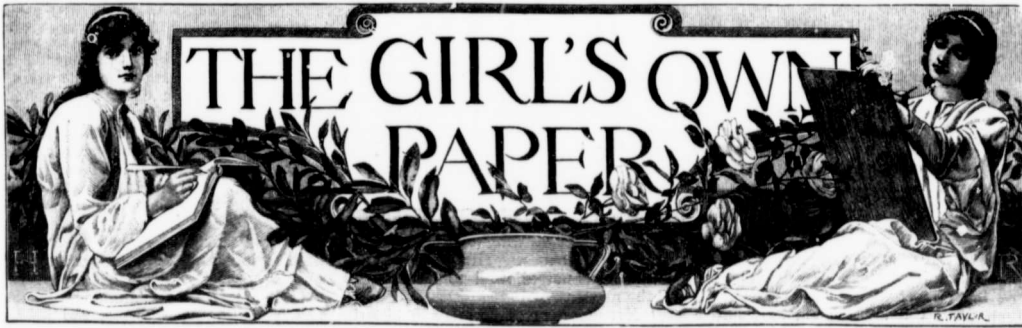




(From Photo by Worrals, den Haag.)

THE GIRL-QUEEN.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS



VOL. XIX.—No. 932.]

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

SISTERS THREE.

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

CHAPTER VI.

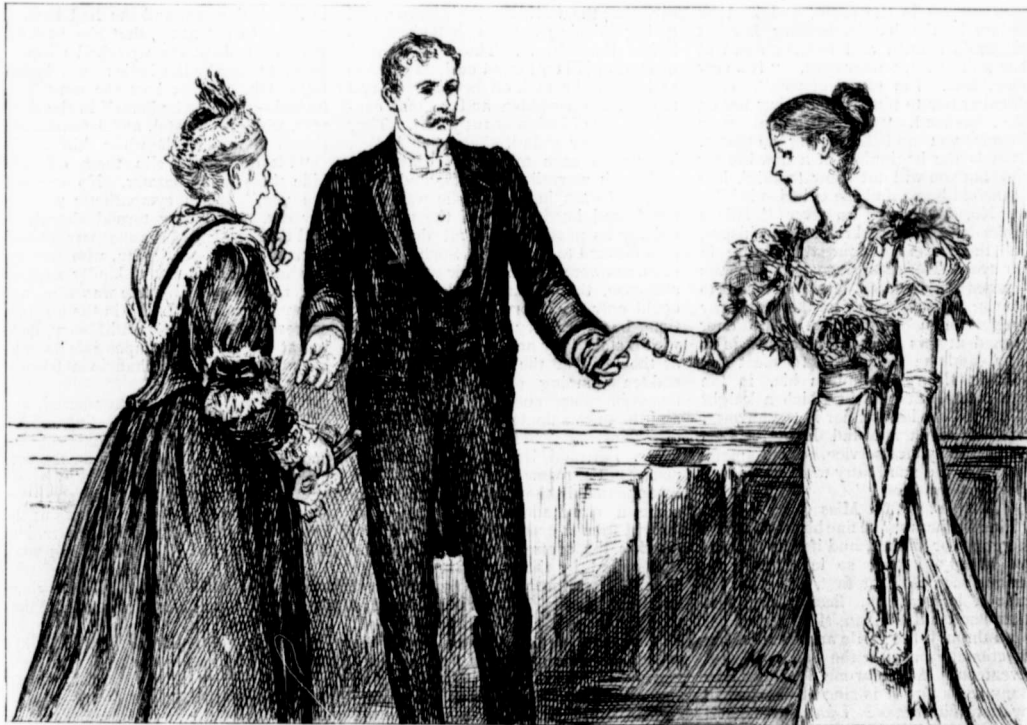
So soon as Mr. Bertrand's arrival in town became known, he was inundated with invitations of every description. To most of these it was impossible to take Hilary, but Miss Carr was indefatigable in escorting the girl to concerts and entertainments, and insisted that she should accompany her father when it was possible.

"If the child is old enough to have

the responsibility of a household, she is old enough to have a little enjoyment, and to make her entrance into society. She is eighteen next May, she tells me, and she is old for her age. You must certainly take her to La ly Mary's 'At Home.' There will be music, and recitations, and a crowd of people, just the sort of thing to please a young girl."

Mr. Bertrand shrugged his shoulders and affected to be horrified at the idea

of having to take out a grown-up daughter. "It makes a man feel horribly old," he said, "and I know quite well I shall forget all about her when I begin talking to my old friends. However, I'll do my best. See that the child has something decent to wear, like a good soul. I'm not so short of money now as in the days when you used to send hampers to my rooms in Oxford, and I should like her to look well. She is not a beauty like Lettice, but she is



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"'HUMPH!' SAID MISS CARR SHORTLY. 'FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS,'"

a nice-looking little girl in her way, isn't she, Helen?"

"Oh, I think we may give her credit for more than that. She has an exquisite complexion, and holds up her little head as if she were quite conscious of being the eldest child of a famous man. You won't be ashamed of your daughter, I promise you."

Hilary was delighted at the thought of accompanying her father to the "At Home," but though she gushed over the prospect in her letters to her sisters, she did her utmost to hide her excitement from Miss Carr. The old lady had a habit of making sly little hits at her expense, the cause of which the girl totally misunderstood. She imagined that it was her youth and want of experience which annoyed her hostess, whereas, in reality, it was her affectation of age and worldly knowledge. When the night arrived, however, it was impossible to keep as calm as she would have liked, as she arrayed herself in her dainty new frock before dinner. Miss Carr's choice had been eminently successful. A plain white silk dress with an overskirt of chiffon, which gave an effect of misty lightness, a wreath of snowdrops among the puffings at the neck, and long satiny ends of ribbon. Hilary looked very young, and sweet, and fresh, as she walked into the drawing-room, with a flush of self-conscious pleasure on her cheeks, and her father gave a start of surprise as he saw her.

"So! My little girl!" Miss Carr was not yet in the room, and he took Hilary by the hands, holding her out at arm's length, and looking down at her with grave, tender eyes. "It's very nice, dear. I'm proud of you." Then drawing her to him, and kissing her on the forehead, "we must be great friends, you and I, my big daughter. This is the beginning of a new life for you, but you will not grow to think less of the old home and the old friends?"

"No, no, father! no never!" Hilary spoke in a quick, breathless whisper, and there was an unusual moisture in her eyes. Her father saw that she was nervous and excited, and hastened to change the subject before there was any danger of a breakdown. The door opened at this moment to admit Miss Carr, and he advanced to meet her holding Hilary's hand in his, in the high, stately fashion in which a knight of old led out his partner in the gavotte.

"Miss Hilary Maud Everette Bertrand, at your service. And many thanks to the good fairy who has worked the transformation!"

"Humph!" said Miss Carr, shortly. "Fine feathers make fine birds. There's the gong for dinner, and if you two are not hungry, I am; so let us get the serious business over first, and then I'll have a look at the fineries." Then, after her usual fashion, she slipped her hand through the girl's arm and led her affectionately across the hall. "Sweet seventeen! Ah, dear me, I wonder how many years ago it is since I went out in my first white dress? I was a pretty girl then, my dear, though you may not think it to look at me now, and I remember my excitement as if it were yesterday."

When the carriage came to the door two hours later on, Hilary wrapped herself up in fleecy shawls and went into the drawing-room to bid her hostess good-night, but she was not allowed to take her departure so easily. Miss Carr protested that she was not wrapped up sufficiently, and sent upstairs for a hood and a pair of hideous scarlet worsted bedroom slippers, which she insisted upon drawing over the dainty white satin shoes. Hilary protested, but she was not allowed to have a say in the matter.

"Nonsense, my dear; it's a bitterly cold night, and you have half-an-hour's drive. We can't have you catching cold, just to have your feet looking pretty in a dark carriage. Go along now, 'Good-night.' I shall be in bed when you come back, but I'll hear all your adventures in the morning," and she waved the girl away in the imperious fashion which no one dare resist.

Hilary was annoyed, but she soon forgot the ugly slippers in the fascination of a drive through the brightly-lighted streets, and when the carriage drew up beneath an awning, and she had a peep at a beautiful hall, decorated with palms and flowering plants, and saw the crowd flocking up the wide staircase, her breath came fast with excitement. Her father led her into the house and disappeared through a doorway on the left, while she herself was shown into a room on the right, wherein a throng of fashionable ladies were divesting themselves of their wraps, and giving finishing touches to their toilets before the mirrors. Those who were nearest to Hilary turned curious glances at her as she took off her shawls, and the girl felt a sudden and painful consciousness of insignificant youth. They were so very grand, these fine ladies. They wore such masses of diamonds, and such marvellous frocks, and mantles, and wrappings, that she was overawed, and hurried out of the room as quickly as possible, without daring to step forward to a mirror. Such a crowd of guests were making their way up the staircase, that Hilary and her father could only move forward a step at the time, but after they had shaken hands with a stout lady and a thin gentleman at the head of the stairs, there was a sudden thinning off, for a suite of reception rooms opened out of the hall, and the guests floated away in different directions.

Mr. Bertrand led the way into the nearer of the rooms, and no sooner had he appeared in the doorway, than there came a simultaneous exclamation of delight from a group of gentlemen who stood in the centre of the floor, and he was seized by the arm, patted on the shoulder, and surrounded by a bevy of admiring friends. Poor Hilary stood in the background, abashed and deserted. Her father had forgotten all about her existence. The group of friends were gradually drawing him further and further away. Not a soul did she know among all the brilliant throng. Several fashionably-dressed ladies put up their eyeglasses to stare at her as she stood, a solitary figure at the end of

the long room, then they turned to whisper to each other, while the youngest and liveliest of the party put her fan up to her face and tittered audibly. They were laughing at her, the rude, unkind, unfeeling creatures. "Laughing, what could there be to laugh at?" asked Hilary of herself. Her dress had been made by a fashionable modiste; Miss Carr's own maid had arranged her hair. "I may not be pretty, but there's nothing ludicrous about me that I know of," said the poor child to herself, with catching breath. In spite of her seventeen years, her new dress, and all her ecstatic anticipations, a more lonely, uncomfortable, and tearfully-inclined young woman than Hilary was at that moment it would be difficult to find. She looked round in despair, espied a seat in a retired corner, and was making for it as quickly as might be, when she came face to face with a long mirror, and in it saw a reflection which made the colour rush to her cheeks in a hot, crimson tide. A girlish figure, with a dark head set gracefully upon a slender neck, a dainty dress, all cloudy chiffon, satiny ribbons, and nodding snowdrops, and beneath—oh, good gracious! beneath the soft frilled edgings, a pair of enormous, shapeless, scarlet worsted bed slippers! It would be difficult to say which was the more scarlet at that moment—the slippers themselves or Hilary's cheeks. She shuffled forward and stood in the corner paralysed with horror. There had been such a crowd in the cloak room, and she had been so anxious to get away, that she had forgotten all about the wretched slippers. So that was why the ladies were laughing! Oh, to think how she must have looked—standing by herself in the doorway, with those awful, awful scarlet feet shown up against the white skirts.

"Sit down and slip them off, and hide them in the corner. No one will see you," said a sympathetic voice in her ear, and Hilary turned sharply to find that one end of the seat was already occupied by a gentleman, who was regarding her with a very kindly smile of understanding. His face was thin, and showed signs of suffering in the strained expression of the eyes, and Hilary, looking at him, found it impossible to take his advice otherwise than in a friendly spirit.

"Th—ank you," she stammered, and pulling off the offending slippers hid them swiftly behind the folds of the curtains, and seated herself on the sofa by his side.

"That's better!" cried the stranger, looking down with approving eyes at the little satin shoes which were now revealed. "Forgot to take them off, didn't you? Very natural. I did the same with snow shoes once, and was in the room for half-an-hour before I discovered that I still had them on."

"But snow shoes are black. They wouldn't look half so bad. I saw those ladies laughing at me. What must they have thought?"

"Do you think it matters very much what they thought?" The stranger turned his face to Hilary, and smiled again in his slow, gentle manner.

"Why trouble yourself about the opinion of people whom you don't know, and whom you will probably never see again? I suppose it is a matter of perfect indifference to them, but what I think about them is, that they were exceedingly ill-bred to behave as they did, and I should attach no value whatever to their opinions. Have you—er—lost sight of your friends?"

"No, they have lost sight of me." The stranger was at once so kind, and so sensible, that Hilary began to feel a delightful sense of restored equanimity, and even gave a little laugh of amusement as she spoke. "I came with my father, and he has gone off with some friends and forgotten all about my existence. He is over there at the end of the room; the tall man with the brown moustache—Mr. Austin Bertrand."

The stranger gave a little jump in his seat, and the colour tinged his cheek. "Bertrand!" he exclaimed. "You are Bertrand's daughter!" He stared at Hilary with newly-awakened interest, while she smiled, well pleased by the sensation which the name caused.

"Yes, Austin Bertrand, the novelist. You know him then. You are one of his friends?"

"Hardly that, I am afraid. I know him slightly, and he has been most kind to me when we have met, but I cannot claim him as a friend. I am one of his most ardent admirers."

"And do you write yourself?" queried Hilary, looking scrutinisingly at the sensitive, intellectual face, and anticipating the answer before it came.

"A little. Yes! It is my great consolation. My name is Herbert Rayner, Miss Bertrand. I may as well introduce myself as there is no one to do it for me. I suppose you have come up to town on a visit with your father. You have lived in the Lake district for the last few years, have you not? I envy you having such a lovely home."

Hilary elevated her eyebrows in doubtful fashion. "In summer it is perfectly delightful; but I don't like country places in winter. We are two miles from a village, and three from the nearest station, so you can imagine how quiet it is, when it gets dark soon after four o'clock, and the lanes are thick with snow. I was glad to come back to London for a change. This is the first grown-up party I have been to in my life."

Mr. Rayner smiled a little, repeating her words and lingering with enjoyment on the childish expression. "The first party! Is it, indeed? I only wish it

were mine. I don't mean to pretend that I am bored by visiting, as is the fashionable position nowadays. I am too fond of seeing and studying my fellow-creatures for that ever to be possible, but a first experience of any kind has an interest which cannot be repeated. I am like you, I don't like winter. I feel half alive in cold weather, and would like to go to bed and stay there until it was warm again. There is no country in the world more charming than England for seven months of the year, and none so abominable for the remaining five. If it were not for my work I would always winter abroad, but I am obliged to be in the hum of things. How do you manage to amuse yourself in the lakes?"

"We don't manage at all," said Hilary frankly. "At least I mean we are very happy, of course, because there are so many of us, and we are always having fun and jokes among ourselves; but we have nothing in the way of regular entertainments, and it gets awfully dull. My sisters and I had a big grumbling festival on New Year's Day, and told all our woes to father. He was very kind and said he would see what could be done, and that's why I came up to London, to give me a little change."

"I see!" Mr. Rayner looked into the girl's face with a scrutinising look. "So you are dull and dissatisfied with your surroundings. That's a pity! You ought to be so happy with such a father, brothers and sisters for company, and youth, and health. It seems to me that you are very well off."

Hilary put up her chin with an air of offended dignity. For one moment she felt thoroughly annoyed, but the next, her heart softened, for it was impossible to be vexed with this interesting stranger, with his pathetic, pain-marked face. Why had he used that word, "consolation" in reference to his work, and why did his voice take that plaintive note as he spoke of "youth and health." "I shall ask father all about him," said Hilary to herself; and just at that moment Mr. Bertrand came rushing across the room with tardy remembrance.

"My dear child, I forgot all about you. Are you all right? Have you had some coffee? Have you found anyone to—er." He turned a questioning glance upon the other occupant of the seat, knitted his brow for a second, and then held out his hand, with an exclamation of recognition. "Rayner! How are you? Glad to see

you again. I was only talking of you to Moss the other day. That last thing of yours gave me great pleasure—very fine, indeed. You are striding ahead! Come and lunch with me some day while I am in town. I should like to have a chat. Have you been making friends with my daughter? Much obliged to you for entertaining her. I have so many old friends here that I don't know which way to turn. Well, what day will you come? Will Tuesday suit? This is my present address, and my kind hostess allows me to ask what guests I will. There was something I had specially on my mind to ask you. Tuesday, then—half-past one. Good-bye till then. Hilary, I will look you up later on. Glad you are so well entertained." He was off again, flying across the room, scattering smiles and greetings as he went, while the two occupants of the corner seat exchanged glances of amusement.

"That's just like father. He gets so excited that he flies about all over the house, and hardly knows what he is doing."

"He is delightfully fresh and breezy; just like his books. And now you would like some refreshments. They are in the little room over there. I shall be happy to accompany you, if you will accept my somewhat—er—inefficient escort."

Hilary murmured some words of thanks, a good deal puzzled to understand the meaning of those last two words. Somewhat to her surprise, her new friend had not risen to talk to her father, and even now, as she stood up in response to his invitation, he remained in his seat, bending forward to grope behind the curtains. A moment later he drew forth something at the sight of which Hilary gave an involuntary exclamation of dismay. It was a pair of crutches, and as Mr. Rayner placed one under each arm and rose painfully to his feet, a feeling of overpowering pity took possession of the girl's heart. Her eyes grew moist, and a cry of sympathy forced themselves from trembling lips.

"Oh—I—I'm sorry!" she gasped with something that was almost a sob of emotion, and Mr. Rayner winced at the sound as with sudden pain.

"Thank you," he said, shortly. "You are very kind. 'I'm—I'm used to it, you know. This way, please," and without another word he led the way towards the refreshment room, while Hilary followed behind, abashed and sorrowful.

(To be continued.)



"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART I.

THEIR CLOTHING.

SOME months ago I was privileged to write a short series of articles for the "G. O. P." on "Queen Baby and her Needs." In this fresh course I want to give advice to mothers and guardians upon the culture and care of the girl when she has passed a few more years of her life. To be called upon to rear daughters of the King, for the King, is our high vocation, there is nothing common or mean about the task. What we "grown-ups" need is not an electrolyte mind, thinking that every girl must do just what every other girl ever did. But an open intelligence, ready to see good in new things if the good be there.

It is wonderful how the movement for rational dress has spread over England. Our daughters no longer go about with the cavity of their lungs exposed, or the delicate forearm uncovered. We no longer case tiny feet in openwork stockings and kid shoes. We have learned that strong boots need not be clumsy. Woollen dresses need not necessarily be ugly, or warm stockings coarse. Still, as it was nearly 3000 years ago, so we even now love pretty garments. Bells and pomegranates add so much to the glory and beauty of our robes. Ribands on the borders of our garments are still admired. "Raiment of

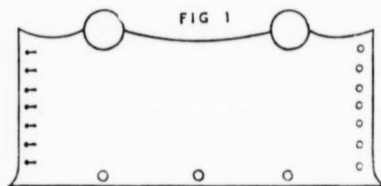


FIG 1

needlework," or "embroidery," is still the thing we like to give our girls. Daintiness in all "within" is what we appreciate.

Now I consider "daintiness" consists really in absolute purity and fitness. If we would preserve health, we must not only think of the prettiness of our children's clothing, but of the adaptability of that clothing to the laws of hygiene. It is one thing to be dressed, it is quite another thing to be clothed. Here is necessary the "wrought gold" of wisdom, and experience, and common-sense.

In perfect health the little bodies we tend maintain a certain degree of heat. Therefore the purpose in clothing them is to keep up that naturally equable temperature. In our very changeable climate, great discrimination is needed in changing the garments to meet the varied weather. It is well understood now that heat as well as cold gives a chill—that overclothing is almost as unwise as underclothing.

To my mind it is no more unwise to lighten the dress on a warm day, than it is to wear a waterproof on a wet one.

"Button to chin,
Till May be in,
Ne'er cast a clout,
Till May be out."

is one of those half truths that lead many astray. We should avoid bathing our little ones in perspiration, even if we are only in the fifth month of the year.

Now, our object being to keep an equable temperature round our little girl's body, how

can we best succeed? I answer decidedly—as science has so often answered before—"by dressing the child in wool."

The clothing of our children should be as light as possible; as warm as possible; as cool as possible. Wool alone will work the miracle. So the first garment our six-year old

FIG 2



girl should don must be a woollen one. There are a great many most hideous combination garments sold that in no wise carry out the idea of "fine needlework." I would not disgrace the most beautiful thing in nature, viz.: a girl-child's white form, by putting any such thing about her. But delicately-woven white Shetland woollies can be bought nowadays that are daintiness personified, and yet obey all rules of health. Some white woollen lace, filled round the neck, and half sleeves, add a touch of refinement. This combination garment should button on the shoulder, not down the chest, and should cover the thighs.

Over this porous envelope, a corselet should be buttoned. No bones must be allowed in it. On this matter I feel very strongly. We are dreadfully shocked at the cruelty of Chinese mothers in binding up their children's feet to prevent growth. Yet—can it be believed? I have seen little soft-growing bodies—belonging to girls of seven—encased in buckram and whalebone! one foolish mother actually pinching the waist, to make her child "grow up a good figure." We are right in condemning the Chinese mother. But how humiliating to find Englishwomen of the present day actually stopping the growth of heart, lungs, liver, and other vital organs, in this fashion.

The bodices I recommend should be made at home of strong white corded cotton, or knitted to shape in wool by clever fingers. I give a diagram (Fig. 1). The buttons at the waist-line, or over the hips, are for supporting the drawers and petticoats which follow.

One petticoat of flannel and one of cambric is sufficient. Both take considerably less stuff



FIG 3

than similar garments for a younger child. The under one should be trimmed with woollen lace, or mitred in this fashion (Fig. 2). The edges buttoned with flourishing flax, and the small sprays satin-stitched with the same. As flannel shrinks in the wash, a large tuck must be put in at first, the sewing thereof

masked by herring-bone in the flax thread mentioned above.

A mother's love for fine needlework and many tucks may be displayed in the white petticoat. It should be made very full, neatly gauged and gathered into a bodice of the same, trimmed with insertion and edged with frills of torchon (Fig. 3).

This bodice should button at the back.

The drawers worn by our little daughter should be equally beautified. Valenciennes makes a pretty frilling above the knee, or Cashe's cambric frilling looks well. Let the leg-hole be cut amply large and plenty of room for kicking about and running.

The frock or overall will be, of course, always a matter of taste. But as long as possible, let it be white. No other colour is as suitable for the King's daughters. The King has recognised this Himself, we say it with all reverence (Eccles. ix. 8.) His Son wore a white and seamless robe here (Luke ix. 29), as a type of the "righteousness" which girt Him about (Rev. xix. 8). A beautiful legend concerning Him tells of the glistening

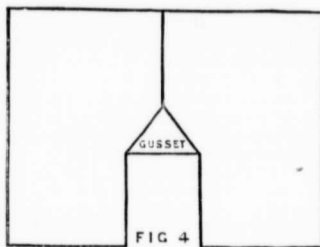


FIG 4

atmosphere which moved with Jesus of Nazareth wherever he went. Some such atmosphere we should try and create round our girls, and, as white is the symbol of purity, we can begin with the white dress, though we must not stop there. Snowy raiment will one day be given them by their Heavenly Father (Rev. vii. 13). Let us imitate His example even here. I have given diagrams for some of the under-clothing, but will not venture to sketch frocks for the King's daughters. Something loose and light and warm and white is all I counsel.

There are seasons, however, that are unsuitable for petticoats proper. Romp hours and play hours; hours at the seaside and hours on the bicycle have to be provided for. The other day I was watching gymnastic exercises in a large high school for girls. I could not but be struck by the utility, fitness, and—yes—beauty of the costumes worn. In these garments, tall girls and short girls, fat girls and thin girls, all looked equally well. In them, too, they were able to vault, and leap, and climb, and swing, as freely and agilely as young monkeys.

This costume consisted of two garments only. Full trousers reaching to the knee of blue serge, and a tunic reaching just beyond. I then and there resolved that when I next have children of from six years old to twelve to dress, I would adopt some such plan, at least, when at the seaside or during scrambling holidays. The trousers I should make from two straight pieces of, say, white serge. Before being put into the band this would be their shapelessness, I cannot call it shape (Fig. 4).

When put on to one of the vorwork bands and gathered in at the knee they would look like this (Fig. 5).



FIG 5

The tunic should be full, very. Buttoned at wrist and throat and reaching just below the knee (Fig. 6).

A wide sash of scarlet or blue would brighten the white dress and be tied in a big bow at the side. All would be surmounted by a woven cap of corresponding colour. Warm stockings would reach the drawers and be suspended to the under-bodice, whilst square-toed, low-heeled pinet shoes would complete the outfit.

What a happy free life our King's daughters would live if thus habited. They could do all their brothers attempt. They would grow as young trees grow.

I have only just touched on the footgear. But perhaps that part of our children's clothing is the most important of all. No stockings grown too small should compress the pink toes; no boot too short. Both stockings and shoes should be changed every evening and clean ones given every twenty-four hours. I



FIG 6

think a preventible hardship is often inflicted on young girls by having to wear heavy boots. We should be careful that they should be watertight, fit easily, and yet be light. Of course for such bottines we shall pay more than for clumsy ones. The price is generally in inverse proportion to the weight. Pinet

boots and shoes seem to be expensive. But they are not so in the long run. Those seemingly delicate brogues are made of the best seasoned and toughened leather, and defy wet and weather.

Stockings in the winter-time should be hand-knit ones. They can always be refooted when necessary, so are really most economical in the end. Never let them be worn when the heel comes under the foot. Much suffering and some deformity may follow the use of such shrunken things. The toes are meant to grasp the ground and greatly assist locomotion. If they are cramped up, they cannot, of course, do this, and are practically useless. Then the child walks on her heels, and her "carriage" is spoiled.

The King's daughters should be taught that dress is quite a secondary consideration. Health and not fashion should be our first consideration. But in the matter of hats and bonnets a little latitude of taste may be allowed. The covering of our heads is to protect and shield. It should therefore be light and warm and ample. If bonneting is preferred, very simple granny bonnets of silk can easily be made at home. Take a piece of buckram or brown paper about three inches wide; cover it with silk and let it frame the sweet face and cover the little ears. Then fold a pointed piece of silk as a crown into it (Fig. 7). The point of the slip will give a nice raised appearance and should come just in the centre of the forehead (Fig. 8).

The bag of silk should be lined with muslin, and the whole fixed on the head with a bow of ribbon tied under the soft chin. Very winsome will look the little face peeping out of this Quaker affair, and it is so soft that no amount of hard usage can hurt it.

The outdoor cloak to match this bonnet should be in the Kate Greenaway style. Made of wincey or serge and trimmed with fur with muff to match, the King's daughter will be able to defy all weather, especially if gaiters be drawn over her shoes and buttoned up to her knee.

I must confess to a serious weakness in the matter of night-gear for our girls. The traditions of our white-robed maidens still linger in my heart and practice. However, under the wide collared cotton dress, a woollen vest with sleeves should be worn in the winter, and if our daughters suffer from cold feet, double lambs-wool night socks are permissible.

If any one is strong-minded enough, however, flannel is the wisest thing for wearing at night, or coloured flannelette garments can be made quite pretty with frills of the same embroidery or torchon lace. Only see to it, that the nightdress is long enough to tuck round the dainty feet when in bed, and to cover them modestly when out of it.

A dressing-gown is a *sine qua non* for our girls. I do not give a pattern—but advise wool in winter and some pretty quaint chintz for summer wear.

Shoes for the bath-room should stand beside



FIG 7

this dressing-gown. They can be made at home of bright-coloured felting to match (Fig. 9).

Cut them after this fashion, join the two strips at the heel. Turn inside out, sew to a felt sole, and return to proper side. A device in silks may be worked on the toe or a rosette of ribbon put there.

These shoes are necessary, as one of the worst things for growing girls is to chill their feet. Standing on bare board or cold oil-cloth has often led to lifelong suffering.

If you follow the simple directions I have given you, I think you will find the King's daughters entrusted to you, if not actually all glorious will be very comfortable within, and in the matter of myrrh, aloe, and cassia, modern equivalents may be found in sachets of sweet scents kept amongst the girls' garments.

It encourages individuality to let each child have her own particular scent. "Sweet violet" for a Violet. Lily of the valley for a Lillian, etc. In such little matters as these a wise mother may much help her daughters in love for the beautiful and good. No tawdry ornaments should ever be allowed the King's daughters. No sham jewellery. No falseness of any sort. The keynote to be struck in



FIG 8



FIG 9

these young lives is sincerity and truth. Fair because the beauty of the Lord their God rests upon them. Well-dressed, because clothed with humility and good works. In the ivory palace of youth we would fain have them as the polished corners of the temple, bright, steadfast and grounded in love.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

NO PIECES SOLD HERE.

Customer: "Do you happen to have any pianoforte pieces?"

New Shopman: "No, ma'am; we only sell whole pianos."

CONCEALING THEIR AGE.—Both men and women want to conceal their age and for much the same reason. Men wish to appear older than they are in order to rule sooner, and women wish to appear younger than they are in order to rule longer.

A RECIPED FOR HAPPINESS.—To demand nothing and to complain of no one is an excellent recipe for happiness.

THE FUTURE.

Visitor: "And what does the little girl think she will be when she gets to be an old woman like her grandmamma?"

Little Girl (tossing her head): "She isn't going to be an old woman. She will be a new woman."

THE NEW NOTICE.

"I understand that you want some painting done."

Editor: "Yes, I wish a notice painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read after I fire them out; and as they generally alight on their heads you had better paint it like this—'DON'T SLAM THE DOOR.'"

SLAVES IN ENGLAND IN 1771.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1771 we find the following paragraph:—

"At a late sale of a gentleman's effects at Richmond a negro boy was put up and sold for £32. A shocking instance in a free country."

There was a growing feeling however against slavery in those days, as is apparent from the comment made by the writer of the paragraph on the sale.

BE CHARITABLE.—The true way to gain influence over our fellows is to have charity towards them. A kind act never stops paying rich dividends.

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By A GIRL-PROFESSIONAL.

PART II.

NEW ROOMS.

It was New Year, a day in January which was the beginning of a quite new life. I remember that it was a mild day, so mild and so green and promising, it seemed as though spring was already come. I turned away from our garden gate feeling confident that good fortune lay before me, and the peaceful life of the past two years slipped into the background of my life, to be regained never.

My hand was fairly set to the plough now, there could only be one object in view, and to that every energy must bend, no looking back or regretting could avail, however difficult the task might prove to be.

The carrier had taken quite a load of luggage. I was to claim it at the railway station, and like an emigrant I was taking my bed and its furnishings along with me, likewise many household stores of linen, china, silver, and the less valuable, but equally necessary articles that adorn a kitchen shelf. I fear those who were left behind missed me considerably after I had cleared off!

But when my thirteen pieces of luggage were deposited in the middle of the dining-room floor of that desirable but sadly empty residence, and I stood surveying them and the dreary place they were to fill, how very forlorn they looked. However, this was the time for putting on one's rose-coloured spectacles, and fortunately I was able to put them on.

My bachelor-girl put her key in the door and came in with a brisk step even as I stood pondering on my next move.

"Isn't it jolly," she said, "to think this is our house? I feel so proud every time I come in, and do you see I've bought a door-mat?"

So she had, a miserable little bit of a thing that went slipping and sliding along the floor as if protesting against its utter loneliness. I pointed to the door-mat which was in company with various other trifles of a like kind, and my best umbrella, but she was not snubbed.

"Come upstairs and I'll light a fire, then we'll fix up your bed and get supper." So upstairs we went, each carrying as much of the luggage as we could. She was occupying the front room at the very top, and rejoicing in its space and airiness which as yet there was nothing to hinder.

"There's ever such a view from these windows," she went on, "I can see the Surrey hills on a fine day, and always see the sun rise."

I peered out, seeing nothing but blackness and twinkling gas lamps, and shivered. The crackling of the fire and the candle-light was more welcome than the finest view just then. These revealed too that a little table was ready prepared with a cloth and some tea-cups, and a kettle was put on the oil-stove close by. It was not so very forlorn after all.

When our supper was eaten and the fire had burnt cosily we held a review of troops as it were.

We had £50 at our back by Uncle B.'s kindness; I had a £5 note in hand and as much again in the savings bank, and she had her weekly salary of 30s. Twelve pounds of our fund was already spent in paying a lawyer's fee and in the purchase of a carpet, a bed and mattress, some chairs and a couple of little tables for the room in which we sat; and I had previously laid down £1 for some useful pieces of furniture left us by the late tenant. We took comfort in thinking how much that £1 had done; in reality we owed the good man a big debt of gratitude, for he

must have felt for our position and done his utmost to help us, covertly. Who ever heard of twenty shillings purchasing all the furniture for a servant's bedroom, a large-sized chest of drawers besides, of excellent quality and nearly new; two mahogany swing locking-glasses (one very large), three baths, two bedroom chairs, a large square stained table, a fender and odd useful articles besides? Every one of these, however, became of distinct value now.

We could not hope to furnish much of the house now out of our slender store, therefore we must decide how many rooms we could possibly let unfurnished. The drawing-room floor with its two spacious rooms was settled without much deliberation, also the floor above it, with rooms almost as large and a box-room between. We would keep the ground floor and this one at the top, which had three rooms, for our own use, or rather as my plan was to provide a late dinner for our tenants with ourselves, we should require the dining-room for this purpose, of course. The back room on the ground floor we did not absolutely want, but it was put out of the calculation as not being lettable at all.

Then we had the basement, which, when examined by daylight, seemed appallingly extensive, and yet, if I was to provide board, I must retain the kitchen, and indeed I had visions of possibilities for the future which made me loth to think of letting this roomy kitchen. Ought it not to become the "house-place," which I had always claimed a kitchen should be.

It took up the basement at the back of the house, and a scullery with stone floor, sink, etc., was between it and the steps which led up to a small square garden. Level with these steps was a little larder which would delight any housewifely soul. Between the kitchen and the housekeeper's room was a pantry with slate shelves, then came a room into which the morning sun shone full and bright, revealing its capabilities to the full. One side was taken up by cupboards sunk into the walls, well fitted with shelves above and box-room below; on another side stood a fine linen press in polished wood that had been counted among the fixtures which we had to pay for out of our capital. The fireplace here was a corner one, and the window took up another side leaving only one blank wall. In the middle of this room stood the large table before mentioned. It was a capital table, stained legs, its top covered with American cloth, and it was fitted with two large drawers. Very little more furniture would be needed to make this place a cosy sitting-room, after we had remedied its one defect—a disagreeable paper, the only one in the house. But this defect was one that came within the compass of our own remedial powers.

We dubbed this the "breakfast-room" of our mansion; doubtless it would prove to have other purposes to fill as time went on, but that would distinguish it sufficiently well. A wine-cellar and a large coal-cellar opening into the area, which latter had a nice flight of steps and gateway into the street, made up the extent of the basement. After every examination we always came to the satisfactory conclusion that we had secured a bargain; the house was a good house, solidly well-built, well-drained, and well fitted in every way. Its only drawback was the want of a bathroom, but the range was not fitted to supply the necessary water; however, we had no explosions to fear on this account.

A good deal of whitewashing and cleaning

must be done, and that without delay, as the time must not be allowed to go by leaving us unsettled. We were fortunate in meeting with a contractor who was moderate with estimates and reliable, he was himself a young man starting in business and desirous of getting a good reputation. As he undertook plumbing as well as decorating, he ended by becoming our general factotum, although after a couple of years of paying even his small bills we learnt to do much of his work ourselves.

It had been very easy to call in Mr. Clay when a leakage broke out or a lock refused to work, but when the half-crowns and three-and-sixpences had to be paid it was another matter. However, he and his men were not long in giving us clean ceilings and walls in these first weeks, and by the time February was in we were clean and trim throughout. I myself worked steadily every day, washing paint and cleaning rooms, and in the evening the bachelor lent a hand at the same employment. Between us we repapered our breakfast-room with a pretty light paper, a "Knowles" remnant; it took us four evenings to do, and when not too closely examined looked very successful. It might not have taken so long, but we had cut the lengths off first, then found the pattern had to be matched, so much piecing was necessitated. All is well that ends well, however, and that sunny paper has given us continual satisfaction since. The frames of the window inside and the skirting board, mantelpieces, etc., I painted with light brown enamel; we bought some olive-green serge for a pair of long curtains and a cover for the table, as the carpet which was to come from the country home was olive-green also. These, with an easy chair, a camp chair, and four small light wood ones, made up the furniture of this apartment. Afterwards it was greatly added to by having my large writing-desk placed here, when it proved so useful, as when a few moments could be snatched from other duties I could come and sit down to writing or reading and yet keep a watch on "the pans," as we generically described our kitchen performing apparatus.

No tenant having yet appeared, as soon as the rough cleaning was through we inserted a tentative advertisement in the *Morning Post*. About eleven o'clock on the morning on which it appeared I was called to open the door to the first applicant, an elderly gentleman and his niece. These duly criticised the rooms upstairs and down, professing themselves very satisfied with everything, "and they would come again."

When they were gone there came a fashionable dame of imposing appearance who almost insisted on being taken in at once with a dog, a parrot, and a nephew to boot! While she was loudly urging her claims, another knock sounded and another lady entered, one who was a distinct contrast in appearance and manner to the second comer. This later applicant had one son, a young man of nineteen, and would require three rooms. She took my fancy and seemed suitable, but alas, the terms were too high. She appeared charmed with the plan I intended adopting with regard to meals, etc., and apparently was the very tenant for us, and went away sorrowfully to think the matter over. Others followed every day of that week, but none seemed better than the first applicant, and as he returned again and yet again, we felt drawn to a decision in his favour, the more so that he offered himself to draw up a written agreement between us, which, if we found it just, was to be signed, and a copy retained by both parties.

While negotiations were pending with him, whom for convenience sake I will call Mr. Charles, I received a visit from a clergyman who had come all the way from Acton in response to our first advertisement. He professed himself so thoroughly satisfied that he would have relieved us of almost the whole of the house, if in return for his generosity we would give him service, board, and all other et ceteras. When it entered his reverend mind to inquire into terms, which were to be "by the year," he brusquely declined to pay anything like the price we asked, declaring he might as well take the house himself and have done with it. However, as I stuck to my guns, metaphorically speaking, he was obliged to go at last, though very loth. On the doorstep he turned round, and as a parting shot, intended doubtless to make me regret my exorbitancy, said impressively—

"Yes, I like the house, I like the situation, and I like you; but mark me, you'll never, never get what you're asking."

Lest I should give my reader the idea that this dubitable price was really a fancy one, I may here mention that it had been fixed (after due inquiry into prevailing charges) in pro-

portion to that which our predecessor had always obtained, and did not leave a great margin for profit after all expenses were deducted, so that it could not well be reduced. Everyone, even Mr. Charles seemed to think it behooved them to beat down the terms, till at last we began to fear we should gain nothing at all.

When this agreement was given us, his ultimatum was practically this; for the two floors of four rooms he would pay quarterly what was an exact equivalent to the rent of the house and a part of its rates. For this we were to give all service and cooking, but to find no food. These terms were not unfair, and they insured us a home, but left us more house-room than we needed, yet not such as could very well be let, and gave us no "living," and shattered our dreams of monetary profit; yet, fearful of losing all, we had almost closed with his offer when Providence stepped in and saved us.

The widow lady had returned, and making us a better offer for three rooms only, to include full board for herself and her son, we felt better able to stand and consider. Mr. Charles also seemed to be dallying with

us, and, on pretext of his extreme delicacy of health, was anxious to have the drainage tested by the sanitary authorities. Willing to satisfy him we made application to the vestry, but were assured that unless we could positively complain of a nuisance they were not empowered to make an examination; as there was no nuisance to complain of, and we decidedly objected to have the flooring taken up for his pleasure, negotiations came to an abrupt conclusion and his agreement was as abruptly cancelled.

Then, to her delight and to our relief, Mrs. Norris and her son became our tenants in prospective. She could not enter into possession at once, as her house could not be given up until quarter-day, but compromised matters by paying a fortnight in advance, taking her rooms from the middle of the month. In the meantime she paid us several visits, and we liked her better as we saw more of her. Our minds thus far relieved we were able to consider what other available space we had to spare, and continue our furnishing operations. Also a maid, a domestic angel if such could be found, must be got without delay.

(To be continued.)

COOKERY RECIPES.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD BOOK.

Rice Sauce.—Wash a quarter of a pound of rice very clean, then put it into a stewpan with one pint of milk, two onions, and some white pepper and mace. Let it stew until it will pulp through a sieve. If it is too thick, put a little milk or cream to it, add a very little nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Rice Cutlets.—Boil a cupful of rice in milk until quite soft, then pound it in a mortar with a little salt and some white pepper. Pound also separately equal parts of cold veal or chicken. Mix them together with yolk of egg, form them into cutlets, brush them over with yolk of egg and fry them. Send them up with a very piquante sauce made of good stock thickened, and flavoured with lemon juice, lemon pickle, or Harvey's sauce. The cutlets may be sent to table covered with small pickled mushrooms.

Oxford Sausages.—One pound of nice pork, and one pound of beef suet chopped finely together; put in half a pound of bread-crumbs, half of the peel of one lemon grated, and some grated nutmeg, six sage leaves, and some finely-chopped thyme, one teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and a little onion shred very fine. Pack them all closely down in a crock, and when wanted roll them into any shape you please, and fry or boil them over a clear fire. Serve very hot.

Turnip Soup.—Peel and slice some turnips, put them into a stew-pan without any water with a slice of ham, a head of celery, a pint of batter, and a piece of bread, also a few onions. Cover it closely, and let it stew slowly. Have a stock of plain soup made, and add it to it by slow degrees as the turnips soften. Then pulp them through a hair sieve, add a little catsup and serve very hot.

Irish Sally Lunn.—One pottle of best flour into which two ounces of butter have been rubbed. Beat two eggs, yolks and whites, with two spoonfuls of good beer barm. Wet with as much milk, warmed a little, as will make it into rather a stiff dough.

This will take three hours to rise and one hour to bake.

A good Cream.—One quart of very thick cream, such as is used for churning, juice of three lemons, a small quantity of the peel, and sugar to taste. If you like it you can add raspberry jam. Whip it up well and let it stand until the next day, when all the thin part will fall to the bottom of the pan. Then take off the top which should be very thick, and put it in a glass bowl.

Potato Pudding.—Take an equal quantity of the flour of roasted potatoes, and the meat of cold fowl, rabbit or hare, well chopped and pounded. Pound them well together with a little butter, season with salt, pepper, and spices. Moisten it with yolks of egg one after the other. When all is well mixed, whip the whites and add them. Roll them in flour into shapes, and then when rolled in bread-crumbs broil or roast them in a Dutch oven. Make a gravy from the bones of the fowl and serve it up.

SOME INDIAN RECIPES—HULWA.

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD is of opinion that this favourite confection among the wealthier classes in India was introduced into this country by the soldiers of Alexander the Great. It will be remembered that that monarch carried his conquests as far as Multan in the Punjab—the Pentapotamos of the ancients.

Hulwa is supposed to be very strengthening, and Indian *hakeems* recommend it for weakly patients just as an English doctor would order egg-flip and strong beef-tea. The varieties of *hulwa* are numberless, and some of the recipes are trade secrets of the *hulwais* who make the manufacture and sale of it a speciality. I shall give a few recipes to show what the thing is like.

1. *Hushhi Hulwa.*—Steep half a pound of wheat in a pan and let it sprout; when the shoots come out to the length of an inch, dry the sprouted wheat thoroughly in the sun, or by artificial heat, and grind into fine flour. Take two ounces of germinated flour, four ounces of ordinary flour, and a quart of milk,

and simmer over a slow fire till the batter begins to granulate, then take the pan off the fire and gradually add a pound of sugar made into syrup, half a nutmeg, and some sliced pistachio nuts. Then cook again with four ounces of melted butter gradually added to the *hulwa*, stirring it the whole time till it thickens. Pour out into a flat dish to cool. It should be of the consistency of damson cheese, and firm enough to cut in slices.

2. *Sujie Hulwa.*—One pound of Indian *sujie* or semolina, two pounds of sugar, half a pound of butter, cardamom seed. First make the sugar into a syrup, then mix in the *sujie*, and, after a while, the butter melted; when almost done, add the cardamom seed. The *hulwa* must be stirred the whole time; when it begins to get brown, pour into a buttered dish to cool.

3. *Nis-astha Hulwa.*—Steep a pound of *sujie* or semolina in water for a night; next morning strain through a cloth, adding a little more water so as to extract all the starch, which must be set aside in a shallow pan to settle. Pour all the water gently off from the surface, and cook the liquid sediment on a slow fire; add sugar to taste, a tablespoonful of butter, and almonds blanched and split in halves. Flavour with nutmeg or almond essence. Cook till the *hulwa* thickens and is transparent.

4. *Carrot Hulwa.*—One pound of carrots, one pound of sugar, two quarts of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil down the milk till it is thick, then add the carrots (unboiled and grated fine), sugar, and butter. Cook till of the proper consistency. Flavour with musk.

5. *Cocoa-nut Hulwa.*—Grate the meat of two large cocoa-nuts, and pour over it a quart of hot water; let it stand for half an hour, then strain through a cloth to extract all the milk. Put this on a slow fire to simmer, then gradually add a breakfastcupful of rice flour, half a pound of sugar made into syrup, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir the *hulwa* till it is thick enough to set.

FENELLA JOHNSTONE.



A WOMAN'S PLEA.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

H! yes, indeed it's very true
That I enjoy a walk with you,
But should I like it, if I tried
To walk life's pathway by your side?

I like to talk to you? Oh, yes,
Just for an hour perhaps, or less,
But should I like the whole day through
To have to talk to—only you?

It pleases me to see you? Well!
I own it does! But who can tell
If I should care to see your face
Daily—in one accustomed place?

Have patience with me! Do not smile—
Let me delay a little while—
You see, it means my whole, whole life,
If I consent to be—your—wife!

LAURELLA'S LOVE STORY.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

CHAPTER I.

"It's going to be a perfectly splendid day," exclaimed Laurella Lonsdale to herself, as gleefully throwing open her bedroom window she drank in long draughts of sweet moorland air. And I shall see him, was the unspoken thought which brought the happy smile to her lip, and a richer colour to her cheek, as her eye fell on the smart tweed gown which she had herself laid in readiness for wear the night before.

A week or two previously to the close of the London season Laurella Lonsdale had, to the entire satisfaction of the respective fathers accepted as her future husband a certain Charlie Cameron, son and heir of Sir Cosmo Cameron of Fellfoot. She had therefore hailed with secret delight the invitation of her friend and former schoolfellow, Miss Garth, to pay an autumn visit to Beckside, well aware of its proximity to Fellfoot, where at that season of the year the Camerons were in the habit of entertaining a large shooting-party. On her arrival at Beckside on the preceding evening Laurella had been informed by her friends that a luncheon party at their neighbour Sir Cosmo Cameron's shooting hut, on the moor was, weather permitting, in the next day's programme.

Christie and Sybil Garth had often expatiated on the delights of these informal picnics, when they would walk or drive up the fells and help to prepare luncheon in the roomy hut built for the purpose by the side of a stream, evidently regarding it as a pet pleasure, but this was Laurella's first experience of anything of the kind.

She had not long been released from a protracted school life, the only change from which had been the quiet, seaside holidays spent with an invalid aunt. Her father, General Lonsdale had, on finally retiring from active service, taken a home in London, indulging the hope that he might at last enjoy the society of his only and dearly-loved child, of whom he had hitherto seen so little, without giving up that of his military cronies who

haunted the clubs. But this was not to be, and the old soldier soon saw that his hope of ending his days in the domestic life he had so often pictured to himself was doomed to disappointment; six months had barely passed ere he was asked to surrender his treasure into another man's keeping.

Sir Cosmo Cameron had, however, been a school-fellow and brother-in-arms of his own, and though he knew little personally of his old friend's son, the attractive appearance and manners of the latter, together with his father's fond pride in him, were in his favour, and the old man felt that if he must indeed give up his daughter, he could desire nothing better than to seal the life-long friendship of the fathers by the union of the children.

It was a prospect of surpassing beauty on which the Garth family, gathered round the wide windows of the breakfast-room were gazing, when Laurella joined them.

"Here you are, Laurel; it is going to be a glorious day," exclaimed Christie Garth coming forward to greet her friend.

"Guy has been away to the moors this hour or more," added Sybil, bestowing a glance of smiling approval on Laurel's appearance. A light blue haze hung over the fells on the further side of the beck, but it was being rapidly dispersed by the warm sunshine. One after another the heather-covered hills shone out in their soft violet beauty, and the amber-coloured waters of the beck at the foot of the garden flashed and sparkled through the trees as the sun rose higher.

"How lovely it is, and how delicious it smells," exclaimed Laurella, drinking in long breaths of the fresh wind, laden with the scent of wild thyme, which stirred the window curtains as the merry party seated themselves round the breakfast table. A delightful hour of chat with Christie followed the leisurely meal, and Laurella poured her happy love-tale into her friend's sympathetic ears as the two strolled arm in arm along the terraced paths of the steep sunny garden, and received her loving, if somewhat surprised congratulations in return.

"I suppose you know you will meet Mr. Cameron and his father to-day," observed Christie. "Indeed, the shooting hut is Sir Cosmo's, though for our joint convenience it is built on the boundary line of the two properties."

A glance at Laurella's face convinced Christie that her companion was perfectly aware of this fact.

"I suspect you know more about it all than I can tell you, you demure puss!" she laughed with a loving squeeze of the arm within her own. "There, be off, and put on your hat: the pony-carriage will be round in five minutes."

There was no happier girl in the world than Laurella Lonsdale, as seated beside Mrs. Garth in the roomy pony-carriage, with Christie opposite to her, they bowed along the breezy road which wound round the hillside to the moor. The sturdy cob was accustomed to his work and needed no urging. As Christie regarded the sweet face of her friend, a shade of anxiety mingled with the admiration in her own.

"Can she know? Can her father know?" she asked herself. "She is so thoroughly good and high-principled, her standard of men has always been so high. I have felt assured she would be so difficult to win; I wish we had had a hint of this matter sooner. Mother might have said a word of warning to the General, but it is too late now."

The *ponycarriage* was soon reached. Sybil was already there, she had started on foot immediately after breakfast, and was resting on a royal couch of honey-scented heather, in the shadow of the hut.

"I have heard the guns once or twice, not so very far distant," she said as she led off Jock to a lean-to shed of his own at the back of the hut, "so the sooner we commence operations the better."

Abundance of provisions, together with a sufficient supply of articles needful for the comfortable consumption of the same had been placed on the long deal table by the groom, and the girls gaily proceeded to lay



"A SWEET GIRL-GRADUATE."

the cloth and set out the luncheon on the level space of short turf in front of the hut; they had just finished and placed Mrs. Garth in the seat of honour, a capacious wooden arm-chair just within the doorway, when a distant whistle was followed up by a shout, and six sportsmen came tramping through the heather and ling, greeting the ladies with a chorus of thanks, and exclamations of satisfaction in their arrangements. The party consisted of Sir Cosmo Cameron and his son, Guy Garth and three other men, who have nothing to do with this story. They had experienced capital sport, and were accordingly in the best of spirits. Laurella

and Charlie greeted each other with a shy eagerness, which, however veiled a world of joy in the meeting, and at the end of the merry informal meal, whilst the remainder of the men enjoyed a smoke, luxuriously couched on the heather, the lovers strolled off with a murmured excuse from Charlie about showing Miss Lonsdale a fern, and wandered for a blissful half hour amongst the great boulders scattered about the moor, which were in truth the haunt of many a fairy fern, if only they had remembered to search for them.

With a warm invitation to the ladies to repeat the honour they had done them and again share their meal on the day but one

following, the sportsmen resumed their guns and departed, whilst the girls set to work to wash up, and put away the plates and dishes, a task they would by no means leave to the servants, it being a time-honoured custom, and recognised part of the programme. Then Christie lighted a fire in the little stove and brewed some tea, which though milkless and a trifle smoked, was pronounced delicious, whilst Sybil harnessed Jock; and just as the mist began to dim the brilliance of the golden afternoon they started on their homeward drive. Sybil was occupying the fourth seat in the carriage.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN'S LIFE IN CHAMBERS: A MOTHER'S IMPRESSION.



PART II.

ETTY, a much graver, thinner and quieter Hetty than the one who had made tea for me in St. Edward's Chambers nearly a year ago, had set off after dinner with all the younger members of the family to sing at a village concert. Major Bramston had been detained by business in town, and Mrs. Bramston and I were left together by a delightfully glowing fire in the oak-panelled parlour "to have our gossip out," as Jack merrily phrased it. His arm had been thrown around his mother's shoulders the while, and there was an adoring light in his brown eyes that made me a little sadly conscious that there was a relationship beside which even that of "auntie" paled into insignificance.

When the door had closed on all the young people, and the sound of their merry voices and actively moving feet on the gravel of the drive had died away, Mrs. Bramston turned to me with a grave smile and a sigh expressive at once of relief and content.

"Well, Mysie," she said—we called each other yet by our schoolfellow names—"are you surprised to hear that Hetty is willing to stay home with us all after Easter?"

"I am very glad that it is so. You need a daughter to help you in the home, Nita," I answered her quickly, "but—"

"You are surprised a little. And so should I have been if it had not been for those six weeks I spent up with Hetty in her chambers," said Mrs. Bramston, finishing my hesitating sentence for me, her gentle face gathering colour with the swift memories that followed upon her words. "But, oh, Mysie, you cannot think how my heart aches for all those dear lassies up there, pretending so feverishly to be happy, wearing themselves out in the struggle to do without everything that made their mothers' lives before them full and complete, and working so bravely and honestly all the time! Although, Mysie, I am firmly convinced that their work would be fifty times better done if they only all lived in homes."

The stress she laid on the last word, and the quiver of emotion that accompanied it gave me the key to the direction in which her thoughts were tending; but I was too interested to interrupt her, and once started on her narrative her low voice hardly ceased until she had brought it to an end.

"I received the telegram from Mary, telling me of Hetty's accident," she said, "before eleven o'clock in the morning. The poor child had been just starting for her work when it happened; and when father and I

reached London it was still daylight. You cannot think, Mysie, what a comfortless muddle her two rooms were in. What the doctor must have thought of it all, I cannot imagine. She had never time to tidy anything before she went off to her work in the morning, and everything used to be left just as it was until she came home in the evening. Her study was not quite so bad; but the burnt-out ashes in the grate, the uncleaned table and the scatter of papers—not to speak of the dust over everything, made father beg me to get her out of it and home amongst us all as soon as ever it was possible. But the doctor would not hear of her being moved, so father had to go back by himself and just leave me to manage for the poor child as best I could. It was the queerest experience, Mysie. You know Hetty is naturally as cleanly and tidy a girl as you could want to have; but the life they all live up there seems to deprive them almost of the will as well as the faculty, for keeping things nice about them.

"When the worst part of the pain was over and I had time to look round me, I found all Hetty's tea, supper, and breakfast dishes put away unwashed. And the poor child had been using one of her pretty coffee cups for red ink, and another had mustard in it that must have been a month old. She had only seven saucers left out of the dozen when I came to count them, and one I found afterwards with some horrid kind of boot-blackening in it under her bed, and another, a broken one, had a half-burnt night-light standing in it, a mass of mouldy grease!"

Mrs. Bramston stopped to laugh at herself for the tone of disgust that had slowly crept into her voice. But her own home breathed the very spirit of refined, perhaps it would be even better described as reverent housekeeping in its darkest corners, and I could well understand the effect a bachelor woman's random often reckless makeshifts would be likely to produce upon her.

"Sorry little details, Mysie dear," she continued, "but they were a consistent part of the whole. I never realised before that Hetty had no wardrobe or set of drawers of any kind in which to keep her things. She told me afterwards that she did not believe that there was such a piece of furniture in the building. She had put up a corner shelf with a curtain from it to do duty as a hanging closet; but it seems that something she put on top was too heavy, for it had all come down together, and was lying in a heap in a corner when I came to her. The poor things," she ejaculated as if repentant already of her strictures. "They haven't really any time. They are in a hurry, Mysie, from morning till night. The journalists are perhaps the worst of all, for they are kept dashing out and in all hours of the day and

night, and are hardly free even to get a comfortable dinner. Hetty confessed to me afterwards that most of them kept all their cleaning and tidying up to be done on Sunday morning, and so secured Sunday afternoon in readiness for visitors. But I said to her I was afraid that that meant they had no time at all for dusting out the corners of their inside lives; and the poor lassie was so weak that she broke down and cried like a child with her face pressed tight up against me just as she used to do in her nursery days. But it was truer even than I thought at the time."

The grave lines in Mrs. Bramston's face seemed to deepen as I watched her, with her thin delicate hands folded tight in her lap apparently living over again some of the more seriously sad experiences of her brief life in chambers.

"It isn't that any of the lassies have anything really bad in them," she went on almost as if she were thinking aloud. "Indeed, Mysie, I think many of them are striving to live true to their ideals in a way that might put our quieter, easier lives almost to shame. But the lack of all gentle, softening influence in their surroundings, no little children, no old people, no mother's faith to start them out in the morning and bring them back again at night; it seems to produce something in their natures which leads to a hard cynical way of talking about things, of other men and women, of their people they have left at home, of themselves perhaps most of all, that used to make me shudder! You see, Mysie, when Hetty was getting stronger and they had grown used to me, her old friends and neighbours used to tumble in and out of her room just as in the days before her accident. Tumble did I say?—well, I cannot explain it, but it's the only word that seems to describe it properly. And I used to keep in my corner with my knitting, and I think even Hetty sometimes forgot that her old mother was there. They used to sit about on the floor in the most uncomfortable attitudes, laugh and make fun incessantly, say the cleverest and most daring things, and I think were genuinely fond of one another and as ready to be kind when occasion offered as women could be. But for all that if one of them went out of the room the rest were sure to begin discussing her, analysing her ways of speech, her work, her dress, her character and life-story generally. And, Mysie, if there were the least suspicion of a love story you should have heard them! Of course they pretend to be cynical and superior and advanced and all that kind of thing; but it's the poorest, flimsiest affectation. I don't believe but that the hardest among them thinks in her heart of hearts that a baby is the loveliest thing in the world, so there!"

Mrs. Bramston's eyes looked suspiciously like crying although her lips were curved to laughter.

"I remember once that a sturdy little science student with short hair had to hurry off to a lecture. 'Dumps' was the ridiculous name they had for her, and she didn't seem to mind a bit. They said she had done some brilliant original work already. Directly the door was shut a hospital nurse, her closest friend I believe, began to tell in the drollest way about some half-consumptive student whom 'Dumps' had helped in his work, lending him books and things, and who now was hopelessly in love with her. The question was whether 'Dumps' loved him or not, and I must confess she seemed to have discussed it quite openly herself, a case of symptoms she declared it. He had 'flustered her' she confessed so that she could not do any of her work properly for a week; but that might have been abstract emotion! Then she forgot him usually when she was on her bicycle—fancy the poor girl remembering anything when she was riding through that horrible London traffic!—but once, it seemed, when she thought she was going to get crushed by a passing waggon she had been conscious of angrily regretting that she had not insured her life in his favour so that he could finish his studentship without any worry!"

Both Nita and I laughed involuntarily at this turn of the story, but I thought with her that there was a tragic side to it too.

"It is like the children pulling up the plants by the roots to see how they are growing, Mysie," she said. "If it doesn't kill the plant outright, it destroys its chance of flowering and I am afraid of fruit-bearing also."

I assented and she started again.

"Another afternoon, Dumps was kneeling on the floor by Hetty's sofa making a semi-professional examination of her poor ankle and lecturing away on bone formation until I feared that she would be wanting to try some of her experiments on the child herself. In the midst of her chatter a pale shadowy-looking girl, an engraver on copper I think she was, came silently into the room and crouched down over the fire. She had not spoken to any of us, when she suddenly looked up and said in the queerest, driest kind of voice—

"'I've had a letter from home, girls. The dad died yesterday.' She had spoken so abruptly that none of us could get a word out

in answer for a minute, and she gave a little laugh and added: 'Well, he knows now.'

"'Knows what, dear?' said Hetty. I think she was so distressed for her friend that she hardly knew what she was saying.

"'That I smoke cigarettes, perhaps,' replied the girl trying to laugh again. 'Anyhow, I don't mean to wait so long as dad did till I find out if there's anything on the other side.'

"And if you will believe it, Mysie, the poor creature went on to talk of death in the vaguest, saddest way, of dying and suicide and the best way of leaving life behind her, just as if her father's death were the merest incident to her, on a level with any other death she might have read of in her histories or newspaper. And yet I believe that her heart was breaking all the time."

Mrs. Bramston sat silent for a little after that, her lips set very tightly together. When she spoke again it was on the same subject.

"They seem to think it a kind of weakness to show much affection for their home people. One splendid-looking girl described her mother as 'the most impossible inflict on life had yet lain upon her,' and in the same breath insisted that Hetty should accept a pot of her home-made jam! She had just received a great box of good things from home, 'tucked in' she said 'with blankets. Mother never will believe I can be warm enough when I sleep in a garret seven storeys high!' Hetty said it was all journalese and I must not take any of it seriously. But—there is a 'but' in it, isn't there, Mysie?"

I honestly owned to thinking there was a very big "but" indeed!

"It all comes, I think," said Mrs. Bramston at last beginning to sum up her impressions, "of trying wilfully to do without the human relationships that God has set about us right from the very start. Men and women are not born grown up, right away, as units. There are a hundred ties in a family that can never be broken without a loss of life-blood all round. We need mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters, aye, and," with an affectionate look at me, "uncles and aunts and cousins. And when we are grown up ourselves and strong in our own strength we need the children and the old folks to keep us reverent and tender. Then if we live to grow old there is a natural place still for us, and life's hardships are tempered to our human weakness all the way along. Progress will come through an ever-widening out of the circle of those to whom we are thus 'bound,' perhaps some day till it includes

the whole human race. But meantime to voluntarily choose the unnatural isolation of that life in St. Edward's Chambers seems to me nothing short of moral suicide. Mind, I do not say that there isn't an immense field of work for women outside the home; but I would entreat of them as they desire to keep quick and sensitive to the claims of that work upon them, and to do it faithfully and well, not to cut themselves off from ordinary human relationships; but to start out to their work from a home and to come back to a home at night. They tell me that there is a growing amount of work that so exhausts a woman's strength and is so irregular in its hours that no home could arrange for her comfort and its own at the same time. If that is so I am old-fashioned enough to say that such work ought not to be, either for man or woman, and we only perpetuate an evil by providing other evil conditions to meet its requirements. Do I speak too strongly, Mysie? If you could only have watched those poor women as I did; their lack of all peace or rest of spirit; their unceasing recklessness, callousness even; the tastelessness that all life seemed to have for them except during moments of feverish excitement. They none of them seemed to want to be alone except when they were completely exhausted, and perhaps the strongest characteristic which they have in common is their dread of old age. They own that they dare not think of it. Even the power to save money for it comes to very few, the expenses of their life are necessarily so high. And the ties they make there seem to snap the moment they pass from actual sight of and contact with each other. 'Where is so and so?' they say. And when they have flung a smart epigram or two after her or made a few careless inquiries, the place that knew her knows her no more. Only the other day Hetty had a letter from one of the nicest of them, as I thought. She wrote that she was going to marry a man 'who has nothing but his power to make a home for me to render him even endurable.' She ended by daring Hetty to congratulate her. Poor lassie! poor lassie!"

But with that Hetty's bright voice was heard calling in the hall for "Mother" and "Auntie." And with a half-guilty look at one another we two older women hurried out to welcome our young people home with hearts brimming over with thankfulness that it was "home" in such real sense to them all.

(To be continued.)

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

A ROLLER BANDAGE

ought to be from 5 to 8 yards in length, and the width suitable to the part to be bandaged, 2 to 2½ inches for the head and extremities, 3 to 4 inches for the thigh and abdomen, and about ¼ of an inch for a finger bandage.

The selvages should be torn off and the bandage rolled up very firmly.

WHEN BANDAGING REMEMBER

- (1) Fix the bandage by one or two turns, the outer surface of the roller being next the skin.
- (2) Bandage from below upwards, and from within outwards over the front of the limb.
- (3) Use firm pressure equally over the parts and bandage evenly.
- (4) Each succeeding turn should overlap two-thirds of the preceding one.
- (5) End by fixing the bandage firmly with a safety pin, or a neat stitching.

The roller bandage is put on in one of three ways, either spiral, reverse, or in the figure of 8.

THE MANY-TAILED BANDAGE

is made by placing a piece of bandage, the length of the limb, and placing across it pieces of bandage of sufficient length to go round the limb. The long piece is placed at the back of the limb, the shorter pieces tacked in their place pass horizontally round the part to be bandaged, and, when completed, ought to look like the figure of 8 bandage.

THE T BANDAGE

is made of two pieces of bandage in the form of a T; the horizontal piece is to go round the waist, the shorter piece passes between the thighs, and fastens to the waist portion in front.

IN PUTTING ON A SLING

the apex of the triangle should be placed at the elbow and pinned, the two ends being tied round the neck in a reef knot.

THE TRIANGULAR BANDAGE

is made by a handkerchief or piece of calico folded into a three-cornered shape; it is useful for keeping dressings on the head, breast, and other parts, it also makes a good sling to support the arm.

STARCH BANDAGE.

In some cases it is well to starch the bandage to prevent it slipping; one teaspoonful of starch should be mixed into a smooth paste, and add, while stirring, half a pint of boiling water; as soon as it is cool enough it should be spread all over the bandaged part.

OATMEAL DRINK.

Put a quarter of a pound of coarse oatmeal into a saucepan with three quarts of cold water, boil half an hour, sweeten to taste with brown sugar. It can be drunk either hot or cold as preferred, and flavoured with lemon.

EMBROIDERIES NEW AND EASY.

ALTHOUGH at first sight the embroideries seen in Figs. 1 and 3 may appear like the ordinary cross-stitch, with which everyone is familiar, they are not so as a matter of practical working, nor in the embroidery when seen close at hand. True, the patterns for ordinary cross-stitch answer the purpose perfectly well and can be adapted to this work, but the Norwegian designs, ready coloured, are the best to get, when changes have been rung upon these two examples, which are excellent.

This work can be done either upon linen canvas or else upon the woollen Norwegian canvas; which, like the former, can be had in many shades of beautiful colours. Of course, your choice of material must be regulated by the object of the article.

Fig. 1 shows a table-runner in which space is left for candelabra or central stand of flowers. This should naturally not be done upon the woollen but upon the linen canvas, and the material used for the embroidery should be washing filosselles, twisted embroidery or floss silks. The colours should be chosen with care and used judiciously.

As a guide to our readers we will instance a few specimens that work well.

On cream-coloured canvas you can use any colour or colours, old gold being most charming in conjunction with good shades of heliotrope.

On terra-cotta canvas only light blues answer, on blue canvas terra-cottas, yellows, dull reds and pale pink. On green canvas pale heliotropes, dull yellows and some art blues.

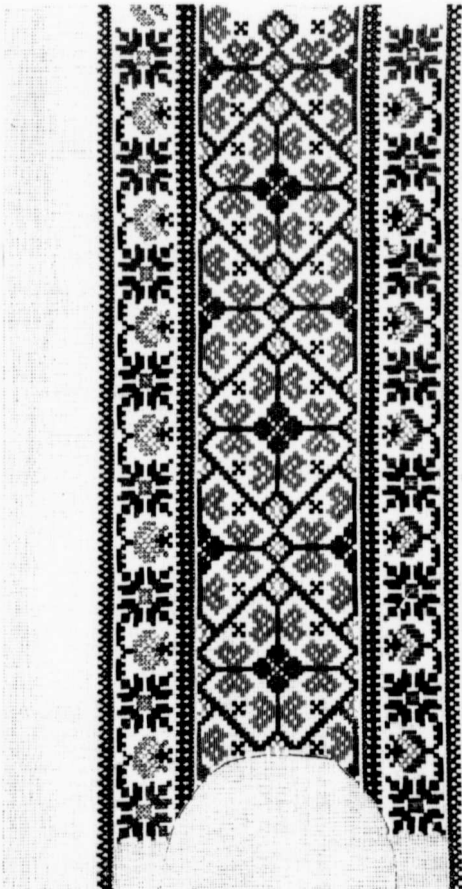


FIG. 1.

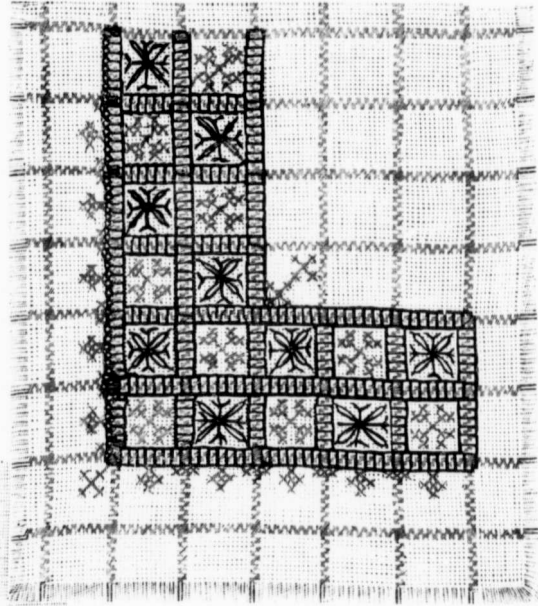


FIG. 2.

In Fig. 7 you will see how the stitches are done. Wherever there is a space covered by a stitch that looks like cross-stitch make four bars one after the other just as you see in Fig. 7, going over about four of the lines of the canvas. That is easy enough, but care must be taken to count the stitches in the pattern very carefully and make no mistakes.

A linen canvas table-runner should be bordered with a deep hem-stitched hem, or else with lace to match either the linen or some colours used in the embroidery.

If the woollen Norwegian canvas is used, you should work on it with the somewhat twisted Norwegian wools, here and there adding a little silk. Filosselle does well for this addition or twisted embroidery. Of course, if you like to work it altogether in silk it is open to you to do so, but it naturally comes more expensive; for articles such as *portières*, etc., which have rough wear, it is not so durable.

Fig. 2 shows a pretty insertion, which can be worked upon any check material such as glass-cloth. Each square has two rows of an open button-hole stitch, seen very clearly in Fig. 4. When one row is done do the second intermediately. The stitch is so simple that it needs no explanation. Those to whom it is new can teach themselves by a careful examination of our illustration.

Other stitches are used in the squares.

Fig. 5 shows the loops which radiate from the centre.

Bring your needle up from the back to the front of the material, then, holding your cotton under the thumb of your left hand, bring your needle out diagonally about two-thirds the depth; draw through and then push your needle through to the other side and bring it out again in the middle.

The next stitch which comes between the loops is seen in Fig. 6. This is done on much the same principle, but that when the needle is put in again to form the loop, it is placed a little distance from where it came out and then brought out lower down but in the centre of the space. The outer squares are done in coarse cross-stitch taken over several threads of the stuff.

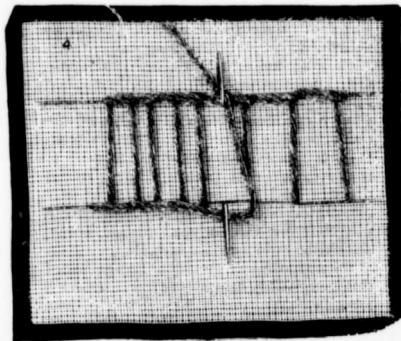
If the material is slight, you should use thin silks or cottons and not heavy ones, as the work, if you do, will not look well.



FIG. 3.

This kind of work is very useful for tea and tray-cloths, washable cushion-covers, sachets, brush and comb bags, etc.

Fig. 3 shows a strip worked on linen canvas with stripes of thick-coloured linen *appliqué* on at each side. The divisions of the *appliqué* are hidden by a thick button-hole stitch or else a line of rope-stitch, which completely hides the line made by the sewing over. The stitch used for the embroidery on the canvas is not cross-stitch nor the bars lately described for Fig. 1. The stitch is seen in Fig. 8, and is one known as Oriental stitch. This stitch, so common in all Eastern embroideries, is worked like herring-bone stitch with this difference, that—as will be seen by an examination of the illustration—by the needle being



brought out behind and not in front of the last-formed stitch.

The number of stitches which must form each little block should be regulated by the size of the canvas and coarseness of the silk or cotton.

This little table-cover is bordered all round with a fringe simply looped through the edge. This is done in cottons, the same as those used in the embroidery. Basket stitch is a very useful stitch for bordering work of this kind, and as it is very little known, I will quote here directions how to do it.

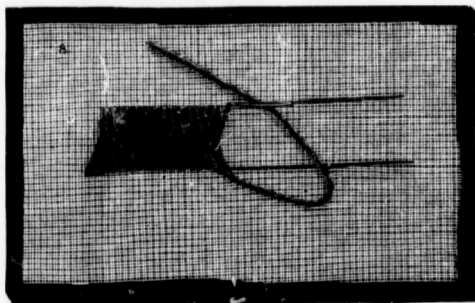
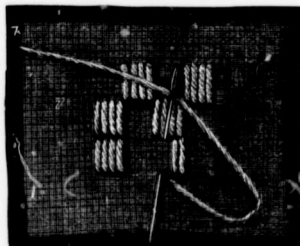
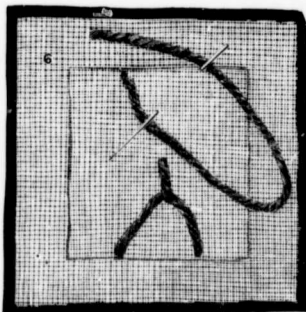
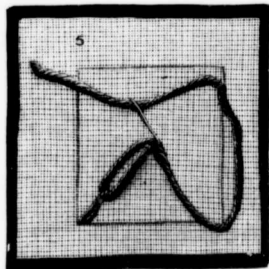
"Basket stitch can be worked on all kinds of stuffs, on counted threads or on a wide or narrow tracing, with fine or coarse thread, and more or less closely, according to the taste of the worker. You insert the needle from left to

right and pass it under from three to six threads of the foundation, according to the stuff and the material you are using, then downwards from left to right, and over from six to eight threads, into the stuff again from

right to left; then you push it under the stuff in an upward direction and bring it out on the left in the middle of the space left between the last stitch and the top of the second."

All this work looks much better when damped and ironed on completion.

The same embroidery as seen in Fig. 3 looks extremely well as a bordering for curtains and for *cour-épieds*, bed-spreads, etc.



"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER VI. THE OLD ROUTINE.

MEANWHILE the time had dragged through very wearily for Madge. After Jack had actually gone she stood watching the train wistfully, as long as it was in sight, even to the last glimpse of smoke, for somehow she dreaded to leave the station alone.

But the effort had to be made, and at last she turned sharply, with clenched hands, compressed lips and a determined air, and hurried down the road. As she did so, she brushed her hand across her eyes with an almost angry movement, for they were dim with tears, and crying was a luxury Madge was too proud to indulge in, and as she hurried along she fought bravely against her emotion.

But it was weary work, for her heart was very heavy, and it was in vain that she tried to fix her attention on the objects around, she could think of nothing but Jack and how he had gone from her. How that when she reached home there would be no merry voice and gay whistle about the house, no more excursions, and no more evening strolls,

perhaps, for a whole year. It was not until one o'clock that she made her way home, tired and footsore and sad, and the greeting she received did not tend to cheer her.

"Well, Margaret," said Mrs. Harcourt stiffly, as she took her seat at the dinner-table, "after such a fortnight of pleasure and ease, I should have thought the very least you could have done would have been to come straight back from the station and inquire if you could help me in any way. That is the worst of pleasure, it makes people so selfish."

"I was not aware that I had spent the last fortnight in ease," replied Madge, rather haughtily. Jack had gone now, so nothing mattered, and the old rebellious spirit re-asserted itself. "I have only been doing my utmost to make Jack's visit pleasant for him. I did not find it especially easy either," she added bitterly. "It seems to me a pity that one visit a year to his home, should be sufficient for him."

"I suppose you mean to imply that I don't make his home attractive enough for him. All I can say is, if you choose to neglect your duties and place your

time entirely at his disposal, it is no reason why I should join in spoiling him. I am thankful to say I have something better to do than run after any young man all day. If you think you have been spending your time profitably, I'm sorry for you."

Madge bit her lip. "Thank you for your sympathy," she said sarcastically. "I have often occasion to be sorry for myself. However, as I was born with a specially sinful nature, a fact you often impress upon me, I presume it is not a surprising result."

"Whether surprising or not it is certainly an unnecessary one, which it would be well for you to overcome. I can give you a nice book on self-pity and self-love to read this afternoon. I think if you read such books a little oftener it would be better for you. I'm sure I don't know what Jack must have thought of you; he can hardly have returned to London with the impression that his sister is improved."

"In that case he would doubtless seek the reason, and I hope his search proved satisfactory. However, as his manner to me showed no disappointment, I am satisfied to believe you are mistaken."

As Madge finished speaking, Mr. Harcourt entered the room and took his seat at the table. This was a signal to drop the subject, and the usually silent meal-time recommenced. Indeed it seemed as if Jack had been gone for weeks, so strangely still was the house. Madge sat silent with an aching heart, longing to break away from the depressing atmosphere, yet fully conscious of the hopelessness of her desire, and of how little the afternoon would bring to cheer her. Not much certainly, only an errand in the village, a long practice, work, and a stolen hour with a book.

She was truly glad when she was at last in her own room for the night, and the gloomiest day in the whole year ended.

The next morning, Saturday, she rose in a happier mood; Jack's visit was now a thing of the past, and she was better prepared to face the old routine.

Also Saturday was her day for visiting Helen Liston, and this was a bright event in her week.

Helen Liston was her one little friend and charge, and she always enjoyed the time spent with the school-mistress's sick child. The school-house was some little distance from the Manor, and Madge started early in the afternoon and walked briskly, eager to make her visit as long as possible.

On reaching the cottage she hastened up the path, and after a slight knock, opened the door and walked in. The first room was empty, but she quickly passed through into the next, where an eager watching face was awaiting her, and a glad but weak voice exclaimed—

"Oh, Miss Harcourt, I am so glad to see you. I felt sure you would come, for mother told me your brother had gone."

"Yes, dear, he went yesterday," replied Madge in a gentle voice, very different from her usual tone. "I hope you are pretty well;" and taking the little thin hands in hers, she bent down and kissed her. Such a beautiful little face it was that rested on the pillow. A little thin pale face, sadly old for its years, but beautiful in spite of all, because of the big violet eyes, soft golden-brown hair and exquisite expression. Helen Liston was a mere child, only twelve, but she had been much hurt by a fall when a baby, and doomed to lie on her back all her life. Neither was this all, for consumption had set in, and the tired little wayfarer was nearing her rest.

Ever since Madge had known her she had loved this child and done all she could to brighten the sad little life. At first she had been attracted by her beauty, but she had soon learned to love her for herself, and, with her instinctive love of all that is noble and good, to bow down before the child's purity. Why the child suffered, on the other hand, was a sore stumbling-block to her, and an enigma she had to give up wearily, without any approach to satisfaction.

"Have you been very happy with your

brother?" asked Helen, holding her friend's hand fast. "I have thought of you so often."

"Yes, thank you, dear," answered Madge, in the same gentle voice, a soft light shining in her eyes. "We had some lovely times together, but tell me how you have been. See, I have a beautiful box of chocolates for you, Jack brought them from London."

The child's eyes brightened with pleasure, but she answered quickly: "Oh! thank you ever so much for thinking of me, but Mr. Harcourt meant them for you, you must not give them away."

"He wouldn't mind in the least, in fact he knew I was going to bring them to you. He brought me other things," and she laid the box down beside the bed.

"You have not told me how you are yet," she continued, "and somehow you look more tired than usual."

"I have not been very well," replied Helen with a quiet little smile; "the heat tries me, but please don't talk about me, I want to know what you have been doing. Did Mrs. Harcourt let you and your brother be alone a great deal?"

"Not more than she could help," replied Madge; "but I think we did pretty well as we liked."

"I am afraid she made you unhappy sometimes," continued Helen, stroking Madge's hand; she knew a great deal of what passed between the step-mother and step-daughter, and was often unhappy about her friend.

"What makes you think so," asked Madge smiling.

"Because you look tired, as if you had not slept well lately."

A shadow flitted across Madge's face, but she answered brightly—"Well, she did make me very cross sometimes, but we won't talk about anything unpleasant to-day, as I have plenty of bright things to tell you," and she proceeded to relate all her adventures during Jack's visit.

After remaining two hours, she rose to go, but Helen held her hand fast. "Please stay till mother comes," she pleaded, "I like to see you here."

"But I shall tire you so," answered Madge anxiously, "I have been talking so fast."

"Oh no! you won't—it is delightful to have you. Two weeks has seemed a long time."

"Poor little Helen," and Madge stroked the soft bright hair very tenderly. "It is so sweet of you to like to have me here."

"Oh! I love you," was the quick, warm answer. "It is good only to see you passing. You like to come, don't you?"

"Indeed I do. I feel more at home here than I do anywhere. I don't know what I should do without you. I believe you love me more than anyone else does," she added wistfully. "Jack has so many friends, and then he is so

light-hearted and thoughtless; still I believe he loves me very, very much."

"I don't believe he could help it," said Helen softly, "I'm sure I couldn't. I love you just as much as ever I can."

Madge's eyes grew dim and she looked away through the window sadly.

"Why do you look so sad?" Helen asked. "You like me to love you."

"Oh, yes, yes, but I was wondering if you knew me, Helen. If you knew what bad thoughts I have sometimes you wouldn't love me at all."

"Oh yes, I should, and I don't believe you have such bad thoughts as you say. You are full of kind thoughts when you come to see me."

"That is because you are my good angel and you drive away the bad thoughts."

"When I die and am a real angel," said Helen dreamily, "I should like to be able to watch over you and mother always."

"Oh! but you mustn't think about dying, Helen," and Madge spoke hurriedly, with a ring of pain in her voice, something in the child's face startled her.

"Why not, it would be very sweet to me, if it weren't for leaving you and mother."

"Oh, Helen, don't!" and Madge's eyes filled with tears. "Indeed I couldn't spare you, and what would your mother do?"

"I think you would be glad after a while," she answered softly. "You would know I had done with all pain, and then, oh, Miss Harcourt! I want so much to be with Jesus and to cast myself in love and adoration at His feet."

Madge pressed her hand, but did not speak.

"I should like to have you and mother with me at the last," continued Helen, "yours are my two dearest faces."

"I will come," Madge murmured, and just then the outer door opened and they heard Mrs. Liston's step. Madge rose at once and shook hands kindly with her, greeting her in a bright, pleasant manner that made her seem very winsome, and a little later she took her leave and walked slowly homeward.

She had enjoyed the afternoon, and was glad to think she had been able to give pleasure to little Helen; nevertheless her heart was sad, and her dark eyes wore the wistful look of pain, so often in them now, as she neared her home.

She could not forget the picture she had just seen of the gentle mother leaning over her child, and her heart ached for that young mother, who had leaned over her and loved her so long ago.

All the evening she was quiet and the sadness lingered.

Not the proud, indifferent quietude she often relapsed into, but with a weary, almost careworn look on her face, and that night her pillow was wet with tears.

(To be continued.)



GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

GWYNNE and KATERIE (Stewards).—You will see that information on this subject has been given in recent numbers of the "G. O. P." The best chance of obtaining such employment is to apply to the leading steamship companies. The preference is generally given by the companies to the female relatives of their own servants. Salaries are from twenty to twenty-five pounds and the tips—concerning which "Gwynne" inquires—would undoubtedly make a very considerable addition to this sum. Both our corresponders are, however, rather too young at present to obtain such appointments.

MARGARET (Domestic Service).—You inquire how you are to obtain a situation in London as experienced general servant or plain cook. We think you would do better to offer yourself in the latter capacity, as a cook can obtain higher wages than a general servant. You should advertise in one of the London daily papers.

L. L. (School Board Cookery Teachers).—Write to the Principal of the National School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S. W., asking her to be kind enough to send you particulars of the courses of training in plain and advanced cookery. After qualifying at that Institution you would have a good chance of obtaining a School Board appointment. If, however, you cannot afford at present to enter the National School, you should try to obtain one of the scholarships, which are offered to intending teachers by the London County Council. These are tenable at the Hatteress Polytechnic, FINSBY (Waitress in Refreshment Rooms).

—You should advertise in the *Morning Post* or the *Daily Telegraph*, or you might apply to houses where they employ a large number of waitresses in their refreshment rooms. If you are quite young, however, would it not be better to become an assistant in a confectioner's business. Messrs. Fuller, Limited, of the Strand and Regent Street can sometimes employ ladies as assistants, and probably this kind of work would be quieter and more congenial than that of the railway refreshment rooms.

AN ANXIOUS AUNT (Opening for a Young Man).—It is outside our scope to advise concerning the employment of young men. We may, however, say that chartered accountancy would be a good profession for your nephew to adopt. But he would probably have to pay a considerable sum to be articled to a good firm. He ought to be decidedly quick at figures, whereas for architecture—which you suggest—good draughtsmanship and taste are the primary qualifications. After apprenticeship his chances would be better as an accountant than as an architect, unless he can command a good deal of private influence.

GWINDOLEN (Something to do).—You are quite right to wish to utilise your time as you are fond of drawing. You would do well to develop that capacity by studying at any school of art which is not too far from your home. Afterwards, if you made good progress, your parents might be encouraged to let you study at some London institution, such as the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street, where you could learn the designing of textile and wall papers or some artistic handicraft, such as beaten metal work or gesso modelling. If we can advise you further do not hesitate to write again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARGE (Ayrshire).—Japanese paper is to be had in London, at Liberty's, Regent Street, as the article says.

HOUSEMAID.—A few potato-peelings cut up in small pieces will clean the inside of decanters, or sometimes a tablespoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of salt mixed and put into them, and well shaken up, might answer the purpose as well.

MILDRED FELLOWES.—We are happy to announce to our readers that the "Girls' Friendly Society" for Northern and Central Europe has just removed their lodge to 17, Rue de Courcelles, Paris; and that there has never been any connection between them and Mrs. Lewis' (Miss Leigh's) Home in Paris, respecting which, it appears, that there has been some misapprehension, although none whatever on our part.

NORTHUMBRIAN.—1. Serve breadcrumbs with pheasant, partridge, grouse and blackcock; bread sauce must be served as well, in a gravy boat, very hot.—2. Put the small knives on for cheese at first, it saves trouble. All the plates should be changed before the meat dishes are taken off.

LOAD.—The device of the lily or *Heur de Lys* (on the national escutcheon of France) was assumed by Louis VII., A.D. 1137-1180, as his own Royal Ensign, and it was subsequently charged upon a true shield of arms. But the original device on the national shield consisted of frogs; and to this fact may be attributed the sobriquet "frogs," as applied to Frenchmen, the idea being accentuated by the fact—naturally repugnant to English taste—of eating frogs as a dainty, and is quite an acquired taste.

A LOVER OF HISTORY, ASTHORE.—1. Several reasons and origins are given for "April Fool's Day." There is a festival in Hindustan, called *Holi*, on March 31st, at which similar tricks are played. A recent idea is that, as March 25th was formerly New Year's Day, the 1st of April was its octave, when the festivities culminated and ended. There seems some reason to believe that it is really of Greek origin.—2. For everything connected with the Battle of Hohenlinden, you should read Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*. We think Haco was probably a fictitious character.—3. There is, we believe, only one species of daffodil, said to be indigenous to Great Britain, and that is better known as the Lent lily. Several others may be found, but they are invariably the outcast of gardens. It is called "butter and eggs" by country people.

MARGE, REES, MOGG.—The origin of our puppet-show, "Punch and Judy," seems to be found in Italy; and the name "Punch" (or *punch*) a diminutive and corruption of the Italian *Policinello*, or *Policinella*, called after Puccio d'Aniello, a buffoon of Acerra, whose eccentricities were a subject for dramatic treatment in Naples. The drama of *Policinello* owes its origin to Silvio Fiedelo (an Italian comedian), who, about the year 1700, made Policinella the perpetrator of a domestic tragedy, followed by supernatural retribution. "Punch" is a burlesque, in his personal appearance, on his original representation, distorted in the transmission of the drama through France to England. His popularity amongst the street loungers, and lower classes in general, rose to its highest in the reign of Queen Anne.

DOLLY.—The meaning of the phrase "rank and file" as applied to soldiers—each word taken separately—"rank," a line of private soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder in a line; and "file," when they stand one behind another, yet still facing the same way. The double term means to include an entire body of troops.

A LITTLE NONOXY asks us to give her advice on getting married, forgetting that we are quite in the dark as regards her future husband's character and position, and her chances of happiness in their union; nor does she tell us her age, nor whether she has parents, or a home of her own. All these points would have considerable weight in making such decision. But if she has found a sensible, sober and good-tempered man, industrious, and able to support her, and of a suitable age, she had better marry him at once, as she seems to be fond of him, and to be dependent at present on her own exertions for a living, getting the very small pay of £12 per annum only!

MARGERY PRATT.—We keep no registry of situations of any kind for young women. You had better apply to the Y. M. C. Association Employment Agency, 17, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. There is another such society in Berners Street, No. 22—copying, addressing, and issuing circulars, and writing of various kinds are done at this office. Perhaps, if you got a typewriter and a learner to work well, you might obtain employment from some of the offices of lawyers and commerce, which you could do at home. As you write backwards, you would not easily get employment in copying MSS.

S. M. L.—We recommend you to apply to Wm. Van Praagh, Esq., Director of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf Mutes, at 11, Fitzroy Square, W. There qualified teachers are trained. There is, or was recently, a public lesson given every Wednesday afternoon at 3 P.M., excepting during the vacations. Send Mr. Van Praagh a large stamped envelope for their prospectus.

A JERSEY GIRL.—The words engraved on the old ring may be rendered thus in English—

"Unlike the mad Moor,
I know not how to change my faith."

LAMBKIN.—A mother's jewelry goes naturally in equal shares amongst her daughters, the eldest having the right of choice. This, of course, presupposes that the mother left no special directions as to its distribution.

