



CROQUET.

From the Painting by C. LEROY SAINT-AUBERT.



VOL. XIX.—No. 958.]

MAY 7, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

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



All rights reserved.]

"AND THERE MR. SWANNINGTON SAW THEM."



CHAPTER IV.

CRABSLEY is a small straggling seaside place, with narrow streets and high cliffs. It has a bracing air and a stretch of sea, and is reputed a marvellously healthy. Of late years it has become popular, and two excellent hotels have been built. It is expensive and fashionable and has no attractions for the "lower classes." A select coterie of rich people who own land in the neighbourhood have used all their influence to prevent its degradation. There are no niggers on the beach, no vendors of sweets, no shows of any sort. A band plays on the pier twice a week, but there is no other sort of entertainment there. The bathing is conducted without any of the "abandon" that distinguishes some watering places. There is very little shrieking or laughing, and the bathing dresses are far removed in style from the blue serge garment usually dealt out by the owners of bathing machines. In the morning children paddle and dig on the sands, but in the afternoon the latter are almost deserted. Nurses walk up and down the front with their well-dressed charges and ladies and gentlemen sit on the benches with their books or work. There is a golf club and a tennis club and a library. The post comes in twice a day. There is a large church, the rector of which has a hard time during the brief season, for the views of the visitors are apt to be widely different in the matter of ritual from that of his parishioners, and the visitors having little to interest them are apt to air their criticisms pretty freely. If he accommodated the wishes of the majority of the visitors the parish would be up in arms in no time, and unfortunately he cannot have one set of practices for three months and another for the remaining nine. He is a good earnest man, and he does his best for the spiritual welfare of the stylish ladies and irreproachably-attired gentlemen who fill the pews before him; and who idly discuss his sermon presently over lobster mayonnaise and cold fowl.

Energetic people bicycle and take long walks. The country round is singularly beautiful, and there are one or two show places within a few miles. The kodak is much in evidence, and there is a dark room in the place for the accommodation of earnest photographers.

Crabsley is an ideal place for resting. Those who are jaded by the London season are content to do nothing there for a week or two, but gradually the tonic air does its work and they begin to bestir themselves. When they are thoroughly recruited they are glad to

go away. There is not much vent for their powers in Crabsley. It is pre-eminently a place for Saturday to Monday visitors.

Mrs. Swannington, who had few resources, would never have selected Crabsley but for her devotion to her health. Mr. Swannington was an enthusiastic golfer, and the Crabsley links are perfection, so that he cheerfully fell in with her choice, and Beattie was at an age when enjoyment was found in any change. Aunt Ella was tired of it first. She had no taste for natural scenery, the beauties of the sunset palled, nor did she get any pleasure from watching the changing sea. She bathed, gossiped with her hotel acquaintances (but the people who go to Crabsley are somewhat exclusive and not in haste to make friends), criticised their costumes, and did her regulation walk so many times up and down the pier, the exact dimensions of which she had been careful to ascertain. But she was beginning to get bored, and was ready to welcome any diversion.

One afternoon when Beattie had come into the hall of the hotel to see if any letters were awaiting her uncle, whom she had left promenading with his wife, she was aware of a tall young man who had risen from an arm-chair and was regarding her rather wistfully. She did not take any notice of him. She was accustomed to being stared at. But as she was about to leave with the letters he made a step in her direction, and then she looked at him. For a minute she had a feeling that she had seen his face before, then suddenly her own brightened, and she bowed. He came forward and shook hands with her. It was Mr. Anstruther.

"Are you staying here?" said Beattie. "I am glad."

"Yes. I came down this morning for a few days. What a beautiful little place it is; the air is like champagne."

"Better," said Beattie, who had not much appreciation of the exhilarating wine. "It will do you good after London. Is your sprain better?"

He looked pleased at her remembering it.

"Yes, thank you. I scarcely limp at all now. This place will soon set me up. You are staying at this hotel, I suppose?"

He had consulted the visitors' list and knew the fact perfectly well, but his remark was scarcely in the form of a question.

"Yes—and you too? That is nice! We don't know anybody, though Uncle Arthur has made some friends at the golf club. Do you play?"

"Rather," said Michael expressively. "But I mustn't keep you now. I see you are wanting to read your letters."

"They are not mine," said Beattie. "But Uncle Arthur will be impatient. Good-bye now; I shall see you again presently, and then I will introduce you to him."

She nodded brightly and tripped away. Michael followed her with his eyes. In her fresh white cotton blouse and serge skirt, with her skin a little tanned by the sea breezes, and her look of youth

and health and happiness, his second impression of her was no less delightful than the first. If he had not fallen in love with her already he would have done so now, he told himself. His own heart was singing with joy. A very little feeds the flame of love, and he remembered with delight that she had inquired after his injury and expressed her pleasure at seeing him. Both natural enough, the second especially, for the barest acquaintance who would be scarcely noticed in London is eagerly welcomed in the monotony of the country; but he was glad notwithstanding.

Beattie went back to her aunt and uncle.

"There is a friend of Mrs. Gilman's staying at the hotel," she said. "I met him the evening I spent there, and I have just seen him again."

"Oh," said Mrs. Swannington, with interest. "Did he know you again?"

"Yes," said Beattie innocently, suspecting as little as Aunt Ella herself that he had come to Crabsley on purpose to see her. "And I told him I would introduce him to uncle."

Mr. Swannington grunted. He was not eager for new acquaintances, but Mrs. Swannington was pleased. She liked society, especially that of young men. When she found that he was a person with whom one would not be ashamed to be seen walking on the parade, she was more than willing to be introduced to him. "He has an air of distinction," she said, with approval.

Mr. Anstruther was glad, when Beattie had conducted him to the fashionable little lady, that she was not her mother. He was by no means so attracted to Mrs. Swannington as she was to him. He thought she looked vulgar, and she was not at all his ideal of the lady who should be the companion of her whom he had already placed upon a pedestal. Still, he had the sense to see it would never do to begin by offending Beattie's relations, and if he did not exert himself to be amiable he was scrupulously polite, and accepted Mrs. Swannington's offer that he should accompany them on their after-dinner stroll.

Aunt Ella monopolised him. Beattie and Mr. Swannington walked in front, and the only satisfaction he had was that he could at any rate keep the former in his sight. But he was not badly entertained. If he had not the consciousness that he was being defrauded of something better he might have been flattered by Mrs. Swannington's graciousness. He was not a young man who had had much experience of women. Since he had grown up his work had been the chief object of his thoughts. The only women he had known intimately were his mother and Norah Gilman, and a little invalid lady for whom he had an almost reverential respect—his godmother. None of these had taught him much that would help him to understand Mrs. Swannington. That his society could gratify her he did not imagine.

But it did, under the circumstances. She thought him rather heavy and inexperienced and not particularly amusing,

but she preferred his company to that of herself, her husband or her niece. At any rate he had some topics of conversation not, as in their case, already exhausted by constant intercourse. She felt too that it would be nice during her stay to attach this young man to herself, so that she might have some one to walk with her and talk to her when Mr. Swannington was at the club, and to change her books at the library, and fetch and carry for her at her desire. And yet Aunt Ella had her wits about her.

"You must not wonder, my dear," she said to her husband, "if you see me much with that young Anstruther. It is necessary that I should not let him choose Beattie for a companion, and he says he knows no one else here. I have ascertained that he is but a younger son, with no special prospects. He seems however very simple and straightforward, and I think I can keep him sufficiently well amused."

"My dear," said the easy-going gentleman, "you understand these things better than I."

But Mr. Anstruther was a determined young man, and he meant to see more of Beattie. Fortune favoured him. There had been a touch of east in the wind during the evening, and perhaps Aunt Ella had got a little chill. At any rate she complained of feeling poorly the next day, and decided to keep her room till luncheon. Mr. Swannington bathed and breakfasted and went off on his bicycle, and Beattie strolled down to the beach for amusement. There Michael found her. And there Mr. Swannington saw them when he came back from his ride two hours later. During those two hours they had talked as people can only talk to each other before they have learnt by life's experience distrust and caution and worldly wisdom. Older people doubt the interest of their listeners in their hopes and aspirations, in the simple details of their past, and their plans for the future. But the sympathy of a young man and a young woman mutually attracted, and knowing nothing of disillusionment, is like a foretaste of that intercourse which will exist in a world where selfishness and hardness and doubt are known no longer. Neither of the two was wearied—to both it seemed as if something fresh had come into life. Michael knew why he was so contented, but Beattie only felt she had found a new friend.

But for Aunt Ella's words on the previous evening, Mr. Swannington might not have noticed their apparent absorption in each other. Men are not so observant in these matters as women. As it was he was not disposed to interfere with them; but he joined them, and the three strolled about till lunch time. Mrs. Swannington was in the room when the two men entered and Anstruther inquired after her health.

"We have been down on the beach," said Mr. Swannington. Beattie had gone to remove her hat. The lady supposed that there had been a trio, she certainly did not imagine that there had

been a *tête-à-tête*. Not that Beattie would for one moment have deceived her; she did not even think there was anything to conceal.

Anstruther stayed for a week, the greater part of which time he spent with the Swanningtons. He began to like Mr. Swannington, who, if he did not respond to the intellectual side of him, commanded his respect in other ways. He soon saw he was a sensible man, well-informed in practical subjects, and proficient in all manly sports; his dislike for Mrs. Swannington too lessened as their intimacy progressed, but though she was unfailingly kind to him herself, her undisguised worldliness, and the hints she gave him as to her respect for wealth and her ambitions for Beattie, made him well understand that she would not favour his suit. But he was hopeful notwithstanding. If Beattie cared for him she would be true to him. They were both young, and he would work very hard to make a position for himself. Many men had to conquer far greater obstacles than one woman's opposition. And Aunt Ella had not openly declared it. But as the days passed she was beginning to see that, in spite of all her vigilance, Michael managed to be beside her niece more often than she approved of, and that Beattie's eyes brightened as he drew near.

"If it was not that young Anstruther is going abroad so soon," she said to her husband, "I should discourage this intimacy."

"There doesn't seem much harm in it," said Mr. Swannington. "He is a nice young fellow enough, and I think she likes him."

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Swannington with upraised hands. "Nice! But he has nothing a year—positively nothing! And as for her, girls of that age like any man who is polite to them. She has seen no one yet with whom to compare him."

At the end of the week however a sudden stop was put to their intercourse. Michael received a telegram stating that his mother had been taken ill and bidding him hasten home.

The Swanningtons were out when he got it and the train which he would take left Crabsley in less than an hour. He was stunned by the sudden news which might be even more serious than it seemed. But there was no time to waste. He packed his portmanteau, called for his bill, and ordered a conveyance. While he was waiting for it his thoughts turned momentarily to Beattie. There was no time to go in search of his friends, but he would like to leave a message. He enclosed the telegram in an envelope and gave it to the hall-porter to deliver to Mrs. Swannington. That would be sufficient explanation of his sudden departure.

As for Beattie he could not leave her, to meet again he knew not when, without some word. He rapidly wrote—

"DEAR MISS MARGETSON,

"I hope you will forgive my writing to you. I must say good-bye.

This week, thanks to you, has been the happiest in my life. It is my earnest hope that I may see you again before long.

"Yours sincerely,

"MICHAEL ANSTRUTHER."

This note, after a momentary hesitation, he also gave to the porter. He would have preferred some method of delivery less likely to attract Aunt Ella's attention, but he had no choice; and anything underhand was as distasteful to him as it would have been to Beattie.

He caught a momentary glimpse of her as he drove away. She was just returning to the hotel. Mrs. Swannington was panting along a few steps behind her, but he did not notice the elder lady, so earnestly was his gaze directed after her niece. He had caught the look of sorrow and dismay on her face when she saw he was going away. Mrs. Swannington turned and stared after the carriage. Then foreseeing there might be an explanation at the hotel she hurried on. Beattie was waiting for her.

"Mr. Anstruther seems to be leaving," she said, and Aunt Ella saw she was genuinely distressed.

"Oh, well," she said, "it is not much matter. We should have all bored each other had he stayed much longer. But I wonder at the suddenness of his flight."

The porter delivered his notes.

Aunt Ella opened hers at once, and seeing the telegram quickly read it. Then she handed it to her niece. Beattie had not yet opened her note. Some instinct told her it was for her eyes alone and she slipped it into her pocket. She read the telegram with dismay.

"Oh, auntie," she said, "I hope his mother is not dying."

"Dying? Not likely!" said Aunt Ella, with some asperity in her voice. She too was sorry in her own way for Michael, but Beattie's evident sorrow annoyed her. She would be angry with herself if Beattie had already engaged her affections. Not that she would let that interfere with her plans for her, but it would make things more difficult. Besides, it would reflect upon her own wisdom in the management of affairs. "I expect," she said, "the young man ought to be spending his holidays at home, and his people are getting jealous."

Beattie did not hear this last remark. Her eyes were full of tears and she did not want Aunt Ella to see them. She felt heavy-hearted indeed when she closed the door of her room. Then she tore open her letter.

The few lines soothed and comforted her. The sudden parting seemed less final. But they did not convey to her all that Michael meant they should. Beattie did not realise that he was in love with her. She had had no experience in these matters and in some things she was singularly childish. Many girls of her age acquire a knowledge of life from books which antedates their own experience, but Beattie seldom read any but schoolgirls' stories or such books as do not deal with love

affairs. She thought that Michael meant exactly what he said and no more. She was very glad that she had given him this happiness, and that he hoped to see her again before long. And she looked forward to this time also.

She ate little at luncheon—a fact which Aunt Ella observed.

"I hope no mischief has been done," she thought. "But if she has any

fancies she will lose them when we get back to London."

After luncheon she asked her what her letter had been about.

Beattie blushed.

"He only wrote to say good-bye," she said.

"I should like to see the note, my dear," said Aunt Ella. And Beattie handed it to her.

Mrs. Swannington glanced at it.

"Perhaps it is as well he has gone," she said. "You mustn't believe that nonsense about his happiness. Besides, now he has gone away he won't think any more about us, you will see. But mind, if he does, I will have no correspondence. Of course your writing to him is out of the question, and if he should presume to write to you again, I must insist on your showing me the letter at once."

(To be continued.)

GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

PART II.

THE MISSES SKINNER, FRIENDS OF GIRLS IN BUSINESS.

THE women workers who form the subject of this sketch are two sisters, gentlewomen of independent fortune and high culture, and the work they have devoted themselves to during the last quarter of a century is the giving of joy and rest to the overworked and weary girls who toil for daily bread in the shops of London and other great cities.

I will tell you what induced them to undertake such an important task.

It is now a quarter of a century ago that these two ladies paid a visit to London during the hottest month of the year, and on going back to their pretty home in Babbacombe, Devonshire, they were haunted by the wan, weary faces of the girls in the various houses of business at which they had been shopping.

They set themselves resolutely to consider whether anything could be done to render the lives of these girls healthier and brighter by breaking through the dulness and monotony of their "daily round," and the longing that sprang up in their hearts was, "Oh, if we could give some of these girls a breath of our sea air and a run on Babbacombe Downs!"

Regarding this longing as an inspiration, they at once looked about for a way in which

it could be made practical, and the result was that they took a cottage close to the Downs and secured a matron; they made the house pretty and home-like and fitted up six beds; they made the purpose of the cottage known in several journals together with a sketch of their plans: for example, a subscriber of one guinea would have the privilege of giving a recommendation ticket to any business girl of good character in whom she was interested, and thus reduce the girl's payment from twelve shillings to five shillings a week, and enable her to get a fortnight's holiday for £1 6s. 9d., including the railway journey there and back at single fare.

Without a subscriber's "recommendation ticket" the cost would be two guineas. The payment by the girls themselves of a certain sum was considered by these ladies a necessity, in order not only to prevent its being looked upon as a charity, which would have spoiled the whole, but to keep up the girls' self-respect and soothe their sensitive pride, for they possess largely both these qualities.

As a rule neither sick people nor convalescents are received at the home of rest, which is meant to be a real holiday home to prevent illness, not to cure it.

The establishment of this home was the first attempt in England to brighten the lives

of shop girls, by giving them a chance of recruiting their strength and teaching them the effect of happiness and rest in a beautiful climate.

It was scarcely less a blessing to many rich people, for it opened out a means of being useful to girls toiling for daily bread without hurting their self-respect.

The arrival of the first guests was naturally looked forward to as an event of great importance, and Miss Skinner and the matron were at the door to receive and welcome them; they were five girls from a house of business in Regent Street.

From that day to this the work has gone on without a single check to its success. After two years the home was removed to one with fifteen beds, and this proving too small the house next door was taken, and for several years they worked with what Miss Skinner calls "a thirty bed power." To-day the home consists of two beautiful houses standing side by side in the same grounds on Babbacombe Downs, with a magnificent view over the bay, and capable of accommodating a hundred guests or visitors as they are called; one house is known as Ferny Bank, the other as Ferny Combe.

The Misses Skinner are anxious to make it known that the aim of their work is not to provide a superior boarding house with merely improved physical comforts for business girls, though these are scrupulously attended to, but that it is an effort to put beauty, joy, colour, warmth and light into their lives, to create varied interests, to rouse up dormant energies and to stir up hope within them.

It is with this distinct object that every detail has been made as beautiful as possible, and books, pictures and music all pressed into service.

Miss Skinner says that the lives of girls working for their bread are often stunted and monotonous, and this is why she and her sister desire to help them out of the dull routine and lift their lives to a higher level. The perfect beauty of the place with its freedom from the vulgarity of many other seaside resorts helps to effect this in a very marked degree.

It is not easy to imagine what a holiday of two or three weeks in this beautiful place is to a girl whose life in London or other great towns is one fierce struggle in more ways than one. How it rests her tired eyes and wearied



"THE DRAWING-ROOM OVERLOOKING THE SEA."

limbs; how it strengthens and cheers her both in body and mind!

Of course it is something more than the charming houses, beautiful climate and scenery that makes the holiday at Babbacombe the desire of the heart to so many. It is the comfort, care, love, restfulness and consideration which each one experiences the moment she enters the home.

It is by personal intercourse and sympathy with the girls, and by advising them what to read and what to see, that the Misses Skinner help them to change mere existence into life; it is their influence which teaches them to discern the beautiful and true, as well as how to make life richer, fuller and sweeter both for themselves and others.

These ladies live close to the home and visit it every day and at all hours and if, for

love still belong to you. Don't make the girls afraid of middle life, for it is to some the very happiest part of life, the fullest, the richest, the brightest."

In this way the sisters move about among their guests, spreading cheerfulness, sowing seeds of kindness and leading them without ostentation to the highest life of all.

The girls and women who make use of this beautiful home for their annual holiday are mostly shop assistants, dressmakers and milliners, post office and telegraph clerks, cashiers and type-writers. The home is expressly for business girls; neither governesses on the one hand nor domestic servants on the other are admitted. I asked why this rule had been made and so rigidly adhered to; the answer was that the home had been established expressly for the rest and joy of business girls,

worship and family prayers in the home if there be no conscientious scruples.

A pleasing feature of the home is that a clear and simple report embodying income and expenditure is issued annually and audited by a well known man.

Of course it is essential that each visitor should bear a respectable character; this being so, there is no distinction made between those who are sufficiently well off to pay for themselves and those who are poor and come with help from subscribers; indeed I believe that no person in the home, save the Misses Skinner, knows to which class each girl belongs.

I have seen the home both in summer and winter; those who visit it in the former are able to indulge in boating, bathing, swimming, excursions and picnics; it does one's heart



THE MISSES SKINNER.

example, they find a girl regarding with interest any of the pictures and engravings which hang on the walls, one of the sisters will pause by her side and tell her something about the artist and his work; or if she finds a girl depressed and out of sorts she will sit down by her and listen to the troubles of her "daily round," and encourage her to make the most of life, begging her not to drift or be crushed by sorrow; and when, as sometimes happens, a girl says, "I don't care for myself; life is over for me," she will say, "Life is not over as long as you live in it. Pick it up again and force something out of it."

To women who have grown out of their first youth she has an occasional word to say. "Make the most of middle life; make it pleasant; dress as well as you can; don't get dowdy; keep up your courage and be bright; the time of personal beauty may have gone, but after all that is not everything, there are a lot of things left to enjoy; for example, work, books, scenery, pictures, and best of all,

and that being so they, the Misses Skinner, could not allow the holiday to be spoiled by class prejudices; for example, a governess would have but little in common with a shop girl or needlewoman, and although domestic servants are often very superior to some dressmakers, yet the former would be looked down upon by the latter and there certainly could be no harmony where these prejudices existed.

These ladies have made as few rules as possible, but where they exist they must be kept; they are intensely gentle in their dealings with the girl visitors, but they hold the reins of government with a very firm hand.

Socially the laws laid down are those of cultured society; there are books, piano, games; every girl is expected to be neatly dressed and to conduct herself with good manners such as would obtain in good society. The home knows neither creeds nor politics; Church people, Dissenters and Roman Catholics are alike admitted, but all visitors are expected to attend their respective places of

good to see the girls resting for once lazily in the hammocks under the trees with a book, or drinking tea out of doors.

The residents of Torquay show their sympathy with the purpose of the home by inviting the visitors to their beautiful houses and grounds. I was present at one of these gatherings a week or two since and had long talks with the girls who spoke to me of their "daily round," their struggles and the intense enjoyment of the holiday at Babbacombe.

Everything in the home bears witness to the taste and care of the two sisters, who have left nothing undone that could comfort and rest the girls who come to them after their long months of weary, monotonous toil.

Every detail shows their love and consideration for the tired ones.

The drawing-room overlooking the sea is beautiful and the bedrooms are extremely pretty and comfortable. Each room is called after a flower and painted and furnished to match. The sanitary arrangements are excellent.

There is a reading and writing room and an excellent library which, with its catalogue and contents, is an example of the infinite care and trouble taken by the Misses Skinner to render the holiday spent in this home a rest for mind as well as body.

None know better than they the effect upon girls of reading intelligently good, well selected books, and one is not surprised to find that great attention and intelligent, loving care have been bestowed on this department of the home.

There are now over a thousand volumes, and the catalogue in which they are arranged and registered is in itself unique and well worth a study. First the books are arranged in sections; for example, poetry, biography, novels, theology, essays, science, history, hygiene, domestic economy, French books and magazines.

Each section is prefaced by remarks for the benefit of the guests and to guide them as to what to read and how to make the most of what they read. These remarks are so good that I should like to give them all, but space will only allow me to give a very few of them.

POETRY.

Poetry is the most perfect expression of the highest thoughts of the greatest men.

Try to like the best poetry. Don't say, "I don't care for poetry" as if it were something to be proud of; try to cultivate a liking for it. Ruskin says, "I do not wonder at what men suffer but at what they lose."

Don't lose poetry out of your life; climb the Alps when the valleys suffocate you; get out of the dust into the fresh, pure air; out of the grey into the blue; you will do your work all the better for it. Read the best poetry. For better appreciation of the poets read *With the Poets*, Dean Farrar, and *Theology in the English Poets* by Amy Sharpe. Those who wish to understand Browning's poems should read Browning's *Message to the Times* by Dr. Bardeol. Read *Aurora Leigh* by Mrs. Barrett-Browning for a noble ideal of what women can be and do.

If you have but little time use that little for the very best. If you read the best you will like the best; as Tennyson says, "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Spare half an hour a day to be a man or woman as well as a worker; your work will be the fresher for it. When the noise of the Strand or the whirr of the machines deafens you take ten minutes each day resolutely out of the dinner hour to go into green meadows with Matthew Arnold in the *Scholar Gipsy*. I do, and go back cooled and refreshed, as if I had rested under the shadow of a spreading tree on a sunny lawn.

The drama or plays come next in literature to poetry.

Read Shakespeare's plays, especially *Macbeth*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and afterwards you will wish to read the historical plays. Read Donder's *Primer on Shakespeare* and the notes to the plays and you will not care for inferior ones.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of good or great men and women. Read them to stimulate and lift up your own life, to enable you to conquer difficulties and to be brave and strong as those men and women were to stand up and not lie down in life.

To see what men and women like ourselves have been and have done; how they have fought with life and gained the victory; how they have gained strength out of suffering and learnt sympathy from sorrow; how they have helped other people and done good to the world.

Read *Kingsley's Life*, *Dr. Arnold's Life*,

Sister Dora's Life, *Father Damien's Life*, *Mary Carpenter's Life*, and *Father Matthew's Life* to see what good work for the world they have done, and to stir us up to do our part in making God's world what He intended it to be.

Women are inclined to be narrow, to care only for what belongs to their own families. Lives such as these help to broaden them and make them feel that they are citizens of the world as well as members of a family; the world belongs to them because it belongs to God, and they must do their part in it as Lord Shaftesbury, Charles Kingsley, Dr. Arnold and Mary Carpenter did.

In ourselves we can only live one life. In biography we can enter into the lives of many. Our own life is often dull because we have to do the same thing over and over again. Get out of your own life by getting into the lives of others. Dulness is being shut in; get out. You are sitting in a dreary London room with no outlook but chimney pots. Look out with Charles Kingsley's eyes on to the Devonshire moors; with Tyndall on the Alps; with Ruskin up into the sky.

Look over the list of people's lives in the catalogue and see how many acquaintances you can make.

You would have liked to know Charles Dickens. Well, make his acquaintance in his life in the library.

Every one who enjoyed reading *Westward Ho! Hypatia*, and *Two Years Ago*, would like to know the author, Charles Kingsley. Read his life; it is most interesting. You would have thought it an honour to have a letter from him, read his tender loving letters which might have been addressed to you or me and see with his eyes the beautiful scenery he describes.

Read Charlotte Brontë's life to learn what difficulties a woman can struggle with and overcome; how genius can be combined with a stern sense of duty, not as some foolishly think that genius is an excuse for neglect of duty.

The higher the mind the keener should be the sense of duty, for brains help us to discern it. Intellect is a help to goodness; goodness is strength. It is a poor thing to be overcome by the lowest part of you. Goodness is victory; wickedness is defeat. The lesson of biography is fight and conquer.

FICTION.

"Novels! When I read at all I read novels to amuse me."

Yes, only read the best novels—those that tell you about different kinds of life.

Novels are of real use in showing different kinds of life in different ranks; they also enlarge our sympathies by depicting various kinds of suffering which you have not experienced and this enables you to help other people better. Use novels that way, to help you to make other lives brighter. Novels are like society. Choose the best society, it is the most interesting. It is not a bit of good tacking a good moral on to the last page of a book if you have been wading in dirt for three volumes.

Never read a novel after which you have to wash your mind or which weakens you for the battle of life or which makes you discontented with ordinary healthy life.

Don't read any book which makes you feel as though you were in low society. Choose novels which depict different sides of life. Read historical novels, for they teach you of other times and of foreign countries, for example, *On the Edge of the Storm*, *Richelieu*, and others like them. Read, however, something beside novels. It is not good to live upon even wholesome sweets; always have another book going as well as a novel—meat and pudding I call it.

THEOLOGY.

"I do not wish so much for religious books as books written in a religious spirit."—*Dr. Arnold*.

All good books are religious, for it is God who helps the poet to see the beauty of life, the historian to see facts, the scientific man to search out the secrets of Nature and the novelist to put forth a high ideal.

Some books are specially about God and His action in the world. This is theology; and we have set apart a section of the library for theology.

Books which give us high and noble and generous ideas of the kind of life we ought to live, not poor, mean and grasping notions of what we can get for ourselves. Books which show that religion includes all good things, not only sacraments and prayers for the soul, but education for the body and training for the mind.

Read *Kingsley's Sermons*, and don't set yourselves against them because they are called sermons; read *The Good News of God*, *From Death to Life*, *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen*, and *Religions of the World and Their Relation to Christianity*, not an easy book but deeply interesting to the thoughtful. For hymns choose strong vigorous ones that stir you up to action, not lull you into repose. Lift yourself up to your religion, don't lower your religion to yourself.

Your religion is your life, your life and nothing less.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

"Science? Oh, it is so dull and one wants something amusing."

Dull, nothing of the kind! It's the most interesting thing in the world if you get into it; geology especially; it means understanding something of the world we live in. Doesn't it seem rather stupid to know nothing about the earth we are treading every day?

Science opens our eyes. God meant us not to be blind but to see. Science is one of God's teachers.

Science, even a little knowledge of it, removes many difficulties. Science teaches us that the world is governed by law; the laws of storms for instance. Captains of ships learn them and avoid certain currents, etc. It teaches also that pestilence follows dirt. Science is a true friend to religion. It has swept away many wicked superstitions. It is God and man working together. It is a great pity so many women do not care for science. A knowledge of science enlarges your minds, gives you another world, many other worlds to live in.

Don't sit down before the doors of science, enter in. The harder you work the more you need change of thought. Read Sir John Lubbock's *Beauties of Nature*, and *Pleasures of Life*.

ASTRONOMY.

It is strange how little people know about the sky.

Ruskin says, "It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man and more for the sole purpose of talking to him than in any part of her works."

The sky is intended for our perpetual pleasure, therefore look at it. Study the sky and learn something of the countries in the firmament. Learn the difference between the stars which do not move and the planets or wanderers which appear from time to time.

BOTANY.

If you know nothing of botany the flowers are strangers to you. Even a little knowledge makes them into friends.

Botany is about the flowers you see in the lanes, the plants and ferns, mosses, and lichens. When you go into the lanes bring in all the flowers you can find and look them out

in Anne Pratt's coloured pictures and learn their names. Read Anne Pratt's *Rambles in Search of Wild Flowers, Ferny Combes, and Common Objects of the Country.*"

HISTORY.

"History is the record of God's dealings with mankind."—Dean Stanley.

History means—How men and women came to be what they are now. Books about England, the infancy of England, the children of England, the manhood of England.

Try to understand something about your own country. Isn't it a pity that all the past of your own country should be a blank to you? Read Green's *History of the English People*, and Macaulay's *History of England*. History is the record of the education of the world. Read English history to see how England grew up, to see how it became more and more

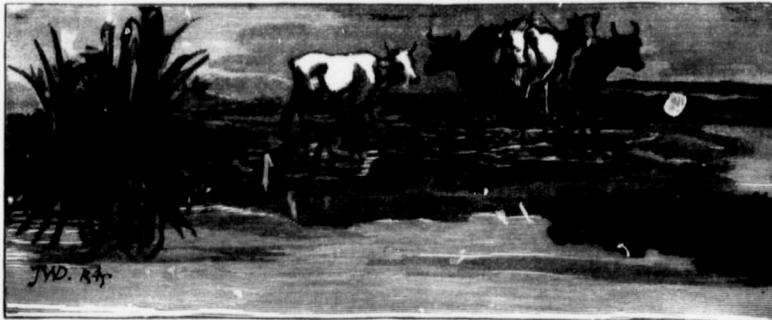
and more free and how we ought to use our freedom.

What a pity it is not to know about history when you go to old castles, towns and cathedrals. I advise you whenever you go to see an old place to look out first in an English History the stories about it; it will double the interest. If you know the stories belonging to the places you can fancy the ladies of the castles looking out of the slits in the towers for the men returning from the wars, and so on. The places will seem peopled instead of empty. This will make your mind richer. Knowledge of history doubles your interest in life. When you read any period in history try to read an historical novel at the same time. If you are studying the French revolution read *l'Atelier du Lys*, and *On the Edge of the Storm*.

These are some of the remarks which

preface the various sections of books. As I said before I wish I could give them in their entirety; they form such an excellent guide in the selection of books. The care shown in the library is a sample of that displayed in every part of the Home of Rest. A holiday spent here strengthens the girls in mind and body, and it is no small thing that we, by giving a yearly subscription, may help this good work and strengthen the hands of those ladies who devote their lives to it.

I only wish that all who read this paper could see the home and the guests and the gentlewomen whose lives are spent in giving rest and joy and strength to shop girls. It is a Christ-like work done in the quietest manner possible. One can only give the bare outline of what is done here, but I beg of you, who can, to go and see it, and you will understand better what women workers are doing.



"THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON."

By FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

"You won't wear that old dust-cloak, Miss Joan?"

"Yes, I shall, Rendel; it is such a splendid cover-all."

"But it is so terribly shabby and old-fashioned."

"Now, Rendel, you have enlarged upon its defects for the last five summers. I know them by heart. With all its faults, I love it still."

"There is this lovely velvet cape—I am sure it is comfortable," ventured Rendel respectfully.

"All bugles, and dangles, and lace! Yes; and there is that silk atrocity you persuaded me to purchase in Paris; and there are several other garments equally as useless. I shall wear my old dust-cloak—do you hear, Rendel?"

"Yes, ma'am. But suppose you meet the De Quincey Joneses or Lady Anne Ponsby?"

"What shall I do?" cried Miss Artleton in tragic tones. "I shall rush into the nearest shop and cry, 'Hide me, oh, hide me, for Rendel's sake!'" And the little old lady broke into a merry laugh. "Don't look so disappointed! My friends will not blame you; they know you are a jewel."

"It is not for my sake, ma'am; they might think it strange—" Rendel stopt in confusion.

"That a person of my position should wear such an antiquated garment," concluded Miss Artleton gaily. "They can think what they like—I shall wear my dear old dust-cloak. I have made up my mind, Rendel, and you know what that means; you have lived with me nearly thirty years."

"Only twenty-six, ma'am," ventured the maid.

"Don't blush! We are both growing old—I am not ashamed of the fact. Reach that black sailor hat; it will be so useful. Now I can see a look of horror in your eyes. You thought I bought it merely from pity for that poor half-starved milliner. I bought it to wear, Rendel—understand that! Her Majesty wears a common or garden hat, and she is ten years older than I am, so I follow her example. When she rides a bicycle, I shall ride one also. I am truly loyal." And with a laugh, Miss Artleton perched a girlish sailor hat upon her grey curls.

"I am going by train to Sandrington, Rendel. There is a pretty girl in a fancy shop there in whom I am interested. Yes, I have a fad for shop-girls at present. That little vulgar boy who stole my diamond brooch rather damped my ardour for shoe-blacks. But I have faith in human nature. He will return it to me, I feel sure he will. Now I am ready. No, you need not accompany me; you suffer such agonies when I disgrace the noble name of Artleton. You ought to have been an aristocrat, Rendel!" And, waving her tiny loved hand, Miss Artleton left the room, tripped down the broad oaken staircase, and went out into the open air.

With a despairing sigh, Rendel walked to a window and watched her mistress out of sight.

Among her lady acquaintances, Miss Artleton was generally described as "a good old soul, but slightly peculiar—a love affair when she was a young girl, you know," the latter part of the sentence being accompanied by a significant tap of the forehead. Only a

favoured few saw the priceless jewel that lay hidden behind the little lady's odd exterior.

Years ago, when she was young and pretty, she became engaged to a noble but penniless young fellow, who, to make for himself a position in life, set sail for India. The outward-bound vessel was lost and with it Miss Artleton's lover.

For months the poor girl went about a mere shadow of her former self; then she suddenly aroused all her energies, and her fashionable friends began to shake their worldly-wise heads and say that she was peculiar. The visible form her peculiarity took was vaguely hinted at. It was a form unknown to the idlers who lounged their lives away in heated drawing-rooms or roamed across the Continent in search of happiness.

Many a young couple happily married blessed the name of the "peculiar" Miss Artleton. A few pounds here, a little influence there, and many a bright home sprang into existence where, without her assistance, there would have been long years of weary waiting, until, as the little lady herself put it, "The poor young folk would be too tired to enjoy each other's society."

Purchasing a few yards of ribbon in a fancy shop one day, Miss Artleton's attention was arrested by the fair, open countenance of a young assistant. Her romantic fancy was immediately captured, and, without knowing it, Clarice Day found a valuable friend. This visit was succeeded by several others, but only once did Clarice "serve" Miss Artleton. Still, the little lady kept her eyes and ears open. The result will be seen later.

(To be continued.)



"WITH LONGINGS VAGUE, AND HARDLY UNDERSTOOD."

DREAMS.

By E. NESBIT.

SHE looks on beauty, and it stirs her soul
 With longings vague, and hardly understood;
 Her timid fingers lack the large control
 Wherewith her hopes endow her womanhood.
 She dreams of days when she no more shall sigh
 At strife of tremulous hand and eager eye,
 When she, too, shall find grace her dreams to show
 In such fair form as the immortals know.

Like some fair bud plucked ere it come to flower
 The dream may fade, yet not be all in vain:
 Though Time should give her for her utmost dower
 The common gifts of common joy and pain;
 Though Art and all her visions fade away
 From eyes that watch her children at their play,
 And all the skill that was to give dreams life
 Makes wise the hands of mother and of wife.

Not vain the golden dream, the radiant fire
 That kindled once the innocent brave heart:
 Man's soul grows nobler by a pure desire,
 And Life, thank God, has nobler ends than Art!
 Yet in her home, where Love's wings only stir,
 Whence Art has flown—shall it not profit her
 To have loved beauty in her maiden youth,
 To have kissed the feet of beauty's sister, truth?



"GLORIFIED" WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

PART I.

DEAR ELSIE AND ANNIE, Miss — tells me that you have made up your mind to "house-keep" in London on your own account, and to try a flat. She also says your dear mother is anxious about the experiment, having heard dreadful tales of the discomfort and miscellaneous company you might encounter in the sort of flat you propose to take.

As I have tried the plan myself and as I know you two girls are practical and ready to take useful hints, I must give you some, and hope they may be of use.

First of all, I should never recommend any but steady, "level-headed" girls to go to live in a flat. Only, nowadays, when all women must work to live, and must often live alone or in lodgings, the question is, how to make life as easy as hard daily work will allow. Boarding is one plan, for girls who are out all day, but it is expensive, unless they are prepared to "rough it" very considerably, and the mixed company and want of privacy is often un congenial. Then comes the plan of lodgings, furnished, or unfurnished: the former leaves you very much at the mercy of the landlady, and the latter is even worse, for it is all but impossible to get unfurnished rooms in a nice house, and here again, a good or bad landlady makes or mars your comfort to no small extent, so, given two sensible girls like you, I should recommend your giving the "flat" a fair trial.

On the principle of "first catch your hare" you will have to look about for a flat, and this is not quite so difficult as it seems, if you are willing, as so many working women of all classes do now, to try "workmen's dwellings." Of these, there are many, in the various districts of London, but naturally you will wish

to be fairly central and within easy, i.e., walking, reach of your work. I should strongly advise your making full inquiries before you settle. Supposing you do hear of desirable rooms, at a weekly rental, you will be asked to give references, and to sign an agreement, and here you had better consult a man friend. Mr. — will be the best, as he knows so much about these dwellings. Do not take rooms with a gloomy aspect, but be sure that on one side or other you have sunlight.

Now as to rental, etc. You ought to get two rooms varying in size from 16 feet by 14 to 17 feet, with a scullery from 9s. 6d. per week to 10s. 6d. Two smaller ones, without scullery, would be cheaper, 8s. to 8s. 6d. Your landlord, or the agent acting for him, will see to the papering and painting of these, but will probably leave the choice of paper, etc., to you. You can now have very lovely shades of plain paper, with no design on it, and unless your rooms are very sunny, I strongly recommend a lemon yellow for both paint and paper. It is cheerful by day and lights up so well at night.

In your "flat" you will find that one of the two rooms is fitted as a kitchen, that is, with a cooking range and dresser. If you have a scullery, the copper will be in that, so I need not trouble you as to contrivances for utilising and ornamenting it, till I hear more from you. But, perhaps you may feel alarmed at the dresser and the cooking range. Well, here is a plan for both, which I think you will like.

First take the stove. That you will find necessary for cooking purposes, but not always necessary for heating. So your best plan will be to have a small oil cooking-stove, which can be placed on the top of the other, and which, if kept clean, will have no odour and will be quite sufficient for all you require. Round the

top of the mantelshelf have an iron rod placed, and hang pretty curtains, to match those at the window. These can be drawn close directly your cooking is over, and will be rather ornamental than otherwise.

The dresser is comparatively easy to manage. You will not require it for plates or saucers, if you have a scullery, and so you can make it as ornamental as you please. If your rooms are being painted, see that all unsightly hooks and nails are taken out before the painting is done. If not, then you will have to do that for yourselves. Remove the iron handles, and paint the dresser with whatever colour suits your hangings, carpet, etc. It will have to be gone over twice, and if a hard-drying, good enamel is used, it will look very well. Replace the drawer handles with brass ones, which you can often pick up at a furniture dealer's very cheaply, or can buy new for little more. The bottom shelf, where the saucers usually live, is an excellent place for your typewriter and sewing-machine to stand when not in use. Also it makes a place of refuge for newspapers and magazines which will gather, whether one wishes or no. The drawers you will find invaluable for your tablecloths, serviettes, mats, and so on, and in one, the knives and cutlery and salt cellars can be stored away; also your duster, for the time being. The shelves hardly need any suggestion. Photographs, books, and all sorts of odds and ends will naturally find their home there, and your taste is sure to make the dresser a "thing of beauty." Should you be able to afford it, a strip of looking-glass inserted between two of the shelves, at the right height will be found very useful. This costs about 2s. 6d. per square foot and can very easily be fixed, so as to be removed when you move, if you should have to do so.

I do not think you will wish me to give you all my ideas as to furnishing, but perhaps one or two hints may come in useful. For floor covering for your sitting-room, I think you will find the cheapest and prettiest is a large square of Moonj matting. The red, blue and cream colours are bright and cheery, and the matting is easily kept clean and wears splendidly. You can stain the floor all round, dark, or light oak, as your fancy directs. For the bedroom floor a square of carpet is preferable, and this can now be had in very pretty artistic shades, and very cheap.

Your bedroom door will probably be placed in one corner of the room, which only leaves you three corners at disposal. Of these three, I would suggest making hanging dress-cupboards out of two, and a washstand of the remaining one. The dress-cupboards are made thus: get a good-sized shelf, fixed to the wall at a height of 7 feet from the floor, and just above the skirting-board have another of the same size fixed. Under this last, you can keep boots and shoes. From the top shelf a serge or plushette curtain should hang, which will effectually keep out the dust. The hooks for dresses are placed on the side supports of your bracket shelf. I daresay you will not have time to embellish your curtains, but I have seen very pretty art serge embroidered ones, which were the work of leisured fingers.

Now for the washstand. Get the same carpenter who puts up your other shelves to place at the right height for comfort, a strong shelf wide enough for one or two basins and ewers. The larger you can allow this to be, the more comfortable you will find it. A curtain ought to hang from this shelf too, in

lieu of a cupboard door, and, if you are pressed for space, hang a looking-glass in the angle of the wall. Your toilet brush-bags can hang one on each side, and save the purpose of splashers as well.

I have left the beds to the last, for I think you know my views on that subject, and I cannot too strongly urge you each to have your own bed. You can get most comfortable ones at a very moderate cost from the Standard Folding Bedstead Co. They are easily fixed, well ventilated, and during the day, hook up on the wall, leaving plenty of space in the room. I have not mentioned the chest of drawers, as you will have to decide about that when you find what your funds will allow. But there is one necessity, namely a dressing-screen. This you will find such a comfort, and if you buy one of the pretty Japanese ones for 9s. to 10s., you can use it in either room as desired.

You will, by matting over the scullery, be able to make that your bathroom, and will find it very handy and much more convenient than having a bath in the bedroom. Your cooking utes, I fear, I have not time to mention, but I know your mother will see that you have all you need, and so I will only finish my long letter with a few hints which you must take in good part, as beginners in your new and fascinating housekeeping.

1. Arrange to have your milk and bread brought regularly. You are sure to find a dairy near where they will serve you sufficiently early in the morning.

2. *Do not neglect your regular meals.* You will find it an excellent plan to take it in turns to "housekeep." In the morning, the one who makes the beds and does up the rooms,

might prepare the breakfast while the other goes out to provide for the evening meal. I imagine you will lunch in the city, so that supper will be the meal required. And I trust you will always see to it that you have a substantial, but digestible supper, as soon as you can after returning home.

3. See that your lumps, candles, etc., are always clean and ready for use, and matches handy. There is nothing so dismal as to come home to a dark room or rooms and grope about for light. It is unlikely you will have gas, in a flat such as I have described, though you may have the "penny in the slot" arrangement, and this is a great convenience.

4. See that your drains, sink, etc., are always well flushed and kept perfectly sweet and clean. If anything seems out of order, go at once to the agent and have the matter seen to; it may be very easily remedied.

5. Be very careful to leave your sanitary dustbin ready, on the days when it is cleared, and see that all refuse is carried away. The most absolute cleanliness is needed in such close quarters, and by attention to this life may be as healthy and is certainly as pleasant in "your flat" as it could be in your own home.

P.S. I don't think I have been nearly emphatic enough about the need for care in arranging your meals. Be sure to take a good breakfast, and try by all means to have a good, wholesome evening meal. Never fall into the habit of living on sausage rolls and pork pies, and tinned meats. You both know something of cookery, therefore learn more, if you can, by practising for "each other's" benefit, which after all is the truest "altruism."

(To be concluded.)

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

CHAPTER I. IN THE FENS.



EW places, by way of contrast, as regards scenery, could have been greater than when I came straight back from the school where I was educated in lovely Lausanne to Anderby Hall, our home in the Lincolnshire fens. I had not been at home, even for the holidays, for three years, owing to my having measles or something or

other that prevented my travelling. Two years ago I came back not to return, for my school-days ended on my nineteenth birthday. My mother had died quite suddenly two years before, and since then Aunt Elsie, father's eldest sister, kept house for him. Then she became very ill, and the doctors had little hope of her being anything but an invalid for the rest of her life, so my home-coming to be the active head of the house seemed just in time.

Our home is a very large, rambling old house, very much out of repair, and with large gardens stretching at the back, and a short lawn in front, the gate opening on to the village road. We are eleven miles from a

railway station, five from anything that can be called a town, and beyond two or three families who live within a few miles of us, and about two in the village itself, there is no society at all. From my bed-room window I can see miles and miles of fenland stretching to the horizon. The fens are intersected by canals, and here and there are tiny villages and a church spire.

Dolly, who is thirteen, and Bess and Anne, who are twins of nine, go to a school kept by two maiden ladies in the village. The children of the doctor and clergyman go there, and, considering how remote we are from civilisation, it is fortunate to have a school at hand, for father says he doesn't wish them to be far away, and prefers this school, which, for the country, is wonderfully good.

It was my great wish to go and be trained for a nurse, and I think father would have let me do this later on had not mother died. But now, as he says, my duty is clearly to be at home. Perhaps, when Dolly is older and able to take my place, there may be a chance of my going.

Last week a very delightful thing happened. I had a letter from Maggie Anderson, who had been to stay at Lausanne once during the holidays. She was a sister of Madame Chaudet, whose school I was at, and it was her telling me a great deal about hospital life, where she had just begun her training, that gave me the wish to be a nurse. She wrote from her London home, for she had lately been ill, and the doctors wanted her to have six months' rest; and when I told father, he said that I could invite her to come and stay here if I liked, and that it would be company

for me, for he had to go to America on business, a brother of his having died there lately, and he might be away three months or more.

"You would enjoy that, would you not, Nell?" he asked, for father always loves to please us.

"Yes, father, it would be lovely; I hope she can come," I answered, and, to my joy, I found she could, so the morning father sailed from Liverpool for New York, I went to meet her at the station, and was surprised to see how white and ill she looked.

She is several years older than I am, and a very delightful person. The children took to her, and Tom, our one brother, who is eleven, voted her a brick.

"Now, Maggie, while you are here I am going to pick your brains diligently," I said to her the day after her arrival, and she laughingly said she gave me full permission to do so.

"As there seems no chance whatever of my going to be trained as a nurse, and here, of course, there are never any ambulance or home-nursing classes, I don't see how I can get any practical knowledge of nursing," I remarked, "and I long to learn all I can on the subject."

"Every woman should know certain rules about nursing, and how to carry out a doctor's orders," said Maggie, "and I will tell you all I can."

"You know sometimes I go and see the poor people in the village, and often and often I have wished I knew how to make them more comfortable and give them hints about treating the sick; only I did not know what to say and do."

"If I am to help you practically, Nell, I may have to find fault," said Maggie.

"Yes—why, of course you must, but as you have not seen me trying my hand at nursing, I don't know how you can find fault." Maggie smiled.

"There is your Aunt Elsie, see what an invalid she is."

"Oh, yes, of course, but her maid whom she has had all her life waits upon her, and I have very little to do with it."

"I know you are very attentive to her in reading to her and bringing her flowers," said Maggie, "and she told me yesterday you were her sunshine."

"Did she—how nice of her? Well, it's about the only sunshine she gets," I answered, "for her room seems always cold and dull."

"Now comes my first bit of fault-finding," said Maggie. "Why should she have that particular room?"

"I don't know, Maggie, excepting that it has always been hers ever since she came to live with us. Now I come to think of it, as she has to live in her room, perhaps a sunnier one would be better."

"Yes, and very much healthier. South or south-west are the best aspects. Do you know, Nell, that sunshine in itself is health-giving. The Romans had sun-baths two thousand years ago."

"Oh, and now I come to think of it, they have them at Lucerne."

"Yes, and sunlight has the power of checking the growth of germs, and burns up what is classed generally as effete matter."

"Certainly Aunt Elsie could have the room at the end of the west wing, only it is rather out of the way."

"All the quieter for her," said Maggie, "and if I remember rightly there is a room opening out of it."

"Yes, there is."

"Well, supposing we propose it to your aunt. Come, let us go up at once."

And we went.

It was a lovely afternoon—we were just at the end of October—but Aunt Elsie's room certainly struck me as cold and dark-looking, though it certainly was not chilly in other respects, for there was a big fire and the room was very hot. Aunt Elsie was not up, and lay quite sunk down in her feather bed, and her pillows did not look comfortable. She liked the idea of a change into another room very much, and Maggie quite won her heart by telling her that she was sure she would be better in her new quarters. It was great fun preparing the rooms for Aunt Elsie, and Maggie and I worked with a will.

"I wish we had a glazed paper on the walls!" said Maggie as we paused in our labours of staining a deep border of oak colour all round the room. "It can be kept clean so much more easily, as it can be wiped down with a damp cloth; however, this must do for the present. I am glad Joanna cleaned the rooms so well."

"She was astonished at your insisting upon the ceiling and walls being dusted," I said. "It would never have occurred to me."

"It is quite as important that they should be kept clean as any other part of the room. Now those pieces of carpet nicely bound will be ever so much better than having carpet all over the place, as they can be taken up and shaken. Tell me, Nell, do you think your aunt clings to that dreadful feather-bed?"

"I don't know. Why, what is the matter with it?"

"They are hot, unhealthy, and generally uncomfortable," said Maggie, "and the person is apt to get into the most uncomfortable holes. Of course, for sickness as for health, the best kind of bed—"

"Oh, wait a minute!" I said hurriedly. "I have started a note-book, and am going to

write down things unless they are such that I am sure I can remember them."

"Very well, then."

The Bed.—An iron bedstead six feet six inches long and three feet wide is a good size. A wider bedstead gives the nurse a great deal of trouble in reaching over, and with the width named she can reach the patient easily from both sides of the bed.

Proper bedding should consist of two horse-hair mattresses, or one horse-hair mattress placed on a pailasse. The best of all, however, are spring mattresses, or chain-mail beds with a hair or wool and hair mattress on the top. If you have a feather bed which must be used, place it under the mattress.

The bed should never be placed with one side against the wall, and the light should not fall on the occupant's face, as that is very tiring to the eyes. If possible, the bedstead should stand between the fire-place and the door.

Cotton sheets, light warm blankets, and, for extra warmth, an eider-down quilt are required for a bed. The quilt should be one of the ventilated ones. Heavy cotton counterpanes are always objectionable.

If a bolster is used, it should be placed in a case by itself and not rolled up in the top of the sheet. Several pillows are necessary, the underneath ones not being too soft.

"I have written all that down," I said as Maggie paused. "I doubt very much if Aunt Elsie will submit to having the feather-bed placed under the mattress though it is a nice soft one."

"We must not worry her," said Maggie; "but see if we can't make alterations gradually. I am glad to see that hers is an iron bed and not a wooden one. We must hang up some pictures to-morrow, Nell; I noticed that her walls were very bare."

"Yes, so they are," I answered; "but I never heard her complain, and certainly I never noticed it."

"We might look about and see if we cannot find something that can brighten the walls and make the room pretty. It is nice for an invalid to have something cheerful to look at, and pictures often suggest good thoughts. Now I think the next thing for us to see about are the windows."

"Yes, the housemaid can clean them to-morrow morning," I remarked; "and then we can paste them up."

Maggie stared at me.

"I suppose you did not notice in Aunt Elsie's room that there was paper pasted over the crevices between the sashes and the woodwork? You see that she objects to draughts."

"But how can the windows be opened to air the room?" asked Maggie who looked thunderstruck.

"They never are opened through the winter. The pasted paper is washed off for the summer months," I said calmly.

"I don't wonder now at your aunt's complexion," said Maggie, and then she gave me a long discourse upon fresh air, and I entered her remarks in my note-book.

Ventilation.—The air of a sick-room should be always kept quite fresh, and by careful ventilation alone can this be secured. Ventilation really means fresh outer air replacing the inside air which has been made impure in many ways.

A Fire greatly contributes to the cheerfulness of a room and helps ventilation. If the temperature falls below 58° Fahr., it should always be lighted. A fire produces a diffused current of air in the direction of the chimney, and ensures the air of the room being often changed. At those seasons when you do not need a fire in a sick-room, a lamp kept burning in the fire-place very materially assists the ventilation of the room by drawing the bad air up the chimney.

Night Air.—With respect to night air, of course there are times during the night as well as the day when the outer atmosphere is damp, keen, or foggy, must not be allowed to enter; but that is not often the case, even in winter. As Miss Nightingale asked, years ago, very truly, "What air can we breathe at night except night air?"

"I wish you had some books that you could lend me," I said as I finished writing this down. "Have you any with you?"

"I am afraid I have not," said Maggie, "but as you only really need the very first principles of nursing, I think I can tell you all you want to know. But stay, I may have a note-book or two of my own with me, and I will go and see." And she went up-stairs and brought down a little manuscript book in which were notes and quotations from books she had studied and just what I wanted myself.

There was a paragraph on how to avoid draughts taken from a manual of nursing which I straightway copied into my book.

How to avoid Draughts.—It should be remembered that windows opened at the bottom are likely to create a draught on a level with the patient, and are, therefore, dangerous, unless carefully managed. An excellent plan of arranging an open window is to open the lower sash a few inches from the bottom, and to fasten a wooden board, eight to ten inches deep, across the lower opening, or to fit a piece of wood accurately in, and close the opening beneath the sash. The air thus enters at the middle, where the raised lower sash overlaps the lower end of the upper one, and the current is directed upwards towards the ceiling, and is thus gradually diffused through the room without draught. When the room does not admit of ventilation by this means, other substitutes must be employed. For example, the windows in adjoining rooms or passages may be opened and air admitted, or the door may be opened and a current of air created by shaking a clean towel or sheet about the room. In very cold or windy weather, when it is impossible to keep windows always open, the room should be aired several times a day, the patient being entirely covered up; the window may be thrown open and if necessary the door also for a few minutes, until the air has been changed and feels fresh. If the patient is able to leave the room, advantage should be taken of his absence to have it thoroughly aired and warmed again before his return. Amongst the poor, the nurse will find the greatest objection to having windows open, partly from ignorance and partly from dread of draughts, and she will have to be on her guard that the windows are not shut directly her back is turned. This is especially necessary at night, when it is of the utmost importance to keep the air fresh.

"I should not think this book of much use to you now," I said, as I handed it back to Maggie. "You are a trained nurse and must know all these things by heart."

"Yes, I do," said Maggie; "but I keep it because it is of use to me when I am lecturing on simple home-nursing as I sometimes do, and it refreshes my memory as to what it is needful to teach people. You see, once that we nurses have our regular hospital work, we are so much accustomed to everything being done on hygienic laws, that we are apt to forget that many people who come to lectures to learn about nursing do not know the very first principles of the laws of health. I mean of the value of cleanliness, fresh air, etc."

"And need to be told not to paste up the windows," I said. "To-morrow, Maggie, I am going to ask you a lot of questions and write down your answers."

"Very well," said Maggie. "I am willing."

(To be continued.)

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VI.



URING the weeks that followed, Génie saw a good deal of the tenants upstairs. The invalid took a violent fancy for her, and Génie, whose heart was very tender, grew fond of the exacting lady, and by her constant kindness and attention to her won the intense gratitude of her son who was

devoted to his mother.

One Sunday evening, a message came to Génie while she was eating her cold supper with Madame Féraudy—

"Madame Canière's compliments, and would she do her the honour of visiting her this evening, she was feeling far from well."

Génie was tired from her walk to church; like the majority of French girls she was not much of a pedestrian, but she could not refuse. She went upstairs rather slowly.

On the landing on the top of the staircase Monsieur Canière was waiting for her. He looked wistful, and the fresh colour had somewhat faded from his face.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "forgive my having asked you to come up, but my mother is restless and ill, and whenever you come you always do her so much good that I ventured to do so."

Génie looked and felt astonished. The last time that she had come to see Madame Canière she had scarcely spoken to her, had left all the conversation to her son, and had only sat staring at her with her uncanny, bead-like eyes.

She thought Monsieur Canière looking anxious, she believed that his life with his delicate and fanciful mother was a difficult one, and already she had learnt something of the patience and tenderness with which he always bore everything from her. So Génie only nodded kindly to him, accepted the pretty bouquet of wild ferns he offered her, and went in.

He did not follow; he was rather tired and dejected and he ran hastily downstairs, thinking that he would have time for a soothing cigarette before his mother wanted him again.

Génie came into the blue *salon*. Madame Canière was lying back in a large arm-chair by the table. She was a delicate-looking woman, who had evidently been once very elegant, and the elaborate arrangement of her dress, covered with lace and grey satin ribbons, betrayed that she still remembered the time when she had been a beautiful woman. Her face was very drawn and colourless now, and her abundant soft white hair was dressed and curled in the height of the fashion.

She would have retained much of her former attraction had not her face been marred by an expression of pain and languor, and the sharp nervous glances of her black eyes.

"So you came! I did not think you would!" she exclaimed as Génie came forward and seated herself by her. "I do not see what attraction an invalid like myself could have to induce anyone young and gay to come near her."

"I want no attraction, madame," said Génie gently. "It is enough that you want me. I am glad to come."

"They say Protestants always tell the truth. My husband's family are all Protestants, and so is Jean; they never interfered with me. Is it the case? Do you think that they are so fond of truth?"

"At all events it is a noble reputation to have!" said Génie proudly. "There is nothing so strong, so precious as a friend whom you can absolutely trust, who is clear and true as fine crystal."

"Have you such a friend?" said Madame Canière quickly.

"Yes, I have two such friends."

"One is your Madame Féraudy, doubtless," said the invalid impatiently.

"Who is the other?"

"The other is her nephew, Dr. André Féraudy," said Génie. "I cannot tell you what I owe to him."

"I have heard my son speak of him. He is much older, is he not? Doubtless almost as a father to you?" said Madame Canière.

"Oh no, Dr. André is quite young. Have you never seen him, madame? He is so clever, so wonderfully clever; they say he passed all the highest examinations that there are to pass, and might have any appointment he liked, but he devotes all his time and thoughts to the poor. I wish you could consult him. I think he might do you a great deal of good, and no doctor in Paris can compare with him in cleverness."

Madame Canière moved restlessly. "What is he like in appearance—this paragon?" she asked. "I cannot bear ugly people."

"But he is not ugly, madame. He is—perhaps not exactly handsome—but he is better than handsome. There is something about him that makes him beautiful."

"But what is he like?" said Madame Canière.

"He is tall and slight and active as a bird. He has thick dark hair cut short and standing up like a brush, and a black moustache, and a very thin young face with large, rather hollow eyes."

"Humph! that sounds half-starved. I suppose he has no fortune, this fine gentleman?"

"I do not know," said Génie. "I remember that Madame Manche (our landlady in the Rue St. Hilaire) once told me that he would be quite rich if

he chose, but he gives all away—all—all to his poor."

"You say he is clever?"

"Indeed there is no one like him, madame, everyone says so."

"I wonder whether he could do me any good! Does he ever come here, Eugénie?" she said wearily.

"Yes, he comes sometimes to see his aunt. He will be coming again soon for a day."

"After all, a story like that generally means that a man has failed to secure a good practice and must do what he can with the poor. But I forgot! this gentleman is one of your crystal friends!"

"I believe in him as I believe in my Bible," said Génie earnestly.

"Well, well, we will see. I did not mean to say anything against him. Eugénie dear, I am becoming very fond of you," she went on plaintively. "I should like to have a daughter like you, but I never had a daughter, no blessings ever came to me."

"And yet, madame," said Génie indignantly, "the devotion of monsieur, your son, excites everyone's admiration."

"He is very good, my son," exclaimed Madame Canière. "I do not know what I should do without him. I think he is faultless."

"Then you cannot say that you have no blessings."

"No, no, but it does one good to grumble now and then. My son is very clever, he does very well in his profession; he makes a large income, he has a charming house in Paris. I tell him that there is only one thing wanting to him, and that is a wife."

"But, dear madame, what more can he want, when he has you?"

"What?" exclaimed Madame Canière starting upright and speaking shrilly. "What do you mean, child? Will you dare to say that I must be dead and buried before my son can marry?"

"You make a mistake, madame," exclaimed Génie boldly, though her heart beat fast. "I said nothing of the sort. I merely meant to observe that monsieur, your son, had enough happiness in you."

Madame Canière sank back; she looked faint. "Did I speak crossly, dear child. I am sorry. I did not mean it. I am faint to-day from starvation. I have had nothing to eat. I cannot touch cold meat, and these Protestants will not allow any cooking."

"Dear madame," exclaimed Génie. "You have really eaten nothing? This shall never happen again! I will fly downstairs and make you an omelet at once. Yes, yes, an *omelette au jambon*. I am shocked!"

"But the rules, Eugénie! I knew them before we came."

"Rules always relax for illness," said Génie decidedly.

"I don't like to let you go, child. I enjoy having you."

"I shall not be ten minutes, madame."

Génie ran downstairs. As she passed the door of the *salon*, which was a-jar, she looked in. It was a very peaceful picture on which her eyes fell.

Madame Féraudy had drawn a little table in front of her tall-backed arm-chair, on which was placed a large illustrated Bible. She had a soft white Indian shawl round her shoulders, and her fine old face looked calm and sweet as if the Sunday peace had settled on her heart as well as her home. She looked up as Génie passed, and called to her. She went in to make her explanation.

"In old days," said Madame Féraudy, "my parents would have made no exceptions for invalids; no cooking would have been allowed; but there, my child, André has taught me better."

"André always knows," murmured Génie.

Madame Féraudy looked after her a little anxiously and murmured to herself, "How will it all end? He will not allow himself to be happy, and she—God shield her, and save her from the bitter pang of unrequited love. I must take care of this child—this most dear child. At present it is all right. He is an ideal—a hero only. We must keep it so."

When she was ready Génie went upstairs again carrying a prettily arranged little supper, the omelet beautifully made, thin toast, honey and butter.

Monsieur Jean had come in when Génie returned to his mother's *salon*. He received her with rapturous gratitude.

"You are too good—too kind. This little impromptu supper is charming."

Madame Canière sat up, allowed her son to put a cushion behind her, and rewarded Génie by thoroughly enjoying the food she had prepared with so much care.

They would not let her leave them, but entreated her to remain at least until nine o'clock. The evening was delicious; Monsieur Canière set the casement wide open, the scent of the *noisette* roses floated in, a nightingale began to sing loudly in a neighbouring ilex tree. On the air came softly the sound of the splash of the waves as they fell on the beach, and drew away with a whispering sigh.

Downstairs Madame Féraudy gathered her little household together to sing the evening hymn.

Génie clasped her hands and sang it also very softly, almost under her breath, as the slow, solemn sound came through the open window.

Jean Canière sat looking at her delicate, clear profile, at the soft waves of her golden hair, at the tender light in her true grey eyes, and he knew that he loved this fair girl and would faint have her for his wife.

(To be continued.)

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

PART V. DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LIFE.



HE earliest form in which trouble intelligibly reveals itself, is usually that of disappointment. The griefs of childhood—and poignant griefs they are—clothe themselves in this garb. A pleasure has been eagerly anticipated, filling up all the little horizon, and lo, it vanishes, under the spell of bad weather, a trifling ailment, or some other adverse circumstance. For the moment—but fortunately only for the moment—life seems blank. A promised gift, perhaps through the forgetfulness of the would-be donor, is not forthcoming. A prize at school has been worked for and is not obtained. One smiles to think of the tears shed, the keen suffering endured, for reasons such as these.

The etymology of "disappoint" is simple—*dis* and *appoint*—properly speaking, to unfix, or unsettle, hence, to frustrate.

A warning may be uttered here to those who have the care of children, not lightly to allow their little plans to be demolished, their hopes crushed. Respect the innocent anticipations of a child! There is a passage in Miss Alcott's *Little Men*—a wise and tender book—which well expresses this. Space forbids quotation, but my readers may consult it for themselves, and observe how the same spirit runs through the story.

A very different view of things prevailed a generation or two ago. I can well remember in my childhood hearing with horror of a good man who, whenever he perceived his children were enjoying toy, or fruit, or picture-book, with special relish, came stealthily behind them and took it away. His aim was that of sound moral training, but the method was needlessly cruel. Life will do all that is necessary in such discipline, and even the life of a child must naturally furnish many such tests.

Of course, foolish and indiscriminate indulgence is also cruel. The child should be encouraged to meet inevitable disappointment cheerfully; but disappointments should not be lightly and carelessly caused or invented, as a feeling of injustice is then added to the sorrow.

My object in this paper, however, is not to deliver a lecture even to elder sisters on the training of children. I have to try and help my girl-readers, who by this time have probably found out for themselves that disappointment is a necessary part of life, in bearing their own troubles, rather than performing their duty towards the younger members of their family.

Among the disappointments of girlhood, those connected with friendship assume a prominent place. I do not of course imply that it is a common or a usual thing for friends to prove treacherous or unkind. But girl-friendships are very keen and eager, and, in schooldays especially, make up a great part of the joy of life. It is a proportionately bitter grief, then, to find one has been deceived in a friend who was adored; the shock of disappointment is so great it is very hard to bear. After schooldays are done, girls are also dependent on one another for love and sympathy, and how dreadful it is to own: "I have been disappointed in So-and-so; I could not have believed it of her!" Some confidence has been betrayed (and experience leads me to believe this is rather a frequent blow to girl-friendship), or some unkind thing has been said by the supposed dear friend, and is repeated by another "friend" to the

subject of the remark; then there is indignant expostulation and recrimination, or else a haughty silence, and all is over. The charming precious flower of friendship is trampled in the dust and is dead. The light that was so cheering and helpful is put out for ever.

"When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed."

Some girls seem rather to enjoy dealing death and destruction to their cherished friendships. They forget, in the dread enjoyment of the excitement of "a scene," how beautiful and choice a thing they may be ruining by their silly proneness to take offence.

This ruthless behaviour is by all means to be avoided. We must not expect absolute perfection even from our friend; neither must we expect they will always speak *about* us exactly in the same way as they would speak *to* us. Sternly close your ears against any officious acquaintance, who is eager to inform you what So-and-so has said about you.

But, if it is obvious beyond all doubt that you have been mistaken in a girl who was like your second self, do not let the "disappointment," terrible though it is, sour you against other affections; make all the excuses for her you can in your own mind, and resolve to bestow your confidence more worthily next time. Perhaps you were too impulsive and rash in your choice, and prepared the way for your own disappointment by expecting what a shallow nature could not offer you; or perhaps in some other way you may have been to blame in the matter. At any rate, it is not a usual thing for a friendship that is born of mutual attraction and real congeniality of tastes, principles and dispositions, to come utterly to grief.

There is another form in which disappointment may stab with special keenness on the threshold of womanhood—that of baffled ambition, frustrated hopes of a career.

A girl wishes to be trained for the medical profession; she feels her powers qualify her for such work, and her heart is set upon it;

but her parents will not hear of a daughter of theirs being a doctor; it is altogether far too new and extraordinary an idea, and she must (as she thinks) fritter her life away at home in calls and letter-writing and dress and trivialities. Another has had from childhood dreams of being an author. She writes from her inmost heart, and sends her poems and articles, polished with loving care, to one editor after another, but back they unavailingly come "declined with thanks." A third was going to Newnham or Girton, but her brother runs into debt, so it cannot be afforded. A fourth is entering the teaching profession with bright hopes, but her health breaks down, and it is all over. One might multiply such cases without end. These are the disappointments that test a girl's strength of character, and one can hear in fancy the despairing cry, "What am I going to do with this life of mine, which seemed so full of promise, and is now such a barren, hopeless thing?"

The right answer must vary in each individual case; but if despair is kept at bay, and a cheerful, brave outlook is maintained over the opportunities still left, help will come.

Modern life, with all the new openings it has brought for women, has also entailed bitter trials upon many in the way of disappointment. When there was no thought of a gently-bred girl doing anything but lead a domestic life after her schooldays were done, hopes and ambitions were not excited. Now these are constantly around by the ever new possibilities opening before women, and of necessity they must be often frustrated. This trouble is one in which sympathy is by no means readily tendered. One hears people say, "I cannot think why So-and-so is not contented in her good home, and her sisters and parents all so kind and nice!"

Did the kind friend ever think what it must be like to try and live in an exhausted receiver, however "nice" it were to look at? Fortunately people are growing wiser year by year.

What is one to say by way of comfort to the disappointed girl who feels she is hindered by circumstances from fulfilling her true vocation?

First of all—change your circumstances if you can. Do everything, consistent with filial duty, to shape your life to the ends for which you sincerely believe it is most fitted. If your wish is not the result of mere impulse, if you are pleasant about it and above all do not sulk, you will in nine cases out of ten find that with patience you will succeed. Of course, I need hardly say that I am supposing the ambition to be a right and proper one. To see an only daughter deliberately neglecting her obvious duty, because she likes something else better than looking after her home and parents, is a far from edifying spectacle.

If you cannot change your circumstances, then submit with a good grace, and try to find in the immediate surroundings something that will serve as second-best.

Even in this way, many a girl has lived to acknowledge it was well for her that her earliest hopes were baffled. The compensations of life are marvellous, more so than can possibly in youth be understood.

This truth is specially applicable to the third form of disappointment I must notice.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The girl in a happy home, as she draws near the threshold of womanhood, has a vague but beautiful future before her.

"I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,

Not one, as he sits on the tree;

The bells cannot ring it, but long years

O bring it!

Such as I wish it to be."

Nothing is more touching to elder people than this onward-looking vision. It is no shame to the girl if she

"Dreams with what eyes, and what a sweet insistence,
Lovers are waiting in the hidden years."

If she is a girl of good breeding and refinement, she will not talk about it, and certainly will not allow it to be manifest in her behaviour that her one desire is to "get engaged." If she does, she may bid a fond farewell to any such hopes. At the same time I can hardly believe that even "a model to her sex" is at one time or another without some private dreams of happiness, in which she is not alone.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong—
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist, and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again."

"A disappointment" in a certain style of parlance has come to mean a trouble connected with this side of a woman's experience.

That there must be such disappointments is perfectly evident when we face even one fact, that half-a-million women, whether they wish it or not, cannot marry because there are more women than men.

The work to be done by unmarried women in these days is daily growing in dignity and importance, and the scorn formerly cast at the "old maid" is now becoming vulgarly inappropriate as well as impertinent. But this small comfort for the individual girl who has had some cherished dream roughly disturbed, and sees her bright visionary future fade away into "the light of common day."

"When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled,
To endure what it once possesseth.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choosest thou the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?"

The exquisite words may be re-echoed in anguish of spirit.

How dreary life appears! how sad a lot it seems to have to awaken morning after morning to the same dull, slow-moving hours! and what a long, long future stretches onward before the end is reached! As Pierre Loti has said, "*Toujours se lever; toujours se coucher; toujours manger de la soupe qui n'est pas bonne.*"

Then the grief is all the harder to bear because it cannot be talked about. An arm is broken and friends crowd in with condolences and comfort; a heart is broken, and the victim cannot utter a complaint.

What are we to say? It is hard, and nothing can make it easy. But it is of no use to sit down and lament beside the sufferer.

To the girl who in her inmost heart is conscious of such a "disappointment," and must needs wear a smiling face, I will try and give a word or two of affectionate consolation. But to begin with, I must say, "Live it down!"

You may think this is impossible. It is not impossible at all. The human will is a wonderful power. Each day of resolute effort will make it just a little tiny bit easier to forget him, if "he" has proved unworthy, as alas "he" occasionally does. But some other interest and occupation, distasteful as it may seem at the time, must be brought into the life to fill the void; and of all such interests, occupation for the sake of others is the most healthful. You remember the sister of Sir Percivale in the "Holy Grail," who, as

the allegory shows, had gained deep spiritual insight through her grief.

"A holy maid; tho' never maiden glowed,
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
With such a fervent flame of human love,
Which, being rudely blunted, glanced
and shot,
Only to holy things."

Much work for good; much tending of the poor and needy; much benefit to the world; has been the outcome of a "disappointment," and the woman may live to say, "It is far better as it is."

"But my heart is broken!" you say. My dear child, in all probability it is not broken at all. I could tell you (to look at another aspect of the case) of unhappy girls who have come to me to ask for comfort in some such "disappointment" as I have been speaking about, and who, a year or so afterwards, have written joyful letters to warn me I was going to be invited to their wedding breakfast. And I have known young people who could not be thankful enough that the first affair ended in disappointment.

"When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

There used to be an idea prevalent among high-toned women, and preached by the author of *John Halifax*, that love was love only once and for ever. The affinity, the twin soul was perceived, and from that instant whatever "his" response, love endured till the end of life.

Sometimes this may be so; as in the wonderful case of Isabel, Lady Burton. But it is not by any means the universal rule. Without incurring the odious reproach of fickleness, it may be possible for a girl, especially a young girl, to make mistakes and take for the love of a lifetime the fancy of a moment.

However this may prove, life in some way will bring comfort.

It is hard to realise it when the heart is aching and sore, and the girl is miserably conscious she is out of harmony with her surroundings at every point; but come! will if life is rightly lived, either in the form of a new love on the ashes of the old, or new occupations to draw out all the forces of the inner nature. There are many loves in life; not, as the poets would have us believe, one only.

But it is fatal to collapse in a sentimental manner, and give oneself up to mourning for the past. I think girls are often very brave in troubles of this sort, and pride may lend a stimulus that is exceedingly wholesome.

Then the most ruthless disappointment in this, as in other forms, may turn out to be an angel in disguise, leading to another and a better way of life.

The sweetest of women-poets, Christina Rossetti, who herself knew the pang of hopes sacrificed, has written allegorical words that may be pondered; and in commending them to the notice of "disappointed" girls I bid such readers a reluctant farewell.

"The fruitless thought of what I might have been,

Hampering me ever, will not let me rest.

A cold North wind has withered all my green,

My sun is in the West.

But where my palace stood, with the same stone

I will uprear a shady hermitage,

And there my spirit shall keep house alone,
Accomplishing its age.

There other garden-beds shall lie around,
Full of sweet-briar and incense-bearing thyme;

There I will sit, and listen for the sound

Of the last lingering chime."

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "SAINT VALENTINE."

SOLUTION.

SAINT VALENTINE.

Lamented Saint! in olden days,
Recurring spring proclaimed thy praise,
And plighted friendship, gifts of worth,
Thy birthday hailed with happy mirth.
Then paper off'rings, tinsel gold,
Replaced the costly gifts of old;
Yet, at the postman's loud appeal,
Maid, mistress flew in eager zeal!
Alas! no more the flimsy show
Gleams in shop windows all a-row,
And empty, lonely is the shrine
Of kindly old Saint Valentine.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings Each.

- Rev. S. Bell, Grove Park, Chiswick, W.
Amy Briand, 47, Hanley Road, Finsbury Park, N.
Alice J. Chandler, 11, Spencer Square, West Cliff, Ramsgate.
Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, Clanricarde House, Coventry.
Mrs. Deane, Lismogle, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim.
Louie Drury, 27, Edith Road, West Kensington.
B. G. Fletcher, Glen Gordon, Colwyn Bay.
Edith M. Howard, 29, Beaconsfield Villas, Brighton.
Lizzie Peacock, 14, Hungerford Road, N.
A. Phillips, 15, South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.
Henzell G. Robson, 7, Oxford Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
R. M. Thomas, The Beeches, Uzmaston, Haverfordwest.
Mrs. Thompson, 14, Rutland Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.
Mina Wallan, 68, Coatsworth Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
G. S. Wilkins, Westcroft, Trowbridge.

Special Mention.

Edith Ashworth, Edith K. Baxter, M. A. C. Crabb, Marie E. Hancock, J. Hunt, Ellen M. Price, Ellen C. Tarrant.

Most Highly Commended.

Mary Bolingbroke, Ellen Thurtell, George Wotherspoon.

Very Highly Commended.

M. S. Arnold, Mrs. Ashby, A. E. Ashton, Elsie Bayley, Lily Belling, Nanette Bewley, M. S. Bourne, Mrs. J. Brand, E. H. Brookfield, Edward Selby Bruhl, Agnes B. Chettle, E. H. Duncan, Mrs. E. L. Hamilton, Ada J. Harrison, Helen M. Hill, Elsie M. Jay, E. A. Knight, Carlina Leggett, W. McAllister, C. Y. MacGibbon, L. Masters, Nellie Meikle, "Morwenna," E. R. Oliver, Rev. A. B. Orr, Hilda Pickering, Mrs. Prestige, Elizabeth Rose, Annie Saunders, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, L. W. Siffken, Mildred M. Skrine, Gertrude Sterling, C. E. Thurgar, Camilla F. Walker, Annie Wheeler, Dorothy Wheeler, Louisa Whitcher, Emily C. Woodward, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Emma Adcock, Annie Ainsworth, "Annette," Margaret Bailey, Adelaide G. Barnes, Albert H. Barnes, M. J.

Champneys, F. Chute, Leonora E. L. Clark, Rebecca Clark, J. Clemens (admirably designed), Mrs. A. E. Coombs, Louisa Coxhead, Mrs. Crossman, Jessie K. Field, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, A. and F. Fooks, Winney Foster-Melliar, Henrietta French, Edith E. Grundy, Charlotte Hayward, Florence Hayward, Gertrude E. H. Hind, M. Hodgkinson, Miss Hogg, Elsie A. Hooper, Rose A. Hooppell, M. Innocent, J. Jackson, Florence Johnson, L. Laurence, Clare E. Law, Mrs. Lister, Mildred M. C. Little, E. Mastin, May Merrill, E. C. Milne, Chas. A. Murton, Henrietta M. Oldfield, Mary Packer, A. E. Payne, Hannah E. Powell, Edith M. Prentice, Janet M. Pugh, Louise B. Rahe, Maude Rattray, Ada Rickards, J. Clarke Richards, Alexandrina A. Robertson, A. C. Sharp, A. B. Smith, Mrs. Snell, Mary Swidenbank, Constance Taylor, Bettie Temple, Violet C. Todd, Vera H. Walker, W. L. Wishart, Alice Woodhead.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

It is hardly possible to say anything new. This is unfortunate because we have arrived at the point where the reiteration of the old things becomes tiresome. Now it is obvious that if we cannot write anything new, and if we will not write anything old, there can be no report at all. Nothing could be clearer—or more unsatisfactory. Let us therefore review the situation with the calmness bred of despair.

When we were much younger we knew something about valentines, but if we ever received one it has long since been forgotten. It is even more pathetic to reflect that those we sent have shared the same fate. A wiser generation has learned not to scatter the evidences of affection abroad in such an impulsive manner. Indeed, the birthdays, the wedding-days, the Christmas days and the other ordinary present-giving days which cross the path of the average man are enough to satisfy his most generous instincts. So it comes to pass that, on the 14th of February, the postman arrives at the ordinary time. But all this has nothing to do with our report.

It really seems as if it were not at all easy now to make a difficult puzzle. (The cynically inclined will probably say that it seldom is easy to do a difficult thing, but cynicism is always cheap and generally very foolish too.) Certainly "Saint Valentine" was not difficult, and many almost perfect solutions were sent in. Still, mistakes were occasionally made, and some of the more common ones may be mentioned:—

"Gifts" and "showers" for *spring*: "proclaims" and "replace" for *proclaimed* and *replaced*: "offerings" for *off'rings* and "upstairs" for *mistress*. That this last error should have been possible says much for the ingenuity of the solvers. The man in the mist is staring up at the sign post. Hence is evolved "upstare"; add the res following and you obtain "upstares," and if that is not the equivalent of *upstairs*, what is it the equivalent of? The obvious reading is, of course, "mistres" and the conversion of that into *mistress* is quite a simple matter as compared with the evolution of "upstares." "Waitress" in the same connection is not good. A wait does not usually serenade a sign-post.

"Gleams in the windows all a-row"—not "arow"—was a common and natural rendering of the tenth line, but the more careful solvers noticed that the windows were shop windows.

In the last letter of the next line is a small r. At least it was a small r when it reached the printer's hands, but some ink in the wrong place quickly converted it into a capital P.

Happily the accident did not matter much, for the solvers who failed to obtain *shrine* were in a very small minority.

Several solvers spoil their chances of success in various unnecessary ways. Some omitted the title; some ignored rule 1; some transgressed rule 2 (one solver does so regularly!); some wrote "of olden days"; many wrote "friendship's," and others, quite inexcusably, "with eager zeal." So long as such things can be, it will be possible to keep up the puzzle competitions in their present form. But, in spite of many urgent requests, we do not say it will be advisable, though it is hard to resist such an appeal as the following:—

"Dear Puzzle Editor, who's shy,
And forced from haunts of men to fly,
To dwell in lonely majesty.
Come back! come back! we loudly cry,
Again our feeble brains to ply
With pictures strange, and words awry;
We love your puzzles quaint to try
The shapes so strange and letters high.
Let us not in our sorrow die!
For puzzles still we, longing, sigh,
Come back! Come back! we loudly cry!"

A. E. J.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

COFFEE-MAKING.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Elizabeth MacPherson, Umbango, Tarcutta, New South Wales.
Mrs. J. Whitton, Little Oyster Cove, Hobart, Tasmania.

Very Highly Commended.

Effie Russell (Melbourne).

Highly Commended.

Elizabeth Lang (France), Katie A. Massey (Russia), Mrs. S. F. Moore (W. Australia), Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Mrs. Sprigg (Cape Colony).

Honourable Mention.

Bessie Alexander (Jamaica), Annie Barrow (Switzerland), Winifred Bizzey (Canada), Bertha Dyke (Buenos Aires), Mabel L. Hanington (Canada), Annie Jackson (Canada), Ina Michell (Cyprus), L. A. Russell (New South Wales), Annie G. Taylor (Brisbane), Jessie M. Ward (Switzerland).

PROSPECTUS PUZZLE.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Elizabeth Lang, 17, Rue Bayard, Paris.
E. Nina Reid, North Taieri, Dunedin, New Zealand.

Commended.

Mrs. Morison (Canada), A. Robertson (Canada), Mary Ruttonji (India).

CONTENTMENT.

Prize Winner (One Guinea).

Elsie V. Davies, Wheatland Road, Malvern, Victoria, Australia.

Highly Commended.

Ethel M. Davies (Australia), Helen Shilstone (Barbados).

Honourable Mention.

Ina Michell (Cyprus), Hilda D'Rozario (India).



Answers to Correspondents.

MEDICAL.
FORGET-ME-NOT.—That all skin eruptions are due to impurities in the blood is an ancient belief which has been exploded for many years. The idea still lingers among the public and in advertisements for patent medicine. That some diseases of the skin may be due to a blood condition is undoubtedly—witness the rash in measles or small-pox, but it is equally certain that most eruptions have no connection with the state of the blood. Pimples and “blind boils” are due to acne, and we therefore approve of your suggestion to use sulphur; but not in treacle nor in milk, nor taken internally in any way, but as an ointment. In a recent “answer” you will find a concise account of the treatment of acne and allied conditions.

MADONNE.—1. The nails vary very much in strength in different individuals, and various employments are apt to injure the nails where they are not naturally strong. Housework, especially laundrywork, or work of any kind that necessitates keeping the hands in water, especially soda-water, is liable to produce brittle and eventually cracked nails. The nails also suffer in any skin affection of the fingers such as eczema or ringworm. Also during acute diseases the nails are liable to grow deformed. This is a very difficult thing to treat successfully unless we can remove the cause, which in most cases is impracticable. Keep your nails well trimmed, and carefully remove with sharp scissors any tags. The application of some grease to the nail and its root is useful for it protects the nail from the water. Lanoline is extensively used for this purpose. If there is any affection of the skin about the nail this must be cured.—2. See the answer to “Natalie.”

HEATHER.—“Is it generally held by the medical faculty that white bread is more digestible and nourishing than brown bread?” Decidedly it is. Consider for a moment what brown bread consists of—white bread and bran. White bread is digested entirely, not easily mind you, but it is digested entirely in time. Bran cannot be fully digested by man, so it is obvious that brown bread is less digestible and less nutritious (since nearly half of it consists of indigestible, and consequently, in-nutritious material) than white bread. Now you ask, “Is not brown bread good for constipation?” Yes, it is, and for this reason: the undigested bran passes from the stomach into the bowels, and being indigestible and non-absorbable, it acts as an irritant. All indigestible food, to a certain extent, tends to cure constipation. As to whether we would advise brown bread for constipation is another question. Personally we do not advise it. Constipation can be cured by better, quicker, and more rational means. You ask us why medical opinion has changed on the subject of the digestibility of brown bread. Has it changed? It has always been the same in our time. Are you sure that you are not mistaking the vendors of patent breads for the members of the medical profession? Bread is much easier to digest when it has been toasted.

A. COURVETTE.—That you found that a pill, ordered to cure chronic constipation, gave you diarrhoea is in no way remarkable. If you have read the correspondence column carefully you will have noticed the numerous answers we have given to girls troubled with excessive blushing, and it must have struck you how exceedingly complex are the causes of this distressing complaint. That medical science ought to be able to cope with such a malady we readily admit, and in most cases it can cure this condition. When you consider that blushing may be due to such extremely varied conditions as indigestion, anaemia, hysteria, and morbidly sensitive nerves, it is obvious that the same treatment will not be efficacious in all cases. We will consider the question of blushing in full a few weeks hence, but we have not space to do so this week.

JANE.—There is no advantage in using a wire hair-brush. It is all nonsense about it producing electricity. The disadvantages of wire-brushes are numerous, but we thought that the wire hair-brush had been long since forgotten.

NATALIE.—From what you tell us we presume that you are a musician. Redness of the hands means that there is an extra supply of blood to them. A musician, as she uses her hands a great deal for delicate work, requires an extra supply of blood to her hands, consequently they become red. This is physiological. We have already discussed many of the causes of red hands, and we therefore advise you to refer to previous numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Always wear gloves when going out, and wash in warm water. Glycerine and cucumber is said to whiten the hands.

A. M.—Your complaint is excessive and prolonged fits of sneezing on exposure to irritation of the nasal mucous membrane. It occurs chiefly in winter. This is unusual. If it occurred in spring or summer it would be called hay fever. Exposure to draughts is the commonest form of irritation which brings on the sneezing. This is also rather unusual, still you have a condition differing slightly, if at all, from hay fever. Hay fever is due, in most cases, to a spot of excessively over-sensitive mucous membrane in the nose; but it may be that the whole of the mucous membrane of the nose is affected. If only one small spot is hypersensitive, cure is easy. Find the spot by touching the mucous membrane of the nose. This is usually easily found, and then plunge the needle of the electro cautery into the spot. This proceeding destroys the sensitive spot and cures the sneezing. Of course it can only be done by a surgeon. For the more general hypersensitiveness of the nose, or for the more common condition, if you object to operation, it is first necessary to find out the cause and to remove it. A nasal wash, or a medicated snuff, is also often of value, but the latter of these measures sometimes does more harm than good. At the commencement of a paroxysm of sneezing a spray of menthol in proleone (1 in 8), or other local anæsthetic will often stop the sneezing at once.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

A LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE GOOD.—Your poem “On Hearing Mendelssohn's *Liedes ohne Worte*” is not deserving of two criticisms we occasionally offer on the work of young writers, because it is neither unhealthily morbid, nor about well-worn subjects. You have thought out for yourself something that you wished to say. But we must in your case add another criticism, namely, that the form is very defective. Every poem must have some sort of metre in which it is written, and your lines vary, irregularly, in their length. You should study the rules of prosody. We only except the work of experienced writers for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A CORRESPONDENT refers the extract beginning “I expect to pass through this world but once” to *The Greatest Thing in the World*, by Professor Drummond. We traced it there ourselves (see THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for May, 1897), but it is only given as a quotation, and we should like to see it in its original connection.

B. LANE.—Hindustani is, unfortunately, not among our accomplishments, but we will endeavour to hear your quotation in mind, and refer it to some friend who will translate it for us. Please note that we cannot answer letters by post.

VIOLET.—1. It is not compulsory for subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to take the Summer and Christmas extra numbers, but we hope as many as

can will do so.—2. The words “Spes mea in Deo,” mean “My hope (is) in God.”

PERSÉVÉRANCE.—Some of the letters we receive from our correspondents make us long to have a quiet talk with them, and try and give comfort and help by word of mouth. We are now able to answer your “third” question of a recent date.—1. “Backward and Forward” is a very thoughtful piece of work which we have read with great interest. You should not say, in so good a paper, “I think,” and “It seems to me.” If you are dubious, say “Is not?” so-and-so. Your poem is touching; you use “ere” for “e'er.” Do you know the poem, “The Voiceless,” by Oliver Wendell Holmes?—2. As to your query about your home life, we think, that if possible, you should certainly remain with your mother, as she desires it. You may feel that, even from a strictly business point of view, you earn your “bed and board” by your efforts in the home, and it would be terribly sad for your mother to have to lose you, and unless absolute necessity drove you away (as to which we cannot of course decide) we feel sure you might reproach yourself in days to come. We do not advise your devoting all your free and recreation-time to added work—it is poor economy.

A VENETIAN MAIDEN.—The “Daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair.”

In Tennyson's “Dream of Fair Women,” is Helen of Troy. We answered this question at length in the February part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for 1897.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I KNEW.—We have heard no complaints as to the destruction or injury of bicycle tyres by mice or beetles. But if very hungry, “self-protection” is said to be “the first law of nature,” and you should be careful to put them out of harm's way. In any case, we think the feast on the tyres would never be repeated by the same mice and beetles, exceptionally good as their digestions might be.

DOMESTIC EMIGRANT.—A letter has just been published by Miss G. Lefroy, Secretary of the “British Women's Emigration Association,” to inform young female servants of a new and advantageous opportunity for going to West Australia. Fifty are now being selected to sail in April under an experienced matron, £1 only being paid by each girl, the Colony defraying all other expenses free; and in return the girls have to sign an agreement to remain one year in Western Australia. They all obtain situations immediately on their arrival at the home to which the matron conducts them, at wages from £2 a month. Only girls over eighteen years of age are eligible, and only those having good recommendations and equally good health. Applications should be made at once at the “Imperial Institute,” London S.W.

KATARINA.—There are so many good recitation books published at very moderate prices, that we feel sure you can find what you require with very little trouble at the nearest news-vendor's or bookseller's shop.

NAUGHTY GIRL.—No young girl of sixteen has any right to deceive her parents, and the young man who has persuaded her to become engaged to him is very much to blame. You had better put an end to it before you are found out in your young and foolish conduct.

RAINBOW.—Our recipe for making lime water is as follows:—Take eight ounces of fresh-burnt lime, pour on it one gallon of boiling water, cover up closely, and when cold keep the whole in a glass bottle, and pour off the clear liquid when wanted. Lime water is astringent, antacid, and is used in doses of about a quarter of a pint; the taste being covered by about a third part of milk.

ORGANIST'S WIFE.—Beat and brush the carpets well, mix two gallons of water, half a pound of soft soap, and a quarter of a pint of oxgall. Rub this on the carpet with a brush, take a clean wet flannel and rub again, and, lastly, go over it all with a clean dry cloth. Do not make the carpet too wet, nor put it down until quite dry. The oxgall is to be obtained of any butcher, but must generally be ordered a day or two beforehand or you cannot get it.

MITE.—Inquire of the publishers where Mr. Arthur Riches' Public Examination Scripture Manuals are produced, and get a list of those printed. COTTON WOOL MYSTERY should join the “College by Post” for the systematic study of the Scriptures. Apply to Miss Elsie Waller, St. John's Hall, Highbury, London, N.