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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

PHYSICALLY he was nothing unusual: fairly tall, fairly strong, neither dark nor fair; eyes grey, mouth hidden by the regulation moustache. Any one meeting him would have taken his measure as a very decent specimen of the average, well-fed, educated young Englishman—informed, observant, not intellectual nor even bookish. Then had he been spoken to, he would have been pronounced a bear, for he would have stared, bowed, and passed on, leaving no hint of the trivial fact that he had not heard what was said.

Those who knew Alan Bancroft measured him differently according to the width of their own foot-rule. His brother and sisters found him a very good fellow as far as he went—a useful family encyclopaedia of small facts to be applied to in argument, in his right place on the shelf. His father thought him a failure because a life's expensive training on the most approved methods had not enabled him to enter the business. Even his mother thought Alan's capacities could not be up to the average, since, in spite of the boasted triumphs of the oral system, he could not lip-read more than the most ordinary commonplaces; really, it was tiresome to write so much, and, of course, she could not permit the manual alphabet on principle. His voice had been rescued, and that was something; but, after all, he had never really lost it, and he seldom used it. He never could be got to mix with ordinary people, or share the every-day pursuits of the young folks around him, and in a matrimonial view he was, of course, though the eldest son, quite ineligible. Perhaps the only person living who gauged him correctly was a little old maiden lady living now miles away, and that was the measure of a woman.

She had come to him as governess years ago, at a crisis of her own life, and the torn tendrils of her heart had twined round the little mortal of four, in mere self-preservation, until, waking one morning to find herself independent, she had found also that she could not wrench them away, kept silence as to her good fortune and remained. She had taught him on a system of her own, which only involved merging all her life in his; entering into his pursuits, cultivating her own talents and giving them to him, fertilising his mind and teaching him to till it for himself. Three talents he had—a retentive memory, an observant eye, and a hand to transfer what he saw to canvas. These she strenuously cultivated, and, finding her own artistic ability unequal to helping his, she obtained an entrance for him to the local art school, which was of a superior order. Here he quickly arrested public notice all the more easily that his father was well known, and then his success was her undoing.

Local wisacres who know so well what other fathers of families should do, began to talk about the lad and question why, with his evident capacities, he should be left to the limited powers of an old-fashioned governess. The oral system was



CICELY.

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the latest educational craze; its glories were held up to the gaze of the parental eyes, and one day Adelaide Grey found herself dismissed. Alan was sent to an oral school.

But somehow expectation failed. Alan did not only make little of lip-reading, his general progress seemed arrested; he did not grow. He had kept pace with Harold in Latin and Greek; these failed him, his pencil lost its cunning. Nothing of old had delighted him more than Harold's chemical experiments; he had been first in every game. Nothing seemed to interest him now; he grew taciturn, shy, forgetting the low curriculum of the school, and the effect of uncongenial companionship. His people measured his capacity by his attainments, and said Miss Grey had thought too much of him, petted his conceit, galvanised him beyond his scope—lifted him above his level.

When he grew too old for school, and Harold went to college, they sent him to the continent with a tutor—one of the teachers of his school. He travelled a year or two, and returned very much as he had gone, but older in his habits and with a look in his eyes, a nameless something of manner which they half admired, half feared; it was unusual, and they did not like the unusual.

Even Cicely Owen shared this feeling—pretty Cicely, who had come years ago, a yellow-haired little maiden, to the art school, and taken her place at the easel next Alan's. Her lithe fingers had been as clever with his language as her pencil; her bright eyes as quick to interpret as to see the superiority of his talent to hers; her frank nature prompt to own and rejoice in it, as to make friends, and ask help.

She and her mother, a colonel's widow, had been living here at the time of her father's death, and Mrs. Owen had had the sense to remain where she was known and the exact amount of her income not. Of course they were poor, she made no attempt to hide it; but she was a gentlewoman. "The Bungalow" just down the road outside Curzon Park, though small, was comfortable and quaint with outlandish contrivances and curiosities brought from India, Egypt—wherever the colonel had been. These interested Alan. He was allowed to frequent the Bungalow. Cicely was a sad little hoyden, but a nice child. The girls were told by no means to imitate but to be kind to Cicely and allow her to join their games when it was possible for Alan to do so. She honestly preferred his company, for the girls were rather finical young ladies; she never could understand why he should not be as good company as any one else; she never forgot he was her first friend. They were chums in the happy healthy fashion only possible to the young folks of the frankly simple cultured class. Many a game of chess and bezique was lost and won in quiet corners; many an afternoon spent sketching in the glen while the rest were at some society picnic. Often Alan was at the Bungalow when they were at some social function, and though the girls said that that saved Cicely's frocks nicely, they took care not to tell Alan so, and he never thought of it.

Now things were different; a vacuum intervened in some way. They had not corresponded; Cicely was too active to be a good correspondent. She did not seem to care to take things up again or interest herself in Alan or his doings.

"For, after all, it's not our business, mother, what Mr. Alan Bancroft does; and if I am not to go there, he cannot come here."

"My dear, why not? I am sure they were always most kind to you."

"Yes—when Alan had to be amused; but when he left, and Bee left school and made a few fashionable acquaintances, oh, quite another thing!"—with a dramatic imitation

of Mrs. Bancroft which relieved her feelings considerably.

"Now, of course, she must insist on Alan's friends accustoming themselves to the oral system which he knows I hate."

"How can you be so foolish, Cicely?"—in the complaining way Mrs. Owen's friends were wont to attribute to the Indian climate. "After all the trouble and expense to which I have been put to help you on. That is the only social door open to you, and you will deliberately close it against yourself for a fancied slight. Mrs. Bancroft meant nothing personal."

"Did she not? Then what of Beatrice? She uses the alphabet herself when her mother's back is turned. It is my fingers she objects to; she would equally object to Alan's hanging on my lips. He shan't have the chance! I have no time to waste repeating and repeating my sentences—they must find someone with less to do." And to this she adhered.

Alan seemed to acquiesce. He called once or twice and then desisted, and Cicely's visits to Curzon Park were restricted to a very formal call with her mother on some of Mrs. Bancroft's at home days.

But when Harold returned from college he was not so acquiescent. He protested vigorously. Cicely was no end of a girl, and as for Bee Bancroft, we all know what B.B. pencils were. Anyhow, he and Alan were not going to be cheated of their friends. He hooked his arm in his brother's and marched him off forthwith to the Bungalow.

But somehow the visit was not the success it should have been. Cicely was at home and exceedingly gracious to both the young men. She brought her sketches to show Alan, but perhaps the great masters he had seen had spoilt amateur art for him; he did not seem to admire them much, and Cicely, who really painted very well in a small way, was piqued, and drifted into a *tête-à-tête* with Harold. Neither noticed how long a chat it was, both forgot how slow it might be for Alan. They chatted of athletics, mutual friends, bicycles, the last new song—that led to Cicely's new piano, and of course it must be tried. The day waned, the dusk crept up the earth, and both forgot the still figure leaning against the casement, watching the overspreading bank of grey, with the underline of gold across the west.

When they remembered they were sorry and apologised. He put them off with quiet indifference. They thought he had not cared, and said what an equable fellow he was. But he would not accompany Harold again.

Harold's steps were bent that way again and yet again, and after a while oftener; he had left college, and as yet had settled to nothing. Presently he would go to London and read for the Bar, and he was supposed to be studying at home now. No doubt he was in a fashion, but those last exams. had pulled him down; and then he had not come out as he knew he deserved, which was damping to the ardour, and he had no extensive acquaintance in this place; his friends were not dead, but gone before, he was wont to say. And then Mrs. Bancroft took her girls to Scarborough, which created an absence Cicely helped to fill.

And Harold never thought what he was doing, until going down to the river through the abbey ruins one day the two came face to face with Alan himself coming up. They did not know that for an hour or two he had been down there under the trees, waiting behind his paper and briar-root. Cicely quite forgot that on Thursdays, of old time, a favourite boat had always been reserved for Alan; and had no idea that all the summer through the old compact had been silently kept. Any everyday young fellow would of course

have told her. Alan was waiting for her to find out. Harold had met her quite casually in the Row just now, and after calling at the library they had strolled round here, in mere idleness, and both were much more startled than the occasion warranted on meeting Alan at the turn of the path. He had no appearance of the avenging angel, he lounged along in boating flannels, his cap on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets, his briar in his mouth; and he did not pause, though they stopped involuntarily; just removed cap and pipe, and pursued his way, shaking his head indolently at his brother's gesture.

They went on, vexed, angry; Cicely with a strange flutter in her throat. Harold roundly voting his brother a bear. "He's grown a regular snob since he went abroad, it's that underbred tutor fellow's doing—I never thought old Alan could be such an idiot."

"No, it's not that—it's the oral system, it has made him shy and awkward. Miss Grey always said it would."

They had reached the top of the steps leading down to the river. Cicely's downcast eyes were full of tears; she made a false step, only a quick catch of Harold's saved her from a headlong fall. He kept her hand for safety's sake, till they reached the bottom. Then she withdrew it almost pettishly, wishing she had vetoed his suggestion of the river, that she could get rid of him; now, of course she must go.

Harold had a distraught companion. He himself unusually silent as he pulled up the shining rushes in the warm September sun, and glanced with some anxiety at the girl's averted face from time to time. She was plainly distressed—what about?

"Never mind him, Cicely, he did not mean to be rude. I'll speak to Alan."

"Indeed you must not. He was not rude, he—he—can you not see? He is wounded, he is lonely—and he is so—so—" her voice died away in something like a sob, and Harold wondered; it was not like Cicely to get upset in this way, for though sympathising, as all nice girls must be, she was too healthy to be emotional.

"I expect he finds this place dull after the excitement and interest of travel," she said presently, to cover her discomposure.

"Slow—it is, at this time of year; no one about but beanfeasters. I've a great mind to go to Scarborough to mater and the girls; I would if—"

"If what? Certainly I'd go—" with an alacrity for which he was unprepared.

"If you were going too, Cicely."

"That is nonsense, and my company can't detain you, for mamma and I are going away too."

"Where, when?"

"I don't know, it's not arranged."

"Cicely, tell me when you know. I declare to you I shouldn't know what to do with myself, and seeing how soon I shall be stewing in London."

"Go to Scarborough."

"Hang Scarborough!"

"Harold, it is not so cool here as I thought it was going to be. I think I will go home now and have a cup of tea, I'm thirsty."

"Let's go on and have tea at the Ferry."

"They don't make it fit to drink. I would rather go home. If you want to go on you can put me ashore, and I'll walk back."

There was nothing else for it. Harold turned his skiff and pulled homewards a little sulkily; everything seemed out of sorts this afternoon, but Cicely was too good-natured and too wise to allow this state of things to continue, he must not meet Alan like this; she rallied her forces, and by the time they reached the stage had charmed him out of his temporary mood, and they set off homewards amiably enough. But raising her eyes as they passed along the

river bank, she caught a glimpse of Alan's face once more. He was leaning over the old wall above, and intuitively she knew he had been waiting there in the sun all the afternoon; and had they gone to the ferry and returned at sundown, or by moonlight, he would have waited still.

He disappeared instantly as she glanced up. Harold did not see him. She said nothing; she said little for the remainder of the way, and as they turned out on to the turnpike pleaded weariness, and took a passing tram which would set her down at the door of the Bungalow.

Harold sauntered home pondering. Alan was jealous evidently, and Cicely was sorry—naturally—good little soul. It was a pity; it was hard on Alan. But then Cicely was the only girl he knew, while he himself preferred her to so many. Yes, he certainly preferred Cicely to any of them. And it stood to reason she must prefer him, of course. The idea of condemning Cicely to a marriage like that, it should not be; he would save her. His folks might make a fuss, but he would show them he meant to please himself. He would find out where the Owens were going—the mother will tell him. Cicely should see that he was not to be put off. As for Alan, poor fellow, it was too preposterous; the sooner he got over it the better, and he must see it.

Yes, he saw it; he wandered on seeing nothing else, until he woke with a start to find himself in the cathedral cloisters, awhile he leaned over the stone-work glaring into the grassy quadrangle, then gathered himself up and passed on. His shortest way home lay through the building; he need not go out again, and round it. He pushed open the heavy door and slipped in.

The sun shone brilliantly through the glorious blues and red of the west window, tinting the bare wall and the discoloured trophy of dead heroisms drooping its rugged, moth-eaten folds aloft there; slanted coldly through the high north windows, gleaming up into the dim roof, glistening on the cross, leaving the chancel in deep shade, out of which pale sparks of gaslight glimmered weirdly—the gates were closed.

He was not ready yet to pass into the busy streets outside; he wandered aimlessly, professing to look about as if he had never been here before, until he woke up a second time to acute self-consciousness now. Straight before him stretched a great cartoon, painted in long past years on the cathedral wall: just here a king, bowed, grief-laden, clutching the balustrade of a stairway for support, as he feebly hurried to bewail the son who had heartlessly betrayed him; there another father deliberately raised his hand in sacrifice of all his hope, and near again, calmly buried the wife of his youth out of his sight—all the one old story of human love and loss—the grinding of the mills of God. Measured by the eye of God, which was greatest, the man who sacrificed, or the man who bewailed his joys.

He was not alone; sightseers passed and gazed. Over there a woman sat busily stitching hampocks and chatting to an acquaintance;

vergers were preparing for evensong; worshippers gathered; soon the white line of choristers would wend through the chapel yonder, chanting prayer and praise from which he was shut out. Already the organist had climbed into his seat, and was flooding the place with waves of harmony—Alan could feel the swell and vibration where he stood.

Now the chancel gates were open, he slipped in; worshippers came, and the choristers. He rose mechanically when the people rose, and knelt when they knelt, and then he forgot and knelt on unconsciously behind the pillar there in the rear.

The anthem pealed out; he did not know it, but in his brain some words began to stir and struggle and take shape and beat with measured rhythm, and repeat themselves:—

"All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
That I was worth to God."

He raised his eyes wonderingly to the great window before him, lifted himself, and stood upon his feet, and threw up his head, for he knew he was worth the ransom of the Christ.

"Heaven's gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees."

Harold did not find out where the Owens were going. The first time he called, Cicely was out, Mrs. Owen lying down with an "Indian" headache; the second the bell evoked but hollow echoes, the blinds were down, the place deserted—they were gone. He immediately despatched a wire to Scarborough, packed his portmanteau and followed.

Meanwhile Alan, under sudden inspiration, had arranged to go and see his old governess. It was not far by rail, but he seemed in another world from the moment he saw her waiting in her pony-chaise outside the little station. The feeling grew with every inch of the way he drove through the sunny September landscape as they chatted in the old familiar fashion, and culminated in a shock as he entered the pretty drawing-room, for there, looking very sweet and pleased to see him, was—Cicely.

Perhaps she was not so cool as her fresh summer costume helped her to seem—for it was summer still in the daytime in this nook in the hills—as she explained that she and mamma had been going to Llandudno; but mamma had friends with her and Elizabeth, and she had asked Miss Grey to have her instead.

"I had no idea you were coming," she said.

"And I—I had no idea you were coming," he said, thinking she might have told Harold, and fancied he had known.

"Of course not. How could you? I told no one." And he wondered greatly. He was very grave all the evening. Of course he could not stay the two or three weeks he had meant; he must write and ask to be called to Scarborough.

Cicely too was quiet. Miss Grey saw something was wrong, but wisely made no sign.

Next day he took fishing-rod and lunch and remained away all day, and retired after tea to "write letters."

Cicely, passing through the hall later, saw but one note, and without looking at the address, immediately guessed.

The house door stood open. She stepped out and looked into the star-lit night. Yes, there was a faint scent. She followed it down the garden path, and at the end found the red spark which created it, and the man who created the spark leaning over the wall.

"Aren't you cold?" she said. "It is chilly out here." And with a great gentleness she laid light fingers on his coat, drew it together, buttoned it over his chest, and turned up the collar.

He tossed his cigar away over the wall. "You will be cold," he said. "Go in, please; I'll come."

"But won't you tell me first? Excuse me, Alan—"

"What is it, Cicely?" "You have written to your folks?" He nodded. "Did you say I was here?" Again he nodded. "I told you I did not want them to know."

"No. I beg your pardon, I did not understand that."

"I said I told no one I was coming here purposely."

Alan looked away and pondered. Then, thinking this was far less Harold should misunderstand the situation—

"That's all right. I explained. He will know."

"But if I don't wish him to know?" "Alan was very slow to see."

"He will not mind, Cicely. I will go. I asked for rooms."

Cicely was very patient.

"He might take it into his head to come, and I don't wish it. Alan, when Miss Grey showed me your note and asked if you should come, I was so glad. I thought we should be so happy again, just as we used to be before the oral system came between us."

The pretty fingers trembled and stopped, her face was turned away, and a sob shook her. A great light descended out of heaven upon Alan.

"Cicely, has it only been the oral system all this while?" And Cicely took his hands and bowed her face upon them.

"But, Cicely, how can you possibly prefer me? Harold will be vexed."

"We can't help that. A woman measures a man by his capacity for loving, and a man who makes most fuss cares least. You might know the man who is willing to give her up is the one the woman is sure to want!" laughing up at him out of the breast of his coat. Then, sobering, "You won't tease me about the lip-reading, will you? It makes me nervous—"

"My darling, this is the only lip-reading you shall ever be bothered with." And he stooped and kissed her under the watching stars.

FRANCES HAYDON.



IN SPITE OF ALL.

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

CHAPTER XI.



for five years Mr. Musgrove had been master of a house with a staff of well-trained servants, his old nurse being established as house-keeper, as moreover everything about him evidenced solid comfort and luxury (a man's luxury—a woman has a different idea of it), Mrs. Swannington could find no cause to pity him as a helpless bachelor. There were no evidences that a lady's care was needed in the house. The dinner was excellent, as gentlemen's dinner-parties are apt to be, and the late Mr. Musgrove having been a connoisseur in wines, and having always a well-stocked cellar, the guests of the son never had any reason to complain on that score. Mrs. Coverdale, a beautiful but rather cold young woman, acted as hostess, but it was evident her brother could do very well without her. He was a courteous, attentive, and even charming host, and Mrs. Swannington was in ecstasies. To Beattie his manner was, or so she thought, markedly warm, and when, during the course of conversation, he mentioned a hope that one day soon she would spend a day on his house-boat, Aunt Ella felt that matters were progressing as favourably as the most anxious could desire. After dinner not even Mrs. Coverdale's ill-disguised boredom, for she was a woman who turned down the light when only other women were present, could chill the sanguine lady, and her spirits were higher than ever when, on the entrance of the gentlemen, Mr. Musgrove went at once to Beattie and proceeded to show her some of the pictures in the drawing-room, many of which were really valuable, and to explain to her the identity of various members of his family, who were represented by some lovely miniatures. Mr. Musgrove's present position, as evidenced by his surroundings, was sufficiently satisfactory, but coupled with the prospects for his future held out by the Gilmans, who had spoken of his own talents and the expected inheritance of his aunt's wealth, it was almost equal to her ambition. Moreover, Mr. Coverdale, who was as talkative as his wife was silent, and was the personification of a snob, did not fail to impress Mrs. Swannington by constant mention of important and aristocratic acquaintances of his own. Indeed, before the evening

was over the little lady was persuaded that Beattie would before long be moving in a sphere where millionaires were common, and where people of title and consequence would combine to do her homage. As the niece rose in importance so would the aunt, and Mrs. Swannington determined that, however brilliant the assemblies in which she might by-and-by take part, neither her diamonds nor her dresses should be unworthy of notice.

Of all that was going on in Mrs. Swannington's active mind, stimulated by his old wine and strong coffee, Mr. Cecil Musgrove was sublimely unconscious. And for that matter he was unaware that he had given her any cause for the wild imaginings in which she was indulging. He was a man past thirty, and having been for some years independent, he was in the habit of inviting to his house anyone who interested him, or of whom he desired to see more. Beattie was not the first young lady who had partaken of his hospitality. Perhaps Aunt Ella was not the first relative who had planned plans and dreamed dreams. To this man, who had been in society for nearly fifteen years, and seen a good deal of life in one way and another, Beattie was little more than a beautiful child. It is true he had taken a fancy to her, and it is possible he might have a fleeting notion now and then of future possibilities, but he was a man who acted deliberately and carefully, with much premeditation and keen insight into probable developments. He was the last person to marry in haste, fully understanding that there is such a thing as repenting at leisure. He was too much of a gentleman to allow any girl to be spoken of in connection with himself through indiscreet attentions, and if it had not been that the wish was father to the thought, neither Mrs. Swannington, nor subsequently Mrs. Gilman, would have made up their minds that he was devoted to Beattie. Most certainly Beattie herself would have been the last to think of such a thing. She liked Mr. Musgrove, but was not in the least disposed to be sentimental about him. As they drove home that evening she talked about him and his surroundings with perfect frankness, and her appreciation was expressed without any reserve. Aunt Ella listened and smiled and nodded from time to time at Uncle Arthur, who was dozing on the opposite seat, and on whom her pantomimic comments were utterly thrown away.

Beattie was taking home with her a parcel of books which Mr. Musgrove had asked to be allowed to lend her. He had soon discovered that her mind was somewhat uninstructed, and being himself a man of literary tastes he took a pleasure in introducing others to his favourite authors. It needed little discernment to ascertain that neither of the guardians of Miss Margetson would do

much for her intellectual development, and it gratified Cecil Musgrove to do something towards forming the taste and educating the mind of this charming young lady. He saw that she was by no means wanting in intelligence, and he thought it would be interesting to watch her growth. He had always lamented in his sisters that they had been satisfied with their good looks to achieve success in life, and prophesied that when they had attained middle-age they would be considered stupid. "A beautiful woman without a mind is a perpetual disappointment," he would say. "She attracts only to weary." And so, to save Beattie from such a condition of empty-headedness, he sent her away with a volume of Ruskin, some selected poems, and the translation of a beautiful little Italian story of which he begged her acceptance.

With this part of the evening's programme, Aunt Ella, if not in sympathy, was far from displeased. If Mr. Musgrove had suggested that Beattie should learn Hebrew she would have taken it as a sign of personal interest and at once ordered a grammar. "Of course," she thought, "if he wants a wife that cares about books, Beattie will have to read them. In the position she will occupy she will have to meet clever people, and though for my part I always consider the men, and still more the women, who are called clever the stupidest of all, still I suppose they understand one another."

So, with motives more disinterested than Mrs. Swannington gave him credit for, Mr. Musgrove began the task of instructing Beattie, an employment not without fascination to himself and altogether beneficial to Beattie. She had neither time nor inclination for much study, but she was an eminently teachable person, and gradually the contact with the thoughts of loftier minds than those of common men, the breathing from time to time of an atmosphere purer and fresher than that of the every-day world, began unconsciously to affect her. In the world of thought there are those who sow in tears and reap in joy their harvest; but there are gleaners too who have neither ploughed, nor sown, nor reaped, nor borne the burden and heat of the day, but they come upon the field and gather here and there a little, and go away the richer. Of such as these was Beattie.

Just about this time too she had been seeing something of Norah. To Norah the life of the intellect was as nothing to the life of the spirit, but there are points where the two come close. This must be so, seeing that all beauty and all nobleness comes from the Father of Light, and Beattie found as she became better acquainted with her girl friend that that which was all new to her was familiar to Norah, who had read a great deal and instinctively

chose the best. Mr. Musgrove held a very different creed from Norah Gilman, and would have had scarcely any sympathy with her on any point, and yet somehow these two combined to produce one effect on Beattie. She began dimly to perceive that there was something in life beyond and above anything Aunt Ella had taught her. This perception became clearer as time went on, but it made no difference in her outward life. The sun was shining brilliantly and she was perfectly happy. It is only when the night is dark one is thankful to remember there is a star shining overhead, and looks for it in the blackness.

The tableaux were a complete success. They took place in the Chelsea town-hall, which was crowded, and the illustrated papers selected for reproduction in a notice of the performance a group in which Mr. Cecil Musgrove and Miss Beattie Margretson were the central figures.

It may well be imagined that two people so gifted with physical beauty were conspicuous on an occasion when looks are the main requisite, with all the accessories of stage lighting and make-up, and when the postures and costumes and surroundings were arranged by the foremost of the rising artists of the day.

One of the subjects selected for four groups was Longfellow's translation of Jasmin's touching poem, "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé." In this, somewhat reluctantly, Norah had been induced to take part, and she represented the village girl Margaret, who had lost her sight. Baptiste, who was to have been her husband, but is about to marry Angela, was undertaken by Cecil Musgrove, while Beattie was the bride. In the first group, which had for a background—

"The mountain-height
Where is perched Castel-Cuillé,
A merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the
eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the
same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the
sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven
has sent
For their delight and our encourage-
ment.

Together blending,
And soon descending,
The narrow sweep
Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant.
The roads should blossom, the roads
should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with gar-
lands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day.
It is Baptiste, and his affianced
maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden."

In the second tableau poor Margaret is seen "in her cottage, lone and dreary," the quiet and pathos of the scene a great contrast to all the life and light and colour of the brilliant one which had preceded it. She has just learnt from her little brother Paul, that the bridal procession has passed by. In the distance the song is heard faintly. Then follows the scene in the church. Angela in her wedding clothes, decked with her crown and flowers, hears, as in the poem, all round her whisper—
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is."

Baptiste has just placed the ring on her finger and pronounced the word which betrays to the listening, tortured Margaret that it is indeed her lover who is marrying another. She has raised the knife with which, but for the fact that "anguish did its work so well," she had meant to take her life.

The last scene of course is the churchyard, where the hearse containing the body of the dead blind girl is being carried, "village girls in robes of snow Follow weeping as they go."

Of all the tableaux this series was the most successful. The contrasts were so effective, and all the peasant dresses were so bright and pretty, besides which the simple pathos of the poem thus shown to them went to the people's hearts. Norah really looked her part, and without possessing dramatic power yet somehow was naturally able to identify herself with the character of the pathetic peasant girl.

"A branch of ivy, dying on the ground."

But though she gained sympathy, it was Angela who was most noticed, Beattie, who always threw herself into everything she did, entered into the spirit of the poem. In the first scene, the brightness, the music, the presence of the other girls and the unusualness of her surroundings excited and pleased her. She looked so brilliant and young and lovely that it seemed hardly possible for Baptiste to continue sad for the thought of Margaret. Everyone was asking "Who is she?"

How it came about there was no knowing, but somehow an idea spread that she and Cecil Musgrove were lovers indeed. More than one of Mrs. Gilman's friends said to her after the performance, "Is it true that those two are really engaged?" Mrs. Swannington was one of those who heard the question; once she was asked it, and her negative was less decided than Mrs. Gilman's. She had a hope that this very evening the engagement would be an accomplished fact.

Indeed there seemed little doubt that Mr. Musgrove was falling under the spell of Beattie's fascination. He could not fail to share in the general admiration of one so fair as she looked that evening, and as they stood together and he held the hand on which he was supposed to have placed the ring, the thought came to him that the part they were playing now might one day be enacted in reality. Cold as he habitually was, he could not be quite unaffected by her presence. He kept close to her

even when they were off the stage. Some of the flowers she wore had been his present. And though he was not a man given to the paying of compliments and the making of pretty speeches, he did not attempt to disguise his delight in her appearance. Beattie received his attentions in a way that tended to increase his interest in her, though it might have made some men hesitate as to their acceptability. She did not show any of that confusion or timidity, with which some young girls meet the advances of men older than themselves; neither did she give evidence of special eagerness or satisfaction when he laid himself out to please her, as some of the ladies of his acquaintance might have done. She did not seek, perhaps she did not desire his love. To the spoiled man of the world her absence of any art was absolutely refreshing. Sometimes he was a little piqued at her indifference. Less frankness on her part would have pointed to a greater power over her. He was a man on whom possession was apt to pall, but he cared to obtain possession. He felt he would like to make Beattie fond of him. And yet he hesitated. Marriage was a great step and he was more ambitious of power than of love.

After the tableaux there was a *soirée* in the body of the hall. Music and refreshments were provided, and those who had taken part in the performance joined their friends. Most of them kept on the becoming fancy dress in which they had been appearing, and made the most of the inevitable congratulations and compliments. As usual the most beautiful were the least vain, and there was no self-consciousness in Beattie as she moved about with Cecil Musgrove, "If she were my wife," he thought, "I should certainly be proud of her," for he noticed more than she the glances which followed them.

Presently, having found her a seat he left her to fetch her an ice. Two old ladies were sitting behind her, gossiping, pointing out people to one another, and talking about them with the freedom which is as common as it is injudicious. Beattie, looking about her, did not at first notice what they said, but presently her own name caught her ear. In some mysterious way, a lowered voice seems to penetrate further than the one employed in common speech, when something is said that is not meant to be overheard.

"Oh, yes," said the speaker, "I was asking the same question. They say Mr. Musgrove is very much in love with her."

"Well, she is certainly very pretty, and I am told she is rich," said another voice.

"He might do worse."
Beattie had grown hot all over. She was blushing furiously when Cecil returned to her and could not meet his eyes. How dared people talk about her and him like that? She was indignant, ashamed, and felt a disposition to cry. Mr. Musgrove found her strangely quiet and constrained. He wondered what had happened to her, and could only suppose she was feeling a reaction

from excitement or that she was tired? For the first time since he had known her he felt she was not quite at ease in his society. She asked him presently to take her to her aunt.

Beattie was not a person who could easily keep things to herself. When she was pleased or sorry, or interested, she was always disposed to tell someone about it. In the carriage under the cover of the darkness she told Mrs. Swannington what she had overheard.

"They oughtn't to say such things, Aunt Ella; I have never thought of marrying Mr. Musgrove."

Aunt Ella laughed.
"You are a silly child, Beattie. What is there to be so angry about? There is no doubt that Mr. Musgrove thinks a great deal of you. Anyone can see it and if you weren't such a baby you would understand. I believe myself he is in love with you! and," she added, "if you heard what he says to the Gilmans about you, you would see I have reason for my beliefs."

"Oh," said Beattie, "I hope he doesn't care for me."

"You hope he doesn't!" said Aunt Ella, amazed and angry. "Why, what nonsense! You ought to consider yourself a most fortunate girl."

Something in her aunt's voice silenced Beattie. She suddenly felt sorry she had followed the impulse which had prompted her to speak. She would not have done so if she had imagined Mr. Musgrove really loved her. If he did he ought to be the first to tell her so. Somehow Aunt Ella's attitude of mind towards the subject made her feel as if she had been unmaidenly to mention it. But as they drove on through the darkness, Mrs. Swannington humming the air of the song the peasants had sung, and Beattie busy with her thought, it flashed upon the girl's mind that if she had any feeling towards him, she would have been too shy to tell even her aunt that their names had been coupled together. And would not something of gladness have mingled with her confusion?

"I don't care for him," she said to

herself, "and so I am right in hoping he does not care for me. And yet, suppose he does? Could I learn to love him? Should I like to be with him always? Should I mind if I never saw him again?"

And then for a moment her thoughts reverted to the day when Michael Anstruther had gone away from Crabsley. She remembered the loneliness, the sense of void, the length of the days that followed his departure. She saw the dark, boyish, earnest face. She recalled the sense of companionship, of mutual comprehension they had in one another's society. She knew of nothing in which Michael was superior to Cecil; indeed it would seem as if the older man had the advantage. And yet, if at that moment she had had to choose between them she would have chosen Michael.

At that moment. But impressionable, easily influenced, and warm-hearted, what might not time and persuasion do? If he loved her?

(To be continued.)



GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

PART III.

IN AND OUT OF PRISON.

"I was in prison and ye visited me."

Pioneer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, passed to her rest.

A Few of the Present Workers.

Mrs. Meredith, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Battersea, Miss Bartlett, and Miss Cadbury.

OF all work undertaken by women in the present day for the sake of comforting and helping the sad, the afflicted, and despairing of their own sex none requires more tact, discretion, and self-control than that of visiting the prisons and helping discharged prisoners; and even these qualifications would avail but little unless the women-workers believed in humanity and loved it.

It is not a work handed down through the ages from women to women; it is an outcome of this nineteenth century, started and set going by one gentle, delicate woman in 1818, a period of our history when, if any woman moved perceptibly out of the ordinary ways of life, she laid herself open to misconception and even contempt, for the days of Woman's Mission had not then dawned.

One of the characteristics of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the pioneer prison-visitor, which so peculiarly fitted her for the work, was that in every human being, however degraded, she saw the spark of divinity, which, as she said, might be overlaid with sin, vice, and ignorance, but was never wholly extinct. She believed in all, and despaired of none, and such, I take it, should be the spirit of those who would be her successors.

When she first visited the wards of Newgate

she found them so demoralised that even the governor entered with reluctance. In fact, they were more like dens of wild beasts.

Clever woman that she was, she found her way to the hearts of the prisoners by caring for their children. But all this is matter of history, and I have to deal with the work of to-day, which is so quietly and effectually performed that outsiders have no idea of its extent and influence.

To begin with Mrs. Meredith—all the love of her heart, her means, her energies, her great organising talent, her fascinating manners, her strength of character, have been and are devoted to the service of the class of women known as criminals. She has immense power over them, and whatever their sins and shortcomings they know how to reverence and love her. I happened to mention to some of them that I was going to see Mrs. Meredith, and their quick response was, "Pray, lady, give her our love."

Her interest in female prisoners began as a child, and her earliest recollections are of visits to Irish prisons with her father, and Bible-readings in gloomy cells. As she grew older she yearned intensely to improve the condition of women undergoing long sentences of penal servitude, and she spared no efforts to gain permission from the Director-General of Convict Prisons to visit them in their cells. At length in 1866 she succeeded, and every morning for some years she journeyed from her home in Bayswater to visit the prisoners in the London prisons. In her own words, "I had personal dealings with every individual in Brixton Prison, then the chief convict prison for women; with some as they sat at work, with others in the infirmary as they lay in bed, and occasionally in the cells with those condemned to solitary confinement. I had perfect freedom to converse with them and to inform myself as to their condition."

The conclusion she arrived at was that help was even more needed at the time of their discharge than during the actual period of their imprisonment, for passing out of the prison gates they found themselves once again in the midst of their degraded associates, and necessarily fell into the old temptations unless love and sympathy were powerful enough to make them pause. It was the recognition of this fact that started the Prison Gate Mission, the members of which take their places among the criminal gangs waiting to receive the discharged prisoners, and take them past the public-houses to a good breakfast, which was presided over for many years by Lady Emily Peppys.

Nor was this the only outcome of Mrs. Meredith's knowledge of the needs of these poor people. She rented two houses next her own in Bayswater which she opened as a Refuge, where women needing help could get it, and a kind encouraging word besides.

But Bayswater was eminently respectable, and objected very strongly to the intrusion of this class of woman into their midst, therefore Mrs. Meredith removed her Refuge to Nine Elms, and under the sanction of the Home Office it became the "Discharged prisoners' a 1," in connection with H.M. prisons. She opened a laundry here in 1867 in order to give employment to those whom no one else would engage. In 1881 the laundry was removed to Clapham Road to what had formerly been the marble rink. It is still there, adjoining the headquarters of the various missions carried on by Mrs. Meredith and her many helpers.

So rapidly did her work increase, that help became necessary. The first to volunteer was her sister, Miss Lloyd, who has been her steady assistant from that day to this; gradually others volunteered, till now she has an army of three hundred and seventy-five devoted women-workers, seventy only of whom are paid, and

they all spend their lives in the service of outcast women and their neglected children.

We spent some time in the laundry last week, where we found as many as sixty women and girls, all discharged prisoners, working quietly and industriously; and in another room, those who were not strong enough for laundry work were occupied in making felt slippers, rugs and dusting-brushes. For a day's work each receives one shilling and two good meals. I hope one day to tell you all I saw here and at Princess Mary's Village Homes, where the children of prisoners are cared for by Mrs. Meredith—here is not room in this sketch.

One of her great desires is to detach prisoners from their friends when they come out of prison, for unless this is secured, they almost invariably fall into the old grooves and habits of crime.

There is no limit to Mrs. Meredith's sympathies where women prisoners are concerned. I think it is a beautiful thought of hers that every woman in prison, not only in England but in other countries as well, should receive a letter on Christmas morning, prettily illustrated and in her own language—not printed but written—to remind her of the season, and to show her that she is not forgotten by friends outside. Think what this is to each individual shut away from all life's joys?

If Mrs. Meredith did nothing else her name would be held in reverence and love. God grant her life and strength to continue her works of loving service to the criminal class.

The appointment of lady visitors to female convict prisons was not decided on until 1895, when the first to be nominated were Adeline, Duchess of Bedford and Lady Battersea, the first for long sentence prisons and the latter for short sentence prisons; Miss Cadbury and Miss Bartlett were also visitors in the latter.

By long sentence is understood from three years to five, ten, fifteen, and reaching to life sentences; short sentence from a week to three years.

Strictly speaking the only long sentence prison for women in this country is that at Aylesbury, lately removed from Woking, where about two hundred women and girls are working out their sentences; many for very grave offences, and several for life. The years of imprisonment may be reduced to two-thirds by good conduct, and many succeed in getting this reduction.

The work for these ladies was new and might have been very difficult had not the authorities done all in their power to render it possible. The appointment of lady visitors to the various prisons is a most merciful deed. Think what their presence means inside those walls; the kind words spoken, the interest displayed in the prisoners' past, the mention of husband and child, the pleasure of being called by their name instead of by a number, and to feel that they may look forward to these glimpses of happiness at stated times during the long years of imprisonment. Why, it makes all the difference in the world to the poor women shut away from outside life and hope.

Of course, the success of this new departure in prison life must depend in a great measure on the character and capability of the visitors appointed. It is essential that they possess the power of real, true, human fellowship and sympathy without indulging in sentimentalism; it is equally necessary that their compassion be bracing and their sympathy have moral force.

These qualifications are possessed largely by the ladies appointed in 1895; they are gaining influence over the prisoners who trust them, and the governors, matrons and chaplains look upon them as fellow-workers.

Any break in the fearful monotony of

prison life is a boon; this was seen last year at the re-opening of the chapel at the Aylesbury convict prison. It had a cheering influence upon the prisoners, and as the Duchess went through the workshops and twine rooms and among the women gardeners after the service, she noticed that they looked happier and brighter, and some of them said, "The church will be like home to us," while others remarked, "We feel out of prison on Sundays."

Any reasonable suggestions made by the visitors for the benefit of the prisoners are listened to by the authorities and granted if they do not interfere with the prison discipline.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford, speaking from her own experience, says that "To be of use the visits should be frequent and regular, that visitors should each keep a diary recording all dealings with each individual case, that it is better to know a few prisoners well than many superficially, that promises once made by lady-visitors to prisoners must be strictly kept and confidences respected, and that hope must be the keynote of their work."

The help given by these ladies to prisoners before their discharge is very important, and in many cases influences the whole of their after-life for good. We cannot give details of this lady's visits to the Aylesbury Prison, as they must be held sacred between her and those whom she comforts and strengthens. It is enough for us to know that she is working, and that she is exactly the one to cheer and brighten and build up the characters of those among whom she ministers.

Short terms are those varying from a week to three years. Lady Battersea, Miss Cadbury, and Miss Bartlett are all visitors in short-term prisons.

Short-sentence prisoners are under great disadvantages. The time they spend in prison is not sufficient for visitors to gain a hold on their hearts or consciences, nor have they the opportunity of lessening the term by good conduct.

Many of the prisoners have been dragged down by bad companions, drink, or evil inheritance, and the value of lady-visitors is often very great.

The quiet of the cells is sometimes salutary, and they will occasionally turn to the visitor voluntarily, and as Miss Cadbury says, when such an opportunity arises the visitor must answer to it by showing at once that she is a friend and not a judge.

I have been astonished to find that long-term prisoners look down upon short-term prisoners, and consider themselves greatly superior to them. When I asked for an explanation the answer was "short terms" go in and out of prison for dirty, mean actions or for drunkenness, while the "long term" are in for some great intellectual failure, or for the committal of some crime through accident."

One of the great difficulties in dealing with short-term prisoners is the impossibility of believing them. They love to baffle the visitor by false statements, and are quite pleased if they succeed.

A lady, after listening to a woman who is constantly in and out of prison, said—

"But is it not a very dreadful state to be in, that of being obliged to tell lies for your living?"

"Not at all, ma'am; we like it."

"Like it?" said the lady. "Do you never think of the end of those who tell lies?"

"It never troubles me, ma'am; but I have heard of some afraid to die when the time comes."

"Suppose your time was come, wouldn't you be afraid, too?"

"I don't know about being afraid, but I shouldn't be surprised if I told the truth then."

"It may be too late in a dying moment to

get out of the grasp of the father of lies," said the lady.

"There, ma'am, you'll never terrify me. I don't mind and I don't care nothing about the fire and brimstone. I'm not a criminal; I'm only a poor beggar, and that's the truth."

"I thought you were often committed for drunkenness?"

"Not I, ma'am; I daren't drink lest I should tell the truth." * I give this as a specimen of the difficulties met with by lady-visitors.

"No work is harder," says Miss Cadbury, of Birmingham, "than that among inebriates, for whom short sentences are useless. The far larger number of our short-sentence prisoners come in through drink, many of whom belong by right to what is called good society."

Miss Bartlett's experience is that if a visitor wishes to gain the confidence of the prisoners she must not be the least official either in manner or dress, but be as natural and sincere as possible. In illustration of this she says that a very refractory girl had been placed in the punishment cell, and for many days she was not allowed to see her. At length permission was granted, and Miss Bartlett waited in the matron's room, trembling secretly, and wondering what she should say to the culprit.

Presently the girl entered and, as she did so, burst into a laugh so natural and infectious that she could not help joining in. This broke the ice, and they became fast friends. The girl improved wonderfully, and when she came out married a steady, good man, and last year sent Miss Bartlett a photograph of her first baby.

A visitor must deal with the prisoner as woman to woman, not as woman to criminal, if she is to be of real service.

All lady visitors speaking from their experience say that short sentences are a mistake. They harden the girls, whereas long sentences are better for the women and better for society generally.

Lady Battersea tells a pathetic story. During her visits to the Protestant prisoners the Roman Catholic priest asked her if she would be so good as to visit his women as well. One of these was taken so ill that when her sentence expired she was dying and could not be removed. It was very bitter to her to die after all in prison, but Lady Battersea in her own infinitely tender way, soothed her by promising to send flowers to be put on her grave, so that it should not look like a common prisoner's grave. This removed the sting, and cheered her greatly, and she told all who came near her of the good news.

It is by such little acts of womanliness the hearts of these poor people are reached and taught to hope.

The work being done both for women and girls to prevent them drifting into crime, and being criminals, to lift them out of the condition, would fill the whole number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Quite an army of gentlewomen are devoting their lives and means to this end. Not the least Christ-like work is taking the little children of the criminal class right away from their surroundings, caring for them and training them to be good useful members of society. An account of this special work I hope to give some other time, if I am allowed by the Editor to do so.

The whole work in connection with prisons which has been growing all through our dear Queen's reign is one that will do it honour, and be the means of making good citizens and loyal subjects out of those who might have been a terror in our midst.

"I was in prison and ye visited me."

* This is part of a conversation between one of Mrs. Meredith's helpers and a woman always in and out of prison.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

In the frocks for to-morrow as well as in those of to-day, the prevailing element is extreme lightness, and all the airy character that is given by *tulle*, gauze, and *chiffon*. But none of these, alas, are inexpensive, nor calculated to suit the purses of those who have an allowance only to dress upon. So we must fall back on something which is nearly as transparent, and far less expensive. This is found in the new woollen grenadines and gauzes, and also in those of even cheaper descriptions, made in linen and cotton. These are of wide width, generally forty-five inches, and so though the price may look large, there is so much material for the money, it is not dear. Those who have old coloured, or black silks, or satins, will now be able to make use of them, and even a pattern of the most flowery kind will not be a drawback; for some of the prettiest dresses are composed of brocaded gowns, with an overdress of gauze or grenadi e.

All our illustrations in the present number are intended for summer use, and are of thin materials, so that you can see how to make use of any dresses you may have of silks or satins, or even of colours, and patterns in the way I have described. Our first one, which shows a gown of muslin, made-up over a silk underskirt, is a case in point, as it may be used for anything in the way of material. The muslin skirt has one of the fashionable Spanish flounces, which is edged in its turn with another narrower flounce, on which are several rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. The top of this flounce has a double heading. The bodice is of the muslin made over the same coloured silk. The cape has the rounded corners of the newest models, and is of a very pale grey cloth. It has three capes, and each is edged with rows of gathered white ribbon. There is a high collar which is lined with white satin, and covered with lace.

The figure at the back is wearing one of those new straight-cut sacque jackets, which seem to have made a fresh appearance this season, and have been adopted as a suitable shape by the waterproofing companies, and it commends itself to everyone, as easy to put on, with room underneath it for any amount of frills and furbelows. But though it is sensibly designed and convenient, it is rather an unbecoming garment, though for country wear and for driving, nothing can be more suitable.

Tucks and flounces are the two forms which our skirt decoration takes to-day; but it is not wonderful to see that the plain skirt has so many votaries, when it has been in favour so long. In the "Gown with tucks, and the lace skirt and flounces," both styles are shown. The first gown is made of one of the new *voiles* in pale grey, trimmed with pale blue. The tucks on the skirt are an inch in width, and all run horizontally; but those on the bodice are vertical. The sleeves are also tucked, and the bodice has a lace yoke, and a shaped cape of the blue silk and guipure lace sprays. The parasol, or more properly *entout-cas*, held by this figure, will give an idea of the wonderful way in which those of the present season are decorated with gathers and folds inside, where most of the ornamentation is seen this year.

The second figure, with the lace flounced dress, shows almost the prettiest lace gown that we have seen this season. The material is Russian net, insertion and lace; and the style of making is carefully shown. A frill of net or lace goes round the shoulders, forming,



GOWN OF MUSLIN OVER COLOURED SILK.

with a second frill, the shoulder epaulettes. The sleeves are gathered, and finished by frills at the wrists. This dress may be made up over a colour, or over black.

We are still devoted to grey, and so many of our newest gowns will be found to be of this colour, in various materials, that it seems almost like a uniform. The grey is relieved with pale yellows, pale blues and pinks, and plenty of white. In the way of blues turquoise is always prominent and seems to be more popular than the *perveuche*, or periwinkle blue, with its rather colder tints. Neapolitan violets, in all their shades, are much worn, and the darkest red-purple are constantly used as dresses in cloths, and even cashmeres. Dark blue for tailor-made gowns is extremely popular, and is relieved by bands of white braid, or even of gold and silver. Fawn-coloured cloth gowns are of a novel shade, which is composed of a good deal of pink, which gives a pleasantly warm tone to it; and the new drabs appear to me to be much yellower in tint. String-colour, burnt straw-colour, and patty, are all in favour for neutral coloured gowns. Very deep rose-pink, and *cerise* and yellow of a very clear tone, are much used on hats. On the French hats the mixture of colours is something remarkable; green, blue, mauve, yellow and pink, being all represented in force on a recent importation. Two colours which are gaining in popularity for dresses are the tangerine yellow and hyacinth blue. The first is seen in cambics and silks, and in richer materials for evening dress. The latter promises to be the colour for tailor-made gowns of the fine thin summer cloths. It is also much seen in silks of a light kind for summer dresses. Green shades are very bright and crude; and nothing can exceed the brightness of some of the silk blouses, in such hues as rose-pink, yellow, poppy-red, or lettuce-green.

Something must be said here about the newest materials for summer gowns, of which the one most in evidence seems to be the taffetas, *glaces*, and shot, which have taken the place of foulards and other light silks. For people who require non-washing gowns, these are excellent materials, and their price is surprisingly small. *Voiles* are the next for economical purposes, and they are so transparent they are almost grenadines, and there are a number of new woollen materials which partake of the canvas and hopsacking weavings, and possess the attractions of both. The canvases I should particularly recommend, as they really seem everlasting.

And now I must devote some of my space to the charming muslins which are being shown. Beginning with those white ones in boxes, with Swiss embroidery on them, and intended to be made-up over silk slips, to the beautifully printed Organdy muslins which are used to make the most charming blouses, which are either flowered or striped, as the wearer prefers. *Piqué* and linen gowns, or rather coats and skirts, will be as much used as ever this year, and the report is, that the white *piqué* skirts of last year will be worn this year with coloured blouses, and the white coats with coloured skirts. There are plenty of white muslin blouses both plain and spotted to be seen, the latter are far more costly than the former in the shops.

Our last illustration gives us one of these pretty muslin frocks which was white with a small spot or sprig on it. It is trimmed with rows of insertion and tiny frills of the muslin. The collar-band and the waist-band are of green velvet, to match the muslin in shade, and the revers are lined with green silk as well as the *plastron* in front. The skirt may also be worn over a green lining, but instead

of silk, batiste and sateen are often used, the new sateens being very superior to the old.

I am sure you will already have had your attention drawn to the *chiffon ruches*, which form such a feature of our trimmings this summer. They are much used for decorating both day and evening bodices. On the former they are often laid on in trellises or squares, which cover the whole surface of the bodice. They are made and sold in all the shops in the chief colours; but no shades of any of them. Black, white cream, navy blue, and red are those mostly seen. The next fashionable trimming is piping, which seems as much in favour as it was last year. The accordion pleatings are much in favour, and so are flutings of all kinds. Nearly all the corners this year are rounded, none are left square, and this fashion extends to capes and jackets, which have rounded fronts; the frills of the

former meeting under the chin, as shown in our illustration. There is no change in the shape of collars, as the high one is such a universal favourite, it will take some time to dislodge it. I had nearly forgotten to include baby-ribbon in my list of trimmings. It is gathered at one edge, and not in the middle, and is applied to dresses in a kind of trailing pattern which takes time and skill.

The very newest hats from Paris are turned up in front, and are called *Polichinelle*. Under the brim, where it is turned up, there is a *bandeau* of feathers, flowers, or ribbon, or else velvet made into one of the favourite rosettes which are seen on so many hats. Several curling tips are arranged at the side; and at the back: there is a wired bow of *chiffon*. A great deal of trimming is used on all our hats, but there are some straw shapes which have so much straw trimming on them that



GOWN WITH TUCKS, AND LACE SKIRT WITH FLOUNCES.



MUSLIN FROCK.

they need very little else. There are several new materials for millinery, amongst others *tulle* with all kinds of fancy patterns on it, and the shaded *tulle* which shows two colours in the width. Gauze and velvet are also used, and a good deal of *chiffon*, but this is twisted and wired in such a manner that it does not get out of shape very soon, and is more lasting. Paste ornaments add brightness to all our hats and bonnets, and black and white seem to me to be still the most favoured mixture. Roses are more worn than any other flower, but nasturtiums and carnations will, I think, be much employed later on. They are both the most beautiful imitations that can be imagined. Lilac and laburnum in mauve flowers are superseding violets, and I notice that the yellow poppies are produced in profusion, and will be used later on no doubt. The toque is as well loved as ever, and consequently bonnets have been less seen; but just at present there is an invasion of bonnets with strings in some of the best milliners' shops, and

so we may begin to wear them before long.

In many quarters I hear that we are to return to the wearing of white stockings this year, and that great preparations are made to supply this expected need. White cashmere stockings are embroidered with white silk, and are prepared for garden-parties, and all out-of-door dressy occasions. White silk and spun silk are also to be found, and the cashmere in white will be worn with the white, tan, green, and grey leather boots, which are so much to be seen in the shop windows. I do not believe, however, in any wholesale adoption of white stockings, for we have all proved the comfort of black ones for so long. Certainly we should have to change our white stockings in London every day, or at least every second day, and even then, with the protection of shoes, they would not be clean.

The Redingote has been lately much seen, but it is an expensive garment, and too cumbersome for walking-wear. Amongst our expenses this year we shall have the white and cream-coloured lace and muslin neckties, which every one is already wearing, and the increased amount of lace which decorates us so profusely. Though there are fewer veils to be seen, still I notice that white lace washings ones continue to be supplied by the fashionable milliners, to be worn with sailor hats; for bicycling specially. As regards all others, I hear they will not be worn if there should be hot weather.

No more large fans are to be used. Instead of them we are to have the very small fans of the Louis XIV. period; and there is no doubt that they will be easier to carry than the large ones. Any fan small enough to be bestowed in the pocket is a very distinct boon. Very pretty little Spanish ones are to be found, and also small Japanese importations, which are pretty enough to be used with evening attire.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

NEW boots and shoes should not be tried on in the early morning, but later in the day, when the feet have expanded with exercise.

HALF a pint of sweet oil taken immediately is an effectual antidote to most poisons.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT two months had elapsed since Dr. André's return to Paris, during which the fever epidemic raged without intermission, increasing in virulence as a hot August was succeeded by a stifling month of September.

One night about twelve o'clock Dr. André went into the *pasteur's* house. The door was opened to him by a very old woman who knew him well, the only one of Père Nicholas' household remaining with him.

"Come in, come in, monsieur, and sit down. The *pasteur* came in ten minutes ago, and is changing his coat. I have got an omelet and a bottle of wine for him. Sit down, and I will do the like for you."

Dr. André obeyed, and old Amélie went off muttering to herself, "*Dame*, those who work must eat."

Father Nicholas entered a few minutes later, refreshed by rapid ablutions.

"Well, André, do you want me?"

"I shall want you to-morrow morning—not to-night, my friend."

"Who for this time?"

"A terrible sinner, Antoinette Larcate; she will go about sunrise, she is in a stupor now, so it would but waste your time to go sooner. Poor soul, she comes from the Landes, and talks and babbles of the fresh winds blowing over the wild open dunes."

"And have you done anything about Gaston the sweep's children? six little ones, the eldest ten years old, and the mother dead."

"Yes, they are all right. Sœur Eustacie is with them, two of the children are very ill; the baby died an hour ago. Sœur Eustacie could not leave the boy of three years old, he was choking so; that is the worst of these

dreadful throats. The baby was weak and small, she made no fight for her life, but died here, in my arms. What a pretty thing a little baby is. The poor, little, sunshiny, pretty things—how could one bear to see that awful fight for breath, and cry of pain, if one did not know that the angels were waiting to carry them straight home."

"Ah, it is not the children who break one's heart," said Father Nicholas. "Tell me, my boy—this Antoinette."

"She is a great sinner, father, but listen. Do you know how she caught the fever? She was about to fly (as all who can do so must) out of this den of infection, when her maid was taken ill, and she stayed to nurse her. She could get no help, for the hospitals are full. The woman died; they are all dying now. God help us! and she was taken ill herself. It is her life, you see, her very life that she has given for another."

"Poor soul, poor soul! Do not mind if her death is terrible. She must go through it, and drink the cup of repentance to the very dregs. She must suffer. Death-beds after all are not meant for the lookers-on. They are realities, played out between the soul and its Maker. Our human interference is over, except in the way of intercession. And that last new treatment of yours, does it not succeed?"

A look of care crossed the young man's brow. "It ought to succeed," he said. "Anyhow, it seems to alleviate pain, but who can recover in an atmosphere like this? Every breath you breathe is pestilential! They die and they die! If only a great storm would come; nothing else will break the spell. But one must try to be patient. In the hospitals they are almost in despair."

"It is fearfully hot to-night," said Father Nicholas, wiping his brow. "There is not a breath of air, and the smell of the streets is horrible."

"Thanks for your hospitality, my friend," said Dr. André rising to his feet, "I must be off now. I must look in on one or two people as I go home, but I promise myself a few hours in bed. I shall be at Antoinette Lacarte's house by five to-morrow morning. Good-night, sleep well."

An hour later, his last visits over, Dr. André was slowly mounting the stairs to his own room when a door opened, and Nanon looked out wildly.

"Oh, *docteur!*" she exclaimed, "thank God it is you. Come in, it has come, the last of them!"

"Poor Nanon," said Dr. André softly. "Poor Nanon. Remember that God is good."

"So you say, *docteur*, but the good God has forgotten me!"

"That can never be, my friend," said Dr. André. "Let me come in."

"But you also need rest! You have had that breathlessness again? You ought to sleep. Oh! what shall I do?"

"What you shall do is very simple *ma bonne*. Take me to my little Fifine."

He went through the little room and opened a rickety door into another apartment. On a little low pallet Fifine was lying, the half-starved cat beside her. When she saw Dr. André she leapt up, and threw her arms round him,

falling back again with a choking cry of pain.

He laid her down and covered her carefully while he took the burning little hand into his.

"How long has this been going on?" he said gently to her mother.

"Since mid-day, and I knew that you were at the hospital and could not come."

"I wish we could get this little one into the hospital," said Dr. André, but Nanon shrank back with a shuddering cry—

"Oh no, no, dear *docteur*, no one ever comes out alive now!"

"Do not be afraid, Nanon; she cannot go there, for there is not a single vacant bed."

"Ah, that is well," said the poor woman breathing freely.

All this time Dr. André was trying the child's temperature. When he glanced at his clinical thermometer he did not betray his consternation; the fever was raging.

Presently he got up, went to the table and wrote out some directions on a leaf of his pocket-book.

"Here, Nanon," he said. "Quick, take this round to the hospital. Give it to the night-porter, and if you wait a few minutes he will give you all these things. Go quietly, it is very hot and there is no use in hurrying."

Nanon hastily put on her ragged bonnet and went out, not trusting herself to glance at little Fifine, who was tossing and moaning pitifully.

After a few moments had passed Dr. André was startled by hearing the child's voice saying with great difficulty—

"Monsieur."

"My child." He came close to her.

"Now mother has gone, tell me—am I going to die?"

"Yes, Fifine."

"Will it hurt?"

"For a very little while, Fifine, and then never again, child, never again!"

"Do not tell mother."

"We need not tell her, Fifine."

"When it hurts, will you hold my hand?"

"For a little while, Fifine, yes—and then—"

"Then, monsieur?"

"You will see Jesus."

"And will He love me, monsieur? I am so naughty, so ugly, they say."

"He will love you, Fifine, nothing can separate you from His love. There will be no more tears, no more sorrow there, no more naughtiness."

"You know it, monsieur?"

"I know it, Fifine."

"And will you come soon, monsieur? I love you so."

"I don't know, my child. Perhaps, but there is so much still to do."

"You will come when you are tired then, and cannot work any more?"

"Yes, Fifine, and rest."

The child dozed a little while, then he made a slight movement to rise, but the little hot fingers clenched tightly on his hand.

"Don't go! don't go! You promised to hold my hand, for it hurts! it hurts!"

And André sat down quietly.

Presently Nanon hurried in with the medicines and remedies from the hospital, and she held up the little dark tangled head while Dr. André tried to pour the medicine down her throat, but it was of no use, she could not swallow.

"Oh, try again, try again, dear *docteur!*" cried the poor mother, but the next trial failed also, and Nanon looked up at him with dumb despair in her eyes.

They tried all the resources of science through the night, but nothing seemed to avail. Dr. André could not leave the child, but as daylight streamed in message after message came for him. To some he was able to send directions written down, to others a verbal message that he would come presently.

About eight o'clock a twisted note was brought to him by a little street urchin.

"Do not waste time coming to Antoinette Lacarte, it is over. I was with her at the end."

"NICHOLAS."

Nanon suddenly uttered a low cry.

"*Docteur! Docteur!*"

The change had come. Dr. André remembered his promise and held the little hand fast. But perhaps it did not hurt, for when the last fluttering breath had ceased, little Fifine's face wore a still, rapt expression. It must have been so with the little children of yore, when Jesus took them up in His arms and blessed them.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Prune Mould.—Half a pound of good prunes stewed in a pint of cold water until thoroughly tender, when carefully remove the stones. Add to them the juice of half a lemon, a little more water, four ounces of loaf sugar and an ounce of gelatine. Put all into a stewpan together, let it stand for an hour, then simmer on the stove for half-an-hour; when it has boiled up once, put into a mould, and when quite set turn out and serve with a whipped cream around it.

Other stewing fruits to our hand in winter

are pears, dates, dried apricots and Normandy pippins. The two last-named require soaking in cold water previous to cooking.

Almond Cheesecakes.—Pound two ounces and a half of sweet and bitter almonds mixed, and add to them a quarter of a pound of butter, beaten to a cream, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Beat together the yolks and whites of three eggs well, and mix the ingredients thoroughly together. Make some light pastry with a quarter of a pound of flour and a quarter

of a pound of butter, and line some patty pans with it, pouring the mixture in the centre. Place strips of blanched almonds on each cheesecake and bake a light brown. These are delicious.

A Fours Salad.—Slice evenly and thinly one cold boiled Spanish onion, a small boiled beetroot, a large potato, also boiled and cold, and a cucumber. Lay the slices alternately in a shallow dish, garnish the edge with pickled watercress, and dress with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar.

HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH VERSE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

PART III.

ANAPÆSTIC AND DACTYLIC VERSE.

"THE ÄSSÿ | rī(a)n cāme dōwn | līke thē wōlf |
 ōn thē fōld, |
 Änd hīs cō | hōrts wēre glēam | līng īn pūr- |
 plē änd göld, ||
 Änd thē shēen | ōf thēir spēars | wās līke
 stārs | ōn thē sēa |
 Whēn thē blāe | wāve rōlls nīght | lī ōn
 dēep | Gällfēe." ||

This is a good and characteristic example of anapæstic verse. The line and the stanza alike represent the anapæst in its most popular if not in its most favourable English form. An anapæst, as the scansion above has already signified, consists of two short syllables followed by a long one $\cup\cup-$. Anapæstic verse has long lost its popularity. For a brilliant period, under the spirited auspices of Messrs. Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell and company, it might almost be said to dominate the lyric and short narrative poem. Who does not know and admire "Young Lochinvar" and "Tamburgh," and "The Meeting of the Waters" and "The Irish Harper"? Down to the period when Wordsworth's influence had thoroughly leavened the literary instinct of England, the anapæst had things pretty much its own way. It was swift and gay and nimble: it gave of its own momentum a swing which the writer might vainly have sought to inspire: its beat was so firm and mechanical that once set in motion even imbecility, ignorance and a bad ear could hardly fail to maintain it. But its excellences were also its weaknesses. It was monotonous, wearisome, inflexible. The ordinary writer had it under no better control than had Goose Gibbie the heavy charger of Lady Margaret Bellenend. It had a hard mouth, and it carried the rider with grievous bumpings into all sorts of awkward places. I doubt if Tennyson ever wrote an anapæstic line. Wordsworth did venture once or twice to tread the anapæstic measure: and a sad dance he was led. It carries meditation as a wild ass carries a basket of eggs. Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Morris, Patmore, Rossetti—I cannot recall its use among the later men. Robert Browning did furnish one memorable example of anapæstic verse—as it should not be written:—

"Nēck bÿ nēck, | strīde bÿ strīde, | nēvēr
 chāng | fug ōur plāce." ||

on such wise goeth the simple dromedary—whose misfortune it is—when he is in particularly high spirits—to jolt his rider asunder.

At the present moment then, be it remembered, the once fashionable anapæst is under a cloud. I doubt if he will ever emerge. But you must know all about him, and be able to manage him all the same; for though no longer served as a joint, he still contributes his elements to the stock of English verse.

The difficulty of writing anapæsts resides in the paucity of syllables truly short. Think of the destitution which could make a writer accept *stride* as anything but a very long syllable. Three consonants (one of them an *s*) to start with, then a resolute vowel, and after that a consonant with a mute sound, adding at least to the length of the syllable as read.

Schleicht: if Browning had written in German, with a light heart he would have made a short syllable of that. Verily he would, bless his godlike brain and his elephantine ear. (By the way, elephants are more musical than I was allowing: they all perform a little on the trumpet.)

Another stumbling-block to the modern anapæstic bard is the prevalence of little

words. It takes practice and some natural gift not to kick dissonance out of those loose stones. The more monosyllabic the more vigorous the verse will be; but the *verse* will be won at the price of the music. Browning's lines are a splendid specimen of powerful narrative: the very scramble of the verse adds to the breathless effect of the whole effect. One might have thought even the ungainly short syllables a part of the intention, had he reserved them for such an effect as this. But he scrambles and shambles under Juliet's window—in his new pumps—quite as badly as when he runs over cobble stones to mount his stout galloper Roland.

"Jūānī | tā, bēhōld | īn vōlū | mīnoūs wīte, |
 Lēōnō | rā thē beāu | tīfūl, rō | sīlÿ brīght!" ||

There! That is a fair sample of anapæstic run. The slightest clogging of consonants: the clearest and softest vowel sounds: the sharpest clink of the long (or accented) syllables—these make up the ordinary excellences of the verse.

The anapæstic stanza is frequently written with rhymes in the alternate lines:—

"Wē māy rōam | thrōugh thī wōrld | līke ā
 chīld | āt ā feāst, |
 Whō bāt sīps | ōf ā swēet, | änd thēn
 flīes | tō thē rēst; ||
 Änd whēn pleā | sūre bēgīns | tō grōw dūll |
 īn thē Eāst, ||
 Wē māy ōr | dēr ōūr wīngs, | änd bē
 ōff | tō thē West." ||

That is not a favourable example of Tommy Moore's skill as a lyricist. The lines hop, instead of flowing, by reason of the excess of monosyllabic words. Then the rhymes have quite a *curiosa infelicitas*—an elaborate infelicity. They all fizz and sputter with sibilants—a terrible defect in lines meant to be sung. Furthermore, the vowel *e*, especially when long as in *cast*, shuts up the mouth, and the voice is squeezed out as juice from a reluctant lemon. And, yet once more, the almost identity of the sound in the two pairs of rhymes confuses and worries the ear.

One of the chief pleasures of verse is the contrast of the alternate rhymes.

Notice the gain in clearness and in charm which belongs to these lines by the same hand. They represent the most popular of all anapæstic stanzas:—Four anapæsts in the odd lines; three anapæsts in the even lines.

"It īs | nōt whīle beāu | tÿ änd yōuth | āre
 thīne ōwn, |
 Änd thÿ chēeks | ünprōfāned | bÿ ā tēar, ||
 Thāt thē fer | vōur änd fāith | ōf ā sōul |
 māy bē knōwn |
 Tō whīch tīme | wīll but māke | thēe
 mōre dēar." ||

Here there is still too much suggestion of an agile wooden leg, but the rhymes are vastly better. Short anapæstic lines are hardly fit for anything but comic verse. Their bumpiness is cruel:—

"Yōū māy rōmp |
 If yōu līke ||
 Ōa ā cōmp- |
 ētēt bīke." ||

But here is a passable stanza:—

Alternate rhymes: 2 anapæsts in each line.

"Dō I slēep, | dō I drēam, |
 Dō I wōn | dēr änd dōubt; ||
 Äfē thīngs | whāt thēy sēem, |
 Ōr āre vīs | īōns äböut? ||"

* I take the liberty of omitting the last two lines of the stanza.

I hope that what I am now to say has been anticipated by all my readers. In the third line there is an irregularity. The anapæst has one short syllable docked—in fact not an anapæst $\cup\cup-$, but an iambus $\cup-$.

Exactly. That independence is not a laxity, but the assertion of a principle. The first foot of an anapæstic line is variable. All that it wants, in fact, is a long syllable, or, let us say, an accent.

I do not mean to say that there is absolute licence in the matter, but under the government of a good and practised ear this opening foot may stand:—

(1) $\cup\cup-$ |
 (2) $\cup-$ |
 (3) - |

Beginners should never make experiments: metrical, like other liberties, are dearly won.

If mÿ rēa | dērs wīll fōl | lōw ā wēll | ās
 thēy cān |

Thīs fār | frōm ēlāb | ōrāte mēt | rīcāl
 plān, ||

Sōon | thēy shāl mūt | tēr, ōr lōud | lÿ
 exclām, |

Dāctÿl | ōr ānāpæst! | whāt's īn ā | nāme? ||

Pause and consider. In that last line we have raised a point of some importance.

A dactyl is, individually and separately, an anapæst turned upside down. Instead of two shorts and a long $\cup\cup-$, it is a long and two shorts $- \cup\cup$.

"Stīll | fōr āll | slīps ēf hērs, |
 Ōne ōf Evē's | famīly, ||
 Wīpe thōse pō- | rī lips ōf hērs |
 Ōozīng sō | clāmnlÿ." ||

That is a sample of pure dactylic verse, and pure samples are few. The English accent is not dactylic, and the difficulty of maintaining it is proved by the quotation. Except *famīly* and *clāmnlÿ* there is not a good dactyl in the four lines. All the rest are either lumbering or forced. And yet Hood was a master of every metrical resource, and that poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," has always been considered one of his finest metrical achievements.

As a rule, not a dactyl but a long syllable ends the line in so-called dactylic verse:—

"Wārriōrs änd | chīefs! shōuld thē | shāft ōr
 thē | swōrd ||
 Pīerce mē īn | lēādīng thē | hōst ōf thē |
 Lord." ||

That is the characteristic dactylic verse. If a rhyme be introduced in the middle of the line—a difficult introduction to bring about—the long syllable still comes where it did:—

"Tāke hēr ūp | tēndērly, |
 Līft hēr wīth | cārē, ||
 Fāshīōn'd sō | slēndērly,
 Yōung änd sō | fāir." ||

Here is an example of dactyls, written with rhymes only in the even lines. It will be noticed that there is a singular effect of continuity, and also an atmosphere of wildness and desolation. Of course the sense has most to say to this. Still the metrical movement is an essential element in their effect, and upon that movement the substitution in the even lines of a trochee ($- \cup$) for a long syllable ($-$) has a potent influence:—

"Whēre bÿ thē | mārshēs |
 Bōmēth thē | bīttern, ||
 Nīckār thē | sōulless ōne, |
 Sīts wīth hīs | ghīttern—||
 Sīts īncōn | sōlāble, |
 Frīendlēss änd | foelless, |
 Wāīllīng hīs | dēstīny—|
 Nīckār thē | sōulless." ||

I must not leave my readers without an opportunity to study another striking and very famous dactylic experiment. It is "The Skylark" of the Ettrick Shepherd:—

"Bird öf thē | wildernēss, |
Blithesöme änd | cümberlēs, |
Swēt bē thý | mátn ö'er | möörländ änd | lēa !!
Emblēm öf | häppnēss, |
Blēst bē thý | dwēlling-pläce, |
Ö tö ä | bide in thē | dēsért wth | thēe !!
Wild is thý | läy änd löud, |
Fär in thē | döwny clöud, |
Löve gíves It | énergý, | löve gáve It | birth. ||
Whère ön thý | dewy wing, |
Whère ärt thóu | jóurnéyng ? |
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth."

Now that is a passage to be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested. It is full of instruction. Note first of all the enormous superiority of the first six lines to the last. Poor Hogg's dactyls drive heavily as he gets deeper into his stanza. "Dwelling-place" is not an Ariel, but "downy cloud" is a fat boy in Pickwick of a dactyl.

You see Hogg was introducing the effect of a rhyme on the last, instead of on the first (and appropriate) syllable of the dactyl. Wilderness is not followed by Búilder Nēss—as the ear—with excellent right—expected. We have wildernēss and cümberlēs. Once Hogg managed the thing pretty well, and then he got into difficulties.

Something may be said for the effect if it be aimed at consistently from the first, as by Scott in—

"Whère sháll thē | lövér rést
Whóm thē fátēs | sévér," |
where one might fairly scan the line—
"Whère | sháll the | lövér | rést" |—
four accents instead of two.
But Hogg trips off airily with his—
"Bird öf thē | wildernēss"—
dactyls pure and simple—and then plunges into bogland, never to emerge.

Also notice, as a horrid blemish, the anapaestic catch and stumble in the last line. Nothing more unmetrical ever was written. The reason why the thing hurts the ear, like a snowball with a stone in it, or a German band in a fog, is this: the two unaccented syllables of the line before (the -éyng of jóurnéyng) are carried forward by the ear. The last accent in a certain musical sense is really the end of every line. Consequently we have this result—
"-éyng thý läy."

It is a result not to be tolerated. In English verse three successive unaccented syllables are an abomination.

But now to get back to that point of importance from which we have been compelled to recede.

Dactyls change into anapaests as readily as chameleons turn colour.

Take those lines of Byron's, and put either one or two short syllables at the opening of each—

"Öh wär | riörs änd chiefs ! | If thē shäft | öf
thē swörd
Shöuld häve piercé | mē in lēad | Ing the
höst öf thē Lörd." ||

Where are your dactyls now, eh ?

Make the same experiment with the first quotation from "The Bridge of Sighs," only throwing the four short lines into two long ones:—

"Änd still | för äll slips | öf hērs, |
One öf Ève's famlý : |
Öh, wipe | thöse póor lips | öf hērs,
Ööz | Ing sö cläm | mily." ||

Truly in this case the experiment does not come off so well. At the end of each line there are two unaccented syllables left out in the cold, and there is therefore the effect of three unaccented syllables (as for example, jly öh,) in the following line. But remember that this poem of Hood's is *sui generis*. In all our poetry there is nothing like it. And even in this one instance, which does in part tell against my theory, you feel, do you not, that the general swing of the verse is anapaestic ?

I would not have my readers think that there are no separable metrical qualities in anapaestic and dactylic verse. There are. Written consistently, the latter has a more delicate, more flexible, more sensitive flow. It is less rapid and less strong than its more popular brother. Hood's wonderful poem would have lost half its pathos had it clattered into anapaests.

None the less, my assertion is not to be gainsaid—a syllable prefixed and your dactyls are anapaests. And as ordinarily written the change does constantly take place.

Of late there certainly has been a tendency to work in dactylic measures. Mr. Swinburne in particular has conducted some interesting experiments to a success impossible in almost any other hands. But this phenomenon hardly proves more than an increasing difficulty in impressing individuality upon the well-worn ways of verse, and a consequent increasing impulse to force a way into bypaths and bohereens. Possibly dactylic forms may establish a temporary settlement in English poetry, but they will always be pressed, and finally they will be oppressed, by the sturdy native measures. Dilettantism may grow all kinds of exotics under glass, but these things will never thrive in the open. Poetic, like any other force, will follow the line of least resistance; and that line is indicated by the ordinary collocation of words. Our talk—our careless writing—shows the step of the language, and that step, beyond all doubt, is iambic. A sudden stress of emotion will often drive the prose-writer into unconscious blank verse. Did it ever drive a man into dactyls ?

Here is some of Mr. Swinburne's long-drawn music:—

"Over two shadowless waters, | adrift as a
pinnacle in peril,
Hangs as in heavy suspense, charged
with irresolute light,
Softly the soul of the sunset, | upholden
awhile in the steady
Waves and wastes of the land, half
repossessed by the light."

Exquisite, but not *kindly* English verse; and, moreover, if read with its natural pauses, it is as anapaestic as dactylic in its flow.

And for a last example of anapaestic forms, please study these rollicking bits of Ingoldsby Legends:—

(I.)
"Whereas a dead gentleman, surname un-
known,
Has been recently found at his Highness's
banquet,
Rather shabbily dressed in an *amice*, or gown,
In appearance resembling a second-hand
blanket ;

(II.)
It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,*
An egg—with a little broil'd haddock—at
most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd
toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's
roast.

And then—let me see!—
He had two—perhaps, three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong
gunpowder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice
eau de vie—
Which with nine out of ten would perhaps
disagree.

In fact, I and my son
Mix black with our 'Hyson,'
Neither having the nerves of a bull or a
bison,
And both hating brandy like what some
call 'pison.'

No matter for that—
He had call'd for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad
and so flat,
And his 'specks' with the tortoise-shell rim,
and his cane

With the crutch-handled top which he used
to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the
shrubs,
And the grass, when unearthing his worms
and his grubs—
Thus arm'd he set out on a ramble—alack!
He *set out*, poor dear soul!—but he never
came back!"

Is it not easy and agile? Nobody ever managed this verse like Barham.

* Harsh. Metrically this is better:—"A breakfast of bacon."

VARIETIES.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.

THE BEST OF FORTUNES.—A Greek maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied, "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain—my inheritance from parents who had these and nothing else to leave me."

NOBILITY.—We cannot always be doing noble deeds, but we can always do the most commonplace acts nobly. It is this pure intention which turns the most menial work into gold.

FOND OF FICTION.

"Do you enjoy novel-reading, Miss Belinda?"

"Oh, very much; one can associate with people in fiction that one wouldn't dare to speak to in real life."

NOTHING NEW.—"Everything," says Goethe, "that is worth thinking has already been thought; we must only try to think it again."

SOME PEOPLE.—The goodness of some people is like some kinds of fish—you must pick out a good many bones before you get anything worth having.

GOOD BY COMPULSION.—There is no virtue in doing right simply because we have to.

COOKERY RECIPES.

ENTRÉES.

FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN.

Ingredients.—A chicken, milk and water to cover, one ounce and a half of flour, one bay-leaf, one blade of mace, one small onion, one stick of celery, salt, twelve white peppercorns, a bottle of button mushrooms, half a gill of cream.

Method.—Skin the chicken and cut in joints, cut the breast into nice pieces; put the chicken in a stew-pan with the mace, bay-leaves, onion, peppercorns, salt and enough milk and water to cover; put on the lid and simmer very gently for one hour and a half, take out the pieces of chicken and arrange them neatly on a hot dish. Strain the stock, mix the flour smoothly with a little milk, bring the stock to the boil and stir in the flour, let it cook well and then add the cream; pour this over the chicken; have ready the mushrooms heated in the liquor in which they were preserved; drain them well and arrange them in big spoonfuls round the chicken.

VEAL FILLETS AND MUSHROOMS.

Ingredients.—One pound of fillet of veal, two ounces of mushrooms, half a shalot, a sprig of parsley, one ounce of fat bacon, some button tomatoes.

Method.—Cut the fillet of veal into round pieces as for veal cutlets; make a mixture of the bacon, mushrooms, shalot and parsley, all chopped very finely, and spread this on the veal fillets; lay on a buttered paper on a greased tin and put a thickly-buttered paper on the top, bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes, dish in a circle with cooked button tomatoes round.

VEAL CUTLETS.

Ingredients.—One pound of fillet of veal, egg, bread-crumbs, good dripping for frying, thin rashers of bacon, mashed potatoes.

Method.—Cut the veal into nice round pieces and flatten them with a chopper dipped in warm water; brush with beaten egg and dip in bread-crumbs, flattening these on with a knife. Heat about three ounces of good dripping in a small frying-pan, and when it smokes put in the cutlets; fry them a good golden brown both sides, then lift them out carefully and drain on soft paper. Have ready some nicely rolled thin rashers that have been cooked on a skewer in the oven until crisp. Work the mashed potatoes in a saucepan over the fire with a wooden spoon until thoroughly dry, then turn them on to a floured board and work them into a roll with the hand. Arrange this roll in a ring on a hot dish, brush it with beaten egg and let it brown in the oven; arrange the veal cutlets on this with a rasher of bacon between each. Put some well-cooked green peas or any other suitable vegetable in the centre of the potato border and pour brown sauce or tomato sauce round the base.

EGG CUTLETS.

Ingredients.—Six small hard-boiled eggs, about one pound of sausage meat, egg, bread-crumbs, brown sauce, deep fat for frying.

Method.—Shell the eggs, flour the hands, a knife and the paste-board, and spread the sausage meat on the board in a thin layer; wrap some neatly round each egg in a pear shape making the sausage meat lie close to the egg; egg and crumb the eggs very carefully and fry them a good golden-brown in deep fat. Drain well; have ready some small square pieces of fried bread on a hot dish, cut the fried eggs very neatly in halves, lay a half on each piece of fried bread, garnish with fried parsley and serve at once. Hand brown sauce with the egg cutlets.

STEWED KIDNEYS.

Ingredients.—Six sheep's kidneys, one pint and a half of milk, four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, three-quarters of a pint of stock browning, some small round tomatoes.

Method.—Skin the kidneys, cut them in halves and cut away the fat, melt the butter in a stewpan, and fry the kidneys brown in it; warm the stock and pour it over them, put on the lid and let it simmer very gently until tender, about one hour. Mix the ground rice smoothly with a little cold milk, boil the rest of the milk and stir in the ground rice; stir and cook well, season with pepper and salt, and when it is very stiff pour it into a wetted border mould; turn out when cold, brush with egg and let it take a golden brown in the oven and heat through. Place the kidneys neatly on the rice border, mix the flour smoothly with a little cold stock and stir it into the stock in which the kidneys were cooked; stir and boil well, colour with a little browning, skim well, add pepper and salt and pour the sauce over the kidneys. Have ready some small round tomatoes cooked till tender, or some potato croquettes and pile them in the centre of the border.

MUTTON CUTLETS.

Ingredients.—Some best end of neck of mutton, egg, bread-crumbs, fat for frying.

Method.—Saw off the chine bone and saw the rib bones so that each cutlet has about two inches and a half of bone. Cut the cutlets with a bone to each, trim very neatly, scrape the bones very clean. Egg and crumb well, flattening the crumbs on with a knife taking care to leave the bone clean. Heat the frying-fat until it smokes and then lay in the cutlets, fry a golden brown both sides, drain well, put a little paper frill on each and dish on a border of potato or round a pile of any suitable vegetable.

MUTTON CUTLETS À LA NAPOLITAINE.

Ingredients.—Some best end of neck of mutton, some well boiled macaroni, about three ounces of grated cheese, bread-crumbs. Fat for frying.

Method.—Cut the cutlets as for ordinary mutton cutlets, brush them with egg and dip them in grated cheese and bread-crumbs mixed; fry in good dripping and serve round well-boiled macaroni, that has grated cheese sprinkled over it.

JUGGED HARE.

Ingredients.—One large hare, one pound of rump-steak, three onions, nine cloves, one carrot, one turnip, two sticks of celery, one blade of mace, twenty-four peppercorns, two bay-leaves, one sprig of parsley, three ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, one dessertspoonful of salt, one dessertspoonful of red currant jelly, water to cover, a glass of port wine.

Method.—Clean the hare and cut it in joints; save the blood for the gravy. Fry the pieces of hare and the beef in the butter in a large frying-pan. Stick three cloves in each onion and put the vegetables, parsley, mace, bay-leaves, peppercorns and salt in a large stewing-jar with the pieces of hare when they are fried and the beef. Warm the stock and pour it into the jar. The liver should be fried with the rest of the hare but should be put aside to be used later. Put the lid on the jar and let the contents stew gently in the oven for three hours. Pound the liver and rub it through a sieve; take out the pieces of hare and beef and put them on a large hot dish and keep it hot while you make the gravy.

Strain the stock from the jar into a saucepan, saving a little of it to mix with the pounded liver, stir the latter into the stock as soon as it boils; mix the flour smoothly with a little cold stock and add this, and when it has boiled strain in the blood; do not let the sauce boil after the blood has been added. Stir in the jelly and let it dissolve and add the port wine. Pour this sauce over the hare on the dish. Garnish the dish with forcemeat balls, made as follows. Mix a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a shalot finely chopped, pepper and salt mixed with enough beaten egg to bind it. Roll into balls and fry brown in a little dripping.

DARJEELING CURRY.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of beef steak, one large onion, one apple, four ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of red currant jelly, one ounce of grated cocoanut, three-quarters of a pint of stock, one dessertspoonful of chutney, one tablespoonful of good curry powder, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, well-boiled rice, half a teacupful of cold water.

Method.—Slice the onion and pound it to a pulp in a mortar; mix the curry powder smoothly with the cold water, melt the butter in a stewpan, put into it the curry powder and onion, stir and cook over the fire until the water boil away and the onion browns in the butter; chop the apple finely and put that in and the steak cut in small square pieces and let all fry brown, but take care not to let the meat get hard, which it will do if cooked too quickly; warm the stock and pour it over, add the cocoanut and the salt, put on the lid, put the stewpan to the side of the fire and let all cook very gently for three hours. Add the lemon juice, chutney, and red currant jelly and serve. Patna rice that has been cooked in fast boiling water for ten minutes and dried on a sieve near the fire, should be served on a separate dish.

ROAST FOWL.

Method.—Have the fowl drawn and trussed for roasting. If possible roast it in front of a clear bright fire, but if not do it in a moderate oven. Put the fowl on a greased dripping tin and put plenty of dripping on the breast for basting. It will take from three-quarters of an hour to an hour according to its size. Just before it is done dredge it with flour and put back in the hottest part of the oven for a few minutes to brown well. Take it off, put on a hot dish; pour off the dripping, pour a little nice stock in the tin, dredge a little flour in, boil it up and pour a little of this gravy round, but not over the fowl. Serve the rest in a sauce-boat. Bread sauce should be served with roast fowl.

BOILED FOWL.

Method.—Have the fowl drawn and trussed for boiling with the legs inside. Rub a little lemon juice over the breast of the fowl to make it white, butter a small clean cloth and tie the fowl in it. Put it in a saucepan with cold white stock, bring slowly to the boil and then simmer gently from an hour to an hour and a half according to the size. Serve rolls of bacon cooked in the oven or in front of the fire round the fowl and pour white sauce over.

Sauce for Boiled Fowl.—Work an ounce and a half of fresh butter with as much flour as it will take up; put three-quarters of a pint of the stock in which the fowl was boiled in a saucepan, bring it to the boil and then stir in the butter and flour; add pepper and salt and a pinch of ground mace, boil well and lastly stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MARGARET PLANTAGENET.—Your quotation—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," is from Shakespeare's *Titus and Cressida*, act iii, scene 3. It is particularly appropriate when used in connection with the work of the poet Wordsworth, which may account for your friend's mistake in attributing the line to him.

HONEYSUCKLE.—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is from a poem entitled "Isle of Beauty," by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839).

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together."

is from "The Passionate Pilgrim," a poem by Shakespeare (xii); "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," is by Keats (*Endymion*, Book 1). We feel a little doubtful whether we are not answering three questions in referring these three quotations to their source, and our rules restrict us to two!

L. M.—We fully understand and sympathise with your wish to earn a little money, but in all kindness we must assure you that there would be no chance whatever of doing so by your pen. In the second verse of your poem you employ "thou" and "you" alternately in addressing the violet; "alone" and "home" do not rhyme, and so on. It is a difficult matter to make money even by poetry of some merit. Is there nothing else that you can think of which would employ you and be remunerative? We may add that we only accept the work of experienced writers for *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.

PERSEVERANCE (Argentine).—We have read your paper on "Work" with interest. You need practice in expressing your thoughts. It is not quite correct to call *thought* and *work* "qualities," and there are many instances of a similar looseness of expression. You should not, in an essay, use the sermon-like phrase "let us consider for a few moments." Then this is not a grammatical sentence:—"The fault lies with ourselves for being impatient, expecting all to run smoothly in our path, and bitter murmurings when it naturally does not do just what we individually want." One could not parse "bitter murmurings" as being in any case, and what does "it" mean? There are many mistakes in spelling, e.g. "reconize," "indispensable," "percepible," "irratation," but as your letter and essay show you to be an educated woman, it is probably lack of care that causes these slips. Have you seen a book by Dr. Abbott, *How to Write Clearly*? With all these criticisms we wish to help, and not to discourage you; for your remarks on usefulness, tact and cheerfulness as being necessary to good work, are very sound, and your quotations are particularly apt.

UNA CONCHA DE LARECHO.—We were glad to hear from you, but have received no former letter. Your lines are very fair, but there is a well-known valentine couplet in English much resembling their commencement, i.e.—

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Lilies are sweet and so are you."

We have inserted your request for a French correspondent.

ESPÉRANCE.—We are pleased to receive your pretty letter in its vernal green. "A Birdie's Lay" is the better of the two poems. The thought is fresh and sweet. In "Violets" you should not use "thou dost" in addressing a plural substantive. It is the third poem on violets we have before us at present for criticism. It is impossible to say that you might not, with study and perseverance, one day "write something worth printing." But you would need to work hard, and devote your attention to the best literary models.

RUMPELTILTSKIN.—Your writing will ultimately be good if you take pains. It is a free flowing hand, but your down strokes are too thick at present. You should not say "If you will excuse me for saying so, but I don't think much of your puzzle competition." Either the "if" or the "but" should be omitted to make a grammatical sentence. Your criticism is not very explicit, as you give no details of what provokes your disapproval.

A WOULD-BE POET.—Only just thirteen! and for that age, dear child, your lines are not at all bad. They are, almost without exception, correct as far as metre goes. But you are right in modestly supposing you are too young to fulfil such an ambition. Read good poetry instead of, as yet, trying to compose it.

GERMANY.—We cannot tell you of "a vacancy in a good school in Germany for a junior English governess," in August or September. Perhaps you would hear of one by writing to the Governesses' Home, Kleinbeeren-Strasse 22, III., Berlin (London secretary, Miss Green, 23, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W.). You might at least derive information from this source where to apply for what you require.

VIOLET.—Any music-seller would procure for you a copy of Tosti's song "Good-bye." It is published in E, F, G, and A^b, net price 1s. 4d.

CELANDINE.—Your verses show that you do not understand the laws of rhyme and metre. A poem is something more than a series of lines, varying in length, written below one another. We thank you for your kind letter, but consider you would do better to employ your leisure time in study.

M. ROOKER writes to tell "A New Reader" that "B. M." is a Mrs. Macandrew, living near Ivy-bridge, South Devon.

M. E. H.—No anthem composed by you has come to hand, we regret to say, otherwise we would gladly give you our opinion on it.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.

As SERVE EVER

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* * PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be August 16, 1898; from Abroad, October 18, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

NORAH CREINA.—Your verses are on the whole above the average of those we receive for criticism. The first verse is, we think, the best—

"I ask not that my barque sail smoothly ever
Across life's sea,
That tempest's blast, or rising wave, should never
Come near to me;
But that when dark and stern the storm clouds
Lower,
Thou wouldst watch over me in danger's hour,
And safely to Thy haven, by Thy power,
Wouldst pilot me."

In the second verse the ear is offended by "would" and "wouldst" close together, and "do" is used with "weep" simply to make the line long enough. It is a little difficult to answer your query as to "wasting your time," but if you are neglecting no obvious duty by writing, we should recommend you to persevere. Read the poet Southey's advice, quoted in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* for June, 1897.

PINK HEATHER.—1. We have asked for the composer of the piece, "Ade, du liebe Stadt," in our "Open Letter-Box."—2. Your sister, Marigold, would like one of the books on astronomy by Richard A. Proctor, such as *Easy Star Lessons*, *Half-Hours with the Stars*, and *The Flowers of the Sky*. We can only answer two questions at one time; but think you will find your inquiry about to free answered in back numbers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.

DORIS.—As you are twenty-six we are afraid you cannot hope for much success in learning the piano for the first time. The hand should be exercised on the keyboard from childhood to give it the necessary suppleness. You might take a few lessons to see whether it was of any use for you to persevere, but we are unable to encourage you very heartily.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MARIE ABRAHAM, care of British Post Office, Smyrna, Asia Minor, would like to correspond and exchange stamps with girls in the West Indian Islands, Canada, South and Central America, Africa, India, Oceania and the Far East.

JESSIE WHITSELL, Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey, wishes to correspond with a French girl, and thinks that each should correct the other's mistakes.

"**UNA CONCHA DE LARCHO**" would like to correspond with "the French young lady if she has not found anyone else yet." Doubtless some French correspondent will volunteer, as we cannot identify the special one referred to.

A German governess, **ELSIE HUFFER,** to, Place des Célestins, Lyon, France, would like to correspond with **SPIRO,** Ireland.

French correspondents are asked for by Miss **GENETRE STRILING,** of Algernon Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.; and **PENSEE,** who is 19, and would like a correspondent about her own age.

Miss **L. POTTER,** of Crossley Street, Halifax, Yorkshire, would like to correspond with either a French or a German girl.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

ADELAIDE asks for the verses of a poem beginning—

"Word was brought to the Danish king,
Hurry,
For the love of his heart lay suffering."

Miss **C. GUNDRY** (Arne), kindly writes to tell "Mademoiselle Nemo" that the quotation she asked for in our March number, is from "Studies of Girls," Part II, "The Girl who Endured," by Isabella Fyvie Mayo, in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* for March, 1883. Miss Gundry offers to lend the number if desired.

Miss **MARIA A. WARD** suggests, in reply to "Vee," that there is an admirable version of Old Mother Hubbard in the style of the *Idylls of the King*, by the late Sir Edward Hamley. It appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, 1872, and begins—

"The widowed chief of Hubbard's ancient line
Turned to her cupboard cornered anglewise,
Betwixt this wall and that, in quest of ought
To satisfy the craving of Sir Travy,
Prick-eared companion of her solitude."

Miss **WARD** (25, Tudor Road, Hackney, N.E.) offers kindly to lend "Vee" her MS. copy if she cannot get the magazine.

We have two answers to "LUCIE's" query; one from "A CONSTANT READER (Braemar)," who tells her that the author of the poem she inquires about is Charles Kingsley, its title "Step by Step;" the other from **DORA ALISON** (Dalkoth), who says the poem is called "Upward," and its author is J. G. Holland. The stanza, Miss Alison remarks, is not exactly as quoted by "LUCIE," but runs as follows:—

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round."

"**BLACK LUFFY,**" asks if one of our readers can give her the poem in full entitled "An Advent Serenade," by M. E. Sangster, which appeared in a number of Harper's *Young People*.

DORIS asks for a poem entitled "The Late Lamented."

PINK HEATHER (Russia) wishes to know who composed the piece "Ade, du liebe Stadt."

OUR SUPPLEMENT STORY COMPETITION.

"A FLOWER OF LIGHT."

A STORY IN MINIATURE.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).

Sybil, Lorne Street, Lady-Bank, N.B.

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.).

Kate Densham, Olden Lodge, Purley, Surrey.

THIRD PRIZE (10s. 6d.).

Letitia E. May, Tremayne, Alton, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Rosa Cooke, Lowestoft; Eva M. Moore, Cumberland; Agnes Cheverton, Portsmouth; "White Heather;" Lucy Richardson, York; Sybil M. Combe, Great Yarmouth; "Catherine;" "Beckington;" Elizabeth Chamberlain, Fareham; Cécile Rahier, Brest; Carolina M. Porter, W. Hampstead; S. E. Bryans, S. Wales; Elsie M. Garnett, Burton-on-Trent.

TO THE COMPETITORS.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—I must begin by stating that a certain competitor, whose name does not appear in this list, is equal to the winner of the first prize; but unfortunately she has disqualified herself by writing on both sides of the page. The task of picking out the best, among such a large number of really good essays, is a very trying one. The younger girls, of twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, have greatly distinguished themselves. It has been a true pleasure to me to be in touch with all these unseen friends of mine.

Among this mass of papers, there has not been one which deserves to be called a failure. Every essay bears, more or less, the stamp of capability; so that I can honestly advise all the competitors to try again.

Always your friend,
SARAH DOUDNEY.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

"A FLOWER OF LIGHT."

LUCIE ALDERWOOD is an orphan, living for the past five years with her rich uncle in his palatial mansion, just on the banks of London's river. Mr. Alderwood is a widower, and has one son, Edgar, who is abroad. Edgar has had every indulgence that, to his father's mind, would make a young man's path pleasant; but Edgar's views differ widely from his father's, and when at last he marries a gardener's daughter, his father bitterly disowns him, and Edgar, with his young wife, seeks a home in Australia. Luce is taught by her uncle to consider Edgar as a heartless and ungrateful son, and herself as her uncle's heiress.

Previous to this, Luce has lived a quiet life at Wood Farm, her aunt's home, and the influence of that gentle home is in her heart still, though her uncle tries to make her forget them, telling her that a life of pleasure and sunshine is the life for a beautiful flower such as she—a flower-de-luce. Luce bends to his influence, and enjoys the sunshine, and the power her beauty gives her. Claud Franklin is the one, amongst her many admirers, to whom her heart responds. He is on the point of declaring his love to Luce on her birthday; but is warned by his sister, Maggie, who pretends to Luce to be her devoted friend, that there is something wrong, and he hangs back. Luce feels the difference, and the first cloud comes up on her sky.

Mr. Alderwood dies suddenly, leaving no will, and Luce finds that after all her uncle's fortune will go to Edgar. She is overwhelmed chiefly at her uncle's seeming neglect of her; after all his years of kindness, and at the thought of Edgar's unworthiness. Claud and Maggie desert her now that she has no fortune, and she gladly turns to the true hearts at Wood Farm, where a loving home welcomes her back, with no hint of reproach at her neglect of them when in her uncle's mansion. But Luce feels reproached by

their kindness, and their influence begins again to work in her life. She engages herself as daily governess to a family living near, and one day, when out walking, encounters suddenly Claud Franklin in company with a Miss Pansy Cotton, a reputed heiress. The meeting is a shock to her, and crushes for ever a hope that lingered in her heart; but she learns in time that it is well that our joys have wings, so that they lead us to higher things, instead of being a chain to keep us to earth. An accident to her youngest and best-loved pupil, Tony, leads to her meeting with a Mr. Martyn, and with him she forms the closest friendship of her life. She discovers that he has met her cousin, Edgar, in Australia, and expects to hear nothing but dishonour about him. Instead of this, Mr. Martyn assures her that Edgar has been misjudged all along—that it was his utter loathing for the vanity and sham of his father's circle, and the intense longing which he had for equality and fraternity, to which his father was utterly opposed, that drove him to seek a new and purer life with the young and innocent May, who loved him for himself alone, and who had paid her devotion with her life. Luce is melted by the pathetic story, and gives Mr. Martyn a message of peace to Edgar, which he, with a curious smile, promises to deliver. One afternoon, as he is in the garden with Luce, her cousins Libby and Christie appear, accompanied with Mr. Bernard Rayne, an old Australian friend, who addresses Mr. Martyn as Alderwood, and Edgar Alderwood has to discover himself. In his confession, he tells Luce that her uncle's fortune was, after all, only an accumulation of debts, which he is now busy clearing off—for he has been prosperous in Australia. Christie marries Bernard Rayne, and on the same day Luce and Edgar, ever married, each feeling that the thorny paths which lie behind had led them into a "large place"—even love's home. Libby, the gentle elder sister, we leave, quietly busy amongst her labours of love. And Luce has learned now that it is nobler far to blossom in the shade, cheering others' gloom, than to live in the glare of pleasure for self, withering at last, even in the sunshine.

SYBIL,
Lorne Street,
Ladybank, N.B.

OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject:—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR JULY."

LOVE AND WAR, by Patricia Dillon, Author of "During the Terror," etc.

We offer three prize of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what *THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT* for the month is all about.

One page of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to the Editor, *GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, in an unsealed envelope with the words "Stories in Miniature," written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is July 20th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

Examiners:—

The Author of the Story (Patricia Dillon), and the Editor of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.