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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART XI.

KENT.

WHEN we consider the vast importance of Kent as a county, containing the ecclesiastical metropolis of England and the seat of the archbishop of the southern province of this country and its two most ancient episcopal sees, when we know that it has always been the high road to the Continent and so rich in agriculture as to have received the appellation of "the Garden of England," full of large villages and towns, with pilgrimage ways, important abbeys, castles, and manors—one is naturally led to expect that the parish churches would yield to none in this country in splendour and size. Now although the Kentish churches are remarkably interesting and many of them valuable examples, especially on account of their antiquity, yet if we except the two cathedrals there are none which could be called either grand or magnificent, and it is a curious fact that the smaller churches are far more interesting and beautiful than the larger ones. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the large churches are really small churches enlarged from time to time, showing that the villages and towns increased slowly in point of population—just the reverse of what took place in Norfolk and Suffolk, where at the commencement of the fifteenth century manufacturing industries caused a great influx of inhabitants from other counties, and thus the small old churches had to be rebuilt entirely upon a much grander scale.

If we look at such churches as Margate, St. Lawrence, St. Clement's, or St. Peter's, Sandwich, we shall notice that although they cover a large space of ground they are so exceedingly low that they have little grandeur

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LYMINGE, KENT.

of effect, and a further examination will show that they have been increased in width and length over and over again, but no addition has been made to the height; and if we compare the beautiful little churches of Patricksbourne, the Hospital Church at Harbledown, Barfreston, etc., we shall see that these small churches, which are beautifully proportioned, are quite as lofty as the large churches. Where, as was the case at Chartham and Wingham, the churches were rebuilt in the fourteenth century, the height is in better keeping with the length and width. Unfortunately, the monastic churches in Kent have for the most part disappeared; probably when they were perfect the county would have held its own against others as a field for the study of ecclesiastical architecture. However, we are considering in these articles rather the parochial churches

and their towers as showing the condition of the people, and must therefore only refer to monastic churches where they throw some special light upon the question. Now with regard to the towers of the Kentish churches, we notice at once a peculiarity which is very remarkable: as a rule they are very broad and massive, but are scarcely ever lofty. The early examples are adorned with arcades and are fairly elaborate; they were, and some still are, capped with low wooden spires covered with lead or shingles of stone, but most frequently with wood shingles; a shingle is a small thin slab nailed on to the framework like a slate. There are no stone spires in the county. It cannot be denied that the Kentish towers are very striking, but they often look like buildings erected for purposes of defence: no doubt to a certain extent this was the case, as the county

was particularly exposed to invasion from its extensive coast line. Though, however, the appearance of a castellated structure is common to so many Kentish church towers, the details are generally elegant and refined, showing a high state of civilisation. The example which we illustrate from a sketch carefully made on the spot is that of Lyminge, and it is certainly a very characteristic specimen of a Kentish tower.

Of course there is one remarkable exception, and that is the stately central tower of the cathedral at Canterbury: this is undoubtedly one of the most graceful towers ever erected, and is a masterpiece of exquisite proportion; it has, however, no local character about it, and seems far more akin to the towers of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire than those of Kent.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next few months did not pass very happily for Beattie. She was rather restless and unsettled. She neither heard nor saw anything of Mr. Musgrove. He had theories of life which she could not understand. His proposal had been one of the rare occasions when he had acted on impulse. The result had chilled his unwonted ardour, and he would not give himself the chance of again losing his self-control. Beattie had said, "wait a year;" very well. If at the end of that time there was a possibility of ultimate rejection the less he saw of her the better. At any rate he did not care to be at her mercy under the circumstances in which he found himself at Crabsley. Beattie's power over him was exercised far more when he was with her than in absence; for the sort of fascination she possessed was due to her personal attractiveness. He knew he could not long be offended with her if he remained in her society. He had taken his holiday in Norway, but Beattie knew that he was in London again as soon as she herself.

Mrs. Swannington had had a chill, the result of which had been to bring on an indisposition that made her for a wonder irritable and fractious. She had not yet forgiven Beattie, and on the girl she now vented the ill-humour, for which she was not entirely responsible, but which she made no attempt to restrain. She had to lie down several hours each day, and she took it amiss if her niece did not keep her company for the greater part of the time. Beattie, who hated inaction, and felt it more keenly after the free outdoor life she had just quitted, was, though naturally sweet-tempered, sometimes rather cross towards the end of this confinement, and did not always meet her unkind remarks in the cheerful and forgiving spirit which she would otherwise have shown. And as Aunt Ella was not a person who could bear to be contradicted, there were occasional little quarrels which did neither of them any good, and tended to

widen the barrier which had imperceptibly begun to separate them. Mrs. Swannington turned for protection and sympathy to her husband. She was not able to throw off any little annoyances as she would have done if she had been well and could divert herself with the usual distractions, and so she made much of trifles, and brooded on them, and when Mr. Swannington came home he was bound to hear complaints of his niece. He dared not side with her, for the only occasion on which he did so, or rather laughed and tried to make light of Beattie's offence, Mrs. Swannington got into such a state that he resolved never to waver in his allegiance again. He realised, as he had not hitherto done, his wife's capacity for jealousy, and he loved his own peace and comfort far too well to risk rousing it. So poor Beattie began to feel more and more that she was an outsider in her home, and to dread lest the happy times were over.

But even so she had far too much spirit to marry Cecil or anyone else, because she was not quite as comfortable as she had been. Only she found herself getting fonder of him. Unlike him, absence increased rather than decreased her liking. She began to idealise him, to forget anything in him that dissatisfied her, and to dwell upon that which pleased her. But what chiefly drew her to him was the fear lest she had made him suffer, lest in her ignorance she had underrated his affection for herself. Her aunt and uncle (and the words of the latter had much weight with her) had both expressed their belief in his love. And Beattie had not realised that in refusing to regard him yet as her future husband she would immediately lose touch with him in the way she had done. She began to regard the affair from his (imaginary) point of view, and as just then she had more time for dreaming and speculating on the matter than was good for her, she found her own gradually changing.

Mrs. Gilman was also an unconscious agent in guiding Beattie's mind.

Beattie called there one day to take a doll she had been dressing for Eva. She had seen it in a shop, and thought it like the little girl herself, and had had the idea of dressing it in clothes exactly like those which Eva was wearing that autumn. Eva was greatly delighted, and Mrs. Gilman, who was drawn to anyone who was kind to her child, insisted on Beattie, after she had a promised game with the little girl, spending the evening with herself. She sent a message to Mrs. Swannington, and Beattie, who had left a somewhat stormy atmosphere, was not loth to accept her invitation.

Beattie was not the sort of person who cared to air her grievances, but there was a subject on which she found herself speaking. A day or two ago Norah Gilman had written to her and asked her to spend a little time with her. Beattie, glad at the prospect of a change, had eagerly carried the letter to her aunt and asked permission to go to her friend. To her surprise Mrs. Swannington at once and firmly refused her consent, giving no reason except that she did not wish it. The refusal seemed to Beattie very arbitrary. She had no engagements. There was no cause that could possibly be alleged unless it were the state of her aunt's health, which would probably be better when the time came for going. It had been understood that this visit would one day take place, and Mrs. Swannington had always professed to rather approve of the friendship between the girls.

She was much irritated by Beattie's persistency in desiring reasons.

"I wish the invitation refused, and that is enough," she said. "If you do not mean to obey me you had better not remain under my care."

Ordinarily Mrs. Swannington would have had no objection whatever to Beattie's accepting it. But she knew that Norah's home was also that of the Anstruthers. She could not be certain that Michael had returned to Paris, and if he and Beattie met who knew what complications would arise? Not that

Mrs. Swannington any longer had the same aversion to their union. She began to wish she had let things alone at the beginning, since she had occasional doubts as to whether Mr. Musgrove would ever now become Beattie's husband. But what she did fear was what disclosures might take place as to her own part in the affair. Beattie knew neither of Mike's first proposal nor his subsequent renewal of it. Also if Mike discovered that Mrs. Swannington had lied to him it would not be exactly pleasant for herself. But what she chiefly feared was that, even if there were yet any likelihood of Musgrove again proposing to Beattie she would again refuse him should Mike have gained any hold over her; whereas by keeping them apart and by making her own home unpleasant for Beattie the latter would most likely be glad enough to accept Cecil. And then all would yet be as she desired. Her only uneasiness was lest, as he showed himself not too well pleased with the state of affairs, Cecil Musgrove should stay away till he had lost interest in Beattie; or worse still, lest he should hear what she had done, and for that reason keep his distance.

But Beattie could not be expected to know all the workings of her aunt's mind, and accordingly she did not take her refusal very meekly.

"I am very disappointed," she said to Mrs. Gilman.

"And so I am sure will Norah be. But still, you must, of course, do as your aunt wishes. There may be other opportunities."

"I can't see what reason she can have for keeping me away though."

Mrs. Gilman was a woman who made a point of attributing kind motives.

"I expect, dear, it isn't that she wants to keep you away from Norah, but near herself. Besides," she added, smiling, still well-intentioned, though not particularly wise, "I don't think Norah is the only person who is fond of you. I rather believe, for I have been taken partly into confidence, there is some one nearer home who cares in a different way from Norah, and Mrs. Swannington may think it well not to send you away on visits just now."

Mrs. Gilman meant that she had been taken into Mrs. Swannington's confidence during the summer, but Beattie understood her to mean Cecil's. She found herself blushing crimson.

"Mrs. Gilman," she said impulsively, "do you think people can always tell before marriage whether they are likely to be well suited to one another?"

"Dear me, no," said Mrs. Gilman, airily, "or how is it they make so many mistakes? But as for you, Beattie, you are so easy to get on with that anyone could live happily with you. And I don't think you are hard to please, either."

Beattie was silent.

"We must not mention names," said Mrs. Gilman, "but I heard someone who is a very good judge of character say that you had the most charming disposition he had ever met. Only, if anything, you were too guileless."

"I should like to know what that means?" said Beattie. "It doesn't sound altogether flattering."

"It was meant to be," said Mrs. Gilman. "Ah, Beattie, you would be very vain if you had heard all he said about you to my husband one evening during the tableaux. Robert told me that for a man who generally had disparaging things to say it was quite remarkable. But for my part I think Mr. Musgrove's way of running things down is only a mannerism. I believe he has more appreciation of life and the world in general than people give him credit for."

"I thought no names were to be used," said Beattie, laughing.

But when she went home to find her aunt rather vexed at her having stayed out her thoughts turned almost instinctively to Cecil.

"I suppose I have been a little idiot," she said to herself. "They all make out he is very fond of me, and I have repulsed him without due consideration. He is not a boy to be snubbed and laughed at, and I don't wonder he was hurt at my treating his proposal so lightly. I expect I am too stupid to have understood him rightly, and because he has not appeared to take things seriously I hardly believed he was serious in that. And yet, it seems absurd. Why else should he have proposed? Aunt Ella is right; I am a nobody. I have only a pretty face and a good figure. And he has so much to offer. Many women would give anything to be loved by him. . . ." Then she fell to musing. "What reparation can I make? The only thing is to make myself fitter to be his wife. He lent me books; he wanted me to read and think. I will try to go on doing so, only much more seriously. He shall find I am not so empty-headed, nor so frivolous, as I have been."

The result of this was that when she wrote to Norah refusing the invitation, and alleging as a reason that her aunt wanted her at home, she consulted her as to what books she would advise her to read with a desire to self-improvement. And Norah, having asked her father, there arrived in due course a long list, with the offer of the loan of some of the volumes named. Beattie eagerly accepted, and with the feeling that she was doing something which would please Cecil when he came to know of it, threw herself with ardour into the pursuit of learning. Mrs. Swannington was still confined to her room for a considerable part of the day, and when Beattie sat with her she turned the time to good account. Her natural distaste to reading was conquered by her enthusiasm to do what was right towards the man she now regarded as her future husband, and as Beattie never did things by halves she really studied in earnest. The books which the Gilmans, father and daughter, had selected, were not altogether those which Mr. Musgrove would have chosen, and their effect on the impressionable Beattie was other than he might have admired. Still, this was an epoch in Beattie's life. She began to realise that there was an ideal

far removed from the actual existence, to see that the great minds of the world thought very differently about many things from what was held up by the accepted standard. She had a spirit easily kindled to enthusiasm, and the narrow round of social duties, the amusements and pursuits which she had believed the sum of reasonable existence began to shrivel and appear rather contemptible. In the Swannington household success and money were regarded as the essentials of life; she was beginning to perceive that failure in a noble cause and voluntary poverty for the sake of a greater good might be worth far more. And gradually, almost unconsciously to herself, she found the necessity of forming independent judgments, a necessity that comes to most young people sooner or later, and which, like all other development, brings sorrow as well as joy with it. Every step away from the old things is a step towards that loneliness which in its degree marks the progress of the individual through life. However well-intentioned, she was not really fitting herself to regard things from Mr. Musgrove's standpoint.

All this took time, but it is doubtful if Mrs. Swannington had sent him more than one invitation to the house, for there had been no supposition that the visiting or the degree of intimacy was to be any different from what it had been hitherto. The first two of these invitations he had refused, but quite courteously, alleging engagements which were *bona-fide*, one of them a public meeting which Mrs. Swannington saw by the newspaper he had attended. He had called one Saturday afternoon, but it chanced that Mrs. Swannington and Beattie were out driving. It is true he had not as before invited them to any sort of entertainment at his own house, but that was natural enough. Under the circumstances it would not have been quite agreeable for Beattie to receive hospitality from him. He had not ceased to be fond of her, but he was acting in a way which he considered most dignified and most likely to bring Beattie to a different state of mind. But yet unconsciously to himself he was growing more indifferent to her, and less desirous of renewing his offer of marriage.

Christmas had passed, and Beattie had received from him, together with her aunt and uncle, one of those somewhat formal remembrances of the season which of late have taken the place of the pictorial Christmas card. In return she had chosen, with much care, and sent to him the prettiest and daintiest she could find. She wanted him to see that she acknowledged this recognition of herself. He wrote and thanked her, and his letter was so friendly that Mrs. Swannington, who insisted on seeing it, was sufficiently encouraged to again send him an invitation, this time to a small At Home she was having shortly after the new year. To her surprise he neither answered it nor appeared, and a few days went by without her knowing the reason. She had a return of her old uneasiness, but one day Mrs. Gilman called and then they heard the cause of his silence.

Beattie and her aunt were together, and the former was in one of her old bright moods. Mrs. Gilman rather wondered at her gaiety, for she had quite made up her mind that Beattie was fond of Cecil. At last she attributed her apparent indifference to ignorance of the facts, and said, with some hesitation, to Mrs. Swannington—

"I suppose you have heard about Mr. Musgrove?"

"No," said Aunt Ella eagerly, for indeed she had intended presently to speak of him herself, only she was somewhat timid as to possible revelations.

"Is anything the matter with him?"

"There is a great deal the matter," said Mrs. Gilman. "He is so ill that it is possible he may never recover."

She ventured to glance at Beattie, and she saw that the girl had grown deathly white. For a moment she feared she would faint, but Beattie had never been guilty of such a weakness, and though it seemed as if her heart had stopped beating, she managed to control herself.

"I hope I haven't shocked you," said Mrs. Gilman, for even Mrs. Swannington had grown a little pale.

"But indeed you have," said the latter. "We have heard nothing of this. And I am lately so nervous that the least thing upsets me. Beattie, get me my smelling salts."

Beattie, only too glad to rise and have an excuse for turning her back, moved to the other end of the room where the bottle lay.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you so suddenly," said Mrs. Gilman. "But I quite thought you would have known."

"Has he been ill long?" inquired Mrs. Swannington, sniffing vigorously at the salts and then handing the open bottle to Beattie, who for a wonder availed herself of the hitherto despised article.

"Oh no. And it was partly an accident that made him as bad as he is. It appears he hasn't been feeling quite well for some little time. I believe myself the drains of that house are bad. Robin stayed there a few days once when I was at my mother's with Eva, and he got a dreadful sore throat. Still, I may be mistaken. But anyhow, Mr. Musgrove had a touch of fever; it sounded to me suspiciously like typhoid.

Of course he didn't take proper care of himself; men never do, and that house-keeper of his doesn't understand illness. Well, just after Christmas he went away to stay with some friends in the country. There was skating, and though he really wasn't fit for it he had an idea that he would like to go on the ice. And then of course there was the usual story. There was a dangerous part, and people weren't properly warned off it, or something. A boy went in and so did he. As a matter of fact I believe he would not have gone in if it had not been to save the boy. At any rate he kept him up, and they were both rescued. But you may imagine going into icy water when he was warm and then keeping on wet clothes, as he must have done for a little while, was not the way for a person recovering from fever to get well. He was taken with rheumatic pains and got steadily worse. And his sister was telegraphed for."

"Then he has not come home?" said Mrs. Swannington.

"Oh no," answered Mrs. Gilman, "he was far too ill to be moved. There is a night and a day nurse. The people are old friends, and have been most kind."

Mrs. Gilman's account was as inaccurate as a statement of fact could be. Like many other women she had a habit of confusing what she believed with what she knew, so as to convey a wrong impression to the listener, although not voluntarily. Mr. Musgrove had had a sort of low fever, and the ice had given way, and he and another young man had been in the water, and he was dangerously ill. But the bad drains and the life-saving part of the story were pure fiction. Probably Mrs. Gilman's informant had been as inaccurate as herself, for to tell about things exactly as they are needs a certain amount of scrupulousness and caretaking, and perhaps an absence of excitement. The story that Mrs. Swannington told her husband that evening was fuller of details and somewhat different, and what she dwelt upon was the fact that Mr. Musgrove had plunged into the water and risked his life to save that of a little boy who was drowning. And somehow this was what laid hold of Beattie's mind. This man whom she

had believed incapable of deep feeling had done a noble action; he had saved a life.

Mrs. Gilman had no need to marvel at Beattie's good spirits after her revelation. Beattie sat absolutely silent, while her aunt and her visitor having exhausted this topic of conversation turned to others of trivial interest even to themselves, but discoursed on according to approved fashion, till Aunt Ella, who was soon bored, yawned and wondered if tea were ever coming. She was sure Thompson was quite three minutes late. And this led to a few words on the shortcomings of domestic servants and the possibilities of Mrs. Gilman's new parlourmaid, till tea appeared. Shortly after it had been partaken of, Beattie alone touching nothing, Mrs. Gilman left.

"You will let me know any further news of Mr. Musgrove," said Mrs. Swannington. "It is such a pity that he is not at home that one could send and make inquiries."

"You seem depressed by this news, my dear Beattie," said Mrs. Swannington to her niece when they were alone. "I rather wonder you did not make a pretence of not minding more before Mrs. Gilman. She will be quite convinced you are in love with Mr. Musgrove. When will you learn to hide your feelings better? In society one should be always lively. But yet I am glad you now feel properly towards him. I only hope it is not too late. You will regret it, if so. Indeed," she could not resist adding, "although one could not say so to Mrs. Gilman, I believe that talk about his house being unhealthy is rubbish. He has been well enough all the time he lived there before. My impression is that he felt your rejection of him more than you imagined, and that that is what pulled him down and made him liable to illness. Men will be such fools," she concluded with a shrug of her shoulders, as Beattie, unable to bear any more, made her escape from the room.

What if Aunt Ella were right; if she were in some way responsible?

She fell on her knees.

"Oh God, make him well," she cried passionately. "Make him well. And I will dedicate my life to Thee."

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SOME people have an extraordinary objection to drinking cold water, but it is absolutely necessary for good health, and the want of it leads in some cases to serious diseases. The greatest care should be taken, however, that it is pure. Most filters are no use whatever, except to harbour and multiply microbes and organisms, but if water is boiled it ensures absolute safety, though the taste may be somewhat flat. It should be boiled fresh every morning, and not left from day to day, and the jug should never be left near a sink or drain, but placed in fresh air.

Too much water should not be taken immediately before eating a meal, or it weakens the digestion, and it should never be taken icy cold.

Area doors should never be unlocked after dusk, or when the family are out. It is easier to get disreputable tramps into a house than out of it.

If toys are bought for children that they will put in their mouth, these should be carefully washed before they are given to them, and it is not safe to give children toys bought from the streets. They have mostly come from unwholesome houses and have often been in the mouths of dirty and disgusting people.

In case of a leaking pipe, make a paste of some soap and whiting, and apply it to the leakage. It will effectually prevent waste till a plumber can be sent for.

Oil-lamps when not burning should not have the wicks turned up above the burner, as they draw up the oil, which then drips on to the metal work and causes a nasty smell when lighted.

Biting finger-nails is not only a disgusting habit, but a dangerous one, as it sometimes leads to blood-poisoning.

A dress-skirt should be folded, for packing, with the right side out. It will crease it less than if folded wrong side out.

When kid gloves are taken off they should never be rolled like a ball inside each other, but each finger pulled out straight and laid flat in the box where they are kept.

"GLORIFIED" WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

PART III.



DEAR GIRLS,—

What could you be thinking of to get into a wrangle with neighbours? I know it must have been intensely provoking from all you have told me; but you must remember that you are not living among friends in London. I trust that long ere now all the worry is over and that your cosy little nest has lost none of its charm. One comfort is, that you are both too busy to worry over past disagreeables! May I give you a bit of personal

experience? When I had my "flat," I did not know a creature in the building; but I shrewdly suspected that some of my neighbours were not too nice. One man had the eccentric habit of taking his dog out about 2 A.M. Another old lady let her pet cat out very late. Result! One night a pitched battle took place under my windows. All the sleepers were roused, and naturally no policeman appeared till about half an hour's bad language had been expended, and either cat or dog was nearly demolished! Next morning I walked down to the agent's office about 9 A.M. to lodge a complaint. He civilly assured me that mine was the twelfth he had had, and that both parties had already been spoken to. The same course had to be pursued with people who had somewhat noisy "musical" parties right on through the night, and in both cases the nuisance was stopped at once without any personal intervention. You see "flat-dwellers" have to think of "law and order," and certainly had better abstain from taking the law into their own hands. You will pardon my sermonette, I know, for I feel so anxious that your venture should go on as well as it has begun.

Now I must try to reply to your various queries.

I am glad you find the cooking-stove a success. Have you tried one of these delightful double saucepans which fit into each other? Now that the warm days seem to be near you will not be so anxious for warm meals; though I am a great advocate of a hot evening meal as best for digestion. I should much like to give you some cookery recipes, which could be easily carried out and give you time for your evening's walk or ride. I shall first give you two—both of which are delightful. Get a bottle of rennet from your grocer's, and in the morning before you go out put a teaspoonful in a deep saucer or small soup-plate. Warm half a pint of milk and pour over. When you return at night you have a refreshing dish of curds—or peptonised milk—ready to be eaten with or without sugar as you prefer. Another delightful dish, but which is

only available when "small fruits" are in season, is a summer salad. To make this you require half a pound of red currants, half a pound of raspberries, half a pound of strawberries. Carefully pick these and arrange them in layers in your pie-dish—with sugar sifted between. If you ever indulge in cooking-sherry, pour a little of this over the fruit, or an excellent substitute is ginger wine. Then, on the top of all, slice a banana or two. This is most refreshing and delicious and does not take long to make. Salads too are almost a necessity in summer, and are so easily prepared. A small lettuce for foundation, a little beetroot, watercress (if you still like it), and either a hard-boiled egg in slices for garnishing, or some shreds of ham, or cold fish. "Salad cream" is always handy and can be poured over the last thing.

You see I am trying to take away the taste of my admonitions. I could go on indefinitely on the cookery question; and you must let me know if you want more of my "easy recipes" before autumn or winter. At present you cannot be enough in the open air so long as you do not neglect your health and live, as two girls of my acquaintance did, on tarts and sausage rolls and tea. I need hardly tell you the result!

And now I must try to answer your queries about entertaining. I very strongly advise your having an "evening." This sounds grand—does it not?—for girls who work all day. But I can assure you from experience that it is the simplest and best plan. Of course you see your intimate friends when and where you can; but for the "casuals" who may turn into friends, it is far the best plan to be "at home" one evening a week. This leaves you free for the other evenings to work, read, go to church, or lectures; and if people know they can find you, they will be sure to look you up. As for entertaining, I hardly think that need alarm you. No one will expect two girls to give elaborate suppers, and the more simple you are the better for purse and temper. I should recommend your moving the cooking-stove into the scullery, where the tea can be made. Do not attempt coffee! It ought to be good, and that involves care and attention and worry. Have your kettle "on the boil," and have nice fresh tea, and some tiny scones, like the girls in the "Humble Enterprise." This saves cutting bread-and-butter; and always remember people come to see you and not to eat and drink! If you start your "evenings" in summer, home-made lemonade might take the place of tea; though I confess to a weakness for tea even on a hot evening.

Another thing you mention is the summer holiday. You seem doubtful about getting away together. If you do, everything will be very simple, for you will only have to put away your treasures—taking care to leave no food about—and lock your door and go off with an easy mind. But if, as you hint, you will have to take separate holidays, try to have some one to fill the vacant place during the other's absence. Ask one of your cousins to stay with you, and you will have the double boon of showing her London and having company while your other self is away. I daresay all this sounds very grandmotherly; but I know your mother does not understand, as I do, the dreariness of living alone, and the bad effect it has on health and spirits. If she did, she would echo my wise saws!

Another point you ask about is "spring cleaning." Well, I should recommend your waiting for that till you are both returned from your holidays, though this sounds very Irish. You should then engage a reliable woman to thoroughly clean down your rooms, walls and all. Before you do this, go carefully

over shelves and cupboards and turn out all the rubbish—your church "mission woman" may be glad of some things—refine the shelves and make all neat and tidy. Then the outside cleaning may begin. A quick worker ought to do your rooms in a day, leaving you to put the finishing touches, clean curtains, etc. The great secret of comfort in rooms such as yours, is to have no unnecessary furniture, and not to hoard "odds and ends." At the end of each season get rid of the clothes which cannot be used for the next; there are always poor people thankful for them. Dresses, etc., which can be utilised, or renovated, should be well brushed, peppered and laid by in brown paper, in their own niche. This applies also to extra blankets and wraps. These should be cleaned before putting away; they are then ready for use at a moment's notice. You cannot be too "old maidish" in your home; and when the real home comes, you will find the good of tidy and regular ways. I cannot write too strongly on the dangers of degenerating into slovenliness to girls who live as you and Annie do. It is so easy, when one comes home tired and there is no one to dress for, or brighten up for, to throw things on one side and just rest "anyhow." Never let yourselves get into this way. Your hours are long enough; but always, when you get home, change your dresses, and carefully brush the one you have worn in the day before putting it away. It will last far longer and you will be twice as comfortable.

Self-respect makes others respect you, and I am writing all this exordium with a vivid remembrance of a friend who lived alone for a time, and who told me seriously "it did not matter" when I remonstrated about unwashed dishes and undusted rooms. Fortunately (for her) she was taken ill, and I took her rooms in hand and had the pleasure of a hearty acknowledgment from her, that "a stitch in time saves nine," or the equivalent of it, when she found her china cupboard and silver all bright and orderly. I fear you think Aunt Mary is wandering far from your "glorified workmen's dwellings;" but your questions have led from one thing to another, and you will find the glory depart speedily if you relax the pretty, dainty home ways you have always lived in.

Now I am going to give you an idea which I think you will like, to take away the taste of so much good advice. I think you find it not easy to dispose of all your numerous photos? Here is the plan I have worked out with great success. I had a cardboard dress box which was not needed, 23 inches by 16 inches. I carefully cut off the edges of the lid with a sharp penknife, then faced it with a reddish brown cotton velvet, costing, I think, about 1s. 14d. The back, which of course was sewed to the velvet, I made out of a black cotton dress lining. This was just the size to fit into a travelling trunk. Then I got about sixty-seven yards of red ribbon (1d. per yard) and crossed this from side to side and corner to corner, much on the lines of the Union Jack. At each crossing I pierced a hole with a sharp knife and fixed the ribbon with a brass paper-fastener. I ought to have said this was done before the back was sewn on. This rack adorns my walls now, and holds about forty photos. The more ribbon crossings you have, the more space is available for sticking in photos of course.

If I hear that you have taken this all in good part, I can give you many more "wrinkles;" meantime you have had enough, I daresay.

Your affectionate

AUNT MARY.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.



CHAP. IV.

SOME SIX YEARS later, on Christmas Eve, old Mr.

Menzies sat by his library table, conning his Christmas bills. The problem how to pay them was deepening the network of wrinkles round eyes and mouth into furrows, for matters had not improved with the family at Boscombe Hall.

Deborah's father had been home not long since on a flying visit, still sanguine of the fortune which hitherto had so successfully eluded his grasp, and had gone off again to America in hot pursuit of it. Meanwhile, each year that passed left the family estates more heavily involved, although nothing that could be made into money was spared. The shooting was let, the fruit, vegetables, and flowers, were sold for what they would fetch at the nearest market. Even the stables were hired out to a neighbouring farmer, but the one proposition that the proud owner of the Hall declined sturdily to entertain for an instant was that the house he loved so well should be either let or sold. He held fast to his decision that he would live and die under his own roof-tree, and "after that the deluge." Inside the house the same rigid economy was practised. In the winter months, when no paying guests could be hoped for, most of the living-rooms were closed to save lights and firing, and the little family of four people shared the library as the common living-room, except that in the mornings Dorothy and her mother carried on lessons in somewhat desultory fashion in the shabby little schoolroom overhead. Mrs. Menzies, who was working by the fire, kept casting furtive glances from time to time at her husband's anxious face.

"Put them away, dear," she ventured at last. "Your head will be quite tired with calculations. Put all the bills aside until after New Year's Day."

Mr. Menzies pushed his chair from the table, and rising, crossed the room to the window, gazing with dimmed eyes upon the wintry landscape. Snow lay thick upon the ground, and the heavy bank of clouds that shrouded the horizon gave promise of more to follow. The cedar trees on the lawn, impatient of the burden that weighted their boughs, shook themselves free as the cold north wind blew upon them, and soft showers of snow fell from them to the ground.

The only sign of life or hope about the place was Deborah, now a tall slip of a

girl of thirteen, who raced up and down the garden paths in merry defiance of wind or weather. Presently she paused, made a rapid dash across the lawn, regardless of the fact that she was up to her ankles in snow, and drawing a hunch of bread from her pocket, began to break it into crumbs, scattering them around her and whistling softly. There was a fluttering of wings, and down came a host of birds at her feet, robins, and finches, and sparrows, who scolded and chattered, trying boldly to keep the feast for themselves. Mr. Menzies rapped peevishly upon the window-pane, and Deborah, looking up with rather frightened eyes, came near.

"Come in," said her grandfather. "I want to speak to you."

Deborah did not run now; she walked with sad and lagging steps, waiting to knock off the snow from her boots on the mat. Her grandfather's summons was always a precursor of reproof. She came into the library, standing close to the door so as to effect an escape as speedily as possible. The faint colour that her run in the garden had brought into her face was fading, and it was with grave, rather troubled eyes that she looked up at her grandfather, and then the unutterable sadness of his expression appealed to her and filled her with sympathy.

"Sit down; it fidgets me to see you stand."

Deborah sank into the chair nearest the door.

"How often must I tell you, my dear, that we have no food to waste in this house? Spare crumbs from the table may go to the birds, but you were pulling a large piece of bread to bits."

"It was part of my own breakfast," said Deborah pleadingly. "And they are so pretty, grandfather. There's a robin that knows me."

"But you want all the food you can get, child, for you must grow up healthy and strong. God knows what is before you. You may have to rough it after I'm gone. The winter is on us, and for me there seems no hope of spring."

The last words were spoken more to himself than to Deborah, and she only half grasped their meaning, but for the first time the cloud of trouble in which she had grown up, and of which she had been happily unconscious, seemed to touch and chill her.

"Are we so very poor, grandfather? Can't I do something to help?"

He smiled sadly.

"What can a child like you do? Still, you are old enough to understand that you must waste nothing—nothing! I don't know how to pay the bills as it is."

"But I could earn something before very long," said Deborah. "If I were taught things I could earn. Look at Miss Laing. She's not very old now, and she earns a lot, and she sold her

first picture at eighteen. Why can't I learn, and sell things?"

"The child speaks truth," said Mrs. Menzies, speaking for the first time. "I've been thinking a great deal about her education lately. She ought in common fairness to be put into the way of making her own living."

"It is all very well to say 'ought,' but where is the money to come from?" argued Mr. Menzies irritably. "I thought Deborah's mother taught her."

"I know some things, grandfather," went on Deborah gently. "Spanish and French, because mother can speak them as easily as English, but there is such a lot to learn, and as I can't be beautiful, I want to be clever. I might be clever if I were taught."

Deborah spoke in all simplicity. She did not know that she was clever already. She regarded it as an accomplishment that might be acquired. Mrs. Menzies scanned her curiously.

"Beautiful!" he echoed scornfully. "Never wish to be beautiful. It is a curse, rather than a blessing."

"Is it?" said Deborah simply. "I should like to be beautiful, like Miss Laing, but if I were clever I might earn some money and help you, so I'd rather be clever."

"You can go now. I'll think over what you've said, and if I can see my way to it you shall have a good education," said her grandfather, not unkindly, and Deborah went upstairs to the schoolroom with her head cram full of new and startling ideas. Her doll, that treasured companion of years, was seated in a chair before the fire. Deborah was always so anxious that "Miss Laing" should not feel the cold. Hitherto she had been a person, not a doll, but now Deborah felt as if in a moment childish things were slipping away from her. Life in its reality was opening out before her.

"Miss Laing," she whispered, lifting the doll on to her lap, "I don't feel somehow as if I should ever have time to play with you much again. I've got to work hard, ever so hard, and get clever and make money for poor old grandfather. He's so sad and so old, and has hundreds and hundreds of wrinkles, but I shall love you just the same, dear, and you won't think I don't care just because I shan't have time to play with you. I've got to grow up, you see."

The door opened slowly and Deborah's mother entered.

"Take off your boots, Deb. They are wringing wet, and for goodness' sake put away that doll. You are much too old to play with dolls."

"I'm never going to play with her again," said Deborah sadly. "I've just promised grandfather to grow up and be clever if he gives me a chance. Mother, can't we make money somehow, you and I? Grandfather says he doesn't

know how to pay the bills, and that I ought not to feed the birds, but I shall. I'd much rather go hungry than let them starve."

"Good gracious, child, what notion have you got into your head now, I should like to know. We have always been poor, and shall remain poor to the end of the chapter, I suppose; but I don't see how you and I can alter things."

"I want to go to school and be taught things."

"I might teach French and Spanish at a school if I were in a town; but what can we do here, buried alive in this hole?"

The ideas that Deborah had set afloat simmered for a few days, and then were discussed solemnly in the family council of three, with the final result that it was determined to raise a small sum by a mortgage on the house, with which the younger Mrs. Menzies and Deborah should be sent into lodgings in London as close as possible to a first-rate high

school, to which Deborah should go. Deborah's mother proposed to help towards the carrying out of the scheme by seeking an engagement as teacher of languages at some school, or by taking special scholars at home. Deborah was half frightened, half delighted, at the prospect of the great change in her life, but wholly determined to make the best use of the opportunities of education that were to be given her. The bustle and excitement of the next few weeks were bewildering. Her wardrobe was overhauled, her frocks lengthened, and she was fitted for two new ones, an experience which had not occurred in her lifetime before.

The last night came, the closing of the life of her childhood. Deborah was kneeling before her box, laying something in it with very tender hands.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Deborah's mother, peeping over her shoulder. "Take it out again. You are too old to play with dolls. Leave it here, or—burn it."

Deborah's face flushed crimson.

"I promised faithfully not to play with her any more," she said, with a choke in her voice. "but I shall take her with me. She'd never get over it if I left her behind, and Mr. David gave her to me. I shall keep her for ever and ever. Burn her! Oh, mother, I didn't think you could be so unkind!"

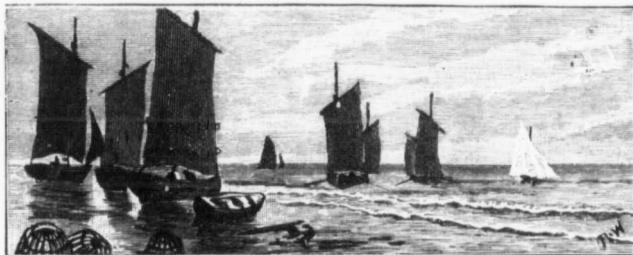
Deborah was so close to tears that her mother's voice softened.

"Well, well, pack it up if you like, but a doll is a doll and nothing more nor less, and the sooner you learn that the better."

The next morning a fly drove up to the door, and carried Deborah and her mother away. Through all the days of her childhood Deborah never remembered her grandfather kissing her, but to-day a sudden impulse made her lift up her face to his, and he bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

"Good-bye, grandfather; I'll try and be clever, I will really!"

(To be continued.)



SOME NEW CONTRALTO SONGS FOR GIRLS.

WITH all his classic genius and his more serious labours, Frederick Cowen still favours us with such delightfully simple yet beautiful songs as "The Gift of Rest" (R. Cocks), which any girl can appreciate. The original key is No. 2 in d reaching to d, but the lowest is in c, the compass being from a to c.

Clifton Bingham writes the verses which sing so lovingly of the children's visitant,

"The dear sleep angel
out of the beautiful west."

Speaking of sleep, there is a fine setting of Tennyson's lines in "The Foresters" "To Sleep," by Geraldine Fitzgerald (Augener); it is short but very impressive, and suitable too to a voice of small compass. "Childhood," by Theo. Ward (Weekes), a sister's cradle song to a tiny motherless one, is peculiarly touching and melodious (No. 1 key), while the sleepest, prettiest little Dutch lullaby is "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," by Marion Stephen (Metzler). The quaint conceit is that Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes, and Nod is the little head. Compass a to e.

Another song, "The Pilgrims," by Frederick Cowen (Metzler), is easy in voice part and accompaniment, and fitted for Sunday singing; the refrain is full of reverent feeling.

"The Children of the King," by C. Francis Lloyd (Morley), is written in his most popular

vein, and it is accordingly most useful for any audience. Four bars of "Hark, the Herald Angels" are introduced with an extremely telling effect, which can be heightened if sung in harmony by an invisible choir or quartet, also if accompanied on the organ (or harmonium) and piano, the latter plays a very pretty imitation of Christmas chimes. The contralto key is b flat to e flat. There are many serious songs like this for low voices, more so than for others, naturally because the timbre of contraltos is generally impressive and more suited to them. Another akin and very pleasing is "The Great Eternal Home," by Hartwell Jones (Phillips and Page), a worn but ever interesting story of a little homeless city waif—how many of them there are in the great cities close to our bright homes! It is not in the least difficult, and though it is published in four keys, we prefer it for contralto (b flat to d).

Two more songs of this kind by Arthur Godfrey are "Answering Angels," with simple organ accompaniment if required (No. 1 key), and "The Face of an Angel" (R. Cocks).

"For every dear one lost on earth
There is one more star in heaven"

is the beautiful meaning of the words; it is easy to sing, and will surely never fail to please (key c).

Madge E. Conroy has written a little June

idyll, "Among the Roses," which is just charming in its melodious freshness; it is published by Messrs. Ascherberg in one cover with "A Rose Garden," and entitled "Rose Leaves." The accompaniment is elegant and repays study.

"A Roving," by Edith A. Dick (Cramer), is very graceful, light and useful, and for those who sing plantation ditties "Sweet Ellie Rhee," by Leslie Crotty (Cramer), is a favourite, with its pretty chorus, for homesinging. It is useful to mention that the always delightful books of Scott Gatty's plantation songs (Boosey) are now brought out with guitar and banjo accompaniments, a want long felt.

"Two Little Friends," by C. Francis Lloyd (Morley), is simple and interesting, and a sad but sweet little love song (not without a sage moral) is "In the Time of Roses," by Felix Corbett (No. 1 key) (Boosey); it is most melodious with a cello obbligato. Made-moiselle Chaminade's beautiful music to M. C. Gillington's beautiful words render "Meditation" (J. Williams) a gem for low voices (in b flat); and although we are unprepared to like another version of H. F. Lyte's familiar hymn, "Abide with Me," an exceedingly fine new setting is by S. Liddle (Boosey), and it will be found a really grateful and worthy study for contraltos.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.



SONNET.

SOMETIMES, when gazing on thy brows benign,
 Where yet youth lingers, while a sadder grace
 Born of self-sacrifice endears thy face,
 I think that should'st thou die, no tears were mine,
 That stumbling weary down the dark decline
 Of life, unlighted by thy tender love,
 I would not Orpheus-like Death's angel move
 With selfish prayer his victim to resign.
 Too well I know the sordid struggle dire,
 Too clearly see the iron entering in
 Thy patient soul that day by day soars higher
 To purer altitudes, until it win
 The eternal Silence, or return more blest
 To lead lost souls and lonely back to rest.

H. SWINBURN WARD.

HOUSE MOTTOES.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.



ACCORDING to my promise, I now gather from a large collection a few more mottoes and inscriptions from English cottage homes, from London and the near neighbourhood, and conclude with some examples from Scotland and Ireland.

Amongst the humble dwellings of our pretty English villages there is one in Norfolk, standing close to the road leading from Sedgford village to the hall so named, which is decorated with two painted inscriptions, one on the east and the other on the west side. That on the former, the couplet—

"Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise";
 and on the latter side—

"Though the day be never so long,
 It ringeth at length to Evensong."

There is another roadside house, between Cheltenham and Gloucester, which is distinguished by a motto in Dutch, viz., "*Iniets zonder Arby*," or "Nothing without labour." A similar proverb exists in Latin, "*Nil sine labore*." The Dutch *Niets* clearly stands for the German *Nichts*, and the "y" in *Arby* stands for the "ei" in *Arbeid*.

Again, a humble domicile in the village of Axmouth, Devon, built of cobble-stones gathered from the beach; but, after the old usage, the handsome chimney-stacks were carefully constructed of cut stone, with elaborately ornamental inscriptions on the chimney-tops (in some cases). On one of these stacks, to be seen on a house standing at the entrance of the hamlet, we find—

"1570."
 "God giveth all."

In the same village there is another house, with the inscription—

"*Anno Britannico*"
 "illo."
 "*Mirabilis*"
 "1641."

These examples may suffice as representing our cottage mottoes.

On the *Corn Exchange*, Windsor, dated 1700, are the words—

"*Arte tua Sculptor non est imitabilis Anna, Anna; vis-similam sculpere Sculpe Deam*"; which may be rendered in English—

"In thine own Art, O Sculptor, Anna is inimitable.
 Anna, if thou wiltest one in Sculpture, produce a goddess."

The inscription over the *New Royal Exchange*, London, is very appropriate, and calculated to make the busy money-makers reflect—

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

With reference to his inscription, I may observe that, in a conversation with the architect, Sir William Tite, the Prince of Wales drew attention to the fact that in Germany it was the custom to place a motto, in a conspicuous place, on important public buildings, and he consented himself to suggest one. Some time afterwards the Prince informed Sir William that, after consulting Dean Milman, the latter suggested the inscription above named, having been approved by himself.

Over the doorway of *Holy Trinity Hospital*, West Croydon, you may see the words—

"*Qui dat pauperibus nunquam indigebit*"; which signify, "Who giveth to the poor will never want."

There is a modern house at *Chiselhurst* which bears the motto—

"This is the welcome I'm to tell,
 Ye are well come, ye are come well."

Should the reader take a walk on the Ditchingly Road to the Brighton Downs, she will find *Hollingbury Copse*, the residence of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, and there may read an inscription running round the whole south front, under the eaves—

"Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall you see no enemy, but winter
 and rough weather."

Another greeting to the visitor appears by the outside entrance to the study, viz.—

"Open lock, whoever knocks."

These are all painted in black; and the house is a wooden structure.

Returning for a cursory review of London, I may direct attention to a private dwelling in Chelsea, built for the painter Whistler, by Godwin. The former is, as most of my readers are aware, remarkable for his very peculiar ideas on the subject of art and the beautiful in general, and so, whether the criticism immortalised on this structure be just and fair to the distinguished architect, the passers that way must severally form their own judgment. Report says that the proprietor who employed his services quarrelled with him, and to revenge his disappointment in the work, inscribed the following lines over the entrance-door, viz.—

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

"This house was built by Godwin."

A few more old, as well as modern inscriptions, may be collected in London, as, for instance, at *Scarsdale House, Kensington*. Here there are two chimneypieces, bearing the Zouche motto—

"Let Curzon holde, what Curzon helde."

Again, in Ave Maria Lane, you may read over the entrance to the "Oxford and Cambridge Press"—

"*Verbum Domini manet in eternum*."

"The Word of God endureth for ever."

We may now take leave of England proper, and turn our attention to North Britain and Ireland. We learn that there was once an inscription in iron letters over an ancient window on *Castle Hill, Edinburgh*, adjoining the abode of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was taken down between the years 1850-60, viz.—

"*Laus Deo*," or "Praise be to God";
 and at the Fountain Close, the words—

"Only be Christ." "Arys, O Lord."
 "*Vincet Veritas*, 1573."

On the house of *John Knox* we find an old inscription worthy of that divine, viz.—

"Lufe God abvee al, and yi nychtborns as yi self."

In the *Cowgate* we may read one of the



"WHERE YET YOUTH LINGERS."

sayings of the wise, on the front of an old house—

"Gif we deid, as we sould,
We myght haif as we would."

At *Inverkeithing* we may see the same motto on an old house as that on the famous and beautiful house at Chester. It is dated 1688.

"God's Providence is my inheritance."

At *Stirling Castle* (a portion of which forms the house of the Earl of Marr) there is a curious old inscription, which I leave my readers to interpret for themselves—

"Esspy, Speik, furth, and, spair, noht,
Consider, vell, cair, noht,
The, moir, I, stand, on, oppin, hilth,
My, faultis, moir, subject, ar, to, siht,
1584."

For myself, I give it up.

On a stone fountain at *Linlithgow*, in the main street, there is a consolatory address to the wayfarer. On the top of the fountain there is a quaint little angel, who, we suppose, indites the motto below him, viz.—

"St. Michel is very kind to strangers."

On the ruined gate of *Melrose Abbey*, in Roxburghshire, founded by David I., we may read—

"The Earth goes on, the Earth glittering with gold.

The Earth goes to the Earth sooner than it would.

The Earth builds on old castles and towers.

The Earth says to the Earth—All this is ours."

Carved over the doorway of *Dundarrow Castle, Inverary*, is the following couplet—

"I man behald the end de nocht,
Wiser, nor heirst hoip in God."

This sentiment seems rather obscurely expressed, but may be rendered in somewhat simpler English, "I must (or maun) behold the end of nought, no wiser than (to have) the highest hope in God." This is the elucidation given by "C. M. T.," as stated in *Notes and Queries*.

Let us now take a flight across to the "sister isle," and make a small representative list of what may be found in the way of house-inscriptions. Most people have heard of the redoubtable "Vicar of Bray." At or near the fashionable watering-place of that name, in the co. Wicklow, a memorial with reference to the vicar may be seen on the *Oakley Arms*—

"Friend Isaac, 'tis strange, you that live
so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar.
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say;
It must needs be a sign of good liquor."

"Answer."
"Indeed, Master Puet, your reason's but
poor;
For the Vicar would think it a sin,
To stay, like a baby, and lounge at the
door;
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within."

Perhaps my young readers may inquire, "Who was this clerical personage?" His name was Simon Alleyne, and his determination was to hold the incumbency of Bray, and die in possession of the same, at the price of changing, as often as needs be, from the English Church to the Roman, and from the latter back again. It is said that these changes of his took place in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth (1540 to 1588), recanting whenever he could thereby retain his benefice. There was another such weather-cock, who owned the same Christian name, one Symonds, who set this deplorable example during the Commonwealth and the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary.

At a small inn at *Shanganagh*, co. Dublin, but not far from Bray, we find a motto in Latin, which was one of the many adopted by Queen Elizabeth, and was also placed on the "herse" of Queen Mary II., and set up in Westminster Abbey; and was, moreover, assumed by Queen Anne by royal Act, viz.—

"Semper Eadem"; "Always the same."

There is a house by the Bridge of Allan (co. Wicklow) which once bore the name of the original proprietor by whom it was built. Circumstances obliged him to sell it, and an unsympathetic neighbour, residing opposite, improved the occasion by inscribing the misapplied couplet on his own dwelling—

"Heir I forbear my name, or arms to fix,
Least I or myne should sell these stoness
and sticks."

We doubt his possessing any "arms" to set up but those of flesh and bone.

Returning to the co. Dublin, and the neighbourhood of Bray, we are reminded to sit down and count the cost, before building the tower. My readers will remember the parable. The words of the memorial run thus—

"This goodly house was erected by Wyndham Henry, Earl of Dunraven, and Caroline, his countess, without borrowing, selling, or leaving a debt; A.D. 1850."

To bring my notes on house mottoes within the limits of a magazine article I have had to make but a small selection from a great mass of information, derived from the United Kingdom alone, leaving the whole field of German, French, Swiss, Tyrolese and Italian examples untouched. I do not include the other European nationalities, for with them I have not made myself acquainted. With reference to the Swiss and the Tyrolese, I will

only observe, what may have struck my fellow travellers in those most beautiful countries, that the mottoes are distinguished in a very remarkable way for the deep religious feeling and simple faith which they demonstrate, and the admirable moral courage evinced. There is no fear of ridicule, nor being charged with hypocrisy. They confess their Christian faith with a courageous loyalty, which is as edifying to those who read these outspoken convictions and hopes, as it is specially characteristic of those countries. Before closing I will give a specimen or two of what I have described. At Fidiris, in the Prätigau valley, C. Grisons, we find a rich harvest of them, viz.—

"Ein Pilger bin ich hier auf Erden;
Und walle heir nur kurze Zeit.
Oft unter mancherlic Beschwoerden
Zu manem Ziel—die Seligkeit."

"A Pilgrim am I, here on earth;
And travel heir for but a brief season,
Often under many difficulties,
To my goal—eternal life."

Further on, beyond the narrow gorge of the Klus, and at the entrance of the Prätigau valley, you arrive at the little town of Grüsich, where, amongst others, you may read—

"Durch Kreuz u. Pein, Sum Licht, u.
Schin;
Durch Kampf u. Streit, Zur Ruh u.
Freud."

"Through Cross and Pain, to Light and brightness,
Through war and strife, to Peace (or Rest) and joy."

Two more Swiss mottoes shall wind up my collection—

"Hüeth dich; fluech nicht in minen
haus,
Sunst gang' grad' zur Thür hinaus.
Sunst würde Gott vom Himmelreich
U's beide straffe, mich und dych zu-
gleich."

"Take care! Do not swear in my house,
Or else you'll go straight out of the door.

For God in His Kingdom would punish us both; thee and me also."

Lastly, at Jeny, there is a house distinguished by a very full, yet concise confession of faith and religious feeling—

"In Namen Gottes wil ich bauen
All hier auf diesen Platz;
Auf Jecum steh mein Vertrauen,
Im Himmel such ich mein Schatz."

Which may thus be rendered in English—

"In the Name of God I will build here,
on this spot.
In Jesus I put my trust,
In Heaven I seek my treasure."

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

THERE IS HOPE FOR HER.—There is hope for the girl who doesn't have to fall down more than once in order to learn how to stand up.

ONLY TRY.

Try to be something in the world and you will be something. Aim at something and excellence will be attained.

This is the great secret of success and eminence. "I cannot do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try," has wrought wonders.

A MODEL COLLECTOR.—There never was a better collector than Dr. Michael Hutchinson, who gathered £3,49 for rebuilding All Saints' Church, Derby, in 1730. He was so industrious and successful in this labour of love, that when the waits played at his door for a Christmas-box, he asked them in, treated them to a tankard of ale, and persuaded them to subscribe a guinea.

KNOWLEDGE.—The seed of knowledge ripens but slowly in the mind, but the flowers grow quickly.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Evil events come from evil causes; and what we suffer springs generally from what we have done.

THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

Youth.

Oh, Sage, the parentage of Wisdom tell!
She seems not of the earth—but from above.

Sage.

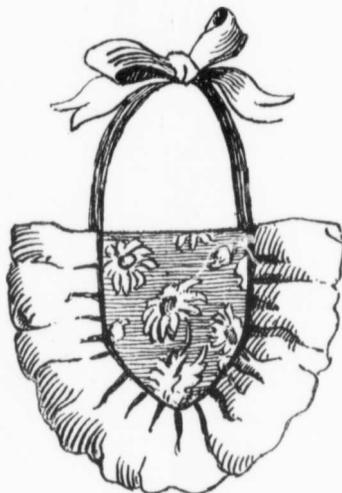
Good youth, she's part of earth, men know
too well;
Pain is her father—but her mother Love.

CRETONNE KNICK-KNACKS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

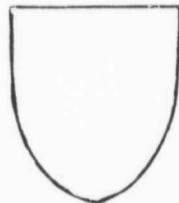
PERHAPS the easiest things to manufacture in the way of fancy-work, suitable for presents—really useful presents—to others, are the many articles which we can make out of *cretottes*, chintz and sateen. They are all called *cretotte* because I find few people discriminate between them. However, we shall have to do so before we begin to use them; and then we shall see that *cretotte* means a material rather rough on the surface, and thick in comparison with the other two. It is also cheaper, and since its introduction has been a perfect boon to the house-mother, who is obliged to think of her pence and shillings. For myself I prefer chintz, bright and glossy, and so old a material as to be connected with all our visions of delightful drawing-rooms a century or more ago. Chintz has usually a great charm in a country drawing-room, especially one which looks on a garden, and has vistas of trees and distant blue hills. Sateen will, I daresay, be connected in most people's minds with down quilts or *duvets* (as they are called in France) for the prettiest are used to cover them; and also the pillows which are employed on the sofa, when not covered with a more expensive material. I have used all three, and my choice has been generally determined by the prettiness of the design, and the special purpose for which it has been needed. Chintz is rarely available on account of its stiffness; but the beauty of the flowers which one sometimes finds upon it makes it very tempting.

The other material we shall generally need is some thick brown cardboard, and a very strong pair of scissors with which to cut it; or indeed, many people who are accustomed to use a sharp knife will probably prefer it to anything else. But, personally speaking, I prefer the scissors, as I cannot control the knife sufficiently to avoid cutting my fingers,



brown lining will also look effective with blue, or a green lining with the pink roses may be nicer than the blue.

The pleated ruching is generally made of a woollen braid, which should match something in the pattern of the *cretotte*. For instance, if there be brown leaves, use a brown braid, and I prefer a neutral kind of lining to bright red or a green, unless these hues very much



WORK-BAG FOR STOCKINGS.

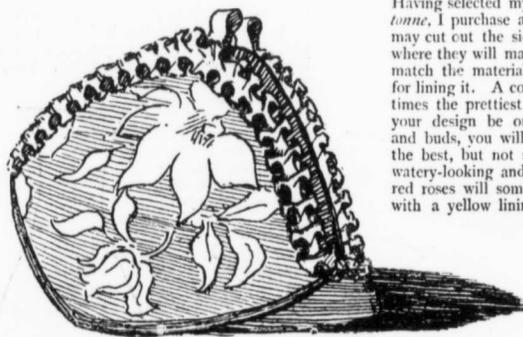
or making useless and wasteful cuts in my material.

The first thing we will begin upon is what is called in Canada a "beech-nut basket," on account of its being in the shape of those curious small nuts of the beech tree, which I daresay you know quite well. The illustration of this is so accurately drawn, that you will have no difficulty in copying it, nor in recognising that the design on the *cretotte* should be one in which you can find an entire pattern for each side, if possible; or if not, at least for the two sides that are visible. Having selected my sateen or *cretotte*, I purchase a yard, so that I may cut out the sides of my basket where they will match; and then I match the material with a sateen for lining it. A contrast has sometimes the prettiest effect. Thus, if your design be one of pink roses and buds, you will find a pale blue the best, but not so pale as to be watery-looking and insipid. Dark-red roses will sometimes look well with a yellow lining, and a wood-

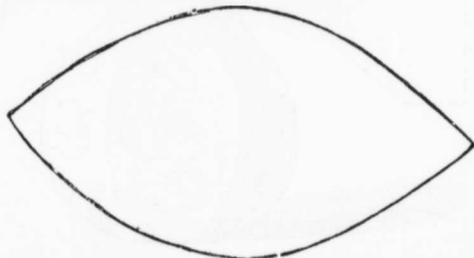
preponderate in the design you have selected. If you make a peculiarly grand bag, you must use a satin ribbon; but in general the braid looks quite well enough, and remains clean longer. Of course I need not tell you that in all that you do in the way of *cretotte* work, you will need to have silks, and coloured cottons for sewing, to match your materials. The lining generally has to be considered, and you should devote some care to it, for it is exactly in these small things that the beauty and completeness of your work will lie. Never be guilty in this, nor anything else, of saying, "Oh that will do." In general the very utterance of this phrase means the contrary, and that it will not do at all.

The size of one of the shaped sides of the beech-nut basket is 10½ inches at the longest part by 6 inches at the widest part. If you cut out pieces of cardboard by these dimensions, you will find it easy to shape it afterwards; or still better, make yourself a paper pattern of it, and be sure that you shape it correctly. When you have made your foundation shapes, the next thing is to cover them, first with the *cretotte*, tacking it on, and then with the lining, which you must turn in, to meet the covering evenly, and then sew very neatly, over and over, all round with either silk or cotton to match the lining. Then cover these seams, when you have put your basket together, with a flat braid of the same kind which you have chosen for the *ruche*. I have seen baskets made without this, but do not think they looked neat enough, and besides, the braid forms a kind of decoration. The basket is finished off by two loops or braid. This is a very useful shape for a travelling work-basket, or still better, to hold knitting or crochet.

The next illustration represents a bag for stockings, into which we can put those which require to be mended, together with all the requisites for repairation—needles, wool, and cotton-darnings, scissors and thimble. All these it is best to keep together; and in some bags there are small loops for the scissors, and an inside case for needles and cottons. There are two shaped sides, which are about six inches long and five inches across. They are made up exactly as I have described



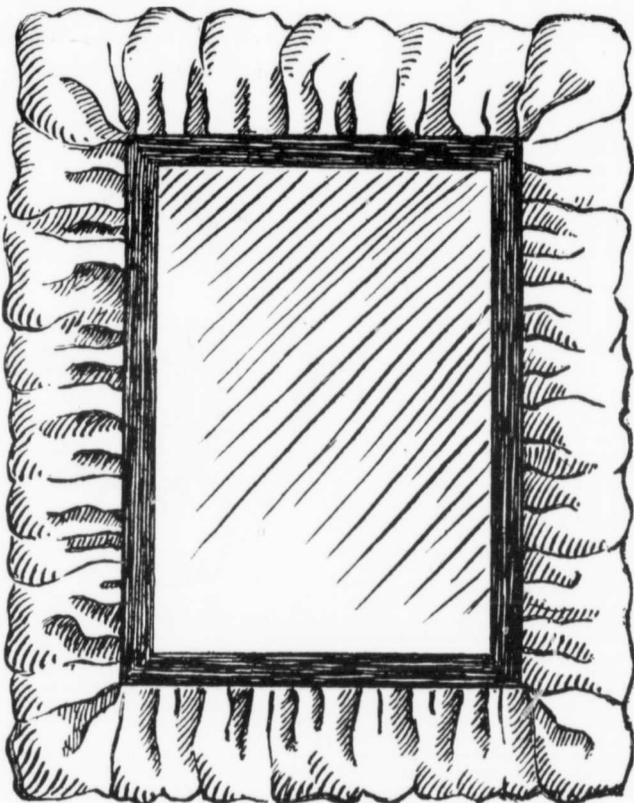
A BEECH-NUT BASKET.



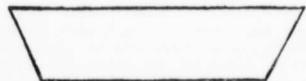
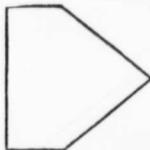
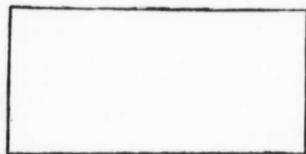
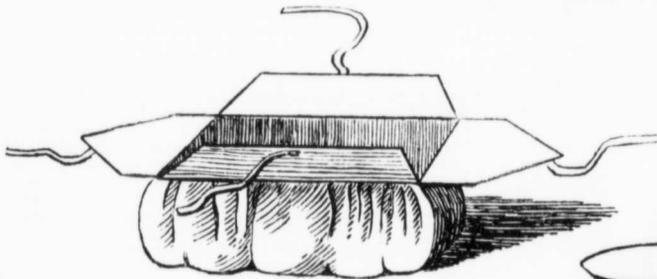
for the others; the cover of *cretonne* put on first, and the lining afterwards, and carefully over-sewn all round. The puff which goes round is seven inches wide, or perhaps eight, and about three-quarters of a yard in length. It is neatly gathered, and then sewn on the wrong side to each side, a piece of work which requires great neatness of handling. This puffed portion may either be made of the flowered sateen, or a plain one; and the bag itself is often made of brown holland and red braid.

The vase in *cretonne* I saw when in America last year. It is intended for flowers, and has a glass or tin which fits into it, to hold them, and which can be taken out and washed. The vase I saw was made of a *cretonne*, with bright red roses on it, upon a yellowish ground, and it was lined with a red sateen. The method of making-up was that usually adopted, but all the stitching was done on the outside of the jar of course. The size of the pieces of cardboard for the foundation was four and a half inches across for the bottom piece, and fourteen inches long by seven inches at the widest part of the round. If, however, you possess a vase of this shape, I should measure it, and cut out my pattern for that.

The handkerchief-case is a very useful and pretty novelty. I saw this also in America; indeed, with one exception, all my selections come from thence. This article may be made of any material, and more costly if desired than *cretonne*, but the latter answers well and looks very pretty. The design explains itself sufficiently, and consists of two sides, two ends, which constitute the flaps, and a foundation on which the puffed sides are sewn, which must be covered exactly as the flaps are done. The length of this was about ten inches by five inches wide, but the dimensions are not a matter of importance, as many people would perhaps like to have a larger one. The width of the puffing is from six to eight inches, and the length; and you will require the size of the foundation, and then

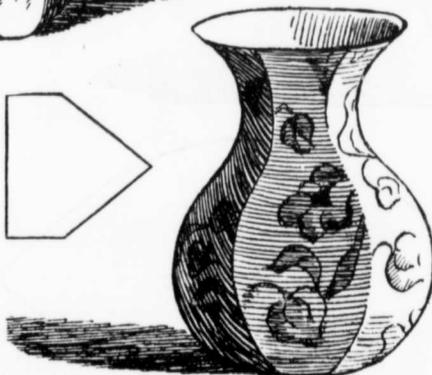


FRAME OF CRETONNE OR SILK.



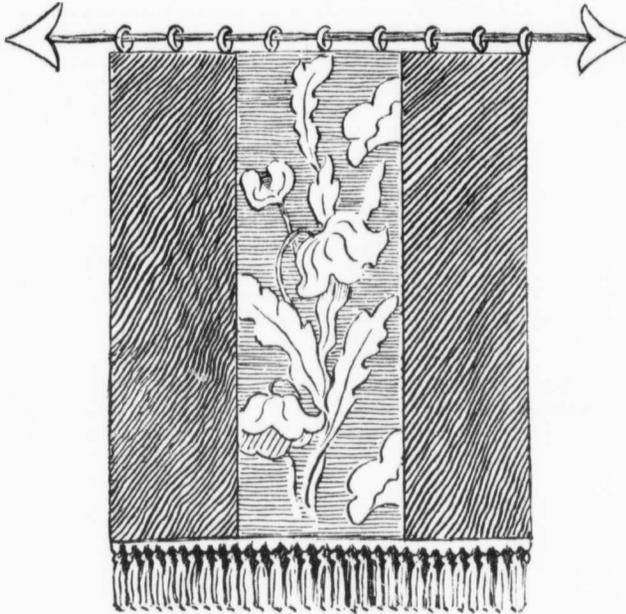
HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

to allow as much again for the length of the puff. It must be lined with the same sateen as the other pieces. The top is supported and held together by a wire foundation. This, if you have a pair of pliers, you can make for yourself. But if not, you must pay a visit to the nearest workman who is likely to make it for you, taking with you



A VASE IN CRETONNE.





HANGING BAG FOR A DOOR.

the paper pattern of the foundation-piece, and having the wire bent to the square shape of that. A good strong wire is needed, and you should get it well joined. Your puffing is gathered over this, but first I should cover it by winding some tape or strips of cotton round it, so that you may be able to sew on the flaps securely. This shape of case is a change from the old-fashioned handkerchief-sachet, and holds the handkerchiefs more easily.

I must begin by confessing that I have usually seen an old and shabby picture frame used for this *cretonne* one which I have illustrated, as a foundation, and this is probably its true value, in helping people to make old things look new and bright. But there may be more aspiring minds amongst my readers, and they may prefer to make the foundation frame themselves. In this case it can be made with a wooden back, the ordinary picture-frame back, if strong enough; or even a millboard back, and a front of the same, cut out to a similar shape, as shown in the sketch, so as to form the framework of the picture. The black band may be of velvet, or may be an ordinary black or black and gold beading, which can be purchased by the foot (in length) from any picture dealer. One frame of this kind that I saw was of yellow silk, and had a black velvet band; and this I think had a very effective and pretty appearance and was a novelty to me. Engravings and photographs look best in these frames, and they require a rather dark wall as a background. They go beautifully with black oak furniture, and the idea may be used in many other ways, for the small china shelves, book-cases, and hanging brackets of all kinds.

I found my next a hanging bag, used for drawing-room dusters in the drawing-room, or for hanging behind the bedroom door for soiled handkerchiefs and collars. It is a very pretty ornament for doors and is in no one's way. It is made of a breadth of very pretty *cretonne* and two breadths of velveteen, and it is lined with a sateen to match the velvet. The fringe should also match. It may open either at the back or at the top, but there is

generally a small opening left at the right-hand side of the *cretonne* in front; at the upper part, just enough to slip in the hand. It is finished with brass rings at the top, and a small brass rod with ends as well as hooks to screw into the door. These can be found at the ironmonger's. One bag that I saw had a stair rod fitted to it, and also the stair-rod clips as well. In a country where the shops are often a long way off, people become very clever at adapting everything to their use, and it takes a very great difficulty to prevent them carrying out an idea.

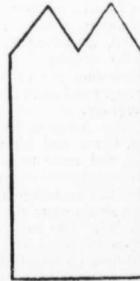
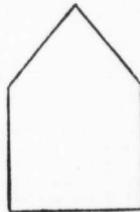
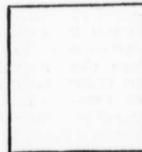
The next thing is a real travelling workbag,

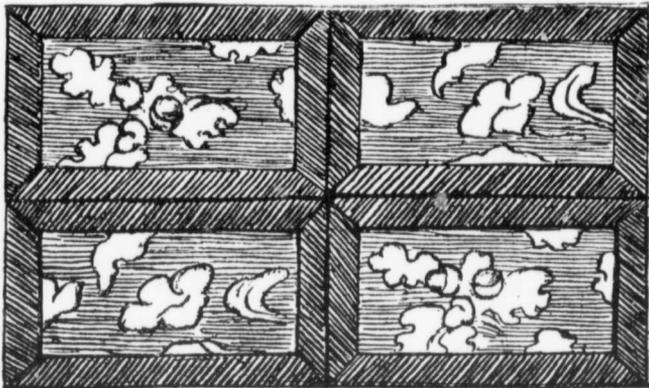
which is so yielding in its nature, that it will slip in anywhere, and hold anything in reason. The materials required are a narrow binding ribbon, and either a pretty sateen or cotton of any kind, or even a silk or satin. My original bag, which was bought in Paris, was of a greenish brown colour, with gold embroidery on it. About eight yards of ribbon are required and about a yard of material. The shapes of the design are thus measured. The foundation is five inches square. The length of the long side is eight inches by five, and the shorter one six inches by five. These sides must be bound at the top to begin with, and then the sides bound together. The bottom square is put in last. Then comes the string casing, which must be twice run round, and lastly, the two strings which draw up on opposite sides are run in with a bodkin, and tied neatly.

My last illustration is quite Canadian, I am told, in its origin, and it may be so; but it is very difficult to say where anything does originate in these days. So I will leave the question open, only saying that I have never seen these pretty and oriental-looking table-cloths anywhere else. An old table-cloth, if clean, may be used for the foundation-cloth. It may be faded and well-worn too, without anyone's seeing it, as it is only, after all, the foundation. When you have acquired this, you will have to take it as a guide for the size of your squares. Their usual size, however, is about a quarter of a yard square, unless you choose to adopt the shape shown in our illustration, which is long, about six inches by ten, but the square shape is rather the best for making-up. I always purchase several separate yard lengths of various *cretonnes*, half a dozen or more varieties, and if it be yard wide, you should have sixteen squares for each yard you buy. You might begin with four yards of four different patterns that you think would go well together. Yellows and reds there must be in abundance, and a paler yard to make a change, but the colours must be rather evenly distributed, not intense dark, nor vivid light. Cut your material into squares, we will say, and begin to lay them on the foundation, edges to edges, flatly, and tack them firmly round each edge. The black lines that you see are simply black woollen braid, of which you will require a whole piece, which I



TRAVELLING BAG FOR WORK.





TABLECLOTH IN CRETONNE AND BRAID.

CHAPTER II.

SHIRLEY ELTON was gone, and the light had died out of Allison's days. All that was left her was the memory of the parting and his last kind words. He had spoken cheerfully in order to dispel her gloom, and when he had seen the tears she could not repress, he had stooped and kissed her, for nobody was nigh. Moreover, he had detached a little golden heart from his watch-chain and placing a tiny spray of forget-me-not gathered from the river's edge, within it, had put it in her hand—to keep for his sake.

"If I can ever be of service to you or your family, you have my address and know where I am to be found; do not hesitate to ask it. Good-bye, dear child."

That was a very different Allison the artist left behind to the girl she had been when he first came to Rivermead.

Then, she was an innocent, light-hearted girl, whose highest ambition had been to settle down contentedly in that cottage on the hills and make Dan Humpfrey the happy man he expected to be.

Now, no careless merriment called the arch dimples of her cheeks into play. Her looks were sombre, her dark eyes heavy with the gloom of inward trouble, her thoughts a tangle of hot emotions, in which rebellion against the unkind fate which had made her what she was and seemed likely to keep her so, was strongest. She separated herself from the company of all who loved her, and passed hours in solitary wanderings and profitless communings with self in her own little chamber, answering unwillingly to any call upon her services.

Her mother was patient, but the ferryman grew angry and often launched into reproachful language.

Matters being in so unsatisfactory a condition, Carne and his wife took counsel together, and came to the conclusion that it would be advisable under the circumstances to hasten the wedding-day in the hope that Allison would come the more quickly to her right mind. The ferryman undertook a consultation on the subject with Dan and returned from his errand elated with success.

Dan was only too pleased that his marriage

should be hastened rather than delayed, as he had begun to fear might be the case. There would be one more lamb for him to tend, one, too, that he was longing to take into his strong arms and shelter in his bosom. He was oppressed, however, with a fear that the girl might be unwilling, but Carne combated this doubt with some amount of bluster.

"The girl must do as she's bid, or I'll know the reason why," he said. "She has been fashionable enough of late, and 'tis time that this is ended and no more trouble made."

If the ferryman expected to find his daughter amenable when he made known the decision that had been arrived at, he was disappointed. Allison's face turned of an ashen white at the announcement, but she said nothing. Her eyes, however, flashed ominously and she set her lips tightly. The symptoms betokened mischief. Leaning carelessly against the open cottage door with head tilted back, she beat a tattoo upon the brick floor with one foot.

"Well, Ally?" questioned her mother gently.

"Have you nothing to say?" queried Carne, raising his voice.

"Only this," replied the girl without looking up, "that it's too soon. I promised for the autumn, and now you and—Dan have been laying your heads together to make me marry him at once, and I will not."

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed her father roughly, "we give ourselves airs do we, and set ourselves agen lawful authority, but 'twon't do, my girl. Dan and me, we've made up our minds, so married you'll be and took good care on, come this day four weeks."

It was unwise to bring the shepherd's name forward. Allison's eyes blazed, she lifted her head proudly, and replied in defiant tones—

"I've made up my mind too, and I say I will not marry Dan Humpfrey this day four weeks."

This said, she walked in stately fashion from the kitchen, went upstairs and shut herself into her own room.

Carne and his wife looked at each other in some dismay.

"Think she means it?" he asked of his wife presently.

think costs under 2s. the piece, and this you must lay over the edges in long lines across and across in lattice fashion. With tacking secure the places where they cross, and tack the braid down, so that you may sew it on the machine at each edge. You must do this perfectly evenly, without any wrinkles or tucks, or the effect will be spoiled. When finished, the cloth is bound round with braid, and decorated with a hanging tassel at each corner.

I think this is almost the cheapest tablecloth for either dining-room or drawing-room that can be made, as it does not cost more than five shillings when finished, and may cost less if you watch your opportunities at sales and pick up a remnant of sateen or cretonne here and there. The oriental effect is very strong, and if seen for the first time it is impossible to discover of what it is made, without a careful examination.

Some workers embroider rows of coral stitch on the black braid in yellow, or silks of several colours. This makes it very effective, but increases the cost and trouble of making. Rows of herring-boning in colour also look well, and the machine-stitching may be done with yellow silk.

"Aye, she means it—just now," said the mother, resuming her darning with nervous fingers. "Ally is wilful. When she takes a notion in her head it's like to stick there. You didn't do a clever thing, father, to bring Dan's name into the business. Any girl of spirit would mislike to hear that her lover had fixed the day for marrying without consulting of her."

The ferryman was ill-pleased to be put in the wrong and unwilling to admit that he had made a mistake, wherefore he worked himself into a rage, brought his big fist down upon the table with a bang, and swore that the thing should be as he willed, that he had done the fixing, and what was the good of being a father if he was not to be obeyed.

The logic was unanswerable, and like a wise woman Mrs. Carne held her tongue; but by-and-by she crept upstairs softly to try what a mother's gentle powers would do to bring Allison to reason, but as she was not admitted and could extract no answer, she was forced, unwillingly, to give up the attempt.

That night, Allison slept not at all. She was planning how to escape from what was threatening, and at length conceived the wildest scheme in her disordered brain. The execution of it seemed simple enough to her, and before morning she had begun to carry it out.

While father and mother were wrapped in peaceful slumbers, she made her slight preparations and stole noiselessly out of the house. In her purse she carried all the money she had earned as the artist's model; round her throat, suspended by a ribbon, was hung the precious golden heart, and folded carefully, for safety, an address written upon a leaf torn out of Shirley Elton's pocket-book.

When Carne and his wife descended that morning and found none of Allison's usual duties fulfilled, nor herself anywhere to be seen, they stood bewildered.

"She has overslept herself," said the mother, and ran upstairs to her daughter's room. She found it empty. The bed had not been slept in, and pinned to the coverlet was a scrap of paper on which a few hasty lines had been scrawled. With difficulty, in her agitation, Mrs. Carne at length deciphered their meaning. The purport of the message

was that Allison had gone for a few days to stay with a married sister who lived about twelve miles off, and that they need not trouble to come after her, as she meant to take a holiday while making up her mind to the future which was awaiting her.

Mrs. Carne ran to tell her husband.

"Gone to Lizzie's! Taken a holiday!" he cried wrathfully. "Without so much as by your leave! What's got the wench, and why couldn't she go off at a seasonable hour when her work was done, instead of clearing out like a thief with an uneasy conscience?"

"Maybe the poor child thought we wouldn't let her go," excused the mother, in a troubled voice. "You see, she's been bothered about a bit about getting married next month, and I dare say she wants a quiet time to make up her mind."

The ferryman laughed scornfully.

"Gone to be quiet at Lizzie's, where there be half-a-dozen children!" he jeered. "And what for does she need to be makin' up her mind about a thing that was settled long ago? Why does she kick up all this fuss now? Has she altered her mind about takin' Dan, after all, and if so, why? If the change that has come over her has anything to do with that Mr. Elton"—and his dark face grew purple at the thought to which he had given utterance. "I'll go and see the poor lad. I'll find him somewheres about, and hear what he has to say about this start of Allison's."

The ferryman fulfilled his purpose, but if he succeeded in inspiring the shepherd with his own uneasiness, the feeling was not allowed to appear. Dan would not hear a word against the girl.

"You're a-hinting at things I won't bear of," said he. "My Allison's not a girl to be talked of with any demeanin' suspicions, and if I'm satisfied there isn't much to be said."

Carne was silenced. There was nothing further to be done or said. Allison was at her sister's, safe at any rate; they must wait, therefore, until her return home, perhaps in a better frame of mind, before taking any further steps in the matter.

But Allison was not at Lizzie's, and had never gone there. When she left home that morning, she took her course across the downs into the next county, and then along a weary high-road which would lead her to the small town nearest the address given her by Shirley Elton. A long, long tramp it was, with only a crust of bread to stay her hunger if she felt it. She had taken this route instead of the more direct and easy way, which a walk to their small wayside station and a short railway journey would have offered, to avoid being traced.

Allison would not rest in the town, but asking her way, trudged on in the direction indicated; another three miles to traverse before her goal was reached. It was afternoon, and the sun beat upon her throbbing head with tropical fierceness. A thick wood lay upon her left; it looked so cool and shady, she resolved to seek its shelter and take a short rest.

This gave Allison time to collect her thoughts, for in obeying the mad impulse which had driven her onward, she had not asked herself what object she had in view.

The one extraordinary idea which possessed her was that of throwing herself upon the protection of the artist, of appealing to him to ward off from her the dreaded marriage, which she did not feel able to escape from if she remained at home.

She had his assurance that he would assist her in time of need; she had his pledge concealed within the bosom of her dress—the little golden heart—and she felt still warm upon her lips the kiss he had given her. Poor Allison. Her moral and mental perceptions were completely blinded.

Exhausted by all she had gone through, the girl at length sank unconsciously into a slumber so profound that the evening was advancing when some sound caused her to awaken with a start and raise herself from the mossy couch on which she had been lying. The sun was low, the wood in semi-twilight.

She heard the murmuring of voices, and soon a man and woman could be seen approaching along a path which wound among the trees a few yards from her place of concealment. Allison watched and listened. There was something familiar in the figure and voice of the man. With a throbbing heart she waited, and soon became certain of his identity. It was Shirley Elton, and with him was a lovely girl of about her own age. Shirley's arm was around her waist, his head bent towards her; what he was saying called up tender smiles into her sweet face. The watcher's face grew grey; she shivered as with cold, and yet her jealous eyes were burning like live coals.

Allison grey faint with sudden anguish, but recovering herself, followed slowly and entered after them the private grounds of a house she could just perceive between the trees. It would be hard to describe the girl's feelings at this moment. She was devoured by a torment of rage, jealousy and despair. What she had seen convinced her that her vaguely-formed hopes were at an end, but instead of flying from the spot she followed, and saw Shirley and his companion enter the house by an open French window and stand there hand in hand, looking out upon the flowery garden. The murmur of their voices mingled with the delicious warbling of a thrush. The evening was very sweet; Allison the only discordant element in it. They disappeared, and she crept nearer to look within. What she witnessed sent the blood flying in wild tumult through her veins, for the white-robed fairy of the wood was clasped in Shirley's arms, and his face touched hers.

Allison felt as though she were choking, and, clutching at the ribbon that hung round her throat, she tore it with the golden heart from its hiding-place. What did she care for it now? It lied, and so did the forget-me-not within it. Wrapping the locket in the paper which contained the artist's address, Allison dashed it furiously to his feet and fled, but missing the path by which she had come, ran blindly into the mazes of a shrubbery, till suddenly she found herself in an open, grassy spot whereon stood a pretty gabled building having one large window facing to the north. It was the artist's studio, but of this fact Allison of course was ignorant. The door stood open and she looked in. Her gaze was

at once riveted by a picture which stood upon the easel. It represented a beautiful girl standing in an orchard holding back a red and white calf. Allison entered, gazed and wondered.

It was herself, but how different! Never more would she be the Allison of that picture, to smile and blush and look so happy. She gave a gasping sigh and wrung her hands convulsively. Then her eyes fell upon an open pocket-knife, and immediately a wicked impulse took possession of her. With one sharp stab the girl deliberately ripped the canvas through from top to bottom.

A sharp exclamation, and two hands caught hold of her from behind.

"Allison! You! Why are you here, and oh! what have you done!"

Shirley Elton let go his hold and stood contemplating the mischief with wrathful eyes. Allison looked upon the floor and said not a word, but her breath came pantingly.

"I do not understand this," said the artist at length. "Why are you here, and why have you ruined my picture? It was you, I suppose, who threw this into the room just now, where I and—"

He stopped abruptly and held out the locket.

"Yes," cried the girl fiercely, "I threw it in, it is yours. I cut the picture because it told lies and I hate it. Your golden heart lied too, I gave it back."

"You must be mad, you poor child, to have done such a thing. What have I ever done to induce such vengeful spite?"

"What have you done? If I were to tell you, you would not know yourself in the picture I could draw of what you tried to teach me in all those weeks you spent at Rivermead. I will not tell you, you shall not know what a fool I was. I'm sorry I spoil your picture, but it's just as well, for she mightn't like it; give your golden heart to her and don't waste any more fine speeches on poor girls like me!"

This said, Allison turned and walked out of the studio. Shirley Elton stood a moment dumb with amazement. At her last words he turned hot and cold, then made as if to follow her.

"Don't come near me—don't speak to me, but let me go," cried Allison waving him back, and her attitude was so commanding and Juno-like, that he stopped, full of admiration and wonder. The blood in his veins was tingling too with shame and regret, for he could not but realise that his own thoughtlessness was to blame in the working out of this little drama. He had meant only to be kind, but his kindness had been selfish and wrought harm. Shirley would willingly have endeavoured to help Allison out of the trouble her mad escapade might bring her into, but her manner deterred him.

"After all," thought he, "perhaps it will be best for her to return alone, there will be less talk," and he returned to a rueful contemplation of his damaged picture.

Through all that summer night Allison lay in the wood doing battle with her misery. The winds of heaven were not so rough or the earth so hard as man's unkindness.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

WEARY ONE.—"Migraine" or "megrin" is a very definite form of nervous disease. It is commonly called "sick headache," and though all sick headaches are not megrin, a fair number of them are. This condition, which recurs at irregular periods, is nearly always connected with indigestion or biliousness. It occurs chiefly in young people, and rarely persists after twenty-five years of age. The symptoms you describe—nausea, giddiness, lassitude, specks and rings before the eyes, neuralgic pains on one side of the head, the whole terminating by profuse vomiting—form a very concise picture of a moderately severe case. This condition is often brought on by one special article of diet, different in every case. If it is possible to discover this food, suppressing that special article is often followed by permanent relief. During the attacks lie down in a darkened room, and take nothing to eat except a little iced milk or soda-water. A brisk purgative at the onset often cuts short the attack.

NANCIE.—We cannot say that we have observed any good effects from rhubarb for "enlarged pores of the skin." In fact there is no internal treatment of any kind that we have found useful for this condition. Rhubarb will tan leather and close the pores of a dead skin if applied locally; but it has no effect upon the human skin when taken internally. Its action is entirely confined to the alimentary canal.

CYRUS.—We think that you are correct about your trouble, and that you do suffer from indigestion. Whether there is anything else wrong with you we cannot say for certain. We do not however approve of your treatment. You say that you live chiefly on brown bread and cocoa. Both of these are indigestible, and you would do well to forego them. Never take much liquid with your meals. A half a glassful of fluid when you have finished eating should be the maximum taken. Avoid all the really indigestible foods, eat slowly, often, and take very little at a time. Sit down after meals, and take a moderate amount of exercise every day. We strongly dissuade you from taking pepsin. That it relieves indigestion we are fully aware, but it makes the condition much more difficult to cure in the long run. The only drug taken for this form of indigestion should be bicarbonate of soda, a teaspoonful after meals if the indigestion is severe.

MALINE.—Good rich Devonshire cream is one of the best substitutes for artificial foods. Two large tablespoonfuls after every meal is the usual dose. It is of course far less easily digestible than the milk preparations, but is very strengthening and conducive to plumpness.

"CANADA" and "ONTARIO."—The questions that both you and your daughter ask us are of excessive difficulty, and though you have apparently described every symptom, yet it is almost impossible to give either of you a definite answer. Your affection is undoubtedly nervous. It is certainly not heart trouble. We expect that one of your parents was subject to nervous disease, and that you have inherited a disposition to nervousness, as your daughter has obviously inherited a nervous disposition from you. We do not think that either you or your daughter suffer from organic nervous disease. The fit that your daughter had was not epilepsy as you doubtless imagined; nor are the fits she occasionally has now. Epileptic fits never have an exciting cause, and are always accompanied by total unconsciousness. The ailment from which both of you suffer is a common form of that little understood and extremely complex disease "hysteria." Do not think that this means that you are "shamming," or any nonsense of that sort. Hysteria is a definite and formidable complaint; but it is curable. The worries to which you have been exposed are quite enough to cause your complaint. As regards treatment, eat as much as you can, but do not take indigestible food. Try to get about—you never know what you can do till you try. We do not advise you to take any drugs, but a short course of iron might do your daughter good. If it is possible, by far the best thing you could do would be to live in some town where the life and amusements would do much to take you out of yourself. If you cannot move to a more lively spot, you might at least send your daughter to some town where she could come into relation with other girls of her age. This would do far more good than any other measure.

JANE.—You will find all necessary information about sleeplessness in a very long answer that we gave about this complaint in the May Part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

TROUBLED TEACHER.—In the May number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER we gave an answer dealing with superfluous hairs, and there we detailed and criticised the various methods that have been adopted for remedying that condition. We do not think that soap would in any way affect the growth of superfluous hair.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

MYRTLE (Board School Teaching).—You will have observed that the Bishop Otter Memorial College, Chichester, is intended for the daughters of the clergy and of professional men. You had better write to the Principal asking for full particulars of terms and of the qualifications students must possess on entering the college, and enclose a stamp for reply. For the present, what you must do is to pass the Cambridge Junior Local Examinations, for which you are preparing. Passing this will excuse you from entering the Preliminary Examination for Pupil Teachers. Write then to the Clerk of the London School Board, School Board Offices, Victoria Embankment, expressing a desire to be engaged by some school as a pupil teacher, or you might prefer a similar request to the managers of a board school in your own locality if, as is probable, you would rather not leave home. If a vacancy were found for you, you would then be indentured for two or three years from 1st 1 following after your engagement. You would receive a small salary of 3s. a week to begin with and 10s. a week at the end. You would afterwards sit for the Queen's Scholarship Examination, and on passing this, you would apply for admission to a training college.

TROUBLED ONE (Civil Service).—If you passed the examination at one of the London centres you could be employed at one of the head offices in Queen Victoria Street or Newgate Street. What you offer yourself for the sorting or the telegraphic service you must obtain a sufficient knowledge of geography to pass the examinations. But geography is, after all, not an amazingly difficult subject. You should study an atlas constantly and you ought to know the shape and position of the countries in the same unconscious way that you know at which end of a street your friend's house stands. A slight knowledge of languages will help you, too, to make a good guess at the country where a particular town is to be found, even if your geographical memory is at fault. Another helpful plan would be to sketch out imaginary journeys. Ask yourself, for example, "Supposing I were a war correspondent, and a newspaper editor ordered me to sail for Cuba by the shortest possible route, what would be the line of my journey? To what station in London (to begin with) ought I to be driven? to what part must I take my railway ticket?" and so on. Think the thing out for yourself, as though you had no one to advise you; this is the only way to acquire knowledge which you will not forget.

DEJECTED ONE (Civil Service).—You could sit for the examination for sorting clerks and telegraph learners at Leeds. To find out when an examination will be held, you should study the advertisements in the principal London papers on Thursdays. Ample notice is usually given, but we fear you have lately missed an examination. You could apply, however, for an application form to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W. The subjects for the examination are handwriting, spelling, English composition, arithmetic and geography. You write a particularly clear and neat clerical hand—a qualification which ought to help you.

CARE (Hospital Nursing).—You, like many girls, find yourself forced to solve a difficult ethical problem. As you put it, with more than a touch of exaggeration, you are "in the middle of a dozen cross-roads." We do not see, ourselves, that the number of roads between which you have to choose is so great. It is quite plain that there is one of them which should not be taken. It cannot be right to marry a man towards whom you are not drawn by affection or sympathy. Such conduct would not be fair to him, or to you, or to society at large. Marriage, if regarded merely as a business transaction, must be seen to be not an ending, but a beginning; and, especially, in the case of a quite young girl like yourself. It might solve a few difficulties for the moment, but it might be the occasion of much more important ones in the future. Of course we are assuming in saying this that you have given us a sincere representation of your feelings. The advice is only applicable if such is the case. Whether you should become a hospital nurse is another matter. Hospital nursing is, undoubtedly, a fine and a satisfying career; but it should only be followed by one who believes she has a love of it that will outweigh all sense of the toilsomeness and the frequent disagreeableness of the duties. Moreover, it calls for robust health. You could write to the matron of any hospital or infirmary asking her whether she has a vacancy for a probationer, but you should enclose a stamp for reply. Matrons require young women to possess a fair general education. It is a delicate matter to mention; but your spelling and grammar are decidedly imperfect. Whatever your ultimate place in the world may be, it would be wise to pursue your schooling a little further before you become too much occupied with the practical business of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"LILIAN" is informed that Miss Sarah Doudney wrote "The Lesson of the Watermill." It is not correctly quoted. It will be found, as it was first written, in *Poems of Lyle* (Houlston, publishers).
ELLA.—The manufacture of tapestry dates back to very remote times. There is little doubt that the curtains of the Jewish Tabernacle were of this description, being made of "fine-twined linen with blue, and purple, and scarlet, and with cherubim of cunning work." The original invention of this manufacture has been attributed to Atterlin III., King of Pergamus, who died 133 B.C. The early workers in France were called *Sarasinis*, because the art was transmitted to them through the Saracens in about the 6th century. The Flemings were early distinguished for the excellence of their work, which in their country reached its highest state of perfection at the beginning of the 11th century. In 1255, Eleanor, wife of Prince Edward, introduced it into this country. If ever you go to Paris you may have a chance of seeing the Gobelins tapestry manufacturers—men working at the backs of the upright frames.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—To aid in preserving meat in hot weather, keep some pieces of cheap muslin safe and lay some upon it, having carefully examined and cut out all "kernels" in it, and fill-looking edges. It should be well washed with fresh water slightly salted in the first instance. Stale bread may be restored to its original softness by putting it into a French-cup-covered tin, and place it for half an hour, or an hour in an oven at a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, and when cool it will be like new bread. To restore a stale cake, immerse it in a bowl of milk, and when soaked through, heat it in an oven and it will become like new.

MAB.—The "Letters of Marqu" which are now spoken of by the Spaniards, give, in war-time, authority to fit-out armed ships for the capture of any prisoners, or their property, on which the cruisers may be able to lay hands. These letters also give permission for the sale of the plunder, and the appropriation of the proceeds for the private use of the captors. It is an error to suppose that Napoleon Buonaparte stigmatised the English as a "Nation of shopkeepers," as more distinctive than "of sailors or soldiers"; nor was the original use of the term applied to any special nation. It was a phrase employed by Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations*, quite in an impersonal sense; but its application to us we owe to Bertrand Barriere, one of the leaders of the French Revolution, when speaking before the National Convention, June 11, 1794, he said "Pitt might boast of his victory by his *Nation bottiquiere*."

NELLIE.—Silkworms are advertised (or were) in the *Exchange and Mart* (179 Strand, W.C.). But in the Liverpool market, which is within easy reach from Birkenhead, you could doubtless obtain them; and with them, full directions. The best time is when the mulberry trees are in leaf; for, although the silkworms may survive for a short time on lettuce leaves, they require their natural food. In London, Covent Garden is the place where you should inquire for the eggs.

LAMBIE.—1. The principal type-writing machines are two in number; by one the paper is moved up to the type; and by the other the type is brought down to the paper. The first machine made was the invention of Henry Mill, in 1714; but although he took out a patent no description of it seems to be on record. A slow-writing typographer was patented by William Burd, of Detroit, in 1804. Other inventions followed, *i.e.*, the Thurber, Beach, Francis, and Hansen, and in 1867, the model of that due unitedly to Sholes, Glidden and Soule, which worked quickly and well. James Densmore afterwards joined the firm, and the machine, failing under long use, a more costly one was required, and the gun-makers, Remington & Sons, united with Densmore in the production of a more perfect appliance. The first of these appeared in 1871, but as it printed in capitals only, Crandall & Brooks remedied the defect, and many improvements have since been made. There are several other typewriter manufacturers.—2. With reference to the forgiveness of injuries, there are two practical ways of conforming to our Lord's command, *i.e.*, you may "do good to your enemies" (when any opportunities occur), and you may "pray for them that despitefully use you." This form of forgiveness is in the power of those whose memories are good, and whose feelings are sensitive. They can also ask for the help of God's grace to "forgive, as they would be forgiven." At the same time, a continued intimacy with, and confidence in, one who has deceived and wronged you, is by no means required.

LESSIMUS.—If you find that the hair becomes shorter, in other words, dried and crushed, and broken off, by the constant use of certain hair curlers, of course you should give up their use. If you employ soft paper, as people originally did, your hair would not be injured by curling it; nor if you plaited it loosely, not making any strain on the roots.