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## TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

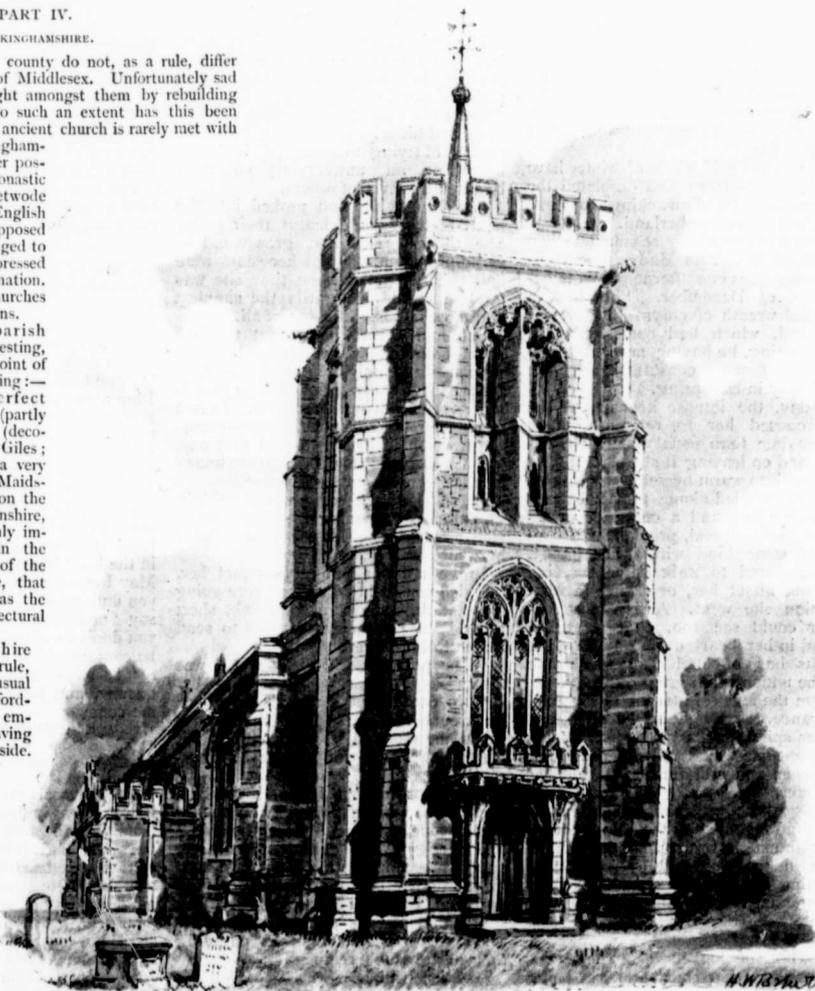
### PART IV.

#### BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE churches of this county do not, as a rule, differ materially from those of Middlesex. Unfortunately sad havoc has been wrought amongst them by rebuilding and modernization. To such an extent has this been carried, that a genuine ancient church is rarely met with in some parts of Buckinghamshire. The county never possessed many large monastic churches; though at Chetwode is a beautiful Early English chancel, which is supposed originally to have belonged to a priory which was suppressed long before the Reformation. Of the other monastic churches scarcely anything remains.

Of the ancient parish churches the most interesting, from an architectural point of view, are the following:—Stewkley (a very perfect Norman example); Iver (partly Norman); Burnham (decorated); Chalfont St. Giles; Chesham; Hillesdon (a very fine late church); Maids-Moreton and Olney, on the borders of Northamptonshire, which possesses the only important stone spire in the county, but so purely of the Northamptonshire type, that it must be regarded as the production of the architectural school of that county.

The Buckinghamshire church towers, as a rule, follow more or less the usual Middlesex and Hertfordshire types in being embattled at the top and having a beacon turret at the side. Their detail is, however, superior, the battlements being treated in a more ornamental way, and the belfry windows being larger and more elegant. The humbler village churches had little wooden steeples placed astride the roof or supported upon rude towers of wood or rubble. These have, however, within



MAIDS-MORETON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

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the last half century for the most part disappeared.

Perhaps the most characteristic tower in the county is the very pretty one of Maids-Moreton Church. This beautiful little building was erected by two maiden sisters, the daughters of the last male heir of the Peyvove family about the year 1450, and from this circumstance the place came to be called "Maids" Moreton. These good women carried out their intention in a most generous manner; for, although the church is a very small one, only capable of seating about two hundred people, it is an architectural gem,

constructed entirely of cut stone both within and without, after the manner of a cathedral; the windows, which are unusually large and handsome, were, within the memory of a man who was living a few years back, entirely filled with rich stained glass, fragments of which still remain. The roofs are of oak, beautifully carved, and the sedilia and "Easter-sepulchre" are celebrated for their elaborate canopy work. The porches, vestry and tower are vaulted in stone with fan tracery, and the penthouse porch over the west doorway is a singularly original piece of design. It is certainly one of the most costly

little village churches in England. Upon the floor is a large stone from which the brass effigies of two female figures and the inscription have been torn away; beneath this the two maidens "await, the resurrection of the just."

What ruffian defaced their monument and tore up their inscription? Who knows! In all probability it was done to save a few pence in mending a kettle, or its price was expended in some degraded orgie at the village ale-house! As long, however, as this beautiful little church exists, "the maids" can never be forgotten.

(To be continued.)

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

OR,

### MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

EIGHT months have passed since merry Jack Harcourt was laid in his last resting-place, and the sunlight went out of Madge's life.

Already the cold winds of winter have laid bare the trees and desolated the gardens and spread an aching monotony over the hills of Cumberland.

The first snow of the season was just beginning to fall as Madge was tending her graves one afternoon in the beginning of December. She had a beautiful wreath of chrysanthemums in her hand, which had come from Guy that morning, he having never failed to send her flowers constantly since he went away in the spring.

To-day, the intense keenness of the wind caused her to remain a much shorter time than usual in the churchyard, and on leaving it she started for a brisk walk to warm herself.

As she hurried along, the set expression of her face and a certain contraction of her forehead, proclaimed a conflict of some kind within her breast. She appeared to walk without seeing anything about her, or caring in what direction she went. And a close observer could see too, that what has passed in her heart during these eight months has affected that which can only be undone with great difficulty.

From the first cold torpor of enforced endurance, there had issued no softer, gentler spirit, but a restive, rebellious, indignant one which only deepened her scepticism and still further marred her character.

Madge hated selfishness, but in her blind self-dependence she allowed it, to a certain extent, to dominate her life.

She did not see that by persistently mourning her heavy loss and dwelling upon the hardness of her fate, she was resolutely placing "Self" first.

She did not forget the sorrows of others, but she looked upon them in a hopelessly morbid spirit and lost belief in happiness. Once again she fell into her old fault of idolatry, and this time her idol was "Sorrow."

She had succumbed to the dangerous, but by no means uncommon, habit of placing her sorrow, as it were, on a pedestal and looking at it.

Thus she came to dwell upon it morbidly and bitterly, and to hug it to her, instead of trying to lessen it, by losing herself in an unwearying effort to brighten the lives of others.

She thought she had probed into the heart of things and learnt their value. She thought she had grown old in worldly wisdom, though her years were only twenty; and all the time she was a mere child as regards the simplest and most important lesson of all.

She had yet to learn that the one great balm in sorrow, strengthener in weakness and only creator of true happiness in this mysterious life is just to forget self in living for others. In fact in obeying the second great commandment, which is like unto that first one, without obedience to which no man knows true life—enjoyment and repose.

The dusk of the early winter twilight was already deepening into night when she reached the Manor House after her quick walk.

In the hall her step-mother met her. "I wish you had told me you were going for a walk," she said, in quick, short tones. "I particularly wanted to send a note to Mrs. Trevor."

"The postman will deliver it," was the careless answer.

"No doubt, but it would have been no trouble to you. You must have heard me mention it at dinner, and it isn't much you do for anyone but yourself."

"Perhaps not, but I can, if you like, sympathise with you for having to live with anyone so eminently objectionable," and Madge's lips curled unpleasantly as she proceeded with a slow and somewhat haughty bearing upstairs, paying no heed to Mrs. Harcourt's parting shaft, that it was extraordinary what pride some people took in parading their disagreeable tempers.

By this it will be seen, that even the cold politeness that had previously marked the relations between step-mother and step-daughter, had not

proved of an enduring nature, and though they were generally distant to each other, passages of this kind were by no means infrequent.

When Madge had taken off her things, she went downstairs again and sat over the drawing-room fire lost in conflicting thoughts.

She took a letter from her pocket and read it carefully. She had had it two or three days and it ran thus—

"Piccadilly Club.

"MY DEAR MISS HARCOURT,—Last May, when I spoke to you on a certain subject, you declined to consider it at all, and asked me not to allude to it again. I hope I shall not be offending you in doing so, but I cannot help asking you the same question once again. I am always thinking of you and longing to help you somehow, and I can't tell you how glad I should be, if you would only come to me and let me try to make your life a little brighter. You need not be afraid of over-shadowing mine, for somehow nothing has been the same since Jack died. I am no hand at letter-writing and I don't know in the least how to tell you all I want to. May I come and see you, I could make you understand so much better? Don't say 'no' only because you are afraid you don't care about me enough, I could be content with a little.

"I shall wait anxiously for your answer, and hope you will at least let me come.

"With kind regards,

"Yours sincerely,

"GUY FAWCETT."

For several minutes she held the letter open in her hand, and looked fixedly at the fire. For the last three days she had been in a restless, unsettled state because of it, and to-night she was determined to make up her mind one way or another.

"It is his wish," she argued, "I shall not be yielding to him, and he cannot blame me if he lives to regret it.

"I have told him I have no heart, and he must know I mean it, for he saw me with Jack and knows I used to be able to love."

She leaned her head wearily on her hand.

"I think Jack would probably have wished it," she mused. "He was so fond of him, he would have been sure to like me to marry him better than anyone else. It isn't as if I should be likely to love anyone else, because I know I shouldn't. If I don't accept Guy Fawcett I may have to stay on here indefinitely, and I can't do that—I can't," and she clenched her hands. "And why shouldn't I go to him? I don't care where I am, or what I am so that I am not here. If I go away I might forget a little, but here I never can—never, never. Oh! Jack," and she buried her face in her hands, "I want you every hour of every day; it can't be that I shall never see your dear face again!"

She started up with a convulsive movement.

"Oh! I can't bear it," she moaned. "The emptiness and the monotony and the craving are killing me. I thought I could drown feeling, but I can't. Every step and every stone reminds me of him here; it might not be so bad somewhere else and I have no other chance to get away."

"But you don't love him," whispered a voice within her.

"I can't help that," she reasoned, "and at least I like him better than any other man. He says he will be content with a little. He isn't very much in love with me, I know he isn't by the way he talks. Some people say it is better so. That passionate love soon burns itself out and often ends in

misery, while affection lasts on. Yes! yes!" and she pressed her hand to her head to still its violent throbbing, "I will let him come. Whatever I do, fate is cruel to me so I will take the easiest path and brave it. At any rate I couldn't be worse off, and for him—it is his wish."

Not long after a letter fell into the letter-box, which made its way to Guy Fawcett's hands.

It only contained a few words, but those were enough, and the next train to the north bore him with it.

They plighted their strange troth that very evening in the little summer-house in the garden, with the snow all about them and a cheerless grey sky overhead.

Madge was a little diffident and cold, but Guy thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as in her rich sable furs. Besides, he had seen her in this mood so often that it did not strike him particularly.

"You are sure you understand that I am not capable of loving deeply, and shall be much the same to you that I always have been," she said doubtfully.

"Yes," he answered cheerfully. "It's just as well, because I couldn't be desperately in love myself, but I'm awfully fond of you, Madge, and I'll do my best to make you happy."

"Don't set your heart on succeeding," she said, "for you'll only be disappointed. You can't make me forget."

"Anyhow, I can try," was the hopeful answer, "and I know you'll like London."

"I can't do any visiting among your

friends," she said, "I detest all that sort of thing. You won't mind, I suppose?"

"Rather not, I hate it myself. I haven't any but men friends, so you won't be bothered."

"I'm glad," and she turned away as if to go in.

"Then it is settled?" he asked eagerly.

She bent her head slightly.

"Then I'll go and see Mr. Harcourt now," he said, and slipping his arm through hers they walked to the house together.

Before they left the seclusion of the shrubbery however, Guy stopped suddenly.

"I should like a kiss, Madge," he said, a little doubtfully.

For answer she turned her cold, clear-cut face to his and received, in unresponsive silence, his first salute. As his lips touched hers, he was conscious of a chill sense of disappointment, but he shook it aside and laughed a little.

"You are a very cold queen," he said, with an attempt at lightness.

But Madge did not smile. "I'm not fond of kissing and all that sort of thing," she said, and moved forward.

Guy felt a little further chilled, but he would not give way to it, and in a few paces they reached the house.

Finally, three months later, before the snow-drops were quite dead and when the spring flowers were just appearing, Madge Harcourt and Guy Fawcett became "man and wife."

(To be continued.)



## HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

### ICE

is employed in various ways in illness as a remedy. The ice-bag is applied to the head in cases where there is severe pain, and to various parts of the body to reduce inflammation. If a proper bag is not at hand, a common bladder from the butcher may be used filled with ice broken up into small pieces, so as to lie on the part more comfortably; if a cork is placed in the centre it may be tied more securely. The ice-bag should be slung over the place so that the weight of the bag does not rest on the part, but just be in contact with it; a piece of folded flannel or lint should be placed under it so that the bag does not rest on the bare skin; it might cause gangrene without this precaution.

Ice is given to stop sickness, or in cases of hæmorrhage from the lungs, a small piece is placed on the tongue frequently. Ice should be kept in large lumps if possible, and these ought to be wrapped in a flannel or blanket. When required to be kept by the bedside a piece of flannel is tied over a cup or basin,

the ice resting in the centre, the water then runs, when melted, into a cup, and prevents the ice from melting too quickly. A darning needle or bonnet pin is the best thing to break up the ice with, if a proper ice pick is not at hand.

### IN CROUP

place the child in a warm mustard bath. Give an emetic of one teaspoonful of vin ipecac in water, or if this is not at hand, an emetic of salt or mustard and water. After removing the child from the bath place in a warmed bed, and keep hot applications to the throat. If the spasm does not pass off put the child into a steam tent. See that the bowels are opened as soon as possible.

### IN FAINTING FITS

make the person lie down with the head lower than the rest of the body. Apply smelling-salts to the nose, and throw cold water on the face. Allow plenty of fresh air, and see that the clothes are loosened.

### A TOURNIQUET

is made by a bandage or handkerchief tied over the pad, with a reef knot and a stick thrust in under the knot and twisted round until firm pressure is obtained. N.B. A tourniquet is only a temporary remedy, and must not be left on indefinitely.

### IN CASES OF HÆMORRHAGE,

until you can get a doctor's assistance, (1) Make the person lie down, and raise the bleeding part above the level of the body, and keep it at perfect rest. (2) Press the point of the thumb directly over the bleeding part until you can get help. (3) Wash the part with cold water. (4) Notice if the bleeding is from arteries or veins. The bleeding is from an artery when it is a bright red colour, and flows out in a rush; when from veins the blood is a darker, purplish red colour, and it flows out in an even stream. Place a pad on the bleeding point, and fix with a tourniquet if necessary.

M. D. GOLDIE.

## HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By "A GIRL PROFESSIONAL."

## CHAPTER IV.

SHAKING INTO PLACE.



An experienced landlady would have found cause for amusement in our state of order and expectancy. Upstairs, all was spotless, downstairs equally so, mistress and maid both on the alert; this was well in theory, but it did not dispose us to give a charitable reception to such a load of dilapidated chattels

as the van brought to our door.

About one o'clock we were called to witness the arrival of Mrs. Norris's belongings; she herself did not turn up until the evening, by which time she knew they would all be inside the door—a wise proceeding on her part—as we had been sorely tempted to break our contract and refuse their admission. The first thing to be taken down and brought into our hall was a perambulator. This surely was an affront, and could never be allowed to remain. But hardly less damaging to reputation was the array of crocks and saucers, all dilapidated, all dirty and all unwelcome. Instead of weeding out and retaining simply the furniture necessary for the three rooms she was to occupy; Mrs. Norris had let her whole household be swept into the van, relying upon our ignorance and lack of many useful things for a willing reception of all. We were not prepared for such an onslaught as this, and at first looked on in helpless dismay as from her own rooms the goods gradually overflowed to the rest of the house, but dismay speedily gave place to natural indignation. However it was no use to make words with the men who were not responsible, nor was it wise to show one's disgust too plainly when we had to meet the owner of these disreputable chattels at dinner an hour later, so we made as much clearance as was possible and swallowed our wrath. The next morning, however, I insisted that a buyer of second-hand furniture should be sent for, and the bulk of these superfluous articles got rid of. Mrs. Norris protested. She was sure there were many things that would prove useful, and that cost a good deal to buy; but I held to my point. Then she took shelter in the chaotic confusion upstairs. How was it possible for her to go in search of a probable purchaser when there was so much to be done? So I went downstairs again.

"Florence, would you go and find a man to fetch away this rubbish?" I asked.

"Ay, that I will, miss, and be glad!" the maid answered promptly.

In the course of an hour she returned with a respectable man in her wake, and a hand-cart also. Then Mrs. Norris was requested to come down and make her own bargain with him. Very reluctantly she came, a-l, with most unwilling hand, sorted the miscellaneous collection.

I stood on one side with folded arms and stern countenance, the bachelor doing the same; Florence did her best to get on with her accustomed work and keep a grave face.

Mrs. Norris looked from one to the other in faint hope of finding mercy, but there was none; she suggested to me that this or that would be very useful, but I would take no hint. Finally everything was swept away, and the sum total realised by their quondam possessor was exactly three-and-sixpence! This she showed me with something like tears in her eyes, but, so virtuous is youth, even then I did not relent.

After this, however, we gradually shook down into our respective places; the poor lady got into order by slow degrees, leaving the bulk of the work to be done by her son when he returned in the evening. The patience and kindness which the young man showed speedily won our respect, and we liked him thoroughly. He was gentlemanly and courteous towards us, and we felt all the safer for having a man in the house. When Mrs. Norris found she had absolutely no housekeeping duties to tax her, that she could rise to find her sitting-room with a bright fire and breakfast ready, and could saunter out as soon as the latter was eaten, knowing that a tempting dinner would await her return, she showed us her sunny side, and was the charming creature we had been led to expect. Her good points were those of education; she was clever in conversation, a fair linguist, well-bred in manner and not ungenerous; but she was fond of ease and luxury, a bad money-changer, and very far short of the standard of motherhood which we had always had before us—yet her children were devoted to her.

When Mrs. Norris was finally settled in, and our household restored to order and regular routine, we had leisure to consider the desirability of finding another tenant. Our mother came to us and took possession of the little bedroom upstairs, and downstairs she found many a gap to fill and duties such as only such well-trained and experienced eyes could see. We felt great comfort in having her to turn to in any perplexity, and she on her side seemed to feel it beloved her to stand up for our rights, somewhat to the disgust of Mrs. Norris, as the latter found her landladies grow less malleable as time went on.

We had one bedroom and small sitting-room to let, both furnished; for these we must find an occupant, or very soon find our expenses far exceeding our income.

The first quarter's rent and expenses had been paid chiefly from Uncle B.'s money; the housekeeping now required nearly the whole of Mrs. Norris's payments, leaving us to face the next quarter's rent with not much besides our own slender earnings, so another tenant was an imperative necessity. While on the look-out for a permanent inmate we had a temporary occupant in the person of an acquaintance of Mrs. Norris, a young German student. He was with us three weeks, but as he required only a bedroom and was able to consume a full equivalent in food for the amount he paid in cash, he could hardly be called profitable, and accordingly we had to intimate that his room would be required by a certain date.

One fine morning at the end of May I happened to answer the door myself, and opened it to find a dapper little lady on the step.

"You have some rooms to let, I believe?" she asked.

I answered in the affirmative and invited her to inspect them. She was exceedingly taken with them and with the look of the

house, but as she was seeking for her sister as well as herself, two bedrooms and a sitting-room were necessary.

I reflected while she chatted, and concluded that as it was imperative we should have someone directly, and this seemed to promise a better income than we had hoped for, it might be well to see if we could not come to an arrangement.

I suggested that it might be possible for us to put ourselves into smaller compass upstairs and set at liberty the room which our mother occupied. This met with approval, and it was agreed that if found practicable the two sisters should come and give their final decision the next day. When this was mentioned to mother she was only too glad to give up anything which would help us, and we arranged for her to have the smaller room, while I flitted into and shared the bachelor's big apartment.

The two sisters came punctually at the time named the next day; the elder I found somewhat imperious in manner and very decisive. They took some measurements and confabulated together as to the fitting in of their belongings, and then, to my relief, the elder sat down at the open secretaire and wrote, "I take your three rooms from the First of June, signed D. G."

Short, sharp, and business-like; but I liked her on the spot. They were very well-dressed and dainty, evidently with a comfortable income, but also careful to exact the fullest value for every penny; this was my first impression, and it never changed.

They had lowered our terms by a few shillings, and we had given in rather than lose good tenants; but after experience showed this was a mistake, for having gained one point they were always on the watch to gain in other points, and thus made encroachments, which sometimes grew to be trespasses.

For the practical help of other beginners, situated as we then were, I may here lay stress on what is a main point to bear in mind, and that is that all regulations, limitations and expectations should be explained in detail at first, or before a tenant enters. What they agree to then they will abide by, but what is left unexplained is apt to become very much a matter of personal convenience afterwards. In these matters, as in all our life's training, we find it true that "experience keeps a good school, but the school-fee is very high."

It does violence to that beautiful faith in human nature that we would all fain keep, when we are forced by degrees to reluctantly confess that ideals will not work, or at any rate they will not work out as we hoped. As the *raison d'être* of writing this almost too personal history is to show the practicabilities, as well as the besetting difficulties, that lie about such a scheme as we were striving to develop, I have been explicit in detailing actual occurrences. From the actual I must now pass on to more general description, but in doing this I would not imply that the ideal was swamped or lost to view—far from it.

After several years' trial the belief still remains that it is and should be possible for ladies to take up the *rôle* of landladies (and with that *rôle* the rendering of personal service from one to another) and yet retain their own dignity and ladyhood undiminished. Nay more, that from the daily contact with others, and the many pleasant helps that one party may give to another, a brightening and helpful influence may arise. But I would not disguise the undoubted fact that it takes a

lady to appreciate another lady; and if by daily wear the gold should rub off, showing a clay foundation, there are sure to result frictions, jars, and a variety of small crosses that are as hard to carry as bigger ones.

Where the party is restricted in numbers, as ours was, these frictions become all the more noticeable. A larger household is in some senses easier to manage, in that a balance can be preserved and jealousies are not so manifest.

A club of twenty or thirty members, with rules applying to all, and agreed to by all, would be less troublesome to deal with than the comparatively small household of two parties, often opposing factions.

If we are honest with ourselves we are forced to admit that all these difficulties (and particularly the factions) are most pronounced when the members are all of one sex—our own sex.

As a sex we lack breadth of view, and lacking this we magnify details. Taking our cue from one another, we do not always wait to see whether the example was itself a just one.

A mixed household is far better in many respects than one confined to members of one sex only. We soon learn why it was that "the solitary" were "set in families" when we come to deal with them on a wider scale.

(To be continued.)

INFANT'S HEM-STITCHED SHIRT.

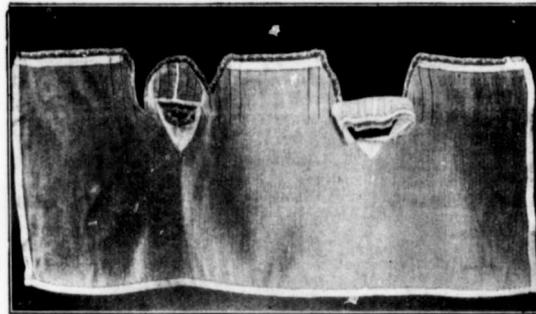
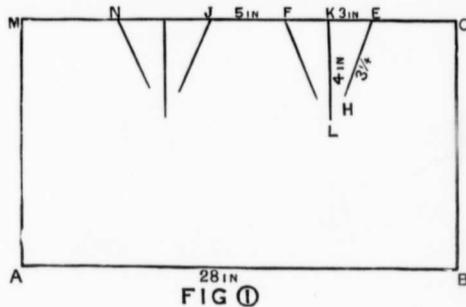
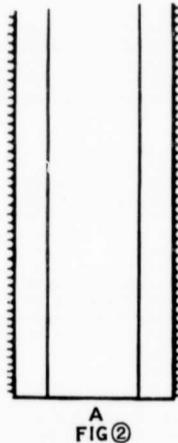


FIG. 3.



Now, "girls," bring out your finest needles and No. 100 cotton, combine them with plenty of patience and nimble fingers, and produce the result to be seen in Fig. 3 for some favoured morsel of humanity.

Take for granted that you know how to hem-stitch, if not, ask a friend to show you, it is very simple. For materials you will require three-eighths of a yard of fine Irish lawn at about three shillings and sixpence a yard, and two yards of narrow Valenciennes lace at about eight-

pence. The first thing to be done is to make the cut edges of the lawn absolutely even by drawing a thread. You will probably find the lawn is about thirty-three inches wide; the

piece for the shirt requires to be twenty-nine inches, so a strip must be cut off, by the thread of course; take care of it, it will be wanted for gussets.

The preparing and drawing of threads is always somewhat tedious; in all work of hem-stitching it seems to take nearly as long as the work itself, but do not grudge the trouble, it is absolutely essential, and the whole beauty of your result depends upon it.

The measurements given in Fig. 1 are after the hems are folded, so the threads from A to B, B to C, and A to M must be drawn one inch from the edge; it will be found sufficient to draw from four to six threads. Turn in the extreme edges about the eighth of an inch, and fold the hems (they will be about three-eighths of an inch wide) carefully over to the drawn line, tacking them with fine cotton.

Hem-stitch these three sides, but do not work quite up to C and M.

When attacking the top of the wee garment, be careful to notice on which side the hems should be of those parts that fold over.

Now draw the threads for the lines of perpendicular stitching, half an inch apart, in the flaps, as seen in Fig. 3. Experience taught me the wisdom of doing every bit possible before cutting the flaps and sleeves, as the edges are liable to stretch and fray. Having finished these twelve perpendicular lines, cut down the flaps, Fig. 1, E to H, draw

the threads, turn down, tack, and hem-stitch from M to N, J to F, and E to C. Cut down by the thread from K to L, place F and E together, one over the other, and make a hem-stitched seam, as shown in Fig. 3; these directions, of course, apply to both sleeves. Then do the perpendicular rows of stitching on top of sleeves.

Fig. 2 shows the base of the arm-hole, where it requires to be cut horizontally to allow of the hems lying flat; these hems are only a quarter of an inch wide. A gusset made of a piece of lawn an inch and a half square is folded and inserted under the arm, the point coming at A, Fig. 2; the edges must be hemmed until they reach the hem-stitching, where they are worked into it, as seen in Fig. 3.

This somewhat large gusset was suggested by a mother of experience. It is a very great improvement on the usual tiny arrangement. In putting on the lace, the edges cut on the cross must be "rolled" between finger and thumb.

Have the shirt washed, ironed, and prettily folded before presenting it, and then do not be surprised if you are told "it is so beautiful, it must be worn outside."

"COUSIN LIL."

NOTE.—Correct position of A in Fig. 2—half an inch below drawing.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHAT is taken for "housemaid's knee" is often a simple dislocation of the knee-cap which can easily be replaced by a surgeon or bone-setter; but if wrongly treated may develop into serious mischief. It is often caused by the servant kneeling on the edge of a step when cleaning.

TEA-LEAVES that are to be used for sweeping carpets should first be placed in a colander and clean water run through them several times; they should then be used when damp but not wet. Tea-leaves should not be used

on a carpet with a deep pile. On wet and cold days, when scrubbing of boards cannot be done, a room is wonderfully freshened up by sweeping the boards with damp tea-leaves.

BLACKBEETLES rarely come where a floor is kept well swept and where no food is left about.

ONE of the best ways of cooking dried haddock is to boil it in water in a large frying pan. When done, drain off the water and serve hot with a little butter on the top.

To preserve cut blossoms of hard wood trees or shrubs, such as lilac, laburnum, apple blossom, roses or hydrangeas, the stalks should be stripped of the bark a good way up at the ends so that they can suck up the water, and the water in which they are placed should be warm.

A PIECE of perforated wire nailed on outside a larder or pantry window is very useful, for it can then be left open all night with no fear of cats getting in to steal the food. Larger thieves can be kept out by a strong iron bar inside.



### THE SORROWS OF A SON AND HEIR.

I do sincerely pity the eldest son of my pet robin, and I feel as if something ought to be done to secure for him a measure of kindness and some protection from his hard-hearted father's cruelty.

When in the early summer my robin used to come to me at all hours in the day, pleading for food for himself, his wife and his callow brood, I never grudged him his full share of mealworms. Four or five of those appetising morsels have I seen tucked into his little bill, and I could but admire the diligence he displayed in supplying the needs of his growing family.

As time went on, I occasionally caught a glimpse of one of the brown, fluffy young robins, sitting under the shelter of some laurel branch, remaining perfectly quiescent except for a grateful flutter of thanks now and then, when his parents brought him his ever-welcome rations.

At length the proud moment arrived when the eldest son was sufficiently grown up to be introduced to me. He was brought by his father to the open window, and I could watch the parental process of feeding still going on.

Naturally, thoughts would arise as to the beautiful instinct of fatherly love as shown in animals, birds and even insects. I now regret to think how often I praised my robin and pointed him out to admiring friends as an instance of the tender devotion of a parent

to his young, and in every way held him up as an exemplary and virtuous pattern of what a bird should be.

When the moulting season arrived, my robin became less and less presentable, his wardrobe was so scanty that at last he had but one feather in his tail, and his general aspect was moth-eaten. Under these circumstances birds usually hide themselves until their new apparel is complete, and then they emerge in all their bravery and resume their customary habits.

My robin was however on such familiar terms with me that he did not in the least mind my seeing him in *deshabille*, and continued to come to the window for his usual dainties throughout the moulting time.

But now begins the sad part of the story. The eldest son, hitherto the beloved of his father's heart, having donned a neat little scarlet waistcoat of his own and become in every respect a robin to be proud of, came up to the window to receive my coveted gifts.

Whilst I was in the act of feeding him his father appeared upon the scene, and with open beak and angry twitter flew at him and drove him out of sight. I regret to have to record this shocking barbarity, but the truth has to be told.

The feud still continues; I can only give the heir a mealworm now and then by

stealth, and even if the young bird ventures into the drawing-room the relentless parent follows and chases him round and round the room until I have to interfere in order to prevent actual murder taking place before my eyes. Two thoughts alone seem to possess the mind of Robin senior, how to supply himself with the choicest food and how to keep his offspring from participating in it. To these ends he passes his entire day, in short flights to and fro, guarding the approach to my presence and at intervals hopping on to my writing-table and gazing at me with his lustrous black eyes. Apparently he listens respectfully whilst I tell him what I think of his disgraceful conduct. He will then break out into a song, which I must own is very sweet and melodious and may contain, for aught I know, a complete justification of his daily actions, but having no clue to his language I am none the wiser for his explanation.

It is no doubt wisely ordained that parental love should cease and the young birds be compelled to disperse and seek their own living, but still I must end as I began by saying that I feel very deep compassion for Robin junior. He will always have a warm corner in my heart and a welcome to my small gifts whenever it is in my power to circumvent his atrocious parent and secretly bestow them upon him.

Σ. B.

### THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

SAILING recently down a river which will be nameless, where the scenery at first is extremely beautiful and afterwards only second-rate, we had not long started when—it being morning—ting-a-ling went the breakfast bell. Away trooped the greater number of the

passengers, and when they came on deck again the best of the scenery was over.

We must eat, but we thought then, and think still, that the time might have been better selected. The incident made us talk together about the neglect of the beauty of

nature observable every day and everywhere, and that was the beginning of this article.

Familiarity breeds contempt often and indifference almost always. So long as anything is novel it has a chance to charm, but the same thing, no longer novel, either wearies or

receives no attention whatever. If we did not live face to face with such loveliness in earth and sea and sky it would perhaps be a different story. The rosy morn appearing, say once in a twelvemonth, to "paint with dew the verdant lawn" might either induce us to breakfast in the dark, or to postpone coming to table till the painting performance was over.

But there is more to be said than this. Even if beauty were rare, perhaps the majority of us would fail to see it, for the sufficient reason that their eyes have never been trained. Training is to a great extent necessary. "Those who have not studied the fine arts," remarks a painter who has given much attention to the subject, "are little aware how blind people are naturally to the beauties of creation; how much they stand in need of instruction and of information how to look at nature so as to become acquainted with and to distinguish its beauties in form, colour and effect." The celebrated Benjamin West, the Quaker artist, held that "we are all born blind, like puppies; their eyes being opened by nature, ours by art."

Some of us are perhaps so fortunate as to mix in the society of artists who, spending their lives in the study of beauty, are well qualified to direct others what to see, and how to look at things in a proper manner. A great deal may be gained in this way and very pleasantly too. For those not so happily circumstanced, there is the insight to be obtained through books, and there are many now to be had dealing with this important topic, and pointing out, as far as words can do, how to see things with an artist eye.

It may be taken as certain that the cultivation of the sense of beauty is within the reach of every one; every one, that is, who has the use of her eyes and does not belong to the not-inconsiderable class who find it impossible to think of any serious subject for more than two minutes at a time.

For those who are in earnest we set down the following maxim by the great German author, Goethe. After applying it to what we are talking about, it will be found handy to cheer us up in any other pursuit in which we may be engaged.

"With the exception of health and virtue," says Goethe, "there is nothing so valuable in life as information and knowledge; nor is there anything that can be obtained so readily and purchased so cheaply. The whole task consists in preserving a calm attitude of mind and the expenditure in time—a thing which we cannot save without expending it."

The beauty of nature is a desirable study, for it tends to make us gentle and refined. That is not the certain consequence but the tendency is that way. A coarse mind and vulgar manners are rare indeed where there is cultivated taste.

In its train too comes much enjoyment. "The improvement of taste," says one writer, "enables us to derive the most refined pleasure from the contemplation of objects, which make little or no impression on other people, to feel ecstasy from scenes which the aged peasant has beheld from his infancy without emotion, and with as much indifference as the sheep that he tends or the cattle he herds. Taste in a way creates new beauty and bestows on us new faculties."

The trained eye, however, important though it may be, is not everything. A great deal lies deep down in ourselves, and the recognition of beauty depends in a large measure upon our own character.

To see the loveliness of the world we must, for one thing, be happy-hearted. The poet who says "there's nought in this life sweet but only melancholy," was very much mistaken. In a melancholy fit you may as well be out of existence for all the pleasure or satisfaction you get in looking about. It is a

stupidity in any circumstances whatever to make a companion of woe, and a girl need never have any doubt on what side of human affairs she ought to take her stand. She should always choose the laughing side. This does not mean, be frivolous. It only means, be sensible.

Solomon hit the truth when he said that "the merry heart is a good medicine." It clears away the mists from our vision and enables us to look at things with those kind eyes which alone can discern their real worth and loveliness. Happy in ourselves, we see the whole world smiling around us, and to every landscape—even in gloomy weather—supply our own sunshine.

This, of course, means that we must banish sulkiness, ill-temper, jealousy, selfishness, suspicion, every evil passion, every unreasonable whim, every unworthy affection. They must be sent about their business or there can be no real beauty for us. We do not recommend the experiment, but if any girl of an inquiring turn wishes to see nature in gloom and with her worst looks on, just let her have a quarrel with some one and then go for a walk. Streams, fields, and hedgerows she will find coloured by the fire of her own anger, enjoyment being out of the question. And so it is with all the other follies we can commit. They prevent our seeing what is to be found everywhere about us of Heaven upon earth.

We are indeed not of much account unless we are good, or at least trying to be so. "If thy heart be right," says Thomas à Kempis, "then every creature will be to thee a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine." You will have your eyes opened then to beauty, sublimity and grandeur, which have previously been hidden, and have your hearts filled with thankfulness to the Great Author of this wonderful world. The better you are, the nobler your affections, the more just your dealings, the more beauty you will see.

By acting as we ought to, we not only make the world beautiful for ourselves but for other people. It requires a stretch of imagination to picture even the loveliest scene pleasing anyone if you set down in the foreground a girl we once knew who, because of her temper, shown in her looks, went by the name of "Miss Turn-the-milk-sour." On the other hand look at Nellie, who by her happy-hearted ways, her kindness, her quiet enthusiasm, makes everybody think the scenery ten times finer than it really is. We once spent a day with her in a remote Highland inn where it rained from morning till night, and there was nothing to read but a tattered Gaelic hymn-book and an equally tattered Inverness newspaper seven months old. But, very much because of Nellie's presence, the view from that lonely inn remains a happy memory: the soaked moorland seemed to have a beauty all its own, and the canopy of mist over the hills, which might otherwise have been like a funeral pall, reminded us only of a crown of glory.

One of the most difficult points to convince people of is the power that lies in little things, especially in the direction of making others happy and contented and fitting them to get the best out of their lives and surroundings. It is like the least touch that is sometimes required to be given to the peg of a musical instrument to put a string in tune. A kind word, a smile, an almost nothing and the thing is done. And an equal trifle—like the peg turned the wrong way—will make all discordant again. A sneer, a frown, another almost nothing, and the world, which might have been made so bright, is changed for somebody into no better than a black hole.

All things are not equally attractive, and even when there is no question about their beauty it will be found that those which take

most firm hold upon us are those with which we have pleasant and interesting associations. With some people indeed association is everything. Without that magic halo nothing gives pleasure, all seems dull and lifeless.

This is a good reason for filling our minds with knowledge of every sort. A girl who is as ignorant as the young woman who thought the moon was an egg laid by the earth can hardly be expected to derive much refined and elevating pleasure from the contemplation of beauty either in the starry heavens or in her native green fields.

The more we know the better. To have our minds so stored with incidents that we are able to go about saying to ourselves, a great man lived here, a famous battle was fought there, that flower has a story, a legend belongs to yonder star, a poet has made that little bird immortal, multiplies our enjoyment a thousand-fold. We then read romance into everything, even into barns and pigstys when we find them constructed of stones from the ruins of an ancient baron's castle. Knowledge brings love, and moved by love we see innumerable charms invisible to other people. This is the true harvest of a quiet eye.

And with all we see we can and ought to associate thoughts of the Great Creator, recognising in everything the manifestation of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God and the riches of His bounty to men. "The works of the Lord are great; sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

Taste devoted to the study and contemplation of the beautiful, remarks one writer, "swallows up and supersedes all other passions and pleasures. It outlives them all. Its atmosphere is joy and peace; rightly pursued it softens the heart and directs the mind to nature's God; to that Almighty and adorable Being whose voice uttered this still beautiful creation into existence."

The fact is, to see well we must live wisely. Some points of importance we have now spoken about and others girls may not unprofitably think out for themselves. They may for example consider whether when the recognition of beauty is in question it is not a fatal error to go through the world in a bustle. "When Romeo said, 'I stand on sudden haste,'" and was answered, "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast," the old friar gave counsel more needed nowadays than it ever was in Verona. The tendency of modern life is to be in such a hurry that people not only stumble but fail rightly to see anything. The observer of beauty must be deliberate. Is not that to be sleepy? No, it is to be more wide awake than scamper and bustle ever were or can be.

Another question that might be considered is how much a simple life assists in opening our eyes to the beauty by which we are surrounded. The artificial existence which many of us lead, with its trivialities and distractions is a great hindrance. The rich and fashionable, unless they are blessed with great discretion and common sense have in this case the worst of it.

The beauty of the world may be said to be the inheritance of the poor. It belongs to every one who has the taste to enjoy it. We need not be landed proprietors. "The rights of property," it has been well remarked, "do not extend to the beautiful, the sublime, nor the grand. These are emanations of the divine essence and are beyond the reach of man's laws, for God is everywhere present, and to be seen in His works by all who seek after Him." There are no pleasures so cheap as those to be got by looking at nature, and none so accessible either. We may live remote from forests, mountains, and streams, but there are always left to us the clouds lit up by the sun, and the stars shining in the midnight sky.

## FEBRUARY.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

## FEBRUARY-FILL-THE-FLOOD

Met with Hope this morning,  
Where, amid the rain and mud,  
She was seeking leaf and bud  
For the world's adorning

Brown twigs bending o'er the way  
Watched them pass together,  
Brown roots that beneath them lay  
Heard their talk ring, blithe and gay,  
Through the wild, wet weather.

Sped the news the tree-tops through,  
Rose the sap abounding;  
Now, against the far-off blue,  
Lovely outlines limned anew  
Show the buds are rounding.

Like a child that wakes aglow,  
Yet in dreamland lingers,  
Through the bed-clothes of the snow,  
Spring thrusts upwards from below  
Chubby crocus fingers.

Brambles of her coming prate  
On the sodden moorland;  
Gorse and heather desolate  
For her footsteps wake and wait,  
On the rocky foreland.

Snowdrops ring the music out  
Round each sheltered hollow  
Winter faces right-about,  
Hope has come, and who will doubt  
All sweet things shall follow?



## IN A MOTHER'S STEAD.

By A. M. BELLERBY.

## CHAPTER I.

"Of course I will answer it, mother, but it doesn't seem any use," and a weary sigh broke from the lips of the girl of nineteen, who uttered the words in so hopeless a tone.

"My dear, I wish I had brought you up to business, or something with a brighter outlook; but I had no idea there were so many governesses, or so few engagements, for them in the world."

"You did what you thought best, mother. Perhaps this may come to something," and Katharine Skrine took up her pen to write, for about the fortieth time, an answer to an advertisement for a governess. Though she tried to speak more hopefully, the many disappointments of altogether unanswered letters, or of others—that seemed likely at first, coming to nothing—after six months of hope deferred, were beginning already to print two little lines on the young face. A pleasant face it was, with its fresh complexion, grey eyes and slightly-parted lips; a quaint look was added to it by the brown, curly hair having been cut quite short after a fever. Mrs. Skrine's very limited income made her obliged to part with her eldest daughter, despite their feelings; but having no know-

ledge nor experience of its being needed, Katharine had received no special training for teaching, and of course, in these days, found it hard to obtain any engagement without.

However, her letter was sent; and after two or three days came a more satisfactory reply than usual, in a large scrawling hand, stating that Mrs. Mathew was in need of a governess for her two children, and she thought Miss Skrine would suit.

Before long all was settled; and the mother and daughter's grief at their first long separation was softened by the relief it meant to their straitened means.

"Thirty pounds a year, just think, mother dear! Why, I shan't want it nearly all for myself, and you will have one less to keep at home, too!"

Katharine danced round the room in her exuberance of spirits.

But it was a different matter to say goodbye to that mother and the younger brothers and sisters, and Katharine subsided into a good cry in the corner of the empty third-class carriage.

Her spirits did not rise on the journey, for the day was chill and foggy; the passengers, who afterwards got in, all had a depressed look; and long before Birmingham was

reached, the heavy cloud that hung over it seemed to settle down on Katharine's heart. It was the first time, too, that she had ever travelled alone; the size and noise of New Street station overwhelmed her, and as the dire thought arose that no one might meet her, but that she must look out her luggage and cab alone, the tears were coming again into the clear grey eyes, when a quiet voice said—

"Can I help you in any way; is anyone with you? or have you luggage?"

And poor Katharine, looking up, saw through a mist the grave, bearded man who had proffered his help.

"Oh, thank you. I do not know if anyone is coming to meet me; I have one box."

"Which end of the train is it, where do you come from?" and the gentleman had taken her bundle from her.

"Nuneaton; I didn't notice which end."

"Then are you Miss Skrine? If so, you are the very person I have come to meet."

"Yes. Oh, how good of you. Are you—are you Mr. Mathew?"

"Yes," he replied with a quiet smile, seeing a porter, Katharine's luggage, and placing her in a cab with a rapidity which was most reassuring.

"The man knows me very well, and where



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to drive; and I have settled with him, so you have nothing further to trouble about, Miss Skrine," and raising his hat, the stranger departed.

It had been Mephistopheles himself Katharine's perfect innocence would have trusted him, but she had had no time even for thanks, nor to wonder why he had turned up without a mention of Mrs. Mathew. It was a long drive out from the city, through the whole stretch of Moseley Road, but even that came to an end at last, and the cab stopped at the door of a larger house than Katharine had ever entered. She felt terribly insignificant before the tall, lithe man-servant who opened the door, and who evidently took in her vocation at a glance, passing her on to a maid-servant with a patronising—

"The governess, Owen."

Very handsome was the great hall, with its heavy curtains, lamps, and statuary in shadowy recesses: very soft was the thick carpet on the wide stairs, up a good many of which Katharine was led before her destination was reached.

"This is your room, Miss Skrine, and if you'll please to ring when you're ready I'll show you the way down again."

Owen had a pleasant face and a pleasant manner, so that Katharine oppressed by her surroundings, and especially the man-servant, felt quite grateful to her.

When she rang, Owen led her again down the many stairs, which made the governess wonder how it was possible to find one's way about so huge a house, till the hall was reached and Owen opened the library door with a subdued—

"Miss Skrine, ma'am."

Mrs. Mathew sat—an exceedingly trim figure in a tailor-made gown of a vivid tan shade—in a low chair, showing a good deal of a very neat foot and ankle. She turned a decided stare on the new arrival, extending two fingers; the other two and her thumb being closed on a fragment of cambric, by courtesy called a pocket-handkerchief.

"How d'ye do, Miss Skrine. So you got here all right?"

"Yes, thank you," said Katharine shyly; "Mr. Mathew told the man where to come, and saved me all the trouble."

"What, was Philip there! Goodness, what an idea. Well, perhaps it's as well, for I never thought of sending for you, and you don't look much like taking care of yourself."

"I had never travelled alone before."

"What an idea! And you are how old?"

"Nineteen."

"Oh, well, you'll soon get used to knocking about here; it will do you good to be in a large place, if you've been mewed up in Nuncaton all your life," went on Mrs. Mathew, mentally adding to herself, "what a guy the girl dresses, we shall have to keep her out of sight," then aloud; "pour out the tea, will you, Miss Skrine? I never do it myself if I can get it done for me."

Katharine, trembling with nervousness obeyed: in their ultra-unfashionable home even afternoon tea was a thing unknown to her, and it was with a great feeling of relief that all was accomplished without dropping the sugar-basin, spilling the tea, or letting her hot buttered toast fall on the handsome carpet, in the attempt to make her saucer do duty for a plate.

"Mrs. Mathew talked on pretty continuously without mention of the children, till Katharine took advantage of a slight pause to inquire, "Have you any special system you wish me to follow out in my teaching, Mrs. Mathew?"

"Goodness, no! What I want you to do is to look after the children, and not let them worry me. Just teach them what they ought

to know; you'll find them a handful, I can never manage them."

"And what are their names?"

"Didn't I tell you? Oh, Edwin and Stephanie. What's that you say, Larkins?"

"Dr. Drew, ma'am."

"Will you go up to the nursery, Miss Skrine? Larkins, show the way. How do you do, Dr. Drew." Mrs. Mathew dropped the fragment of cambric into her lap to hold out a whole hand, while Katharine escaped from the room, without even glancing at the tall, strong-faced man, who stood aside to let the young governess pass, before advancing to take the hand his hostess extended to him.

She had to quicken her steps to keep up with Larkins's noiseless, long-legged ones, as he preceded her up the stairs and down a long corridor, from the end of which came the sound of children's voices, raised to passion pitch.

Larkins never wasted words, but his face expressed "They're at it again," and swiftly and noiselessly he opened the door, completely upsetting the boy of seven, who was struggling with his nurse.

"There now, Master Edwin, a nice way for the governess to see you in!"

"Well, you should have let me go, it's your fault, and I hate you."

"You know your ma said you wasn't to go down."

"I don't care," he replied, half-sullenly, half-passionately.

Katharine's inexperienced eyes looked down at the little rebel, whose tears stood in the deep green eyes, hung on the long lashes, and stained the crimsoned cheeks. As he looked up at her, she said—

"Won't you come and speak to me, Edwin?"

The defiant expression softened, a little hand was held out, and she bent down and kissed him.

"That's right, now I hope we shall be friends very soon; and this is Stephanie, isn't it?" as a little figure, looking as if it had stepped out of a picture, in its dainty lace trimmings and exquisite fairness, advanced towards her, saying—

"Yes, I'm Stephanie, and I've been good," in a self-approving tone.

"That is right, and Edwin is good now," said Katharine.

"And will you read to us?" inquired that young gentleman, fetching a luxuriously illustrated edition of *Hans Andersen*.

"They soon press you into service," said nurse maliciously, only too glad to withdraw herself from what was to her an unmitigated nuisance, and convey her impression of the governess to the servant's hall.

Katharine read till they were all tired. Then Edwin beguiled the time with an inquisitorial succession of questions, till, shortly before bedtime, with Stephanie on her lap, nestling her pale gold head against the girl's cheek, and Edwin close to her in his little chair, Katharine did not hear the door softly opened, nor know that Mr. Mathew stood silently watching the group, till Edwin, moving his position, exclaimed: "Father!" and in a moment the boy was on his shoulder, and Stephanie in his arms.

"Here's Miss Skrine, father, and we like her ever so much!"

"I saw Miss Skrine before you did, young gentleman; sit still, Miss Skrine," for Katharine in her ignorance of the world had risen, and was offering him her chair. "So you came here all right?"

"Yes, thanks to your kindness," said Katharine gratefully.

"Nonsense, nothing of the sort. Of course we should meet you. I hope you haven't let these young Turks worry you out of your life;

you must be tired and want some quiet; they shall go to bed now."

Edwin's lips pouted, but he knew there was no disobeying orders in that quarter, and while Mr. Mathew rang for nurse, he went on, "Please remember to make every use of the library, Miss Skrine. Refreshment will be brought you presently. If there is anything you want, you must let me know. Nurse," as that functionary entered the room, "will you kindly see that Miss Skrine's comfort is attended to in every way," and with a kindly good-night he departed to dress for dinner, thinking to himself, "I believe she will do, they need some one to love them," and he sighed heavily.

Mr. Mathew, nine years before, had made the mistake of marrying his wife for her stylish appearance, taking manner—towards those she desired to please—and her money, which he greatly needed at a crisis in his business. His marriage had helped him to prosper beyond his expectations, but it had not filled his home with love or happiness. He was devoted to his children without understanding them or seeing a great deal of them, for there was constant friction when they were with their mother, who had "nerves" where they, or anything else affecting her comfort, were concerned. He and his wife never quarrelled, he was far too chivalrous where a woman was in question, but there was simply no sympathy between them, and he bore quietly the result of the irrevocable mistake he had made in his motives of marriage.

Just as Katharine was finishing dressing next morning, there was a little tap at her door, and Edwin appeared in answer to her "Come in!"

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"To come to breakfast? Not quite yet, dear."

"But you're ready."

"I am dressed, but I've not said my prayers yet."

"Prayers," said the child, as if puzzled, then, "Oh, I remember, we used to say prayers too; but when this nurse came she said she couldn't bother waiting about such stuff, so we don't say 'em now."

"Oh, poor little souls," thought Katharine, and said aloud, "will you say them now if I help you?"

"Yes, if you like," in the tone of one conferring a favour. That ended, "May I stay here while you say yours? I'll be quite good."

Katharine did not like to refuse him, and immediately she rose, she was greeted with "What's this?"

Quietly turning over all her things to examine, he had come upon her illustrated Bible with a picture of the Nativity: "I've seen this before somewhere, but I can't remember where; I know," the puzzled look passing away, "it was in a—a church, but it was a long time ago."

"Don't you always go to church?"

Edwin looked up quite surprised.

"Oh, no, some of the servants go, but we don't, nor father nor mother."

"Edwin," said Katharine, suddenly oppressed by the weight of responsibility laid on her, "will you come to me to say your prayers every morning and evening."

"Why?" asked the child.

"I'll tell you why later, will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Then now we'll go to breakfast."

So Master Edwin must needs march into the nursery and announce to little Stephanie in the face of nurse's supercilious sneer—

"I've going into Miss Skrine to say prayers every night and morning, Stephanie, and you may too, if you like."

And Katharine felt ashamed of the sense of shame which proves so clearly that the offence of the Cross is not ceased.

(To be continued.)

## WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

## PART IV.

## NUTRITIVE DISHES OF FISH.

"Epicures from every clime . . . praise."—*W. Hone.*



LONG ago it was thought that fish was the food *par excellence* for brain-workers, but this is now an exploded theory; the reason why it is more suited to those whose occupation is largely sedentary is that being

lighter than meat it is more easily digested, and being more easily digested it is more nutritious. It is questionable whether fish does in reality contain more phosphorus than other articles of diet; it may do, but for other reasons than this it ought to have a prominent place on our bill of fare. We are apt to forget that fish is every bit as nutritious as meat though not in the same proportions; among the poor there is almost a prejudice against it because it is regarded as "nothing to make a meal of." It is true that the amount of nutrition to be gained from it depends largely upon the way in which it is cooked.

Under-cooked fish is more to be dreaded than under-cooked meat, but when over-cooked it is even more worthless.

Unfortunately fish is comparatively an expensive article of diet; this is partly due to the fact that demand is out of proportion to the supply, consequently prices have to be kept up that even small profits may be realised.

Those who live in or near London and can possibly avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the central markets, will find that late in the afternoon, just before closing time, fish may be procured for less than half the price at which it was charged in the morning. A fine seven-pound cod for a shilling, for instance. For country people and those who have only the local fishmonger to deal with, the facilities now offered of obtaining fish per parcels post from the docks are well worthy of being tried.

When we have secured our fish there are one or two points we must bear in mind with regard to it, points that are sadly too often forgotten.

One is that just as a ripe peach or pear suffers by rough handling, so does a sole, or whatever other fish we touch; it may not seem to matter much, but the fact remains; its flavour will tell a tale. Then much washing, or packing with ice is very injurious; fish ought not properly to see water until it is being prepared for the table, and then only long enough to allow of its thorough cleansing. Never let any but fresh-water fish lie in water.

Skinned fish will have a very different flavour from that which is cooked with the skin left on. Take a fried or boiled whiting for an example and test it.

French cooks are far more clever in their treatment of fish, especially of the commoner and cheaper kinds, than we are; they say "*c'est la sauce qui fait manger le poisson*," and accordingly are at the trouble to prepare the most cunning sauces with which to make the dish palatable. It is in those *petits soins* that our English cookery is so faulty; if we are given a salmon or a turbot we know we shall do well, but the "small fry" is not worth troubling about.

What we want to find at this present moment are some of those dishes that shall be worthy of the epicure's praise, yet not costly, nutritive, yet so easily obtainable that no one need say they are beyond her means. To this end we will leave salmon, turbot and soles alone; they are only available on exceptional occasions for such as have small means.

Let us begin with one of the cheapest and homeliest of fish, namely plaice. We are all familiar with plaice that has been filleted, rolled in egg and bread-crumbs and fried; is there another way?

Let us take these fillets—we have four strips, but if the fish was large these strips would admit of being cut in half, so as to make eight pieces. Sprinkle each fillet or piece with pepper and salt, roll up and tie with thick white thread. Place the rolls in an enamelled soup-plate (or an old china one) and cover with another. Set this in a moderate oven and let the fish cook in its own juice for twenty minutes or half an hour. Then drain away all the liquor which will have run from them, keeping the fish covered.

Dissolve an ounce of salt butter in a saucepan, stir in as much flour until it is smooth, then add the fish liquor and three-penny worth of cream; stir vigorously over the fire until it boils and is quite smooth, then add a few drops of lemon juice, a pinch of pepper, and pour into the middle of a round dish that is made very hot. Set the rolls of fish on this sauce after removing the thread, and on the top of each roll put a tiny pat of butter with which a little freshly chopped parsley has been mixed. You may make a border of tiny fried *croûtons* of bread around this, or of fine mashed potato, if liked.

Very large and thick plaice are nice left whole and either baked with butter or boiled and served with anchovy or caper sauce.

For filleting and frying I prefer fresh haddock to plaice; the fillets are thicker, firmer, and have more flavour. The cost of both is about the same.

*Fresh Haddocks* are very nice also if turned round, the tail in the mouth, a little dissolved butter poured over them, sprinkling them with chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and baking them in a brisk oven. Set the fish on a hot dish, add a little lemon juice or a spoonful of capers to the butter in the pan and pour it over the haddock.

Another cheap fish is the *Herring*, but it is often objected to because of the bones. If, however, after splitting open and cleansing it, the herring be held in the left hand, and with the thumb and finger of the right the bone is pressed backwards, it may afterwards be drawn away quite easily. Dissolve a little fresh butter, pass the inside of the herring through it, and sprinkle with salt and pepper, then roll up from the head, the skin outwards, tie securely, flour each roll, and then fry for a few minutes in boiling fat. Drain well before disbing them, that all fat may run away. Serve with these *Robert Sauce*, made in this wise:

Fry a slice of Spanish onion that has been cut into dice, until it is thoroughly cooked, then mix with it a teaspoonful of flour, a dessertspoonful of mushroom ketchup, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, a pinch of cayenne, a little made mustard, salt, a few drops of vinegar, and about a teaspoonful of brown stock. Boil until smooth.

Suppose that we have a tail piece of *Cod*. As this also is a cheap cut, it will not be much if boiled, nor will it be much liked if baked. Let us cut it sharply across into as many slices of an inch thick as it will make, dividing the larger slices again, that the pieces may be

as much of a size as may be. Lay these in a stewpan with a little salt butter and stew them very gently until tender through.

In the meantime make a *Curry Sauce* by frizzling a small piece of onion in an ounce of butter, then stirring in a teaspoonful of curry paste or powder, a pinch of salt, a dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, a teaspoonful of flour, and a cupful of clear stock. When these have boiled, stir in half a teaspoonful of cream. Pour this over the fish in the stewpan and let all simmer together for a few minutes, then serve in a hot dish with some well-boiled rice in another one.

*Stewed Fish*.—So popular a dish with Jewish people, is not frequently seen on English tables. For this purpose cod lends itself admirably, so does halibut, and so do fresh haddock. Divide the fish neatly, but do not flour it, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over it, and add butter with sufficient milk or water to keep the fish moist, then cover tightly and cook gently until tender. Thicken the liquor in the stewpan after taking the fish out, add any flavouring liked, also a few slices of lemon, then the yolks of one or two eggs. Bring the sauce up to boiling-point and pour around the fish.

A *Salad* made from cold fish of any kind, broken into neat flakes after all skin and bone has been removed, then some slices of hard-boiled egg added, with a few strips of chopped pickled gherkins, and a mayonnaise or salad cream poured over, is another good way of presenting fish.

A *Fish Pie*.—The fish divided into fillets and a few pickled shrimps or one or two oysters introduced with the seasoning, and a few bits of butter, then a little milk poured into the dish, and finally an inch deep crust of mashed potatoes put on, with about three-quarters of an hour's baking in a brisk oven, will present a dish that is fit for any table, light and nutritious either for children or invalids.

For a nice supper dish try the following mould of *Jellied Fish*.—Remove all the skin and bone from about two pounds of cod or halibut; cut it into small pieces and mix with it a teaspoonful of salt, the juice of a fresh lemon, a teaspoonful of grated onion, a pinch of cayenne, a teaspoonful of desiccated cocoanut, and a teaspoonful of water. Press all into a mould, cover tightly, and steam for at least one hour. Set the mould on ice when cold, and when required for table stand it for half a minute in hot water, then turn out on to a pretty china dish, pour a little mayonnaise dressing or seasoned cream over the top and garnish with the crisp leaves from the heart of a lettuce.

When making fish cakes or croquettes, mix an equal quantity of mashed potato with the flaked fish, and use a little milk to make the mixture moist, as well as a spoonful of sharp sauce—anchovy by preference to give piquancy. If any melted butter or sauce remains over after the dish came away from table, use that in preference to anything else.

Tinned lobster or salmon makes excellent cutlets in the case of emergency, using potato again as the binding medium in preference to bread. Tinned fish is not, however, so good from a nutritive point of view.

With a dish of cold-dressed fish a lettuce or watercress salad becomes an admirable accompaniment; salad should also accompany a dish of salmon cutlets, but for garnishing use fried parsley, and with fresh fish that has been filleted and fried use fried parsley and cut lemons.

Brown bread-and-butter, not potato, should accompany fried fresh fish.

LUCY H. YATES.

## SISTERS THREE.

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

## CHAPTER XIV.



LUNCH was ready when the visitors arrived at Grassmere, and as they were equally ready for lunch they lost no time in seating themselves at the large table in the window, and making a vigorous attack upon rolls and butter. The other tables were well filled, and Hilary

held her head with complacent pride, while Lettice and Norah nudged each other to call attention to the glances of curiosity and interest which were directed towards their father.

"A party of Americans, and the waiter whispered to them as we passed. Oh, father, you are in for it! Now—I told you so! The one with the light hair is getting up. She is going upstairs to bring the albums. Wait till you've finished lunch, then it will be—'Would you be kind enough to write your name in my little book?'"

Mr. Bertrand went through a pantomime of tearing his hair. "Is there no escape?" he groaned. "It's bad enough to be a lion in town, but I positively refuse to roar in the country. I won't do it. I have writer's cramp—I can't use my right hand. Rayner, my boy, I'll turn them on to you!"

"He is only pretending. He is really awfully pleased and flattered. Wait till you see how polite he will be when they ask him," said Lettice, mischievously; and indeed nothing could have been more courteous than Mr. Bertrand's manner when the American party flocked round him in the hall after luncheon.

"Your books are in every house in America, sir, and it gives us the greatest pleasure to have an opportunity of—"

"Oh, come along!" whispered Norah, pulling impatiently at Edna's arm. "I know it all by heart. Come into the garden, both of you—Lettice and I have something to tell you—an exciting piece of news!"

"Kitten dead? New ribbons for your hats?" queried Rex, indifferently. He was sceptical on the point of Norah, "exciting confidences," but this time Lettice looked at him reproachfully with her great, grey eyes.

"No, indeed—don't make fun—it's serious. Miss Carr is going to adopt one of us to live with her in London as her own daughter, for the next three years."

"Nonsense!" Rex sat down in a heap on the grass, in front of the bench where the girls were seated. "Which?"

"Ah, that's the mystery! She is to have her choice, and she won't say which it is to be until Wednesday night—two days more. So you see, you had better be polite, for you mayn't have me with you much longer."

"I am always polite to you," said Rex moodily, and the statement passed unchallenged, for however much he might tease Norah, and snap at Hilary, he was always considerate for the feelings and comfort of "Lovely Lettice!"

"Oh, Norah, Norah, I hope it won't be you!" cried Edna, clasping her hands round her friend's arm in warm-hearted affection. "What should I do without you? We have been so happy—have had such fun! Three years! What an age of a time. We shall be quite grown up."

"Yes; and after that, father is going to take a house in London, because the boys will have left school, and it will be better for them. Isn't it horrid to think that after to-day it may never be the same for one of us again. She will only come back here as a visitor, for a few weeks at a time, and everything will be strange and different—"

"And Rex may go abroad before the end of the three years, and Hilary may marry—and—oh, a hundred other horrible things. Perhaps we may never meet again all together like this until we are quite old and grey-headed. We would write to one another of course; stiff, proper sort of letters like grown-up people write. How funny it would be. Imagine you writing to me, Edna—'My dear Eleanora, you must not think my long silence has arisen from any want of affection towards you and yours . . . And how has it been with you, my valued friend?'"

The burst of laughter which greeted this speech did something to liven the gloom which was fast settling upon the little party, and presently Mr. Bertrand's voice was heard calling from the verandah—

"Now then, children, what are we to do until four o'clock? Do you want to go on the lake?"

"It's no good, sir. We could row round it in ten minutes." This from Rex, with all the scorn of a young man who owned a *Una* of his own on Lake Windermere.

"Do you want to scramble up to the Tarn, then? I don't. It's too hot, and we should have no time to spend at the top when we got there."

"Let us go to the *Wishing Gate*, father," suggested Norah eagerly. "It's a nice walk; and I got what I wished for last summer—I did really—the music lessons! I'm sure there is something in it."

"Let us go then, by all means. I have a wish of my own that I should

be glad to settle. Helen, will you come?"

"No thank you, Austin, I will not. I can wish more comfortably sitting here in the shade of the verandah. I've been once before, and I wouldn't drag up there this afternoon for a dozen wishes."

"And Rayner—what will you—?"

Mr. Rayner hesitated, then, "I—er—if it's a steep pull, I think I had better stay where I am," he added, in cheery, decided tones, which brought a flush of delight to Hilary's cheeks.

She turned in silence to follow her sisters, but before she had advanced many steps, stood still, hesitating and stammering—"I—I—the sun is very hot. My head—"

"Well, don't come, dear, if you are afraid of headache. Stay where you are," said her father kindly, and Miss Carr chimed in, in characteristic fashion—

"But if you are going to chatter, be kind enough to move away to another seat. I am not going to have my nap disturbed if I know it."

"Come along, Miss Hilary. Our pride won't allow us to stay after that!" cried Mr. Rayner, picking up his crutches and leading the way across the lawn with suspicious alacrity, and no sooner were they seated on the comfortable bench, than he turned a smiling face upon his companion, and wished to know if she were satisfied with the result of her lecture.

"Entirely," said Hilary. "It sounded brave and man-like, and put all at their ease. It is always best to be honest."

"It is. I agree with you. What about the head?"

"What head?"

"Ah, and is that honest? You know what I mean. Does it ache very badly?"

"N—no! Not a bit! I stayed behind because I preferred to—talk to you," said Hilary, stoutly, wishing she could prevent herself blushing in such a ridiculous fashion, wishing Mr. Rayner would not stare at her quite so fixedly; happy, miserable, discomfited, triumphant, all at the same moment, and in the most incomprehensible fashion.

"That's very satisfactory, because I like to talk to you also," he said, gravely, and the next two hours passed so quickly that it was quite a shock to hear calls from the verandah, and to see the walking party already assembled round the tea-table.

"What did you wish?" was Hilary's first question, but, with the exception of the Mouse, everyone refused to divulge the secret.

"I wished I might have a doll's pramulator," said Geraldine gravely, and when Miss Carr asked if the dolls were not able to take walking exercise, she shook her head with pathetic remembrance.

"Mabel isn't, 'cause she's only one leg. She really had two, only one day, Raymond hanged her up from the ceiling, and when I sawed her, I cried, and pulled wif my hands, and one leg came off. So now I want a pramulator."

"And she shall have one, bless her! and the best that can be bought," muttered Miss Carr beneath her breath; while Norah whispered eager questionings into her companion's ear.

"You might tell me, Rex—you might! I won't tell a soul. What did you wish?"

"Don't be so curious. What does it matter to you?"

"It does matter. I want to know. You might! Do—o—!"

"No—o! I won't now. There's an end of it."

"Oh, Rex, look here—I've sixpence in my pocket. I'll buy you a packet of gingerbread if you will."

"I don't want the gingerbread. What a girl you are. You give a fellow no peace. I didn't wish anything particular, only—"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Only that she," with a nod of the

head towards where Miss Carr sat sipping her tea—"that she might choose Hilary to live with her in London."

"Oh—h—. You wouldn't like it if it were Lettice?"

"Of course not, neither would you."

"But—but—it might be me!"

"It might. There's no saying. I'll have another cup of tea, if you please," said Rex, coolly.

Aggravating boy! It would be just as easy to draw water from a stone, as to persuade him to say anything nice and soothing to one's vanity!

(To be continued.)



## A PRETTY ACCENT, AND HOW TO ACQUIRE IT.

An eminent German scholar called Schlegel says that "he considers the care of the national language as at all times a sacred trust, and a most important privilege of the higher orders of society. Every man of education should make it the object of his unceasing concern to preserve his language pure and entire, to speak it, so far as is in his power, in all its beauty and perfection."

I wonder how many of us have ever considered it a duty we owe to our country and to each other, to speak our own language well? If the importance of this subject were more generally acknowledged, I do not think we should hear so much slipshod English spoken by girls who have received a good education, and therefore who ought to know better. It is troublesome of course always to select the right word to express what we wish to convey to those with whom we are conversing, and young people are naturally thoughtless, and do not realise that the habits they acquire when chatting familiarly to their school-fellows or friends, are influencing their method of speaking, possibly for all their lives. It is well worth while to take some pains to avoid falling into the habit of using bad English, or the local idioms or peculiar pronunciation of the place in which our lot is cast, if only for ourselves alone, for do we not all know the charm of a musical voice well used? We may not all possess a musical voice, but we can all make the best of the one we have got, and it is wonderful what may be done for its improvement by a little attention.

To speak a language perfectly two things must be observed. First, the choice of words, and secondly, the way in which the words when chosen are articulated. It is of the latter branch of the subject I wish to write, because there may be many girls who wish to improve their accent, and who are prevented

doing so by shyness, because they imagine that in order to speak nicely, they must affect a fine lady style of talking which would immediately attract attention, and make them feel ridiculous. There is no greater mistake than to imagine that an affected accent ever could be a pretty one, or that by putting on an unnatural and fine lady voice, you can improve your manner of talking in any way. We can easily find out for ourselves how great a fallacy it is, by observing persons who have adopted this erroneous plan.

People who go about a great deal naturally speak nicely without any trouble to themselves, because they do not hear any special dialect spoken for a sufficiently long time to make any of it unconsciously their own, and after all the secret of nice speaking is to avoid all local peculiarities. It is not possible for many of our girls to travel about from place to place, and so pick up a pretty way of speaking without effort; but that is no reason why we should make up our minds that we cannot speak well. The first step a girl should take, if she would improve herself, is to find out from someone upon whom she can rely, and who is not a native of the neighbourhood, what are the local peculiarities. These, she may be quite sure, if she has not hitherto fought against them, she has adopted to a greater or less degree, if she has always lived there. For example, a common fault in some parts of both England and Ireland is to pronounce the vowel *i*, as if it were *oi*; to say "noice" for nice. If the reader is a well-educated native of any of these parts, very likely she will indignantly affirm that she does not fall into that error at any rate. Well, probably she does not say anything quite so pronounced as "noice" or "loike;" but she should take care that she does not unconsciously say something halfway between, while she flatters herself she is

saying nice and like, for what one hears always for years one is very apt to pick up without knowing it. I am certain that no London girl who has received a good education would say "disies" or "rowses," but she should be particular to make sure that she actually says what other people hear as daisies and roses.

These are only a few specimens of local peculiarities; there are hundreds of them to be met with all over the United Kingdom, no two places having them exactly the same. When a girl has found out what the characteristics of the accent of her own locality are, she has only to fight them one by one, till she overcomes them all.

There are other things besides actual pronunciation to be overcome also. In some places the natives speak so rapidly that the words run into one another, so as to make one syllable of two; while in others they draw so that the reverse takes place, and they make two syllables of one. Both these defects should be avoided, and every syllable should be clearly articulated. A monotonous way of speaking prevails in some localities which is very tiresome, but just as unpleasant is the habit of raising the voice to a little scream at the end of every sentence, which prevails in others.

A great assistance in getting rid of tricks of speech is to read aloud, even if it has to be done in a room alone without any audience; indeed I believe if it be done for the sake of getting over a habit of faulty pronunciation, of which the reader is herself thoroughly aware, it is better to read aloud without a listener. Any one who has a good voice for singing should, if possible, have it cultivated; peculiarities of accent can never be tolerated in singing, and therefore all good teachers do their best to eradicate them.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.

## CHARACTERS.



WHEN let us have a game," said Phyllis, "as all your voices are out of singing order; a good round game."

"'Characters' is a first-rate game," suggested Aunt Louie.

"Not too intellectual, let us hope, for the dull," cried Harry.

"Nor yet too stupid, let us hope, for the average intellect," said Cecil.

"It is quite an average game, I assure you. Choose the name of some author or noted person, or indeed any name will serve. Let each of us take a letter composing that name, and that will be the initial letter of the character whom we may wish to personate. Identify yourself, for the moment, with the character you choose, and be ready to give some account of your character, your deeds and your position, and say whether you belong to the past or the present."

"Oh, for a biographical history by my side," murmured Harry.

"I shall disgrace myself!" moaned Eva.

"I shall attach myself to Aunt Louie," declared Carrie, "and she shall extract me out of all difficulties."

"How do we begin?" asked Phyllis.

"An intelligent person must leave the room," said Aunt Louie, while we choose our name, and the 'characters' we personate."

"If only intelligence leaves the room, then may I rest at ease," muttered Harry from the depths of an armchair.

"Mother dear, you go out, and we will puzzle you," said Carrie.

"That is easily done," said mother, as she left the room.

"Shall we take Austen, our laureate, for our initials?" I suggested.

"Very good," replied Aunt Louie. "Only six characters can be in it."

"I am Alfred the great," cried father.

"I am Urania!" cried auntie.

"I am Swift, Doctor Swift," said Carrie, "though I don't know much about him."

"I fancy I can do Trilby," said Harry, cheerfully.

"I can only think of Imogen, Shakespeare's Imogen," said I.

"And I am Napoleon," cried Cecil.

"So, Phyllis, call mother in, and let us begin. Stick to your characters, my friends; give some clue, but not too much."

"Begin with me," said father.

"I am a king. Although I am also an 'intelligent person' (quoting Aunt Louie), I could not read until I was twelve years of age, and then it was only through a bribe.

I became, however, very learned, and let me add, for the sake of any idle young people who may be here, that I used to carry a book in my bosom that I might employ spare moments in reading. I am also musical, and once used my harp in an enemy's camp that I might see the state of the army."

"Did you not contrive to measure time by means of a candle?" asked mother, smiling.

"I think I have you."

"Well, that was one of my contrivances," admitted father.

"And, oh, Alfred, did you not let the cakes burn?"

"And who are you?" asked mother, of Aunt Louie.

"I am ever gazing at the heavens. I am a student."

"When did you live?"

"I cannot tell you. I am lost in the mists of antiquity."

"Are you a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"Then 'I guess,' as the Americans say, that you are Urania," said Mother.

"A good guess," answered Aunt Louie; "we have not puzzled you yet."

"And you, Carrie, who may you be?"

"I am a clergyman, very fond of writing. I am considered witty, I can certainly be insolent. I write satires."

"When did you live?"

"I was born in Ireland, though I am an Englishman, in the seventeenth century. I flourished in Queen Anne's reign. I am an author, but I can't remember what I have written very well, and to tell you the truth

there is only one book of mine that I can understand!"

"And that story, Carrie?"

"Oh, just a childish book of travels."

"Did you write for the *Tattler*?"

"Yes."

"Did you write *The Tale of a Tub*, and *Gulliver's Travels*?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Dean Swift."

"Well, Harry. Who are you?"

"I'm a girl, and I have feet!"

"You are Trilby. Well, I have A U S T—so far—and you, Phyllis, who may you be?"

"A very sweet woman—far too good to be wife to my careless husband. I am a fictitious character, but I hope that there are many like me in the world of women."

"Who imagined you?"

"Shakespeare."

"There are so many lovely women in Shakespeare, that I am puzzled as to which you are. But I want an I, so I will ask this question: did they pretend that you were dead, and did they bury you, and sing over you—

"'Fear no more the heat of the sun,  
Nor the furious winter rages?'

Are you Imogen?"

"You are right. Now only one more initial, Cecil will give it."

"Who are you, Cecil."

"A great soldier—and a great conqueror."

"English?"

"No."

"Did you conquer England?"

"Of course not—who could?"

"Where were your chief conquests?"

"In Europe."

"Had you any right on your side?"

"Oh, no, I was only a usurper."

"When did you live?"

"Well, nearly all Europe was under my control, more or less, in 1808."

"Just so, and we defeated you at Waterloo! Napoleon!"

"And a capital game it is for rubbing up one's wits," cried father.

CLARA THWAITES.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

ALPHA BETA.—We consider your verses very pretty and graceful, and should certainly endorse your literary friend's encouragement to you to persevere. The specimens are far above the average sent us for criticism. I. "The Primrose" we should prefer

"Then I told her woodland stories  
In the sweetest way I knew."

or even "In the only way I knew" to the latter version. This is better than bringing in the idea that the primrose actually spoke in words to the child. That poem is, on the whole, your most successful effort. "A Widow" would be better if you could avoid the forced emphasis in

"But my boat came not back again."

The line is not musical with all its monosyllables. In the last verse of "Youthful Autumn" there is also a forced emphasis on "misséd." Such errors you would easily avoid. What we should chiefly urge upon you is to be on your guard against the merely pretty or over-sentimental style, e.g., in dilating on the golden hair and fair pallor of the dying child of the city. The "Widow" is more self-restrained, and in that respect good. "To Sleep" shows evidences of the study of Tennyson, whose lily in "The Princess" "folds all her sweetness up." But this trace of a poet's influence is usually found in the work of literary beginners. We wish you all success.

AN EXILE.—We cannot judge how far your little story is original, as you say it is taken from the German. The working out is fairly good. You spend too much time at the outset on trivial details and speeches:—"How long are you going to be?" "Does it look nice?" and so forth, while at the end, important ones, such as the engagement of both heroines, are crowded into a few lines. The end is very abrupt and sounds unfinished. We might single out for criticism the repeated expression, which is not that of a lady, "I wonder if I shall get engaged?" also the suggestion of a wreath of flowers worn on the head at a dance, now quite out of date; also occasional tautology, e.g., "living," on page 2. But the composition is quite up to the average of that which we have to criticise, and we should think you would do well to improve your style by every means in your power. Abbott's little book *How to Write Clearly* is invaluable. You should only write on one side of the paper.

H. E. D. P.—We have inserted your request, but were doubtful whether you wished your name and address published.—1. See our answer to A. K. Gattrell. We may also mention the Queen Margaret Correspondence Classes, Glasgow (apply Hon. Sec., 31, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow).—2. The National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, is an excellent Reading Society. If you possess all the volumes of *The Girl's Own Paper*, as we are pleased to hear you do, you will find numerous addresses of amateur reading societies under "Study and Studio."

DAISY.—We have read your verses with very much interest and sympathy, and consider that they do you credit. There is occasionally a misplaced accent, e.g., "Are they purified?" and a false rhyme, e.g., "loneliness" to "quest"; but they certainly are an admirable exercise in composition for you as well as a resource. "Lily's Weaving" is the best. Perhaps your experience as a factory girl has suggested your thoughts. We can hardly encourage you to think of having them printed, as there are so many writers of verse; but we should advise you to persevere, storing your mind at the same time with the beautiful thoughts of great writers—

"There are in this loud, stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a boy strain repeat."

IRIS.—1. We should advise you to write a postcard to the publishers of *Dorothy Arden*, and inquire.—2. The Rev. A. J. Church's various tales of ancient history are very interesting. Harrison Ainsworth, Henty, Mrs. Charles, Miss Manning, and many others have written historical stories. Have you read *Falaxy*, the *Huguenot Potter*, by C. L. Brightwell; or *The Prince and the Pauper*, by Mark Twain; or *In the Days of Mozart*, by Lily Watson? You do not tell us your age.

**GIPSY.**—There are Loan Funds for teachers at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham; at Bedford College, London; and at Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. For terms of the latter, address Mrs. E. J. Mills, 5, Hillhead Street. There is also the Caroline Ashurst Biggs Memorial Loan Fund; address Mrs. Alfred Pollard, 15, Chemiston Gardens, Kensington, W. For the Princesses' Benevolent Institution (office, 32, Sackville Street) gives temporary assistance. There is also the Universal Beneficent Society, 15, Soho Square, London; and the Church Schoolmasters' and Mistresses' Benevolent Institution, 4, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

**EMMA S. POWER.**—Your quotation beginning "Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,"

is from Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn, Third Evening; Theologian's Second Tale, Elizabeth, Part IV.*

**ALICE KATE GATRELL.**—It is against our rules to answer correspondence by post, even although a stamped envelope be enclosed. For correspondence classes you might apply to the Secretary, Association for the Education of Women, Clarendon Building, Oxford; to G. S. Edwards, Esq., 12, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, London; or to the University Examiners' Postal Institution, 27, Southampton Street, Strand, London; or to a lady we have recommended in this column, R. G. P., Fair View, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield. State your requirements clearly in each case.

**ART STUDENT.**—To give a correct answer to your first question—when the French *de* should be used for the English *with* in preference to *avec*—would occupy too much space, and we must refer you to a good French grammar. We may, however, throw out a general suggestion. *Avec* is used of companionship, e.g. "Venez avec moi," "I come with me; while *de* is used of instrument, means, or method; "saluer de la main"—"to salute with the hand"; "de bonne volonté"—"with a good will"; "de tout mon cœur"—"with all my heart." The rules for the correct use of French prepositions are very numerous and can only be fully mastered by practice in speaking and reading.—2. We regret that we cannot single out suitable publishers for your pictures and rhymes. Send them to any good firm whose name you know.

**T. I. G.**—We should be disposed to say that the first four violinists of the world were Joachim, Sarasate, Ysaÿe and Lady Hall; but it is difficult and individual to place them in exact order of merit.

**REBECCA.**—Only two questions can be answered at once. 1. Massage is medical rubbing, more or less in use for certain complaints, such as rheumatic affections.—2. Send us any questions that you wish to ask "The New Doctor" or Mrs. (not Miss) Lily Watson.

**PERSEVERANCE.**—We are glad to hear from you and assure you that we enter sympathetically into the contents of your letter. 1. Your authors are nearly all modern. Read the *Trial and Death of Socrates* (Plato), translated by Rev. A. J. Church; *Kingsley's Heroes*; Homer's *Odyssey* (Butcher and Lang); and any classic story translated by Church; also a good translation of Dante, unless you can read him in the original. We do not observe in your list Milton, Tennyson, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley or Christina Rossetti.—2. In the case you mention, Carlisle is doubtless a printer's error for Carlyle.

**CLARICE (Paris).**—1. The picture labelled "Mrs. Harcourt" refers to the story on the opposite page in which a character with that name appears.—2. We will inquire in "Our Open Letter-Box" for your quotation. Many thanks for your very kind letter.

**QUEECHY.**—1. If you read Mrs. Watson's recent articles on the County Councils and Girls' Education you will obtain ample information regarding scholarships, and there are scholarships in connection with Queen's College, Harley Street; the North London Collegiate School for Girls; the Haberdasher's Endowed High Day School for Girls, Hatcham, Surrey; and numerous others in London and the provinces. You do not give us your address, so we cannot select the information most suited to your special case.—2. We have never heard of any scholarships in Swiss schools for English girls, but we have often known girls who went to Neuchâtel or Lausanne schools to teach their own language in return for board, lodging and instruction. (See previous answers in this column ("Madeline," "November," etc.).

**WHITE HEATHER.**—Many thanks for your information that the song "Bonnie Charlie's Noo Awa" may be obtained by sending 3d. to Thos. Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, for Part V. of Beecham's Music Portfolio.—1. December 31, 1878, was a Tuesday.—2. Your handwriting is clear. We do not think it would prevent your taking a clerkship; but it is rather sprawling, and we should consider it improved by shorter tails to your g's and y's, and better formed m's and n's. We can only answer two questions at once.

**AN OLD GIRL.**—The most useful book we know on the management of children and treatment of their ailments is not a very new one, *Advice to a Mother*, by Dr. Pyc Chavasse.

**E. N. G.**—We can never answer letters by post, nor can we in this paper advertise any special teacher of harmony, partly because we do not know who would undertake lessons in correspondence. We should advise you to get the prospectus of the Guildhall School of Music or any other accredited College of Music, and apply to some master whose name you see there. Of course it would be better for you to have a teacher near at hand.

**MIRABEL.**—1. Whether the author or the publisher bears the cost of the publication of a book depends entirely on its chance of success. If the publisher thinks it will pay him to issue it, he will make an arrangement with the author, either paying him a sum down for the copyright, or letting him share the profits in some way. If the publisher does not think the book will sell, he will naturally not want to bear the expense of issuing it, and the author then has to pay for the matter of seeing himself in print. Did you read a story called *The Hill of Angels*, a few years ago, in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER? That dealt with the question. It is now published in THE GIRL'S OWN BOOKSHELF.—2. We would certainly criticise any MS. you sent us, but we only accept the work of practised writers for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

**IRISH KATHLEEN.**—You do not give us your address or we might be able to suggest some "continuation school." Would you like correspondence lessons (1s. per lesson) from K. G. P., Fair View, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, or would you prefer one of the many amateur societies mentioned from time to time in this column? You might also write to the National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment. You are by no means too old to learn, and we applaud your determination.

**A. B. W.**—There are so many different kinds of auto-harp that we find it impossible to recommend music for one special make. If, however, you apply to Messrs. G. & C. Chubb, 15, Chancery Lane, you will get full particulars, you will probably get what you require without difficulty.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**DOROTHY.**—The painful impression that the children's dolls sent out for our Indian schools have been "used as idols," may be removed by the testimony to the contrary, published by Mrs. Eliza Bardsley, of the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., in the correspondence of *India's Home* (Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.). An average of 11,000 dolls are sent out annually from England; and on inquiries, such as yours, being made, she inaugurated a careful investigation of the matter with satisfactory results. Some 200 lady missionaries (English) in connection with the above-named society, far from meeting with so serious a discouragement, earnestly beg for more dolls, as they prove an incentive to the children to come, and continue at school. That they cannot send to some parts of India is true; and isolated instances have been known of such idolatry, but the portrait of the Queen-Empress has been worshipped, as also statues in the public streets. We may also add that a gentleman of our acquaintance, who had no limbs, and was carried by a servant, was worshipped as a god by some grossly ignorant natives. Such rare instances of similar mistakes could not be regarded as prohibitory, in response to the urgent appeal of the missionaries for a greater supply of these valuable dolls.

**BIRDIE.**—You may have to pay as much as £4 or even £5 for a well-trained piping bullfinch. There are schools for teaching the method adopted at Hess and Fulda, and from these this country, Germany and Holland are supplied. The birds are generally formed into classes of six, and kept in a dark room, and there supplied with food simultaneously with the playing of some notes of music, and after the meal they feel disposed to imitate what they have heard. When they begin to pipe light is gradually admitted, which raises their spirits and inclines them to sing. In some schools we fear that neither food nor light are allowed them till they make an attempt to do so. After this class instruction, each bird is placed under the charge of one boy, who stays in the room from morning till night, which process is continued for a period of nine months, and we would rather dispense with the poor bird's piping than procure it at a cost of such training. There may be many other such training schools now, and, perhaps, an improvement in the method adopted.

**SILVERSHOES** is distressed without any real cause. She may rely on the words of her future husband, who does not seem likely to change his mind. She has done no harm.

**MISS SWAN.**—We make no charge for our answers to our readers. If your old postage stamps be foreign, you might dispose of them in shops where they are exposed for sale in the windows. Their respective values may be seen marked on similar examples. There is no sale for common English ones, at least we should feel suspicious as to the use made of them in this country.

**PUZZLED ONE.**—Certainly, a "first cousin once removed" is not synonymous with a "second cousin." The latter is the child of the former. Your father's, or mother's first cousin is "once removed" from "first cousinship" to you; and his, or her, child is your second cousin, being on the same level and of the same generation.

**JANE.**—The great and increasing competition amongst artists is much against you. But there are certain lines of work offering a small remuneration if you have any skill as a draughtswoman. For instance, you might obtain a few lessons from a re-toucher of photo-negatives and mounter, in your spare hours, and when efficient, might earn from 30s. to £3 weekly; as a re-toucher, or as a mounter of photos, from £1 to £1 5s. There are one or two more somewhat kindred ways of earning of which you may not have seen references in former numbers, such as stamping and colouring monograms. For this you must seek teaching and employment at a manufacturing stationer's. It is easy of attainment and brings in from 15s. to 20s. a week. There is a Plain Tracing Society in Westminster (8, Queen Street) for the use of architects and builders, where, after a three months' teaching and unpaid work, you would be paid at the rate of 30s. to 6d. an hour.

**E. M. S.**—Magpies are omnivorous. They may have their grain-food supplemented with very tiny scraps of meat; but they prefer insects, snails, grubs, worms, and such-like living prey. In giving meat let it be as much like that they will swallow at once, because they delight in hiding the unappetising food, and meat would soon prove offensive. The thrush is likewise omnivorous, and to be fed as the magpie. They are usually kept in a cage far too small for so large a bird, which is a great cruelty. They should be in a large one, and supply a good square piece of turf to sit upon at the bottom of the cage, as well as round perches as thick as your little finger, and kept well scraped. Special care in the matter of cleanliness is required for omnivorous birds. It is considered by Mr. Waterton that the bird which, with reference is made in the text, should have been called a thrush, not a sparrow, "which (first-named bird) is remarkable throughout all the East for sitting solitary on the habitations of man."

**FAIRY.**—As you know nothing of your family and connections it is impossible to give you an answer. The "upper ten" is a designation applied to the titled and titled aristocracy, the hereditary "lords of the soil" during many generations, who can prove their descent; and their alliances with families of the same standing as themselves and their hereditary right to bear arms, and a certain number of quarters on their escutcheons. At the same time it must be remembered that, during the present century, younger sons of the aristocracy (the "upper ten") have been put into trade—into banks and other offices as clerks; into the merchant service, or made "gentleman-farmers," and sent out to ranches and mines; and even kept "stores" in the Colonies; and a man's labour for bread does not deprive him of his birthright as a "gentleman," though he may lose his money.

**PATTY.**—If you can speak French, you might take a couple of rooms at a reasonable price and do your own housekeeping for the sum you name at Nice—being a large place—if not at the smaller and more fashionable Cannes or Mentone. Cannes is a Winter Home for invalid ladies of small means at £1 a week (ages from 18 to 40). Apply to the Hon. Sec., Miss Hankey, The Palace, Much Hadham, Herts. At Mentone, there is the Convalescent Home for Gentlewomen and the Helvetia, for those of limited means. Apply to Miss Dudgeon, Les Grottes, Mentone. At St. Remo there is a similar institution at £1 5s. a week. Apply to Miss Macdonald Lockhart, The Lee, Lanark, N.B. (or to the Secretary of the Home at St. Remo). There is also a House of Rest at Pau, terms from £1 a week, according to the room. Apply to Miss C. Watson, 32, Rue de Bordeaux, Pau, Basse Pyrénées, France.

**SORROWFUL SUFFERER.**—The doctor who pronounced the pain in your head to be produced by "meningitis of the brain," is the person to apply to for help. He should inform your husband of your serious state, and absolutely forbid your doing any manual work whatsoever; and inform him that, unless all wear-and-tear and exhaustion of your strength, at your age, be scrupulously avoided, you will shortly require a nurse or a maid specially to wait upon you. Of course it is the medical man who is the right person both to prescribe for his patient, and to inform her family of her condition, prospects and all requirements. Shut up some of the rooms of your large house, if your maid be unable to keep them all clean. We counsel you to tell your eldest son.

Our readers will be glad to know that Miss Clifford's paper, entitled *The Pain of the World: How to Face It*, is printed separately as a pamphlet, and can be had of the publishers, *Church Army*, 128, Edgware Road, London. Price twopenny.

## Odds and Ends.

THE original Cinderella was an Egyptian girl, whose story has enchanted children for nearly two thousand years, with various additions and alterations. The real Cinderella was Rhodope, a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era. One day, Rhodope went to bathe in a stream near her house, leaving her sandals—which were very small—lying upon the bank. An eagle, flying overhead, seeing them, took them for toothsome morsels, and pouncing down, carried one of them off in his beak. Quite unwittingly, the eagle played the part of the fairy god-mother of the European story, for flying over Memphis, he dropped the sandal immediately at the king's feet as he was dispensing justice. Its small size and beauty at once attracted the Pharaoh's attention and roused his curiosity. Messengers were despatched throughout the length and breadth of Egypt to discover the wearer of so dainty a foot-covering, and when it was found to belong to Rhodope, she was carried to Memphis, where she became the Queen of King Psammetikh, of the twenty-sixth dynasty, who roused the anger of his countrymen by the favour he showed to foreigners.

NEARLY every fairy tale and nursery rhyme has a foundation in fact, and in the case of "Little Jack Horner" and his famous pie the original hero was an ancestor of the present family of Horner, who live at Mells Park, Somersetshire. Some three hundred years ago an abbot of Glastonbury was ordered to give up the title-deeds of the property that is now called Mells Park, and was then the property of the abbey of Glastonbury, or else to lose his head. The abbot naturally felt that his life was of greater value to him than the property, so despatched the title-deeds by a faithful and trusty messenger called Jack Horner. But for greater security he placed the documents in a pie which was to be delivered untouched into the hands of the authorities. Jack Horner however was seized with hunger not unmixed with curiosity on his journey, and opening the pie took out the documents—"the plum" of the nursery rhyme. Then he replaced the pastry and putting the title-deeds in his pocket went his way. What happened to the abbot is not known, but the title-deeds remained in the possession of the Horner family until at last they became owners of Mells Park.

THERE is a man-cook in London who is said to make an income of over £2000 a year. He is not attached to any one hotel or household, but goes from house to house during the London season. Early in the evening he sets out from his own home in his brougham and drives to the house of some rich person who is giving a dinner-party. Arrived there he goes at once to the kitchen and tastes every one of the dishes that are to appear on the table, ordering a little more sugar to be put into this *entrée*, a pinch of herbs here, a dash of salt there, and when everything suits his palate, he pockets his fee of five guineas and drives away to the house of another dinner-party giver, where he goes through the same process with the dishes there. He visits many houses each night, and in some instances has carefully arranged the dinner beforehand, merely looking in at the last moment to see that his instructions have been properly carried out.

"GREAT is truth and mighty above all things. The 'ought,' which is ours now, will one day become the final 'must be' of the universe. No real martyr for conscience' sake has ever failed to put trust in this principle"

Jackson.

"SOME read books only to find fault, while others read only to be taught; the former are like venomous spiders, extracting a poisonous quality, where the latter, like the bees, sip out a sweet and profitable juice."

THERE are three places in the world to which the great plagues of cholera and kindred epidemics that have swept over the world may always be traced. These are Hurdur in India, Mecca in Arabia, and Nijni-Novgorod in Russia. Hurdur and Mecca are the meeting-places of thousands of pilgrims every year, whilst Nijni-Novgorod is famous for its annual fair.

A YOUNG Scotsman has made a miniature train which is only twenty-nine feet in length, but which is perfect in every particular. He never had any technical training, but made all the patterns and the castings, and put them together with his own hands. The engine is a little over six and a half feet long and drags six cars, in each of which two children can be comfortably seated. Six gallons of water in a tank in the tender with five gallons in the boiler of the engine provide enough steam to propel this miniature train for two hours, while a small electric battery beneath the engine supplies light for the various lamps in place of oil. It is a brilliant example of engineering talent upon the part of its maker.

THERE are many stories told of the kindness of Queen Margherita of Italy, but this one is the latest. Some time ago the Queen asked one of her little *protégés* to knit her a pair of mittens for her birthday, providing her with money for the material. On the Queen's birthday she received a most beautiful pair of mittens from the little girl, and in return sent another pair to the child, one of which was filled with money and the other with sweets, together with a message asking her to say which she liked best of the two mittens. A little time afterwards the Queen received this letter: "Dearest Queen, your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. Papa took the mitten with the money; my brother had the bon-bons."

MACHINERY has now been applied to paper-hanging. The machine has a rod on which a roll of paper is fixed, and a paste reservoir with a feeder placed so as to touch the wrong side of the paper. The end of the paper is fastened to the bottom of the wall, and the machine started up the wall, it being held in place by the operator. A roller follows the paper as it unwinds and presses it against the wall. When the ceiling is reached the paper-hanger pulls a string which cuts the paper pasted from the roll. It is a very ingenious contrivance and will save much labour and time to paper-hangers.

A LITTLE time ago mention was made in this column of the fact that an attempt to use glass in place of marble for statuary was being carried into effect. Now glass is being used for ladies' attire. A manufacturer at the present moment is turning out thousands of bonnets made of glass cloth, which whilst it has all the shimmer and brilliancy of silk is quite unhurt by rain. For a long time past a tissue has been made in Russia which is made of the fibre of a curious soft stone found in the mines of Siberia. This is shredded and spun into a cloth which, while being as soft and pliable as ordinary dress material, is so durable that it never wears out, and from this an enterprising firm has taken the idea of making spun-glass dress lengths. The Siberian material when dirty is thrown into the fire, being like asbestos, and by this means it is entirely cleaned. Spun-glass cloth however only needs to be brushed hard with soap and water, and is never the worse for being stained or soiled. This extraordinary departure is the invention of an Austrian and is, as yet, very costly. Not only can dresses be made of it but serviettes, table-cloths and window-curtains also. A finer cloth, which it is said can be worn next the skin without discomfort or danger, is also made from glass.

THE greater part of the left-off clothing of the whole world goes to Dewsbury in Yorkshire. Carts laden with bales of old clothes from all parts of the United Kingdom, from all parts of Europe, America and Canada, from many parts of Asia and from New Zealand and Australia, fill the streets of that town daily. All kinds of clothing, old woollen underclothing, stockings, carpets and curtains, in fact every variety of worn-out article which has the least amount of wool in its composition, no matter how ugly its colour or how unpleasant its smell are sent there, and made by a variety of processes into shoddy. When a place so small as Catania in Sicily alone exports seventy tons of ragged left-off clothing every year, the amount from all the great world-centres may be in some measure estimated. Shoddy-making is one of the most curious industries in England.

"HE is not truly patient who is willing to suffer only so much as he thinks good, and from whom he pleases. But the truly patient man minds not by whom he is exercised, whether by his superiors, by one of his equals, or by an inferior; whether by a good and holy man, or by one that is perverse and unworthy. But indifferently from every creature, how much soever, or how often soever, anything adverse befalls him, he takes it all thankfully as from the hands of God, and esteems it a great gain. For with God it is impossible that anything, how small soever, if only it be suffered for God's sake, should pass without its reward."

A little common-sense philosophy.

"Credit is obtained by not needing it."

"To find time," remarked an industrious man, "never lose it."

"I generally divide my favours," said Fortune, "by giving a gift to one and the power to appreciate it to another."