enough of the old Adam remained to make him exclaim in horror—

"For pity's sake, my dear girl, don't cry, some one might see you. There, then, I cry *peccavi*, and you are right not to trust such a weak idiot as I am; but, little cousin, don't be too hard on me; just wait till I get out to Java, and see how I'll work to make you a home; give me another chance and don't say no now, dearest Anna."

Very winning was his almost boyishly simple pleading, and Anna hesitated a moment, and

then, happily for her, hardened her heart; his love would be but a poor prop to cling to, and she answered steadily—

"Indeed, I must say no, Adriaen, but we can still be friends."

"Friends," repeated he, darkening with anger and mortification, "only friends; you have never really cared for me, or you would not speak so coldly, Anna. For years I have loved you devotedly, and now—I have deserved better at you: hands, Anna. I—I—"

A party of students approaching, he broke off and vanished into the darkness, and she, feeling little inclined to face her mother's fussy questions and comments, turned down a side path.

Poor girl, the longed-for day had brought her nothing but trouble and disappointment; even Adriaen's love was a delusion, and his persistency largely due to wounded vanity. These sorrowful meditations, however, were speedily ended by a sudden downpour of rain, a flood which extinguished all lights and caused a general stampede amongst the guests.

After tumbling over various benches and

other obstacles, Anna wisely took shelter under a tree to wait till Adriaen should return for her.

Steadily and soakingly the rain descended; ten minutes passed and Anna, shivering and weary, was on the verge of relapsing into tears, when she heard some one calling; a figure appeared with umbrella and lantern, and behold, not Cousin Adriaen, but Mynheer Jansen to the rescue.

"Ah, my dear Jungjuffrouw, how distractedly I have sought you, and the Mevrouw, your respected mother, is so concerned; but she has accepted a seat in Mevrouw Koninck's cab and confided to me the privilege of escorting you to the station."

His broad plain face beamed as he flourished his umbrella and proffered his arm.

"Walk in this rain," exclaimed Anna disconsolately.

"I fear much that so it must be," he returned with ill-concealed satisfaction, and led her off in triumph. "Ah, my dear Vrouw Anna, what happiness if it might be ever thus," sighed mynheer sentimentally, as he

looked down at the little figure clinging to his arm, and it must be owned that mynheer had not taken the shortest route to the station. It was the first and last time the worthy man ever talked nonsense, so he may be forgiven.

"For ever under an umbrella," retorted Anna pettishly, as she slipped into the gutter. "You have extraordinary notions of happiness, Mynheer Jansen."

"You take me too literally," he returned rather huffed. "But I would that I might be always at your side to shield you from the storms of life; you have many to admire and love you, but not one who would make you happier than I," he concluded ardently.

If he for once was foolish, she for once was wise, as betwixt tears and laughter she answered—

"It shall be as you will: no doubt we shall be as happy as most people."

This was not very encouraging, but Mynheer Jansen found it eminently satisfactory; and what is more, he is still of the same mind, and there are few more contented people in Alkmaar than Mynheer and Mevrouw Jansen.



HOW TO FORM A GIRLS' CYCLING CLUB.



NOTWITHSTANDING the prophecy that the great popularity of cycling during last year was unlikely to be continued this, it is safe to say that there has been a large increase in the number of ladies and girls who have discovered in bicycling a fascinating as well as a healthful amusement.

There will probably not be many amongst my readers who do not possess machines of their own, or at least who do not ride when occasion offers. And it must have soon become apparent to them that society, when riding, adds greatly to one's enjoyment. "Girls are not clubbable creatures," has often been said, and with some degree of truth, but the cycling club is such a charming institution when properly organised, that girls find a great deal of pleasure in belonging to or starting one.

A large club is not at all desirable, nor is it at all an indication of either success or usefulness.

From twenty to twenty-five members are quite sufficient for a most enjoyable and successful organisation. The great thing is to be clubbable; and, of course, the more numerous the members are the less intimate and truly friendly can the individuals be with all.

The first steps to be taken in the formation of a club, such as is practicable in most towns, and even in large villages nowadays, is to look round and see who cycles amongst one's acquaintances. This done, the preliminary meeting should be arranged at some one's house, which is the most central for all to attend. The circular which two or three girl friends can issue in their joint names to mutual friends should run as follows:—

'Blanktown,

"April 12th, 1897.

"DEAR —.—Your presence is asked at a meeting to be held on Thursday week next,

April 22nd, at the Elms, Cherry Tree Road, at 5 o'clock, to consider whether a ladies' cycling club can be formed. Please invite any friends you think likely to join to come to the meeting.

"We are, yours faithfully,

"A. B.

"M. N.

"Y. Z."

At the meeting the first thing is to discuss freely the chances of the club meeting with support if formed. All those present should then be asked whether they will promise to join, and their names be put down by the girl who is for the time-being acting as secretary. If these are found to be numerous enough to promise success the club is formally inaugurated. "That this club be named the Blanktown Ladies' Cycling Club" is the first rule, and the others can be easily drawn up from those of other clubs already in existence, and we need not, therefore, occupy space by setting them down. The next thing is to elect the captain and sub-captain, and both these should be girls thoroughly popular with the majority of those present or likely to join. Not necessarily the best riders, though that is desirable, if the fact goes hand in hand with popularity. The secretary and treasurer (unless the club be a very large one) may well unite in one person. Let her be a thoroughly business-like girl, with plenty of good humour, and above all tact. The possession of the latter quality will do much to help the club over hard places, should any occur. More than is generally understood depends on a good hard-working, painstaking secretary.

The committee should be small and well-chosen, so as to represent all parties and all parts of the town.

We have now got our officers; it now remains to settle the very important matter of the subscription. This need not be high. There are several excellent ladies' cycling clubs of which I know where half-a-crown a season is found ample, with good management on the part of the secretary, to meet all demands. It should, however, be paid promptly on election, or at the commencement of each season.

We will now suppose that the club is formed, the rules drawn up and passed, and the club-room at one of the member's houses agreed upon. The programme for the season is the next important item for consideration. This will naturally consist chiefly of rides on half-holidays and in the long summer evenings to places of moderate distance; the great fault of most club riders being that they wish to ride too far or to "do" so many miles in a given time. It is well to remember that a successful season is that which gives health and enjoyment to the greatest number of members, and is not that in which any given number of miles has been ridden. No ride should be long enough to overtax the weakest member; and the captain or sub-captain must remember that the pace is to be that which will allow of all members riding in comfort. To arrive at the end of the "run" with several of the members in one's charge knocked up, even although very fast time has been accomplished, is no credit to the captain. A very good plan is to divide the members into two sections, one under the command of the captain and the other under the sub-captain, and then those who are able to "push on" can do so without distressing the slower riders or causing them to feel uncomfortable.

A few words may not be out of place upon the subject of manners. Be sociable; and let every member at once put her foot down firmly on the slightest cliquishness should it arise. Because A. B.'s bicycle is second-hand or not a "highest grade" one is no reason for despising it or her. The machine will possibly carry her just as well through the season as your own. All members of a club whilst out together should be considered to be equal in social rank, and the true gentlewomen are those who try to make things pleasant and the club runs enjoyable to others.

A word also to dress. Let this be neat and unassuming. If possible it should have some claim (when club-riding at all events) to uniformity. A plain light or dark skirt, a neat linen blouse (for summer wear) and a plain sailor hat are within the reach of all, and are in most girls' wardrobes, and but little more is required.

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

PART II.

THE second subject on which our Editor has invited me to confer in friendly fashion with my girl-readers is a very familiar one. Among the troubles that beset girlhood, none is more distressing than shyness, or than self-consciousness in its form of nervousness. Like the trouble of physical plainness, this is not a matter on which sympathy is readily asked or tendered, and yet it is very real, embittering the life of many a girl who blames her own stupidity for suffering so keenly at "a mere nothing."

The girl who is shy is painfully aware that she is, so to speak, at warfare with the commonly-received principles of her existence. Young people ought to like to go out whenever they are asked, to see plenty of society and to shine in it, to be always ready for a little fun or frolic, to desire new scenes, and frequent change of associations. Such, at least, is the dictum of most elderly people regarding the young with whom they have to do.

The shy girl feels that she is a living contradiction to these accepted maxims. She loves nothing better than to stay at home leading a tranquil life from day to day in her familiar occupations and interests. All she asks is to be let alone. This is just what her well-meaning relatives decline to allow. Her mother kindly hunts up suitable friends to come and visit her. She does not want them, dreads their arrival, is unhappy while they are with her, and rejoices when they depart. There is probably one exception to this rule, but rarely more than one, in the shape of a confidential friend, who herself (for extremes meet) in all likelihood cannot understand her friend's peculiarity, and thinks it is "such a pity." None the less, it remains a trouble for the victim of shyness to see fresh people, to enter fresh houses; and if perchance she should be plunged into fresh associations altogether, she suffers cruelly in a dumb fashion.

It is needless to say that, with this peculiarity, she does not show the best that is in her to casual acquaintances, and that it takes long, very long, to know her thoroughly; so that, outside her own family, she has few friends.

I have always felt great sympathy with the bold outcry and distress of a dog or a young child at being suddenly placed in unfamiliar surroundings among new faces. People say it is "terror of the unknown;" but it is not that in whole or even in great part. It is the severing of the unseen links that bind the little creature to its environment; which severance causes for the time, and until fresh links form, exquisite, uncomprehended suffering. In its further development this becomes the very real malady known as home-sickness—German, *Heimweh*. With some people this tendency to suffer, almost universal in the very young, lasts on through life. And for the comfort of the shy it may be said that a passionate clinging to the familiar and the trusted is by no means generally the accompaniment of a mean or shallow nature.

Personally I have always felt inclined to dislike a child who, like the unpleasant infant in the story, "loves everybody" without distinction; and when I hear that So-and-so is "a nice girl but so shy!" I always feel prepossessed in that girl's favour. Shyness is far better than the dreadful manner so prevalent among some modern girls—a sort of go-as-you-please, rough-and-ready style. High Schools have done much for the education of girls; may one who is keenly alive to their good

work in this respect, venture to suggest that there is a certain "High School manner" not altogether to be admired? The characteristics of this manner, at the antipodes of shyness, are a sort of easy conviction that its owner has the key to all knowledge and is a supreme object of consideration; that gracefulness, gentleness, refinement, are things of no account, that loud talking, disrespect to parents, and general "flinging round" in a free and easy way, are desirable womanly characteristics. Of course I am not suggesting that this manner is peculiar to or universal in High Schools; but its acquirement is a danger to be carefully avoided by girls who congregate together in an independent fashion in large numbers daily. Among girls of the type just described, any little lady would appear "shy," and one would endorse in her case the remark of an unknown author: "What is often termed shyness is nothing more than refined sense and indifference to common observations."

One is struck, in reading the newly-published biography of Tennyson, to notice how shy he was on his entrance into Cambridge life. "I know not how it is," he writes, "but I feel isolated here in the midst of society." He wrote an essay for a debating society of which he was a member, and "was too shy to deliver it."

"But surely," some reader may exclaim, "you are not going to write an article in praise of shyness?" And visions that arise to the mind of the shy girl in society—as red as a beetroot, as mute as a fish—unable to impart or to receive any remark with intelligent ease, are certainly not prepossessing.

I have felt that there was something to be said in sympathy for the shy—as when the sportsman says "birds are very shy," one always feels that the birds are in the right of it! But none the less, the proper course in the shy girl's case lies midway between two extremes. The reader who suffers from this trouble and finds that it interferes with her social enjoyment and that she is blamed for it, may take courage. She need not be ashamed of the tendency—unless, indeed, it results from pride—but it lies largely within her own power to modify it.

Some shy people, who wish to cure themselves, attempt to do so by rushing to the opposite extreme. You are aghast and a little scandalised at a noisy manner, and a *mal-à-propos* remark delivered suddenly, like a bolt shot out of a cannon, with a reddening visage; and you are told afterwards, "Oh, that is only shyness," which seems at first quite absurd. It is true nevertheless that shyness in revolt against itself produces strange antics.

I advise, then, the girl who is conscious of being distressingly shy not to adopt any such violent measures, but to make up her mind not to give way to the wish to seclude herself. There is a strong temptation, which can scarcely be understood by differently-constituted natures, to slip out of the social engagement or the afternoon call; to avail oneself of the ready excuse—weather, imaginary indisposition, what not—for not putting in an appearance; to shrink snail-like into one's shell on every occasion. And the inclination to do this sort of thing grows with its indulgence.

The word "shy" is connected with the German word *scheuchen*, to scare, whence comes the expression "shoo," so familiar in the poultry yard. The association is rather significant!

Let the shy girl remember that in gratifying

her love of solitude she is selfishly escaping from a duty—that of making herself agreeable and useful as far as she can to other people. After a little while of quiet persistence in doing what she does not exactly like, she will insensibly come to like it. And if she forces herself to talk, naturally, quietly and simply on any topic of which she knows anything, people will gradually cease to discover that she is shy at all! She who yields to her shyness is lost, for it will in time become a hard tyrant, whose bonds she literally cannot sever. In avoiding the society of others, much is lost that is absolutely priceless. We can only become our best selves in relation to other people, and it will always be true that as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." The shy person who has successfully fought with shyness is usually a very pleasant companion—pleasanter by far than the expansive person who chatters fluently away to the first comer.

My subject also includes "nervousness and self-consciousness." These are not exactly identical with shyness. The shy girl may not always be nervous, but the nervous girl is generally shy and very self-conscious. Nervousness! what a wide field is covered by that word! Originally "nervous" meant strong and vigorous, but now its significance has been warped to modern uses. In its application to girls it indicates much suffering. A great deal may be done by physical care for a tremulous, nervous creature to whom her daily work, any social display, any effort, means distress. This is perhaps rather a truism, and one need not emphasise the fact that a "nervous" girl should not overwork, but should have plenty of leisure, fresh air, and good food.

Modern girls escape many small social trials that fell to the lot of their predecessors. "On aime à faire ce qu'on fait bien," says the French proverb; and if that be true, it may also be true that "on n'aime pas à faire ce qu'on fait mal." Certainly the dreadful knowledge that every evening spent from home meant a compulsory exhibition of doubtful attainments upon a much-enduring musical instrument used to be a real torment to many a nervous girl of the past generation.

Fortunately things have changed since then. Girls are no longer forced to sing or play unless they have musical taste and capacity. The standard is far higher, and performers are rarer. At the same time the terror which often besets the young artist is a source of actual misery, interfering both with her own success and the enjoyment of others. And in proportion to the musical taste and skill of her audience is the tremor of her fear.

This is a great mistake. Goethe's lines should be learnt by heart by all young artists—

"Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Fällen."

It is always safe to throw one's self upon the mercy of "Those who know."

But this is a trivial and a partial view of nervousness, it may be said. What of that tormenting weakness that pervades all life; that checks the expression of the inner thought on the very lips; that thrusts back the natural play of affection and makes one say and do the wrong thing at the wrong moment, appearing cold and unsympathetic when one is the most deeply moved, indifferent when one is torn by anxiety, ungrateful when

one's whole soul is longing to put thanks into fitting words!

This sort of nervousness produces more serious results than social embarrassment or amateurish tremor. It disguises and disfigures the whole nature, and in too many a case seriously interferes with the happiness of its victim.

The sovereign remedy for nervousness is this—to turn the thoughts away from self. An exaggerated self-consciousness is at the root of the whole evil. A story told me by a city missionary, in another connection altogether, may have an application here. He was greatly discouraged at his many difficulties and went one day to call upon an old woman in his district, telling her of his intention to resign his work. She spoke to him in the following parable—

"When I was a child in the country I was sent by my mother daily to a farm to fetch milk. I had to cross a stream by a narrow footbridge. One day the stream was unusually full, rushing swiftly along, and as I crossed it on my way to the farm I felt giddy. Returning with the can, I again ventured on the bridge and felt more giddy still. I feared to tumble and spill the milk ere I could get across. All at once something seemed to say to me, 'Look at that tree on the further bank, not at your foot-steps.' I fixed my eye on the sturdy oak across the stream and walked safely over."

"Look away from yourself!" is the moral of this anecdote. The nervous above all people need to lay it to heart.

Take a familiar illustration. The nervous, self-conscious *débutante* tosses and tumbles all night long before her concert at her

School of Music; she cannot sleep; when the dread hour arrives she feels as though she were being led to execution; her thought is all of herself and her own powers. "How shall I get through it? what will the audience think of me?"

She begins her sonata, and it is evident that she is self-conscious to a painful extent; people fidget and feel uncomfortable, and wish it were over. Gradually, as she proceeds, the beauty of the music takes hold upon her nature, and her thoughts turn to that rather than to her own sensations. The attention of the audience is arrested; she does not notice them, for she is gradually being absorbed by the spell of the Master she interprets, and her soul is passing into his strain; her face is losing its harassed, anxious look, and becoming rapt and peaceful. When she ends there is a tumult of applause; she is surprised; she has "forgotten herself" in her art, and has therefore done well.

"I am not a good nurse; I am far too nervous," says another girl who is nevertheless anxious to be helpful in this most womanly office. And while her thoughts are concentrated on herself she is pretty sure

to be awkward and clumsy, stumbling and doing the wrong thing at the wrong moment, to the discomfort of herself and the invalid. But if she can succeed in forgetting herself altogether, and thinking only of the sufferer, she will be surprised to find how easy the task becomes.

"All the diseases of the mind, leading to fatalest ruin, are due to the concentration of man upon himself," says Ruskin.

The self-consciousness of people who are not in the least "selfish" in the commonly-accepted sense, often stands in the way of their happiness and usefulness.

Dear girls, who suffer from shyness or nervousness, I have a special fellow-feeling with you. But let me assure you that, while I sympathise with these troubles, I know from experience they can be overcome in sufficient degree to fully repay your effort. Not only your own comfort, but your use and worth to other people are affected by these weaknesses. And while you suffer from them, you cannot fully enter into the only life worth living, in which you come to identify yourself freely and gladly with a larger, fuller life than the life of Self.

GROWING VINES IN POTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN.

The natural growth of the vine is so graceful and beautiful when adorned with bunches of luscious grapes, we may well desire to utilise it for decorative as well as useful purposes, and this can easily be done if young vine plants are trained in pots.

Vines properly grown and ripened may be bought of any fruit nurseryman in the autumn for about seven-and-sixpence or ten shillings each.

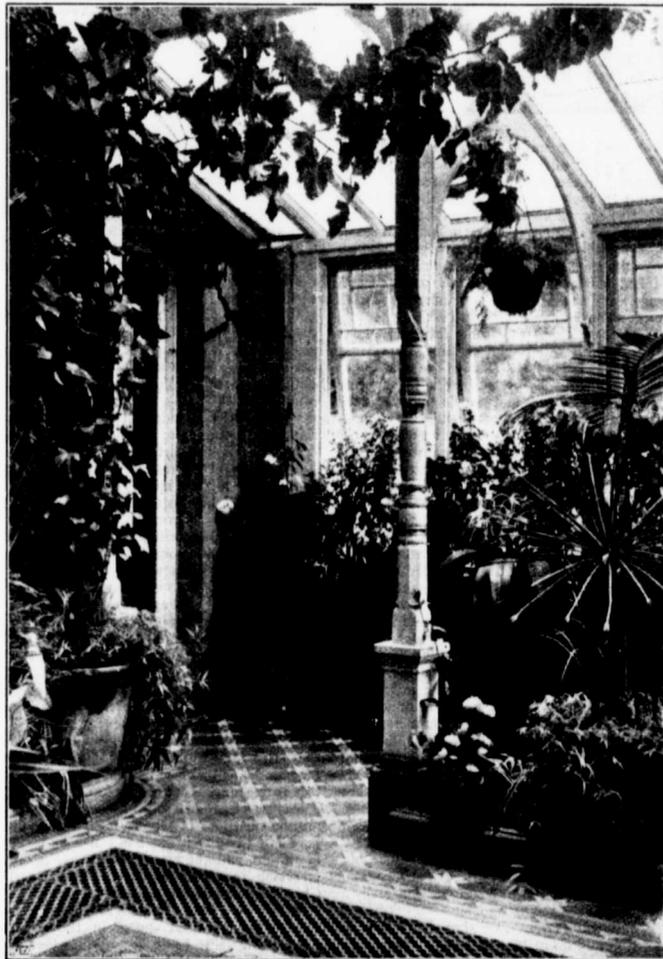
The pots should be eleven inches in diameter, filled with good mellow loam mixed with a little lime rubbish, and a good quantity of broken potsherds should be placed at the bottom to give thorough drainage.

These vines should stand for the winter in a greenhouse or cool vinery so that they may be kept dry and at a low temperature.

Early in the year the stem should be shortened to six or seven feet and the cut covered with a little dab of white lead to prevent the sap oozing out.

About March the soil in the top of the pot will require to be stirred up and enriched with a little fine earth, to which has been added some bone meal, and then after a good watering, the vine will begin to start. From the axils of the old leaves shoots will be developed, bearing bunches of incipient grapes; as soon as these are well formed about seven or eight should be selected so as to furnish the stem. Pinch off the remaining bunches and also the points of the shoots, with the exception of those bearing the bunches of grapes and the terminal shoot.

If we possess a vinery the culture will now be very simple, the stem can either be tied up to a vacant wire on the trellis, or to a tall bamboo stake.



As the bunches grow they will need a little thinning of the berries and the application of weak liquid manure to the roots.

As soon as the berries begin to ripen the air must be kept drier, the windows opened daily in fine weather to give free ventilation.

When the fruit is ripe the pots can be carefully removed to a conservatory or hall, and a nice finish is given to the plant by covering the surface of the soil with fresh green moss and placing small pots of hanging greenery all

round the edge to hide the sides of the large pot.

There are other uses and advantages in growing these pot vines. Suppose we wish to make an outdoor tea-party especially charming and attractive, one of our fruiting vines may be transported to the vicinity of the tea-table and placed at the root of a tree so that the stem may be attached to the trunk and the clusters of ripe grapes hang temptingly within reach of our guests, so that they can help themselves as they please.

The illustration shows a vine thus trained over the doorway of my conservatory; the large pot is draped with *Panicum variegatum*, which usually entirely conceals the vine-root, but in order to show that so much foliage can be grown from one root the pot is permitted to be seen in the photograph.

The sorts best suited for this culture are Buckland's Sweetwater, a pale yellow grape; Foster's seedling, a greenish grape; and Black Hamburg; these three sorts make a nice variety and are well adapted for pot culture.

BEAUTY: A DUTY.

By W. GORDON-STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("MEDICUS").



ES, beauty is a duty you owe to everyone around you, and I never think anything the less of a girl who tries to make the most of her good looks. Nor of a man either. Though the beauty of manliness is of quite a different stamp

from the gentle and soft loveliness of woman.

Now pray understand me before I go any further. There is a great difference between trying to look your best with the legitimate "aid of simple measures," and actual faking. Some years ago there was a lady, Madame R—, who I believe came to grief at last, and who used positively to enamel the faces of ancient dames. She plastered on a coat of some stuff so thick that the unhappy woman could not even smile without cracking it.

There is nothing that some females will not do or suffer for the sake of being considered pretty or beautiful. There are places in London where they pretend even to excise or stretch out wrinkles and crow's feet about the eyes, and give the simple semi-idiotic patient—they need to be patient—an entire new skin.

These beauty-makers charge wealth and fashion enormous prices, and although in every case their work is an utter and absurd failure, they recover their debts, for the reason that no lady would permit herself to be sued for such a thing as this. It is not difficult to imagine such a case as the following: Miss Blondeau has been getting sensibly older for some years back. She doesn't exactly know her age, but is almost certain she was born in Her Gracious Majesty's reign. She has still hopes of getting married—when I wonder does a woman give up all hope of coming connubial bliss. But Miss Blondeau is wealthy in a way of speaking. She rides in the park in a pretty two-pair landau, and her nags are universally admired, even to their musical harness, so is the burly coachman's livery and the funkey's as well. Miss B— has hitherto contented herself by faking her face with various powders and wearing a complexion veil. She makes many calls during the week on lady-friends, and talks incessantly, and is according to her own estimate still "a gushing, giggling thing" with youth at her heart. But she does not know that this same garrulosity of conversation, far from being a sign of youthfulness, is really a symptom of advancing age.

Both those crows' feet though. They are annoying and do make one look old when they are—well, not so old. Ah, but one day in glancing over a gazette of fashion, a lady's

newspaper, her eye falls upon an advertisement. She reads it over and over again. Then she writes a note to the advertiser, asking for an interview, which of course is readily granted.

When she expresses some doubt as to the advisability of submitting herself to certain little operations—

"But, oh, my dear lady," says Madame Schizzlowodski, who talks with a slightly Russian accent, "you will make up—pardon me—most beautifully. Let me see, perhaps you are a little over thirty-five!"

Miss B— nods a happy consent.

"Well, it like twenty you shall be in one leetle month's time. I have in my clientles many ladies of rank and even Princesses, who, although they do verge on sixty, would most easily pass for your younger sister.

"They pay me well," she adds, "that is understood. The labourer is worthy of his hire. You are perhaps wealthy. But ah, my dear lady, what can wealth signify to you, if with it beauty is not combined?"

"You will pardon me, Miss Blondeau, if I speak honestly. Honesty is part of my profession. When I get a bad case or a very old one, I do shake my head. No, I say, I can do no things. You are, I say, one leetle bit *passé*.

"Well, Miss Blondeau, I see you have been using the cosmetic, the powder, the rouge. Ah, such is not art, such is not science. Ladies do spoil their skins by these, and they come to me too, *too late*."

Madame Schizzlowodski—don't worry over that word, girls, if you can't manage it to-day any time next week will do—Madame Schizzlowodski, I was going to say when you interrupted me, had winning ways with her. Moreover, her studio is wonderful to behold; a museum of art and applied science. Among other curiosities she opens an album and shows Miss Blondeau several of her clients photographed *before* and *after* a course of treatment.

Is it any wonder that Miss Blondeau succumbs. I could explain the whole of madame's processes for the renewal of youth and beauty. I will not however. Suffice it to say that the lady is a full-grown fraud, and that after Miss Blondeau had sacrificed herself for months and endured untold sufferings, her face is ten times more old-looking than before. The crow's feet have given place to scars, there are the cicatrices of what appears to be burns here and there as if she had fallen on the bars of a grate, and the corner of one eye is drawn up which gives poor Miss Blondeau a sort of Chinese squint, not at all prepossessing.

Miss B— is a proud, high-spirited woman despite the fact that she is in the sere and yellow leaf. She has a stormy interview with Madame Schizzlowodski and gives her a piece of her mind. "I shall never pay you," she

cries, as she flounces out and away. The madame smiles. She is used to such scenes, and when one morning Miss B— receives a threat to place her bill in court, Miss B— thinks she had better pay and be done with it. For who could have a bill read out in a public place containing items like the following:

	£	s.	d.
To ninety-three <i>sederunts</i> includ-			
ing Face baths	21	0	0
One mole (removed)	7	7	0
Buccal wrinkles (ditto)	10	10	0
Crow's feet excisions	50	12	0
Hair dyeing	9	3	0
Superfluous lip hairs electroli-			
cally destroyed	25	10	0
Reginal enamel	25	10	0
Stellar eyebright	7	7	0
Persian rouge, Kohl rouge	10	10	0
Sundries	9	13	6
Total	177	2	6

Well, I think Miss Blondeau was right in paying and saying no more about it. She has reverted now to more simple means for preserving the little beauty she has remaining.

Ah, but there is a beauty in age that is mental, not facial. The beauty of doing good. Not in a sing-psalm way, but in studying the lives of the deserving poor and trying to make them more happy.

I want now, girls, to mention one or two legitimate ways of improving your beauty. They may be thought simple but they are genuine.

I would have you endeavour to improve your minds by good literature. Don't go jumping or scorching away to the library and come back with the latest novel, but buy *THE GIRL'S OWN SUPPLEMENT* every month, and there you will find a really beautiful story delightful to read and to retain in the memory. (If you have not read Sarah Doudney's *Cluster of Roses*, you have missed a great treat, I can assure you. Hard study on dry-as-dust subjects does not improve either mind or body. Such studies give a weary, worried expression to the face, which it is apt to retain. The eyes acquire a pained look and the muscles of the cheeks deteriorate, even the lips become thin and the upper lip drawn.

But there are studies that positively improve the features and the eyes as well. These must—and this is a *sine qua non*—be of an interesting character and such as draw the mind away from this midget of a world of ours. Popular astronomy is one. Study Proctor's books, say, to begin with, *Other Worlds than Ours*, *Other Suns than Ours*, etc. These will fascinate you. You will find yourself leaving superstition behind and

following the light. The portals of eternity seem opening to you, and while you shall love your fellow-beings none the less, you shall love your God far more. Natural history is another delightful study, and this will enlarge the intellectual powers so that eyes and face shall shine with a beauty that all the cosmetics in the world, nor all the getting up could not secure you.

Again, good poetry refines the mind, and there can be no real beauty without refinement. If this is absent I do not care how wealthy you may be, you are no better than a dressed up slut. And yours would not be the kind of beauty that a man worthy of the name could admire.

But the eyes must be physically as well as intellectually beautiful, and unless the health is up to the mark, believe me they will look fishy, not to put too strong a point on it. If there be the slightest approach to biliousness, a little congestion of the white of the eye at the corners will be apparent, and if this continues long there will be a tinge of yellow, or probably dusky.

By the way, I tell you to warn you, that some young ladies enlarge the pupil by the application of belladonna, to give a dreamy

look to the eyes. The pupil, or rather the ciliary muscles around it are paralysed for the time being, and the dangerous practice eventually causes amaurosis or nerve blindness.

Actresses and singers darken the edge of the eyelashes. If girls in private life do so they may be put down as "fakers," for the practice is too easily detected by anyone.

But if the liver and blood be kept pure, the eyes are sure to be bright, and, mind this, the spirits will be light.

If you would study beauty, never over-eat nor over-sleep. Retire early, but during the day be all you can in the open air. Exercise to be of any good must be pleasant and taken in the company of a friend. That is, exercise must be recreative. But the daily morning bath is the essential help to the acquisition of natural beauty; also a warm bath, using the mildest soap once in three days, and if possible a Turkish bath once in ten days or oftener. Concerning the morning sponge-bath, I give my own experience in a new brochure of mine (*The Invalid's Diary; or, Day-book of Health*) as follows:

"I maintain that almost anyone can take a cold tub all the year round with advantage, or even a dip in the sea, who commences in

summer. Well, my bedroom is large, but I never have a fire; the dressing-room is off it. This morning when I entered the latter it was only 5 degrees above zero. There was half-an-inch of ice over the bath, the soap was frozen to the dish, soap-brush and shaving-brush as solid as leather, and the bath sponge as hard as a 'putting stone.' I smashed the ice with this and used a new sponge. Time in the bath, about 1½ minutes. Time spent in towelling, about 6 minutes. Dressed partially and shaved, time, 5 minutes. Fingers only cold. No glow, but genial, gentle reaction. Spirits very light. Singing while dressing. But for the bath I should have been shivering and with no song in me. Have worked in my wigwam from 9 A.M. close to the large open window. I am writing here now, bareheaded, and that right in the draught, only my pen-hand is rolled up in a silk handkerchief. Body as warm as toast. Time 9.30. Temperature 12 degrees above zero. I have nothing to complain about except frozen ink."

The hair is quite a study from a beauty point of view. Frizzy mobs are all too common. A girl should not look like a Skye terrier or a towsey Highland bull.

Good-bye, lassies, for the present.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

HAROLD.—There are three essential conditions to be fulfilled by a tooth-powder:—first, it must be antiseptic; second, it must possess the power of cleansing the teeth; and, third, it must not contain any injurious material. All powders that fulfil these three conditions are satisfactory. Carbolic tooth-powder is one of the best to use. Chalk alone is not a good material for it contains no antiseptic; but in combination with other substances it forms the basis of very nearly all tooth-powders. There is little to choose as regards rapidity between the better kinds of powders. If your teeth are stained, and you cannot clean them by the usual means you should have them scaled, which will remove any deposit which cannot be got rid of by the tooth-brush. After having had your teeth scaled you should wash them three times a day, using a soft brush and carbolic powder.

KIVON.—The best way to use peroxide of hydrogen is to apply it twice a day with a camel-hair brush or piece of flannel. You can never be certain as to the result of this treatment, though usually it has a marked effect. Certainly it does no harm to pull out superfluous hair, indeed it may be questioned whether there is any more satisfactory method of dealing with them. But it must be remembered that they will grow again.

KINDERGARTEN.—The "round lump" in your neck is undoubtedly a swollen gland, but it is necessary to discover the cause of it before considering what is the right treatment. Inflamed glands in the neck may be secondary to bad teeth, sore gums, sore places inside the mouth, inflamed or enlarged tonsils, sore throat of various kinds, sores on the face or head, and, lastly, to tuberculosis. It is only in this last case that it is commonly necessary to operate, and it is not always necessary even in this case. Bad teeth, sore gums and enlarged tonsils are the commonest cause of swollen glands. Have you any one of these? If so you should treat the primary condition and the gland will subside. If you have been told by a competent surgeon that the gland must be cut out by all means consent to have it done at once. It will leave a small and insignificant scar, whereas if left to nature the gland may break down and discharge its contents, in which case a ragged very unsightly scar will be left.

QUEEN RUVANI.—You seem to be very much more annoyed at such a trifling ailment as blushing than there is any call for. At your age it is natural for all girls to blush. A great many girls of fourteen blush whenever they are spoken to, but they out-grow it in a few years and you will do likewise. It is nothing to worry yourself about. Not only do we allow very young girls to write to us, but we encourage them to do so if we can help them in any way. If you will turn to the advertisements at the end of your *GIRL'S OWN PAPER* you will find the names of many books which are suitable to a girl of your age. There is also a supplement to *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* published every month containing one complete story.

STAMMERING (an answer to "ANXIOUS ONE," "A SIKLE" and others).—It is impossible for anyone to say what is the primary cause of stammering. We cannot even say for certain whether it is an affection of the voice box, of the lips or of the brain. Sometimes we can point to some obvious unhealthy condition of the vocal organs as the cause of stammering, for the symptom goes when the local condition has been cured. But in the vast majority of cases, no morbid condition is anywhere to be discovered. In such cases what is the cause of stammering? We do not know for certain, but in all probability it is due to a condition of the mind. Habit has a lot to say in the production of this exceedingly tiresome defect. The habit of speaking rapidly, without thought, and of clipping words is a very important cause of this condition. The cure of stammering is often a most difficult affair, but occasionally a very trifling matter. If there is any obvious defect anywhere in the vocal organs that must be seen to first and probably the stammering will cease. But how are we to proceed when no local cause can be discovered? Always speak slowly and carefully and never slur or clip your syllables. As a rule you will find that you only stammer over one or two sounds. These differ in almost every case. The commonest letters to stammer over are P, D, H, L, M, N and K. Every person who stammers must find out what letters she has difficulty with. Then she must educate herself to bring out those letters clearly and sharply. Reading aloud to one's self is the best way to do this. But read carefully, distinctly and attentively, and work till you have mastered the letters that gave you trouble.

ROGATOR.—Hereditarily is a most important cause of premature greyness of the hair, as it is of baldness. Yourself and your relatives show a most distinct family peculiarity in this way. It is difficult to know what to advise you to do, but we think that you would obtain some distinct advantage from "cantharidine" pomade. Most chemists keep this preparation in stock.

K. A.—There is no safe method by which moles on the face can be removed except cutting them out. It is very inadvisable to apply any strong reagent, such as acetic acid, to the face. If your moles are not very prominent leave them alone, but if they are very disfiguring you might have them removed by a surgeon. A minute linear scar would be left after they have been cut out.

FRANCIS BURSTON.—It is quite possible that the stopping of the discharge from your ear is the cause of the severe headaches which trouble you now. But it does not necessarily follow that such is the case. Wash out your ears every day with a weak solution of Comby's fluid used warm. If this does not do any good you would do well to go to the hospital and get further advice from the aural surgeon. There is an ear department to most general hospitals.

"**SNOWDROP.**"—For "scurf" on the forehead and eyebrows apply sulphur ointment every evening and wash your face with sulphur soap. It will soon get well.

"**A WORKING MAN'S WIFE.**"—We think that the reason why your child does not sleep well is the tea that you give her two hours before she goes to bed. Children should have very little tea, and certainly should not have any within four hours of bedtime. Cannot you give the child hot milk instead of tea? It would certainly be much better for her.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

EVELINE D. CONNELL.—We have inserted your wish below for a French correspondent. We think our correspondents had better arrange with each other both as to the frequency of letters and the method of correcting mistakes. The correspondence should go direct from one to the other. We are glad to hear that you "like the cover of the new volume very much, but especially what goes inside it." Certainly we shall be pleased to receive offers for correspondence in any language.

PERSEVERANCE.—We answered the same question, under the same name, in August last, giving the names of some pieces of music we thought suitable. If you are not the same correspondent in spite of the double coincidence, we refer you to the answer which will contain what you want. You name certain composers, so we may add Schubert's *Impromptus*, the *Gavotte* from Bach's second violin sonata, transcribed by Saint-Saëns, Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*, Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words* and Beethoven's *Andante*. These are in many cases only suited to an advanced student, but we have, of course, no knowledge of your powers.

NOVICK.—The idea of your religious poem is good, but the metre changes twice if not thrice. First of all it is a correct "7 s" (seven syllables). Then it becomes an irregular combination of "long metre" and 7 s; then it becomes 8, 7 s; and the last verse is quite beyond all rules. You should study the laws of versification.

EOLANTINE.—I. We are sorry, but the essays on "My Room," must be written in English.—2. We have inserted your request.

PETIT CRAMPON.—I. Your verses are fairly correct as to metre and rhyme, though you sometimes put the accent on a word that should not be accented, e.g., "not," in

"We saw not with our blind eyes."

Only familiarity with good poetry will train your ear to note these matters. The theme—of trust in days of gloom and difficulty—is one very often handled by young writers.—2. The 1st of September, 1870, was a Monday.

MISS THOVTS, Sulhamstead Park, Berkshire, writes to say that she is reviving her old Question Society, if any of our correspondents would like to join. The papers would be issued January 1st, with six queries for each month. There are prizes, and a small subscription. The answers are to be written on postcards, or all sent together, before July 1st. Formerly there were 100 members, many of them Girton girls. We should think it would be a suggestive and helpful society.

GWENDOLINE N. asks us to translate an indistinctly written Dutch verse for her:—

"Varvel, varvel! hart is 't voorde;
Maar de inhout is 't zoo diep.
Lang klinkt het nog in 't harte voorde
Nadat de mord het reip."

We render it thus—

"Farewell, farewell! short is the word;
But so much does it betoken,
That it long echoes in the heart
After the mouth has spoken."

C. M. T. M.—1. Your verses are weak in spelling, e.g., "the" for "they," and "feign" for "fain." These errors might be the result of an oversight, but apart from them, we scarcely think you could expect to see the lines in print. The idea is somewhat involved; first the leaves of the "flow'ret" are lying faded around you, then you say the "flow'ret" is gone to the garden of heaven. If you represent heaven as a garden of flowers, you should not also introduce the chanting of songs, as it makes the metaphor rather confused.—2. The fees for the examinations of The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, at local centres, are £2 2s. for one subject, and £1 1s. extra for each additional subject. The address of the Hon. Sec. is 52, New Bond Street, London, W. The Royal Academy does not hold local examinations on its own account.

M. H. MOULD.—We are sorry that we cannot encourage you to hope for any success in earning money by your verses. They break the laws of metre, of rhyme, and of grammar. For instance, the metre changes frequently in "If Thou Wert Mine"; and you make "stratum" rhyme to "quason," while you constantly interchange the second person singular and the second person plural in addressing the same individual, e.g., "Thy face is fair, and you laugh like the glad sunshine." It may seem harsh criticism, but we think it is the truest kindness not to encourage delusive hopes when there is any question of expecting to earn by the composition of verse.

JANIZ.—We are much interested in the verses you send. They can hardly be awarded the term "poetry" (which is a term of very high praise in its strict acceptance), because the mode of expression is faulty; the metre is often not according to rule; and we might pick many holes, did we choose, in your technique. But we do not choose, because you show true poetic thought in these efforts, especially in the first, about the "fairy dreamland," and in the fourth, about "the ships that pass in the night." Many of your verses are very sad. Do not encourage a morbid turn of thought; at the same time do not suppose that we look with anything but sympathy upon a lad—if we may call you so at sixteen—who is evidently endowed with imagination and feeling.

MISS LILIAN MASTERS, Mount Avenue, Ealing, wishes us to state that a second course of Mess Elementary Greek Class is about to commence, leading members from the study of the alphabet to selected passages from the New Testament. Rules will be sent on application.

ETHEL.—There is a French paper, *Revue pour les jeunes filles* (£1 8s. a year), but we do not know it well. We have sometimes recommended *Racon de Sadeit*, which is only 2s. 6d. a year. Messrs. Hatchard's, 187, Piccadilly, W., would send you a full list on application.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS ISLAY CAMPBELL, 11, Markham Road, Shanghai, China, offers to correspond with "Dark-eyed Maiden" of Bude's Death.

MISS EVELINE D. CONNELL, Danby Wiske Rectory, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, aged 194, would like to correspond with a French girl of about her own age or a little older.

MISS MAY CLARK, Etrick-Brae, Trefor Road, Aberystwith, Wales, aged 17, has the same wish.

MISS MARY HUNT, Chestnut Cottage, Heaton Norris, Stockport, would like to correspond with "Roumanian Primrose."

MAXX LASSIE wishes for the name and address of a French girl who will correspond with her.

H. E. D. P. has the same wish.

ISA R. WYLLIE (The Bank, Inverkeithing, Fifeshire), would be glad to correspond with a French girl.

EDITH TAYLOR LOMMAN (39, Courtenay Street, Newton Abbot, Devon), would also like to correspond with a French girl. She adds that she is seventeen, attends a girls' high school, and has been learning French for some years.

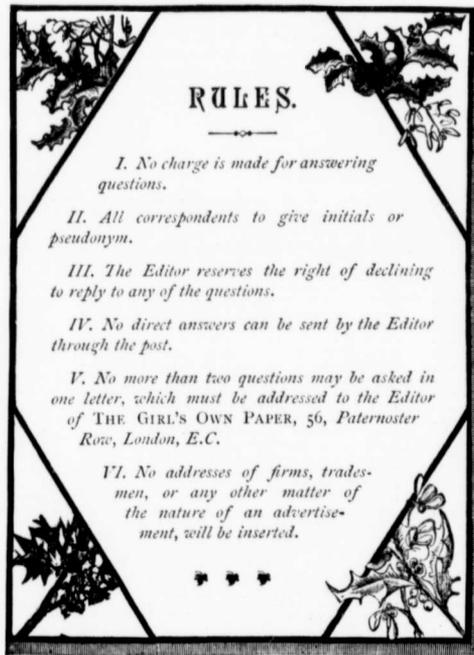
SEA-NYMPH, who does not wish her name published, would like to correspond with a French girl.

"PURPLE HEATHER," who has been taught French at a girls' grammar school, "where all the teachers, unfortunately, had different ideas as to the pronunciation of that language," would like a French correspondent.

Will some French subscribers kindly note these offers and be good enough to write, either direct to the correspondent, or to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, giving their name and address for insertion in this column?

When a pseudonym is given, we infer that our correspondent does not wish her address published, but it is evident that on one side or the other this must be done, if both parties are to be put into communication.

NOTE.—Will our correspondents, who wish to write to girls of foreign countries, remember that it is a duty to try and spell their own language correctly? Mistakes are frequently caused by want of care alone. "Correspondance" is a usual blunder. Imperfect spelling becomes a serious matter when it occurs in a letter to some one who may not be able to detect the error, and may copy it herself in learning the language.



MISCELLANEOUS.

OLIVIA.—The last authority on the subject says that, for eating, a cross between the Indian game fowl and the Dorking is best; while for eggs, the white Leghorn and black Minorca are to be preferred.

FRIENDS OF THE CLERGY.—We believe that the poorest living (so-called) is Cotherton Vicarage, Worcester, which brings in to the labourer in things spiritual, a hire of £4—just £1 a quarter! The living of Aston, Herefordshire, is valued at the same amount, but the incumbent obtains £35 per annum, as being vicar, of Leintihall Stork, and curate of Elton. But there are worse starvings than these; for several so-called "livings" have no incomes whatever attached to them.—2. If your diagonal cloth coat be worn shiny, moisten some fullers-earth with lemon juice, mix with pulverised pearlsh, and roll it into balls. Scour the cloth with this, and raise the nap with a teazel, or hatters' card filled with flocks, and when raised sufficiently lay the nap the right way by the use of a hard clothes-brush.

A. L.—If unable to go far from town, why not go to the Home and Institute for young women in business, at Ealing, W. It is in the Uxbridge Road, opposite Christ Church. Board and lodging are provided at from 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a week. Address the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Tulloch, 50, Grange Park, Ealing.

KATHARINE.—The 31st October, 1862, was a Friday. Your handwriting is fairly good.

IVY LEAF.—We have read your letter with much sympathy. Marriage is indeed a very serious matter, and requires much affection on both sides to make it happy. Your letter has made us rather doubtful that you are really much in love with your future husband. If you are really fond of him, and have a reasonable belief in his kindness of heart, and good temper, you would not be so much in a hurry to marry him. You are quite young, however, and can afford to wait.

LILLIE OF THE VALLEY.—The following is a Canadian recipe for making toffee (see also vol. xvii., p. 695), with which you may be more successful perhaps. A teaspoonful of this cream, two teaspoonfuls of brown sugar or treacle, one cup of nuts, which you must prepare first, of course, and take the inner skins off carefully. Any kind of nut is used—walnuts, peanuts, or almonds. Put all the ingredients together and let them melt slowly; stirring the *young boy* after they are cooked, till thickened; add the nuts last. Some people put them on the plates before pouring the toffee into them.

MISS FRANCIS.—We have no special society in connection with our own for the sale of ladies' work; but there are many such, one at Bath which is near you, and at Clifton, at 2, Portland Place, Treasurer, Miss Read, 15, West Mall.

NAN.—For invalid, or convalescent gentlewomen, there is the St. Bernard's Home, at 27, Dyke Road, Brighton, where the charge rises from 15s. a week upwards.

P. S. J.—So far from hurting oil-paintings to put them under glass, it preserves them. Do not hang them on a damp wall, nor near the fire, or stove.

KATH.—There is a Seaside Home of the Y.W.C.A. in the beautiful Isle of Man, Athol House, 9, Mona Terrace, at 15s. a week upwards. Address Miss E. Wilson, Hon. Sec.

ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW.—Your father or mother should inquire into such a matter, and ascertain the wishes of the man before you be made a subject of remark and tattle. If you have no parents, place the matter in the hands of some respectable middle-aged friend.

FIRE-FLY.—You have placed yourself in a difficult position. To contract a debt without any prospect of incoming means to repay it with no interest; and if unable to go from home to earn it, or to inform your father of it, we do not see what plan we can recommend. Have you a brother or sister who could allow you to transfer the debt for a time to either of them? And if you have a dress allowance could you not save out of that, and pay by small instalments?

AUTUMN LEAVES.—We have preserved leaves so as to retain their colour by brushing them over thinly with a fine transparent white varnish, or gum diluted with water. But these were pressed leaves, not in branches. You had better go (or write) to the Town Gardening and Florists' Work Institution, or send a friend there for information, 62, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS BRINE (Claremont, High Barnet) requests us to give a notice of her Bible-learners' Union, as we have done in former years. She has just issued the list of subjects and course of reading for the current year—for copies of which we thank her.

GYMNKHANA.—It has taken some time to find an answer to your question; but we were fortunate enough to light upon it in Sir Henry Yule's book, *Hobson-Johnson*. "Gymkhana," he says, "is quite modern, and was unknown twenty-five years ago. It is a fictitious word, invented probably in the Bombay Presidency, and based on the word 'gend-khama'—ball-house—which is the name usually given in Hindi to an English racket-court. It is applied to a place of public resort at an Indian station, where the needful facilities for athletics, and games of all kinds are provided, including a skating-rink, lawn-tennis ground, and so forth. The 'gym' may be simply a corruption of 'geno,' shaped by 'gymnastics.' The word is also applied to a meeting for such sports; and in this sense it has already travelled to Malta." Today the writer might have added, that the word is well known in England, and is very generally used in Canada.

MISS J. F. CHARLES requests us to remind our readers of the Convalescent Branch of the Santa Claus Society, of which she sends the Twelfth Annual Report. Competitions in connection with it in doll-dressing for invalids, and dolls and materials contributed to be dressed by cripples and the sick would be welcome. There are also knitting, board and pinafore making; scrapbook, cake and sweetmeat making—boys being eligible for the scrapbook competition, in which they have hitherto been successful. Address Miss J. F. Charles, Stormont, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, N.