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## SISTERS THREE.

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

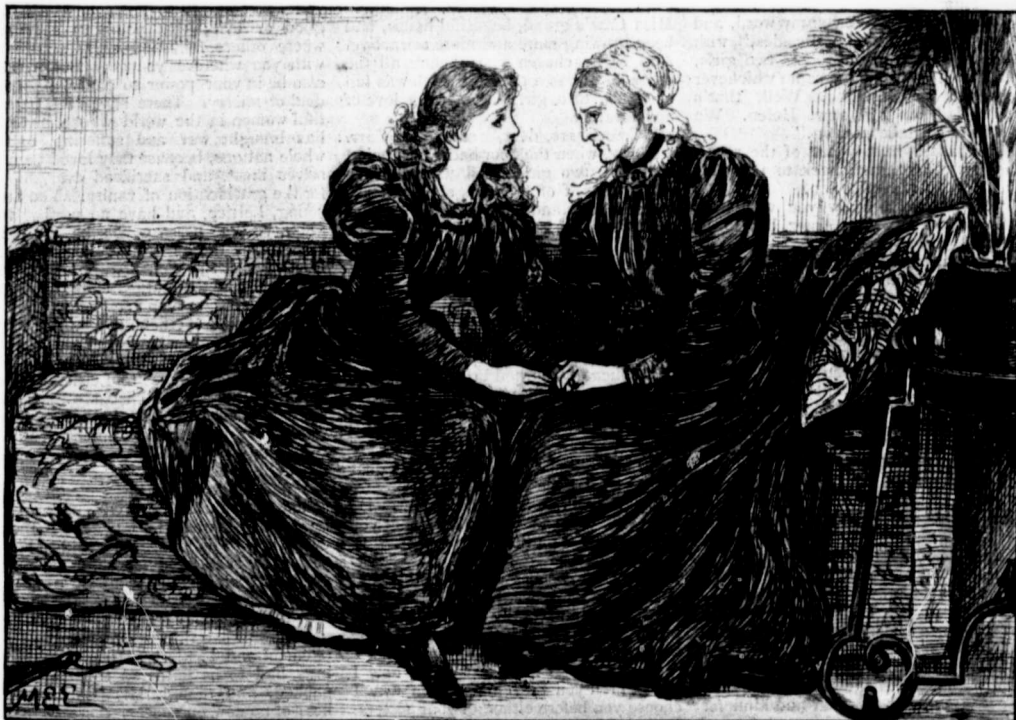
### CHAPTER XV.

WEDNESDAY was a day of great, though suppressed excitement, and when evening came, and Miss Carr summoned the girls into the drawing-room, it would be difficult to say which of the three felt more acute anxiety. Mr. Rayner had considerably taken himself out of the way, but Mr. Bertrand was seated in an easy chair, his arms folded, his face grave and set.

Miss Carr pointed to the sofa, and the three girls sat down, turning inquiring eyes on her face. It was horribly formal, and even Norah felt cowed and spiritless.

"Girls," said Miss Carr, slowly, "it was my intention to say nothing about my plans until I had made my decision, but it seems that your father has forestalled me and told you of my wishes. When you were little children I saw a great deal of you. Your father

was one of my most valued friends, your dear mother also, and you were often at my house. When you came here I felt a great blank in my life, for I am fond of young people, and like to have them about me. Last January, your father visited me, and told me of a conversation which he had had with you here. He was anxious about your future, and it occurred to me that in some slight degree I might be able to take the responsibility off his hands. I have felt



"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, I HOPE WE SHALL BE HAPPY TOGETHER!"

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the need of a companion, and of some fresh interest in life, and nothing could give me more pleasure than to help one of Austin Bertrand's daughters. Well, my dears, I spoke to your father. He did not like the idea at first, as you will understand, but in the end he gave way to my wishes, and it only remained to make my choice. When I use the word 'choice,' you must not imagine that I am consulting merely my own preference. I have honestly tried to study the question from an unselfish point of view—to think which of you would most benefit from the change. One consideration has influenced me of which I can only speak in private, but for the rest I have watched you carefully, and it seems to me that two out of the three have already a definite interest and occupation in their lives, which is wanting in the other case. Lettice has no special work in the house, no pet study to pursue, therefore, my dears, I choose Lettice."

There was a simultaneous exclamation of consternation.

"Lettice!" cried Hilary, and drew in her breath with a pang of bitterest disappointment.

"Lettice! Oh, no, no, no!" cried Norah, throwing her arms round her favourite sister, and trembling with agitation.

"Lettice!" echoed Mr. Bertrand, with a groan of such genuine dismay, that Miss Carr stared at him in discomfort.

"My dear Austin—if it makes you so unhappy—"

"No—no. I gave you my word, and I am not going back. Besides," with a kindly glance at the other two girls, "I should have felt the same whichever way you had decided. Well, that's settled! I am off, now, Heien. We can have our talk later on."

He walked hastily out of the room, and Miss Carr turned back to the girls with a troubled expression.

"My dears, I know you will both feel parting with your sister, but I will do all I can to soften the blow. You can always look forward to meeting at Christmas and midsummer, and I shall ask your father to bring you up in turns to visit us in London. Though Lettice is to be my special charge, I take a deep interest in you both, and shall hope to put many little pleasures in your way. And now, my dears, will you leave us alone for a time. I want to have a little quiet talk with Lettice before we part."

The two girls filed out of the room, and stood in the hall, facing each other in silence. Miss Briggs put her head out of the morning room, with an eager—"Well—who?" and when Norah pointed dolefully towards the drawing-room door, disappeared again with an exclamation of dismay. It was the same all round, Hilary told herself. Everyone was miserable because Lettice had been chosen. Everyone called out in sharp tones of distress, as if disappointed not to hear another name. Mr. Bertrand was too dear and kind for it to be possible to make a charge of favouritism against him, but Lettice's striking likeness to her mother seemed

to give her a special claim to his tenderness, while, as for the rest of the household, Miss Briggs was as wax in Lettice's hands, for the simple reason that she was a solitary woman, and the girl showed her those little outward signs of affection which make up the sweetness of life; while the servants would do twice as much for her as for any other member of the family, because, "bless her pretty face, she had such a way with her!" Hilary felt indescribably chilled and humiliated as she realised how little regret her own departure would have caused in comparison, and when she spied Mr. Rayner's figure crossing the lawn, she shrank back, with uncontrollable repugnance. "You tell him, Norah! I can't. I am going upstairs."

Meanwhile, Lettice herself had not broken down, or shown any signs of the emotion of a few days earlier. She was a creature of moods, but though each mood was intense while it lasted, it lasted, as a rule, for a remarkably short space of time. If she were in tears over a certain subject on Monday, it was ten to one that she had forgotten all about it before Thursday. If she were wild with excitement over a new proposition, she would probably yawn when it was mentioned a second time, and find it difficult to maintain a show of interest. So, in the present case, she had exhausted her distress at the idea of leaving home, while weeping upon her father's shoulders, and ever since then the idea of the life in London, in Miss Carr's grand, beautiful house, had been growing more and more attractive. And to be chosen first—before all the others! It was a position which was full of charm to a girl with a keen love of appreciation.

"Come here, dear," said Miss Carr, tenderly, when the door had shut behind the other two girls; and when Lettice seated herself on the sofa, she took her hands in hers and gazed fixedly into her face. In truth, it would have been difficult to find an object better worth looking at than "lovely Lettice" at that moment. The hair which rippled over her head was no pale, colourless flaxen, but a rich coppery bronze, with half-a-dozen shades of gold in its luxuriant waves; the great grey eyes had delicately marked brows and generous lashes, and the red lips draped in sweetest curves. The old lady's face softened as she gazed, until it looked very sweet and motherly.

"Lettice," she said, softly, "my dear little girl, I hope we shall be happy together! I will do all I can for you. Do you think you can be content—that you can care for me a little bit in return?"

"Yes, oh yes—a great deal!" Lettice's heart was beating so quickly that she hardly knew what she was saying, but it came naturally to her to form pretty speeches, and the glance of the lovely eyes added charm to her words.

"I hope so—I hope so! And now I want to tell you the chief reason why I choose you before either of your sisters. I alluded just now to something which had influenced me, but which I could not mention in public. It is about

this that I want to speak." Miss Carr paused for a few minutes, stroking the girl's soft, flexible hands. "Do you know what is meant by an 'Open Sesame,' my dear?"

"Oh, yes. It is the word which Ali Baba used in the *Arabian Nights*, and that made the doors in the rocks fly open before him."

"Yes, that is right. I see you know all about it. Would you understand what I meant, dear, if I said that God had given you an 'Open Sesame' into other people's hearts and lives?"

Lettice looked up quickly, surprised and awed. "I? No! How have I—?"

"Look in the mirror opposite," said the old lady, gravely, and the girl hung her head in embarrassment.

"No, my dear, there is no need to blush. If you had a talent for music, like Norah, you would not think it necessary to be embarrassed every time it was mentioned, and beauty is a gift from God, just as much as anything else, and ought to be valued accordingly. It is a great power in the world—perhaps a greater power than anything else, and the people who possess it have much responsibility. You are a beautiful girl, Lettice; you will be a beautiful woman; everyone you meet will be attracted to you, and you will have an 'Open Sesame' into their hearts. Do you realise what that means? It means that you will have power over other people's lives; that you will be able to influence them for good or evil; that you can succeed where others fail, and carry sunshine with you wherever you go. But it will also be in your power to cause a great deal of misery. There have been beautiful women in the world whose beauty has brought war and suffering upon whole nations, because they loved themselves most, and sacrificed everything for the gratification of vanity. You are young, Lettice, and have no mother to guide you, so perhaps you have never thought of things in this way before. But when I saw you first, I looked in your face and thought, 'I should like to help this girl; to help her to forget herself, and think of others, so that she may do good and not evil, all the days of her life.'"

The ready tears rose to Lettice's eyes and flowed down her cheeks. She was awed and sobered, but the impression was rather pleasurable than otherwise. "A beautiful woman"—"A power over others"—"sunshine"—"Success"—the phrases rang in her ear, and the sound was musical. "Of course I'll be good. I want to be good; then everyone will like me," she said to herself, while she kissed and clung to Miss Carr, and whispered loving little words of thanks, which charmed the good lady's heart.

For the next three days all was excitement and bustle. Lettice's belongings had to be gathered together and packed, and though Miss Carr would hear of no new purchases, there were a dozen repairs and alterations which seemed absolutely necessary. Mr. Bertrand took his two guests about

every morning, so as to leave the girls at liberty, but when afternoon came he drove them out willy-nilly, and organised one excursion after another with the double intention of amusing his visitors and preventing melancholy regrets. Norah was in the depths of despondency, but her repinings were all for her beloved companion, and not for any disappointment of her own. Now that she had the interest of her music lessons, and the friendship of Rex and Edna, she was unwilling to leave home even for the delights of London and the Academy of Music. Poor Hilary, however, was in a far worse case. She had made so sure of being chosen by Miss Carr, had dreamed so many rosy dreams about the life before her, that the disappointment was very bitter. The thought of seeing Lettice driving away in the carriage with Miss Carr and Mr. Rayner, brought with it a keen stab of pain, and the life at home seemed to stretch before her still and uneventful, like a stretch of dreary moorland. Her pride forbade her showing her disappointment, since no one had expressed any satisfaction in retaining her company. Stay! there was one exception. Mr. Rayner had said a few simple words of regret which had been as balm to the girl's sore heart. He, at least, was sorry that she was not to be in London, and would have preferred her company even to that of "lovely Lettice" herself.

On the whole, it was almost a relief when the hour for departure arrived. Rex and Edna drove over to see the last of their friend and cheer the stay-at-homes by their presence, but it did not seem as though they could be very successful in their errand of mercy, since Edna cried steadily behind her handkerchief, and Rex poked holes in the garden walks with gloomy persistence.

When Mr. Rayner said his good-byes, he left Hilary to the last, and held

her hand in his a moment or two longer than was strictly necessary. "Good-bye, and thank you for everything. I'll remember your advice. We shall meet soon, I hope. You will be coming up to town, and Mr. Bertrand has been good enough to ask me to come again next spring."

Next spring! A whole year! As well say the end of the world at once. Hilary felt such a swelling sense of misery that the only way in which she could refrain from tears was by answering in sharp, matter-of-fact tones, and the consciousness that Mr. Rayner was surprised and hurt by her manner was part of the general misery against which it was useless to fight.

As for Lettice, she was fairly dissolved in tears—clinging to every one in turn—and sobbing out despairing farewells. "Oh, Nonie, Nonie; my heart will break! I shall die; I know I shall. I can never bear it. Oh, Mouse, don't forget me! Don't let her forget me! Oh, do write—everyone write! I shall live on the letters from home!"

The last glimpse was of a tear-stained face and a handkerchief held aloft, in such a drenched condition that it refused to open to the breeze, and when the carriage turned the corner Miss Briggs shuffled off to the school-room, Hilary ran off to her room upstairs, and the three young people in the porch stared at each other with a miserable realisation of loss.

"What shall I do?—what shall I do? She said her heart would be broken, but it is ten times worse for me! The house will seem so dreadfully bare and lonely!"

"Just when we were all so happy! Oh, that hateful Miss Carr; why did she ever come? I thought we were going to have such a happy summer," sobbed Edna, dolefully. "It's always the way! As soon as I make friends, I have to lose them."

Rex put his hands into his pockets and began to whistle. "It will do no good to turn yourselves into a couple of fountains! I'll go for a walk, and come back when you've done crying. It's a nuisance, but it might have been worse," he said, shortly, and Norah looked at him with a gleam of curiosity lighting up her poor, tear-stained eyes.

"How worse? What do you mean?" she inquired, but Rex did not deign to answer, or to have anything more to say until tea was served a couple of hours later on. The tears to which he so much objected were dried by this time, but the conversation was still sorrowfully centred on the dear traveller. "What is she doing now? Poor, poor Lettice, she will cry herself ill. Every mile further from home will make her more wretched!" cried Norah, and the listeners groaned in sympathy.

If they had seen Miss Lettice at that moment however their fears would have been allayed. Miss Carr had changed into a corridor train at Preston, and her companion was charmed with the novel position. She had never travelled in a corridor before, and the large open carriage, the wide view, the promenade up and down, were all fascinating to her inexperience. Then to have lunch, and afternoon tea just when the journey was beginning to drag—it was indeed a luxurious way of travelling! Lettice had ceased to cry before the train had reached Kendal; at Lancaster she began to smile; at Crewe she laughed so merrily at one of Miss Carr's sallies, that the people on the next seat turned to look at her with smiles of admiring interest. Everyone was "so nice and kind." It was a pleasure to see them. Clearwater was a dear, sweet place, but, after all, it was only a poky little village. Delightful to get away and see something of the world!

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

CONSISTENCY.

"Though George, with respect to the wrong and the right,  
Is of twenty opinions 'twixt morning and night;  
If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man—  
He's the pink of consistency, on his own plan;  
While to stick to the strongest is always his trim,  
'Tis not he changes sides, 'tis the side changes him."

AMERICAN CITIES.

Empire City, New York; City of Churches, Brooklyn; City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia; City of Colleges, Toronto; City of a Hundred Hills, San Francisco; City of Magnificent Distances, Washington; City of Notions, Boston; City of Spindles, Lowell; City of the Straits, Detroit; City of Witches, Salem; Cream City, Milwaukee; Crescent City, New Orleans; Elm City, Newhaven, Conn.

AUTHORS OF FAVOURITE PHRASES.

Pope has supplied us with a number of phrases:—"Guide, philosopher and friend," "the ruling passion," "ears polite," "labour'd nothings," "a little learning," and "every virtue under heaven."

Thomson, the poet, has transmitted several sayings: "The young idea," "unutterable things," and "hungry as the grave," for example.

Goldsmith is responsible for "men not measures," and Swift for "sweetness and light."

Cowper has given us our "dear five hundred friends," "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," "a frugal mind," and "an aching void;" Sheridan "the soft impeachment," and "a very pretty quarrel."

Southey was the inventor of the happy phrase, "the march of intellect;" Coleridge of "a sadder and a wiser man."

Sir Walter Scott has supplied us with a new title for woman in "ministering angel," for an audience in "sea of upturned faces," and for bravery in "beard the lion in his den."

DOES A LOOKING-GLASS FLATTER?

Every girl who is dissatisfied with her personal appearance should remember that she is better-looking than the kindest of looking-glasses bids her believe. A mirror cannot flatter a face that is in its natural state—that is to say, not "made up."

Even the very best plate-glass has a pale green tinge, which reflects a colour a trifle less clear than the original; hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows. If it is wavy, the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight the glass accentuates the straightness.

More important and still better to be remembered and carefully treasured, is this, that no one ever looks at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection in the glass. Blemishes that are a grief to the owner may pass quite unnoticed by her friends.

IN COMPANY.—"We easily forgive those who weary us, but we never forgive those who are wearied by us."—*La Rochefoucauld.*



## HOW TO DO HUCKABACK WORK.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE.

ORDINARY huckaback towelling, which can be had in coarse or fine grain as well as bleached or dead white, can form the foundation for very pretty fancy work, suitable for the decoration of tea- and side-board cloths, bed-spreads, and all articles of that kind, as well as the formation of sachets, borders for table-cloths, etc. Huckaback has been used for ordinary cross-stitch, which can be done very easily upon this material, the regularity of the weaving forming a safe guide for the execution of that to me most uninteresting work.

As tastes differ, however, it is not because of my own dislike to cross-stitch that I have not here given any example of it, but because any reader who wishes to use huckaback for that purpose has only to get a cross-stitch design—procurable in any fancy shop—and work it at her pleasure. The space being valuable, I only give illustrations of what cannot be so easily executed without learning from picture and text alike.

Any kinds of patterns do for huckaback

work provided that they are very clear and distinct. In the border before you one of Briggs' transfer designs is used, and it serves admirably for this particular embroidery.

As many persons find that these transfer patterns suit their purposes, I may mention that it is better when you are transferring them to place your material upon a board or hard surface. This, with the use of a cool iron, ensures their coming off in a far more satisfactory manner than when there is a layer of anything soft between the table and the material.

Now it is quite free to the worker either to do the darning first and the pattern second, or begin with the latter. I have tried both plans, and prefer doing all the darning first of all. I find it easier to see exactly where the darned lines come in between the interstices of the design, and these details require attention if the work is to be good; and a second advantage is that the embroidered design does not get so much handling and consequent rubbing.

The leaves here are worked in filoselle silk of four shades of green, long and short stitch, well known in all art work, being used for the leaves and rope-stitch for the stalks. The leaves all shade to a dark centre, the veining being done in stem-stitch of the lightest but one shade of the filoselle, four threads of which being used at a time.

The darning here is done in a terra-cotta coloured filoselle, four threads being used at a time, and the lines run lengthwise, which is more suited than crossways to a design such as the one before you.

Before placing a design on your huckaback, you should always decide which way you intend to darn, and examine the way of the stuff before tracing or transferring the pattern.

There is a right and wrong side to huckaback, and though there is not much perceptible difference in the weaving, it is easier to darn the right than the reverse side. Fig. 1 shows you another way of working huckaback. The pattern is a very simple one, worked in satin stitch, with an outline of dark green stem stitch, four shades of red being used.

The darkest shade of red is used for the darning, which, as will easily be seen, is done vertically.

There are many assortments of colour which could be used for this work.

Old gold is very beautiful for darning with, and throws up reds, some blues, and some shades of green. A design done in old gold can be darned in almost any colour.

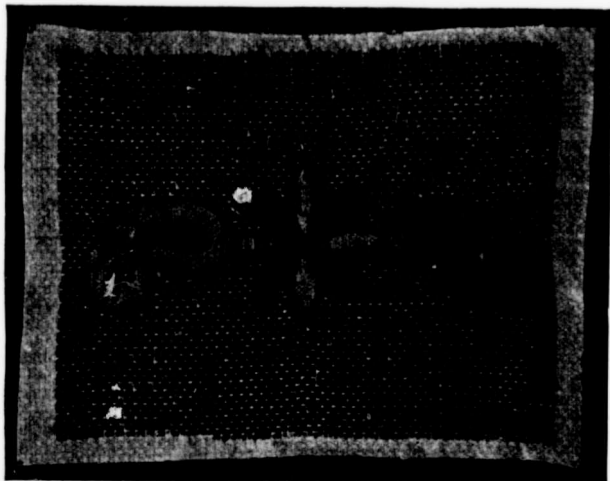
Filoselle is a very good silk for darning with, but the design can be executed in tapestry or rope silks very well.

Gold outlines can be used with advantage in this work, and for them Japanese gold, which, though inexpensive, never tarnishes, is the best for this purpose.

There is a cotton called "cotton filoselle," which is like silk filoselle, inasmuch as the strand is composed of several threads. This is very good for huckaback work, though, of course, not so effective as the silk.

The leaf design given here, if worked in several reds and a few touches of orange and green, would be very charming, for the leaves are those of Virginia creeper. The darning could be done in one red or some shade of old gold.

Now for the stitches which can be used in this work. Of course for the design itself you





can employ any you please—satin, crewel stitches, plait stitch, any Mountmellick or stitches that you prefer. Heavy embroidery is the best for this work. I do not much care for open-work designs done in it.

In Fig. 2 you will see a double herring-bone stitch worked in two shades of green. This would be very suitable for a border in the darned work, or for rows of the stitches forming a design of themselves.

An examination of the example will serve better than many words to show how this is done. The needle, you will notice, does not go through the huckaback, but is passed simply through those regular threads which form part of the woven pattern.

I generally use a rug needle for this work, as the blunt point passes well under the little threads and does not catch in the huckaback by the way.

When the first row, which is nearly an inch deep, is finished in the lighter shade, the second is worked in the darker in the manner clearly shown by the needle left in as a stitch is being made.

Fig. 3 is another pattern.

Here the four lines graduate, and could, if completed, finish off in the point of a V. These could be done in different colours with good effect. The rows, on the other hand, if desired to be parallel, could be made to begin and end nearly in the same place.

Here the needle is passed from right to left, the same threads serving for the two rows.

Single herring-bone on a smaller scale and in isolated rows is seen in Fig. 4.

In Fig. 5 darning is seen.

Take long needlefuls and avoid having to end and begin again in the middle of a line. If you have to do so, let it be under the threads through which you darn.

It is best to use a darning-needle for darn-  
ing, as the work can then be done very much

more quickly than when a short needle is used.

By these examples it will be seen that huckaback admits of many possibilities, and that various very beautiful articles can be made with it.

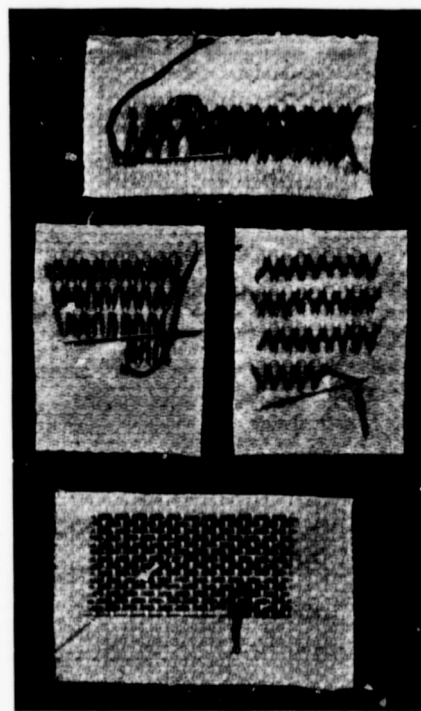
Darned boarders could be mounted on to plush or Roman satin curtains, and look extremely well.

Strips of darned huckaback alternating with strips of plush or velvet or some other material would form nice cushion covers.

When done in strips, of course the work is much more convenient to carry about; and at the seaside a good deal might be done if a strip was at hand in those many idle moments which often fall really rather heavily. A large piece of work would be too cumbersome to carry about and managed in strips or sections.

Overtowels are used in many bedrooms to throw over the towel-horse during the daytime. Huckaback work would be very pretty indeed for an overtowel, and a deep border might be worked at each end and darned, while a medallion might be made at one end of a circle, in which was a big monogram or initials on darned ground.

Toilet-mats are very nice in this work, and, indeed, it would be useless to attempt to exhaust the list of all that could be done with this cheap material which can be had so easily in almost any place.



"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME.

It was late in the evening when Madge and Guy arrived in London after their honeymoon.

They had been abroad nearly three months, wandering from place to place, and both were glad at the prospect of a rest from their journeyings.

Madge leaned forward with yearning in her eyes as they drove through the busy streets to their flat in Kensington. For the change of scene and the new life had failed utterly as yet to lessen her bitter sense of loss, and all she thought of now she was in London was, that it was the place Jack had loved so much.

Guy sat back in the hansom and remained silent. He was beginning to understand her now, and knew when she did not wish to be spoken to. At the same time the expression of her face hurt him, and he would have liked it otherwise. He would have liked her to show some interest and pleasure in the little home they were now going to for

the first time, and her apparent indifference chilled him. However, he decided that it was only natural she should feel low just at first, and hoped for a brighter state of things presently. He could afford to be hopeful, for, in spite of a few drawbacks, the honeymoon on the whole had been very enjoyable. It had been a real pleasure to him to win a look of genuine interest to her face, and then, if very undemonstrative, she had always been grateful to him for every effort he made to entertain her.

It seemed as if they were admirably suited to each other, for both disliked fussing, and for the rest she had no objection to his carrying on many of his beloved bachelor habits, indeed, she encouraged him to do so.

And yet, in spite of the general smoothness, that slight chill of disappointment he had experienced when he first kissed her, remained in his heart.

He tried to shake it off, but, however well he succeeded for a time, it invariably came back. He could not understand it, because he thought he had everything

he wanted, and yet, in his heart, he was vaguely conscious of something missing. He was wondering a little about it as he sat back in the hansom, and a grave look rested on his usually careless face. Had Madge seen it, she might have chased it away with a word, but she was far away, dreaming of Jack.

When they reached their destination he alighted quickly with a sense of relief, and gave Madge his hand. Then, while she made her way indoors, he remained to settle with the driver and see to the luggage, both wearing such a matter-of-fact air as would have baffled the keenest observers to detect they were returning from a honeymoon.

When Guy finally ran upstairs Madge had already gone to take her things off without looking round, while he, on his part, hung up his coat and hat, told the servant to bring in the dinner, and sat down at the head of the table with his elbows resting upon it.

In a few minutes Madge returned, and, casually remarking that she was hungry, sat down opposite to him.

Guy watched her curiously. So long as he was comfortable his surroundings were of very little interest to him; but he imagined a girl would naturally be very inquisitive about her new home.

But either Madge was tired or else she was still thinking only of Jack, for her face showed scarcely a shadow of interest as she glanced round carelessly and remarked—

"Did you choose the wall-paper?"

"Yes; do you like it?" he asked.

"Yes, it's uncommon. Did you ask her to bring in the dinner?"

"I did, and I wish she'd hurry up. I feel inclined to eat the table."

Just then the wished-for meal arrived, and what little conversation followed was of the usual common-place order. After dinner Madge rose and went to the window. A balcony ran along outside, and she stepped out and gazed with that same yearning look into the night. She was thinking of how she had always hoped to make her first acquaintance of the big city. When Guy joined her he rested his hand upon hers as it clasped the iron balustrade; but she did not notice the slight caress, or even seem to realise that he was beside her.

He was disappointed and thought she might have shown a little more feeling, as it was their first night at home. He turned and looked in her face, which showed so white and clear in the light of the street lamp, and then he saw the yearning in her eyes and the drawn expression on her mouth, and his kind heart forgot everything but her loss. She looked so beautiful too. He had never realised before they were married how truly beautiful she was; now he was never tired of looking at her and thinking how much lovelier she was than other women.

As they stood together on the balcony, the desire to make her happy grew yet stronger within him, and he was prepared to make any sacrifice for her.

He still thought he was only very fond of her, but already the "self" of his

existence was vanishing, and so, maybe, his affection was of a deeper nature than he thought.

"You look dreadfully tired," he said gently, slipping his arm through hers and drawing nearer.

"Yes, I am tired," she answered wearily, and looked away from him.

"Do you think you will like our home?" he asked.

"I don't know why I shouldn't," and the undertone of indifference sounded harshly on his ears.

"You're going to try and be happy aren't you, Madge?" he asked a little pleadingly.

"It's no use, I can't forget," and she bit her lips to choke down the rising emotion.

"Perhaps you don't try. I shall be jealous of Jack, I'm afraid."

"It isn't only Jack," she answered in low quick tones, "it's other things as well; it's everything—the old life has wrecked me."

He was silent a few minutes, then said quietly—

"You think too much, Madge, I'm sure of it. Why not try to look more at the bright side of things?"

She did not answer, but looked away with straining eyes down the long street.

"Have a try at not thinking at all for a bit," he continued. "I'm sure you only bother yourself needlessly."

"You might as well tell me not to breathe!" she exclaimed in low tones of half-stifled emotion. "I can no more help thinking than I can fly; it was born in me. I told you not to expect to make me happy, it's impossible. But you mustn't care," she added more softly, "I don't want to make you unhappy. I want you to just leave me to myself and do whatever you feel inclined."

He looked down on the pavement and knit his brows.

"You mustn't think I am dull or ungrateful or anything," she continued. "I am very grateful indeed to you and I

will try to please you, only don't ask me to be gay. I only want to be let alone."

He straightened himself and sighed a little. She was such an enigma to him, he couldn't understand her feelings at all. He was prepared to do anything for her, and yet it didn't seem as if she wanted him even to notice her.

"I'm not going to bother you," he said simply; "I only want you to do just whatever you like best. What do you propose for to-night?"

"I'm very tired, I think I'll go to bed," she answered.

"It's very early!" and there was a note of surprise in his voice.

"I like going early," she answered, and prepared to leave him. "You will go to your club, won't you?"

"Yes, I may as well," he replied, and without another word she left him.

When he reached the club his spirits revived considerably. He thoroughly enjoyed meeting all his old friends and spent a decidedly pleasant evening among them.

A good deal of surprise was expressed at seeing him on his first night in London, but congratulations on his freedom were for the most part offered him, and he left feeling quite pleased with himself.

But before he reached home the shadows began to creep round again.

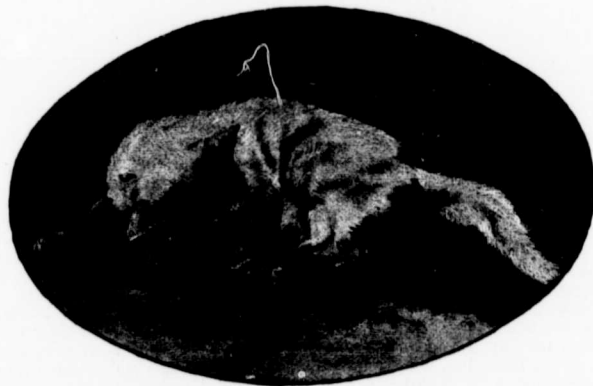
"I wish she would be a little brighter and less cold," said a voice within him, and the desire lingered.

Then presently he drew himself up sharply.

"You idiot," he apostrophised himself, "you know you're happy together, and she's very fond of you. Hundreds of men would envy you, what more do you want?" and he resolutely turned his thoughts to another subject.

"Aye, what more?" Guy had to live a little longer and grow a little wiser, before he was able to give an answer.

(To be continued.)





## HOW TO MAKE AMERICAN CANDIES.

GIRLS who live in London, or any large town where American sweets are easily obtainable, will hardly care to take the trouble to make them. But many of our readers live in the country and remote places where these delicious sweets are never seen, and they may not object to trying their hands at the work.

These candies are so very pretty as well as excellent that they will come in very acceptably for dessert, be useful when you want to make a small birthday present, and be very nice for yourselves if you possess what is commonly called "a sweet tooth."

Yet another—no, two good reasons for learning to make them!

The American lady who taught me how these candies were made told me that, on one occasion, she had to take a stall at a bazaar, and it occurred to her to make quantities of these candies. This she did, putting them up into pretty little receptacles, and they sold capitally, a very good sum being realised by them.

There is a hint worth having for the next country bazaar at which you have to hold a stall, or at least to which you must contribute, and when you learn how quickly and easily the candies are made, I daresay you will use your knowledge practically. Then the next reason—one that will appeal to many girls who "wish to make a little money." If you live in the country where, as I say, these sweets are uncommon if ever seen, why not make them to sell? The more you make, the greater the profit. And, roughly speaking, if you sell the candies at three shillings a pound, which is quite a fair price, you will probably find that they have not cost you more than half that sum in materials. It would be worth trying, would it not? Now for directions.

**The Foundation.**—There is one foundation substance for American candies upon which changes are rung in the way of colouring, flavouring, and the mixing with it of nuts, etc., or the addition to it of fruit, nuts, etc. It is very important that this foundation—which, for the sake of clearness, I shall allude to throughout as the dough—should be well and carefully made, for the excellence of your candies much depends upon it.

You must procure some icing or confectioner's sugar, which is very much finer than castor sugar, and it is absolutely necessary that it should be quite fresh. If it is lumpy it is not fit to work with and you will not make good "dough." Break the white of an egg in one glass, and put an equal quantity of water into another. Put this into a basin and stir it with your sugar until of a dough-like consistency. The proportion of white of egg and water is two to each pound of sugar.

The next thing you require is a perfectly clean pastry-board or marble slab. If you like it, you can scrub a marble-topped washstand and use that. Many girls will be pleased to find by the way that they can make all these candies without a fire. A spirit-lamp for melting the chocolate is necessary if you have no fire, but that is all. Place a bit of dough on your slab and work it with your hands, using the sugar as if it were flour.

**Candy Cherries.**—Cut off a piece of your dough and make it into a thin long roll about half an inch wide. Take a sharp knife and divide it into small pieces. Take these pieces and roll them in your hands until they are like marbles. Those you want for chocolate creams you place aside to harden, but for cherries, etc., you use the marbles, as I shall call them, while they are soft. Get some glazed or crystallised cherries, slit them—without dividing them quite—and take out the stone. Press a small marble into the place where the stone was.

**Cream Almonds.**—Blanch your almonds, and cover them with dough. If you want to roughen the sugar up a little you can do so with a fork.

**Walnuts.**—Get the very best English walnuts, and, when shelled, do not remove the fine skin that is over them. Cut them carefully in half. If you have some that are broken do not use the bits for cream walnuts, as only perfect halves are of any use. Lay them aside and I will tell you later on how to use them. Now take two halves of your walnuts and put one on each side of a marble. Press together, and in so doing you will notice that the sugar comes out all round between the halves. Leave them to harden.

**Cream Dates.**—The dates must be fresh, and when procured slit down one side and the stone removed as in the case of the cherries. Put a marble into the place which was occupied by the stone, and, after pressing together, leave to harden.

**Nougât.**—Take your broken pieces of walnut and chop them up finely, adding almonds, pistachio nuts, and Brazil nuts. When all well chopped up small together stir these into some of the dough, this being best done in a basin, and it should be mixed up very thoroughly. When this is done place your dough on the slab and make it into long thin strips. Then cut it into pieces with a sharp knife.

**Tricoloured Candy.**—Take three pieces of dough—yellow, brown and red. (The colouring I shall describe later). Make each piece into a long, thin, narrow strip, and then lay the strips when on the board one over the other. This must be done very neatly, and, when completed, the edges smoothed off with a sharp knife. Cut into squares and leave it to harden. The squares can be about an inch square.

**Crystallising.**—This can be done to the almonds, cream walnuts, cherries and dates. Get some crystallised sugar and put some into a plate. Then put the cherries or whatever you want to crystallise into the plate, cover with another and shake it up between the two plates. You can also take each cherry, etc., and simply press it down at the edge on crystallised sugar. Needless to say this must be done at once before the dough has begun to harden.

**Colouring.**—Colouring the dough adds to the effect of the candies, and sometimes, as with orange, you colour and flavour at one and the same time. All colouring must be done while the dough is in the basin. Colour one lump and put it aside, then another. Mix a lump with chopped nuts and also put

aside, and cut and use all these varieties while moist. For orange colouring add a very little grated orange peel and a little of the juice to the dough. Chocolate colouring, which flavours as well, is done with grated chocolate or cocoa powder.

**Flavouring.**—The flavouring of the dough is done in the basin. As will have been seen, orange (or lemon) colour and flavour at the same time as does chocolate. Grated coconut makes a variety in flavour. Pounded almonds mixed in with the dough are delicious.

You can make your marbles, of course, plain white and somewhat tasteless by leaving the dough as it is, or else you can make your marbles coloured, or containing chopped almonds, grated cocoanut or nougât.

**Chocolate Creams.**—Some readers may like to make these, so I will give you full directions. But they can be so easily obtained and are not so essentially American that probably they will not find such great favour as the others.

Rock chocolate, which has no sugar whatever in it, is necessary, and you must be most careful that you get it perfectly fresh. Break your chocolate into a cup and place it on top of a kettle filled with boiling water and which is kept boiling until the chocolate melts. This you can do on the most ordinary spirit-lamp. Do not stir this at all.

When the chocolate is completely melted, place your cup on the table and drop into the chocolate one hard marble at a table. Please note the adjective, for the dough marbles must be left quite to harden—which takes some hours before you cover them with chocolate. And if you use nougât or coloured marbles, or those flavoured with cocoanut, etc., make them into marbles while soft, but do not use for covering with chocolate until quite hard.

The way you take your marble out of the liquid chocolate is with two silver forks. You can drain the ball by passing it from one fork to the other. A better plan even than the forks is to make yourself a little wire spoon. Any wire will answer the purpose very well.

Every now and then you must place your cup over the boiling water which should be kept boiling for the purpose. Place your chocolate creams to dry on waxed paper, which you can easily get at any confectioner's. You can cover some of your nougât with chocolate, treating it exactly as you did the chocolate creams.

Lightness of touch and general daintiness are of the very greatest importance in the making of all these candies. If, in using a spirit-lamp, you find you cannot place your cup easily over the kettle, then use a saucepan. Put hot water in it, and place the cup containing chocolate in that *bain marie* fashion.

In packing candies to send by post, you should use fine paper shavings or waxed paper.

If you could but have seen the little basket full of candies my American friend gave me of her own making, you would feel tempted to try what you could do, and no doubt succeed quite as well.

## JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

By ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

In the work of every musician something of his character is revealed. As we listen to the glorious symphonies or sonatas of Beethoven we feel the pulsings of that great heart which yearned for a sympathy it never gained.

As Mozart's graceful melodies strike our ears with infinite tenderness we seem conscious of the presence of the kindly, courteous Viennese.

Haydn says to us, and repeats it over and over again:—"How happy I am. How gay is the world. Let us be merry together."

Händel and Bach point to Heaven and cry, "God is good!" And yet how differently these two utter the cry.

To Händel, who travelled across foreign countries, and visited many courts, God was a King, and he praised Him with right royal magnificence. To Bach, in his obscure German town, far from pomp or worldliness, God was a Spirit, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

If we look into the circumstances of Bach's childhood, and consider the nature of his surroundings, it will become clearer to us how this thing came to be.

The beautiful province of Thuringia is bordered on its northern side by the Hartz Mountains, the home of German fairy-tale and legend; its former capital is a small unimportant town, which is usually overlooked by the casual tourist. Shyly it hides itself among the hills and forests, but even the passing traveller, speeding towards Leipzig and Dresden is struck by the massive fortress which stands above it on the crest of a mountain peak, the steep ascent to which is almost hidden by a dense mass of foliage. This town is Eisenach, the birthplace of Sebastian Bach, and the fortress is the famous Wartburg.

The Wartburg was built with incredible speed, between the years 1060-69, when a terrible famine had laid waste the land and the men of Eisenach were thankful to labour in return for bread for themselves and their starving families. Till 1440 the Landgraves of Thuringia resided there, and during the reign of Landgrave Hermann, about 1207, the Wartburg was the scene of the famous Sängerkrieg or Minstrel War, a contest of song between some of the most renowned of the Minnesänger, among them being Walther von der Vogelweide, Wolfrano von Eschenbach and Heinrich von Ofterdingen. These Minnesänger laid the foundation of Germany's musical greatness. Not only did they write poems, but each man set his words to music, and sang his song to his own accompaniment, played on harp or violin. The theme of all these songs, as their name, Minne, implied, was love, but it was love in the purest and most

ideal sense. The Landgrave Hermann was succeeded by his son, Ludwig, husband of the holy Elisabeth, whose beautiful life has been extolled in history and legend. This gracious princess used to visit the poor and sick in the little town of Eisenach, and she founded there the St. Anna's Hospital, which afterwards sheltered her from her enemies when, her husband having died on his way to Otranto, whither he had gone to join the Crusaders, she was driven by his relations from her rightful home. It was during her lifetime, but after she

among these children were some who bore the name of Bach. There were many of them, and all, or nearly all, were musical. One who was born about 1550 at Wechmar, not far from Eisenach, was called Veit Bach. He became a miller and baker, and in the intervals between grinding his corn and baking his bread, good Veit used to play on a peculiar kind of instrument which somewhat resembled a guitar. Veit's son Hans turned his back on the mill and became a musician, travelling about the country and fiddling at

weddings, christenings, and the like festivities. He is known in the annals of the Bach family as "Hans der Spielmann" (Hans the player). He had three sons, the eldest of whom, Johann, became the first organist among them. The second son, Christoph, had a greater destiny; he was to be the grandfather of Sebastian.

By this time the whole province of Thuringia was becoming well peopled with Bachs, and by degrees they came to occupy all the principal positions in the various neighbouring towns. Erfurt, Eisenach, and Arnstadt were their chief centres, and all the branches of the family used to meet at one or other of these three places for certain festival occasions, such as Christmas, Easter or Whitsuntide. To all these Bachs music was a sacred possession, to be cherished and fostered for itself alone, regardless of any material benefit that might accrue from its practice. When a man who had filled the post of organist, choir-master, or town musician grew old, and died or retired, it was usual for his successor to marry his daughter. To this rule the Bachs strictly adhered, with the result that bride and bridegroom were frequently of the same family, though the cousinship was often distant. The father of Sebastian Bach, Johann Ambrosius, was an exception; he did not marry a cousin, but chose for his wife, Elisabeth Lämmerhirt, the daughter of a furrier at Erfurt. But though Elisabeth was not herself a Bach, her family had already been connected with the Bach family, for Johann, the great-uncle of her husband, who has been mentioned as the first organist among them, had married Hedwig Lämmerhirt, probably a great-aunt of Elisabeth's.

It seems strange that nothing but the name should be known of the mother of Sebastian Bach; his numerous biographers have taken infinite pains to trace out his family on the father's side through a bewildering number of generations, but even the best of them, Spitta, is content to mention merely the name of his mother, and tells us nothing about her character or tastes.

Johann Ambrosius and Elisabeth Bach had



J. S. BACH.

had retired to the convent in which she ended her days, that Martin Luther found a refuge from his pursuers in the friendly Wartburg. The tree is still shown about fourteen miles from Eisenach, beneath which, at midnight on May 4th, 1521, the reformer was seized by followers of the Elector of Saxony, who had directions to carry him off and hide him in the fortress where he spent ten months, disguised as "Younger George." Here he wrote a great part of his translation of the Bible, and the room in which he sat is still pointed out to visitors, though the table at which he worked has had to be replaced by a new one, the original having been wholly whittled away by people anxious to obtain relics of his presence.

Years passed by. Life was uneventful in the little Thuringian town where children were born, grew up and died, without apparent influence on the history of the world. But





A FEW BARS OF BACH'S MS. MUSIC.

five children, the youngest of whom, our great Sebastian, was born on March 21st, 1685. They lived in a comfortable two-storied house at Eisenach, and the father rejoiced in the high-sounding title of *Hof und Rath's Musikus* (musician to the court and town council of Eisenach).

Hard by lived Sebastian's uncle, Johann Christoph, the organist of Eisenach, a man whose genius must have had considerable influence on the impressionable nature of his little nephew. At the neighbouring town of Arnstadt lived another uncle, Michael Bach, also an excellent organist and maker of clavichords and violins. The daughter of this uncle afterwards became Sebastian's wife.

Before he was ten years old the little Sebastian had lost both father and mother, and was taken to live with his elder brother,

Johann Christoph, who was organist at Ohrdruf. This brother was already a married man, and, though only twenty-four years old, had the cares of a growing family pressing upon him. Some excuse must therefore be made for him if his treatment of his little brother was somewhat harsh and unsympathetic. Johann Christoph was a pedant; he doled out music to the greedy Sebastian with, as he thought, a prudent discretion, but this was just what Sebastian could least endure. A book of manuscript music, containing copies of the works of the best composers, was kept in a locked book-case, and the boy longed with an ever-increasing longing to possess it. A trellis wood-work alone separated him from the coveted treasure, and, at length, after much manipulation, the eager little student succeeded in working the book

through the narrow openings. In his own small attic, by the light of the moon, he copied it all out; but, just as he had finished his self-imposed task, he was discovered, and the work of six months was confiscated by the relentless Christoph.

Soon afterwards it became necessary for Sebastian to leave his brother's house, and he was taken as scholar at the St. Michael's School at Lüneburg. He had excellent musical training there, was taught Latin, and had access to an unlimited supply of the best music. At the age of eighteen he was appointed court musician at Weimar, and from there he went as organist to Arnstadt. Here, however, he had little success; his soaring spirit would not let him rest content in the old grooves, and when, in 1705, he went on foot to Lübeck to hear the great organist



BACH'S INTRODUCTION TO FREDERICK THE GREAT AT POTSDAM.



BACH'S BIRTHPLACE.

Buxtehude, and, lost in the wonder of this music, outstayed his holiday by several months, dissatisfaction was very openly expressed. Soon, however, he obtained a better engagement, as organist at Mühlhausen, and now he thought he was in a position to marry. The wife he had chosen was his cousin, Maria Barbara, and the following is the quaint entry of the marriage in the church register:—

"On October 17, 1707, the respectable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach, a bachelor, and organist to the church of St. Blasius at Mühlhausen, the surviving lawful son of the late most respectable Herr Ambrosius Bach, the famous town organist and musician of Eisenach, was married to the virtuous maiden, Maria Barbara Bach, the youngest surviving daughter of the late very respectable and famous artist, Herr Johann Michael Bach, organist at Gehren; here in our house of God, by the favour of our gracious ruler, after their banns had been read in Arnstadt."\*

After staying one year at Mühlhausen, Sebastian and his wife moved to Weimar, where he was now appointed organist of the Castle chapel. There he remained for several years, and there he composed some of his finest cantatas. But in 1717 he was again on the wing. The Prince of Köthen, who was a passionate lover of music, offered such advantageous terms to the Weimar organist that an arrangement was speedily made, and the Bach family removed to Köthen. Three years later the Prince, accompanied by Sebastian, paid a visit to Carlsbad. It was a sad visit for the musician, for on returning to his home he found

that his wife, the good and faithful Maria Barbara, had died during his absence and was already laid to rest in the green churchyard. She left seven children, the eldest two of whom became famous musicians. After a year and a half of widowhood, Sebastian Bach married again. He was only thirty-six, and a houseful of unruly boys must have been hard to manage without a mother's help. His choice now fell on Anna Magdalena, the twenty-one year old daughter of a musician named Wülkens. During his stay at Köthen, Bach composed a number of instrumental pieces for solo and duet, amongst them being his *Inventions* and the first part of his *Wohltemperirte Clavier*, that book of Preludes and Fugues which has delighted musicians from his day to ours.

Shortly after his second marriage Bach moved to Leipzig, where he had been appointed Cantor (Precentor) at the Thomasschule, and there he remained for the rest of his life. His work was unceasing. Thirteen more children were added to Maria Barbara's seven, so that at the end there should have been twenty of them had they all lived!

All of them were more or less musical, and Frau Anna Magdalena was an excellent singer.

During this Leipzig period the two glorious *Passion Musics*, according to St. John and according to St. Matthew, were composed. The second of these is much the finer; it was composed expressly for St. Thomas's Church, in which there were two organs, and for the musical service in which Bach was responsible.

The words are taken partly from the 26th and 27th chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, and partly from hymns by Picander. The instrumental parts are for two organs and a

double orchestra, but no brass instruments or drums were used, as these were considered out of keeping with the sacredness of the subject.

The first performance of this wonderful music was given on Good Friday, 1729, the sermon being preached between the two parts. It was received with respectful attention, but Bach was not encouraged to repeat it. Next day it was consigned to a cupboard in which it remained for one hundred years; then it was found by Mendelssohn, who persuaded the Berlin Academy to give it a hearing. On the 1st March, 1829, the *Passion Music* once more was heard. The master had long lain in his quiet, unknown grave, somewhere in the cemetery at Leipzig, but the seed he had sown had borne good fruit. People no longer regarded his music as eccentric and far-fetched, but listened, entranced by its beauty and power.

To the efforts of Mendelssohn and Schumann the Bach-Renaissance, which began with that performance of the *Passion Music*, is due. Since then, every musical society in the world has performed the works of the great Leipzig Cantor, who composed, not for fame or glory, but for love of God and of the art through which he hoped to serve Him best.

Sebastian Bach lived long enough to see several of his sons in prominent positions. The eldest, Wilhelm Friedemann, should have had a splendid career; he had immense talent, but through the irregularities of his life, he destroyed his prospects and his powers.

The second son, Carl Philip Emanuel, won a distinguished position at the Court of Frederick the Great. In the year 1747 his royal master desired him to invite his father to Potsdam, and one evening, when the king,

\* Spitta's *Life of Bach*. Translated by Clara Bell and J. Fuller-Maitland.

surrounded by his musicians and courtiers, was taking part in a musical performance, the list of visitors just in was handed to him. Looking quickly through it, his Majesty exclaimed, "Gentlemen, old Bach has come!" and, laying down his flute, he went himself to meet his honoured guest.

"Old Bach" was not given time to change his dress, but just as he was, he was led to the king, who conducted him into a large hall where there were seven new pianofortes by Silbermann. The piano at this time was a very new invention, and Sebastian was not much accustomed to it; the clavichord was the

instrument on which he played all those of his compositions which we now perform on the piano. The king made him try all his new pianos, and was delighted with the wonderful fugues improvised by the old master on subjects given him by his hearers. Next day Frederick accepted Bach's invitation to come and listen to his unrivalled performance on the organ, and then the old man returned to his home in Leipzig, flattered and pleased by the enthusiasm of his reception at the great king's court. Soon afterwards he became blind, and on June 28th, 1750, he died.

A monument has been erected to Sebastian

Bach at Eisenach, beneath the shadow of the great Wartburg towards which his childish eyes must often have been raised in affection and awe; but his best monument is unveiled when, with full orchestra and chorus, the conductor lifts his bâton to unfold the beauties of the *Passion Music* according to St. Matthew. Listening to such music as this one is reminded of the words of Thomas Carlyle:—

"Who can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!"



## DEAF PEOPLE, AND HOW TO HELP THEM.

An interesting paper appeared lately in this magazine on the subject of the small kindnesses which it is possible for girls to show to the deaf. It has struck me that, as I am one of these unfortunately afflicted people, I might perhaps be allowed to supplement the above-mentioned article by suggesting a very much needed help which most girls have it in their power to render if they care to do so.

Many, if not most of the Board Schools give lessons in lip-reading to deaf and dumb children, but there are many deaf people who have become so late in life, and who are not dumb, but are too old to enter the Board Schools, and just too well off to wish to do so, and yet who are unable to afford more than a few lessons from a competent lip-reading teacher, for as there are but few really good instructors in lip-reading, the terms for learning the art in private are necessarily high. It would be a very great boon if those girls who are longing to help someone and yet have no money or any other means of doing so except leisure, would seek out the deaf residing near them—often it may be of their own rank in life—and give a certain definite time once or twice a week, or even oftener, to practice lip-reading with them.

The art of learning to read words from the lips of another is very difficult to most people and needs constant practice, and this in many cases cannot be given by relations for want of time and other reasons; but when it is once acquired it is a wonderful help and blessing to those who cannot hear. If girls only knew how painful and how irritating it is to feel oneself cut off from all conversation and intercourse with others, and to have to wait patiently (or impatiently) to be told every little thing that is arranged, and then only to glean the information with consciousness of worry to other people, they would surely be really anxious to help the deaf by any means in their power.

No outlay of money is needed, nor is a special knowledge of lip-reading at all necessary. All that is required is a large stock of sympathy

and patience, and the art of speaking slowly and distinctly. Lip-reading is really, strange as it may appear, the art of reading sounds, and the theory on which the whole idea is founded is simply that every different sound expressed by the human mouth (including the lips, the teeth, and the tongue), must necessarily take its own special shape on the lips in speaking. It is best to begin either with the days of the week, month, etc., or by reading aloud some easy book, speaking each syllable very clearly and slowly, but taking great care to speak quite naturally also and not to distort the words or lips. Three or four, or five or six words (sometimes even a whole short sentence) are often more easily understood than one or two, because the key word of the sentence (that which gives the clue to the meaning of the rest), is more easily caught in a sentence. The learner generally has to guess small words from the general sense of what she makes out, for small words are less easy than long ones, having but slight distinctive form, though there are exceptions to this rule, the names of places and people being usually difficult to read, and words containing the letter *k* are specially hard, this letter when contained in a word, not by itself, being very little seen upon the lips. Great patience is needed, lip-reading being very difficult and exhausting at first, but the art will nearly always be gained more or less in the end, if only pupil and teacher persevere. It is sometimes helpful to get the learner to notice her own lips in a hand-glass.

It must be remembered that the sounds and not the spelling of words is what must be learnt, much as in shorthand.

Totally deaf people nearly always dislike speaking much themselves, because, especially in the case of those who have once been used to hearing, it is most perplexing and annoying never to hear the sound of their own voices. They must, however, be encouraged to talk, or they may not improbably lose this faculty also, and lip-reading is a real help here, as the learner must repeat words and sentences after

her teacher to make sure that she has caught them rightly.

No knowledge of the art of lip-reading is really necessary for any girl who practices with a deaf person who has already had a few lessons from a competent teacher; she really only needs a thorough grasp of the fact that she is helping the deaf person to see sounds on the lips, the shape and form as it were of the words and syllables she utters, naturally and easily, though slowly spoken. Further knowledge is indeed somewhat apt to confuse the helper, leading her to distort and exaggerate the sounds, but it may be a help to observe that certain sounds are divided into throat or voice and breath sounds; thus *th* in *thine* is a throat sound, and the tongue can be seen to protrude between the teeth in making it, while *th* in *think* is a breath sound, and the tongue, though still seen, comes less forward. Other breath sounds are made by sharp consonants, such as *f*, where the teeth close on the lower lip, and *p* which is practically a puff of breath or air. *H* is of course merely an aspiration of the breath.

In vowel sounds the *oo* in *food* shows rounded lips, whilst in *foot*, though the sound and shape is the same, it is much shorter and quicker. There are, of course, many other sounds to be learnt, and to any who may desire it the writer would be glad to send further information on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

But there are by no means so many sounds to be learnt as might be thought, for many words are made up of the same sounds in different combination. One great difficulty indeed is to distinguish between different similar sounds, as e.g., *to*, *you*, *do*, but the general meaning of the sentence helps here, and it is not wise to harp too much on such words. The drift of the sentence is the best guide.

The office of lip-reading practiser is not perhaps an easy one, but any one who undertakes it with a fairly intelligent pupil will be amply rewarded by her gratitude and progress.

ALFREY PORTER.

## IN A MOTHER'S STEAD.

By A. M. BELLERBY.

## CHAPTER II.



ER post turned out to be no sinecure, though she soon won her little pupils' hearts; for youth and inexperience are not generally possessed of a great stock of patience, so blunders were made; there was sometimes strictness where there should have been leniency, and mistaken indulgence

where discipline was needed. Neither was the young governess in her first engagement reassured, when Edwin calmly remarked one day—

"I don't think mother cares much for you" (for that young gentleman could never sound his r's). But she struggled on prayerfully and hopefully, in spite of, every now and then, a day when the little ones had been so fractious or troublesome, that Katharine felt the burden of her daily cross was too heavy to be borne, but when it reached that climax it was always lifted for her and she went on bravely again.

Few evenings passed that Mr. Mathew did not visit the nursery; sometimes questioning the children on their lessons, and evincing his quiet satisfaction from time to time, for almost preternaturally quick, they made rapid progress.

Once, much later than usual, he had come to see them, but Katharine had coaxed them to go to bed, and with the door of communication between the two nurseries slightly ajar, he could just see her, with Stephanie at her knee in the midst of her evening prayer.

"Lord on the Cross Thine arms were stretched,

To draw Thy people nigh,  
O teach us then that Cross to love,  
And in those arms to die."

said the little voice, helped here and there; then going on to pray for her father and mother, Edwin and "Kattie," as they begged to be allowed to call her. Then came Edwin's turn, adding the quaintest requests of his own to his orthodox prayers; but the father turned away silently, thinking how he and the mother of his children lay down night after night, without a prayer themselves, or troubling whether or no the little ones said theirs.

It had been different with him once, but his marriage to a careless wife had made him careless too.

Katharine would have been lonely indeed during those first months from home, but for the love of her pupils; for, except when sending her on commissions during the daily walks; or to uncompromisingly interrupt

lessons for the children to have their innumerable new frocks tried on, Mrs. Mathew did not trouble to see her, and, of course, she was introduced to no one.

The children with their pretty quaintness, were sometimes sent for to show off to visitors, but the governess was not required to go down with them; thus it came to pass that Katharine had been home for an all too short holiday before speaking to anyone outside the house. She was greeted with rapture by the children.

"Oh, I do love you, Kattie," said Edwin almost suffocating her with his caresses.

"So do I," said Stephanie from the other side, "and I've got a bad finger, and Dr. Drew's attending to it," with a great air of self-importance, holding out the tiny, bandaged member.

"How did that happen? What have you done to it?"

Stephanie looked at Edwin, who hung his head and blushed, then bravely recovering himself answered—

"I was a coward and I did it; I was angry with her, and ran my pen into it."

"Oh, Edwin, how could you be so ungentlemanly and so cowardly; but there, I see you are sorry and I am sure Stephanie has forgiven you."

"Twite," replied the injured damsel, as clearly as a mouthful of the chocolate Katharine had brought them would allow her.

"And I asked God to forgive me, when I was good again," said Edwin gravely. For after any special naughtiness she would take them away quietly, talk to them, and kneel down and pray with them; and her loving influence was already beginning to make itself felt.

It was too late for lessons that day, so a game of blindman's buff, with Katharine as blindman, was in too full swing for the trio to hear a knock at the door, which was consequently opened; and Dr. Drew with an amused smile, signing to the children not to betray him, stood watching, till Katharine in her search tripped over a footstool, and would have fallen, had not a strong hand caught her. Snatching off her bandage she found herself face to face with a stranger, her own flooding with the deepest blush her wild-rose cheeks had ever taken.

"Forgive me, Miss Skrine, I could not interrupt such an interesting game, and it was well I was here, or you might have required my attention as well as Stephanie. Mrs. Mathew was out, so I came on up. How's the finger, little patient?"

That duly investigated and pronounced satisfactory, the doctor seemed in no hurry to go, but invited himself to the nursery tea which was just then brought up, bowing his head reverently during the grace Katharine would not omit because he was there, while she inwardly wondered what Mrs. Mathew would say to his proceeding.

"Dr. Drew's stayed with us often lately," said Edwin, in happy ignorance that Dr. Drew was Machiavellian enough to have done so during the holidays, that he might be justified in also doing so after the return of Miss Skrine, to whom he had for long been vainly endeavouring to obtain introduction.

"Yes, and I love him," said Stephanie complacently, "don't you, Kattie?"

At which innocent, but distinctly awkward question, Kattie would have felt thankful to sink into the floor, but Dr. Drew hastily said—

"Stephanie, so much jam is not good for your finger," for the young lady was unlaw-

fully helping herself, and he set to work to attend to her, until Katharine had recovered from her confusion, when he went on. "My mother and I have noticed you trotting these scaramouches down to the children's service, Miss Skrine, and she would be very pleased if you would come to tea with us next Sunday; she would like to know you."

"She is very kind," said Katharine, with that uncomfortably ready blush again; "if Mrs. Mathew has no objection I shall be most pleased."

"We too?" inquired the small made-moiselle.

"You too, certainly."

"Oh, you are a nice man," ejaculated Edwin, "I think I'll be a doctor when I grow up. Owen says you are like a byother to the poor people."

It was Dr. Drew's turn now to feel confused, and he made the discovery that it was high time to go,

Katharine lost her heart to Mrs. Drew that next Sunday afternoon; the sweet little old lady had long noticed the young governess, who, she had guessed, was left so much to herself, and who now received an invitation to come in as often as she liked.

"Never think you or the children will trouble me, my dear, I like young people about me."

So Katharine was only too glad to have a friend in such a home-like dwelling as the Drews', where the children would be taken off her hands by the comfortable old housekeeper, and she herself had many a talk with the little lady who encouraged her to open her heart to her; while Dr. Drew's was in great danger of slipping out of his keeping in another direction.

But Mrs. Mathew was one of those people who became jealous if anyone within her circle of acquaintances—let alone that contemptible creature a governess—was better liked than herself. Mrs. and Dr. Drew with their high breeding had always rather held aloof from her indefinable vulgarities, and she felt it intolerable that "this chit of a girl," who dressed like a dowdy, and blushed whenever spoken to unexpectedly, should be preferred to herself.

Wherefore on one of those rare occasions, when, having no one else to speak to, she sent for Katharine to come down to afternoon tea, she seized the opportunity to remark—

"Mrs. Drew seems to have taken a great fancy to you, Miss Skrine."

"Indeed, she is very kind," was the earnest reply.

"Yes, it is nice for her to take you up like that, but I wouldn't go too often if I were you."

"Oh, do you think I am taking advantage, that I shall worry her? she said not," was the disturbed answer.

"I didn't mean that exactly," went on Mrs. Mathew remorselessly, "but you see Dr. Drew is generally there at the time you call, and it may be said you are running after him."

Surprised to receive no reply to this delicate remark, Mrs. Mathew turned to see the reason.

"Goodness, child, don't look like that, there's no need!"

For the hot blood which had swept over Katharine's face had given place to an unearthly pallor, and a cold hand seemed to clutch at her heart; she could neither move nor speak in answer to the miserable taunt.

Mrs. Mathew was alarmed and for once



regretted her words; but presently Katharine recovered herself and her dignity, and saying coldly—

“Thank you for the caution, Mrs. Mathew, I will take care not to lay myself open to such an imputation again,” passed from the room.

“Well, I’ve done it anyway,” said Mrs. Mathew, congratulating herself, “but I didn’t suppose the little stupid would take it quite like that. Heigho, how dull it is; even Philip away; not that he’s much entertainment at the best of times.”

Mr. Mathew had recently gone to Holland on important business, and was likely to be absent weeks, if not months.

“I’d go with you if it were anywhere reasonable,” his wife had said, “but Holland would be too intolerable, except for passing through as we did before.”

And Katharine, in her room, was fighting face to face with the first passion-fiend of her life. Her young heart surged with hatred towards the woman who from the first had repelled her, but whom she had schooled herself to try to like; and the cruel words had revealed to her, as by a flash of electric light,

the fact, which her girlish modesty had hidden from herself before—she cared only too much for Anton Drew.

The children had gone to an evening party, so she was free to battle alone with her anger and pain; but the cool, passive moon streamed in on her before the fight was over; the higher nature had subdued the lower, and for very weariness she slept.

The next morning was Sunday. The victory won, she was free to go, as she had before purposed, to the Early Service, and as she knelt during its holy calm with sorrow but forgiveness in her soul, she pitied and prayed for the woman who knew nothing of the peace this world can neither give nor take away.

Longer than usual she remained after the service, but though she had not noticed him there, Dr. Drew greeted her at the door. One glance at her face, still pale with the emotions that had shaken her, made his voice take a tenderer tone than ever it had before.

“You will come in and see us this afternoon after the service?”

“No, thank you, Dr. Drew, I cannot come to-day.”

“Not,” in a surprised tone, “why, what will prevent you, are you not well?”

“Quite well, thank you. But I shall not be able to come this afternoon.”

“Will you not tell me why?” his tone grew slightly reproachful.

Poor Katharine, what could she say? With a haughtiness new to her she replied—

“I have said I am not able. If you will tell Mrs. Drew so, with my kind regards, I shall feel greatly obliged.”

If Mephistopheles in person had been standing by that church porch as in “Faust,” the calm of those two young people could not have been more disturbed; doubtless he was there rejoicing.

“Mrs. Mathew must have been interfering, mother,” said the doctor, giving an account of the interview; “she was never like it before.”

“Perhaps so, but we’ll make it all right again with her, poor child, never fear, Anton.”

For the motherly heart fully suspected her son’s secret, and was as well-pleased thereat as a mother can feel, when she sees a wife likely to come between the love of herself and her only son.

(To be continued.)

## COLD POTATOES: WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.



**N** is often very difficult to guess exactly the proper quantity of potatoes to cook in large households, in order neither to have a stint, nor yet to have cold ones remaining. As, however, there are so many nice ways of using up cold potatoes, it is better to err in having too many than too few of this wholesome vegetable. As meat pies with potato crust and fried potatoes are well known in every household, they may be passed over without comment, that our attention may be devoted to a few less common receipts. We frequently find that cooks are not willing as a rule to trouble about a small number of potatoes left from any meal, and that when two or three only remain, they are quietly slipped into the pig man’s bucket (where such exists) without any qualms of conscience. This is probably for two reasons; first, because they are ignorant of many of the nice little dishes that can be made from them, and secondly, because cold potatoes are troublesome to mash. The latter difficulty can be got over very simply by making it a rule to have them peeled and mashed before they have time to get cold; this is only the work of a few minutes, especially if you have one of those useful utensils made for the purpose of mashing them; then cover them to keep them from drying up until you are ready to use them the following morning. Some cooks are fond of getting over the difficulty in another way, that is by boiling them up again when they wish to use them; but this is by no means a good plan, as the flavour of the tuber is utterly spoiled by a second boiling, especially when the skins are the least bit broken.

**Potato Pie.**—Mix five heaped tablespoonfuls of mashed potatoes with two tablespoonfuls of flour, a seasoning of pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Add a small cupful of nice gravy, put all into a pie-dish and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes.

**Potato Balls.**—If you have any remaining from a dish of potatoes mashed with milk and butter, you can make delicious balls with it.

To about a pound of it add a beaten egg and mix well. Form into balls, brush them over with egg and roll in fine crumbs. Arrange them in a frying basket, so that they do not touch one another, fry them in plenty of boiling fat until they are a golden brown colour, drain them well and serve very hot in a nicely folded napkin.

**Potato Puffs.**—As potatoes are dearest when eggs are cheapest, one does not mind using a few of the latter at that season of the year to make a very tasty dish of the former. Mash four large potatoes very smoothly, add a little pepper and salt. Put half a wineglassful of milk and an ounce of butter into a saucepan; when these boil stir in the mashed potatoes until all are thoroughly mixed, and then remove the saucepan from the fire. Add the yolks of three eggs, one by one, beating them thoroughly. Whisk the whites of four eggs to a very stiff froth and add them lightly to the mixture. Half fill six very small china moulds with it, and bake them in a quick oven till they are a pale brown colour. They should rise considerably in the baking. Serve them in the moulds, which may be arranged on a prettily-folded napkin.

**Apple Dumpling with Potato Pastry.**—Put six ounces of flour into a basin, add a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a little salt; mix well and rub in five ounces of butter, then add six ounces of mashed potatoes. Mix all thoroughly and add a small quantity of water if necessary. Roll out the pastry and line a buttered basin with it, reserving part of it. Fill this with apples, sugar and whatever flavouring you prefer, cover the top with the remaining piece of crust, pinch the edges together and cover it with a well floured cloth securely tied down. Boil it in fast-boiling water for two hours. This pastry is considered by many persons to be much more wholesome than the suet crust which usually envelops the apples. It is also suitable for hot pies of meat or fruit.

**Potato Pudding.**—Rub into six ounces of smoothly-mashed potatoes two ounces of butter, add four ounces of sugar and three well-beaten eggs, and the juice of a lemon. Beat all well together, put the mixture into a dish and bake in a quick oven for half an hour.

**Potato Fritters.**—Mash three large, mealy potatoes very lightly, add three well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little lemon-juice and some grated nutmeg. Beat all well together for about a quarter of an hour, or until the batter is very light. Drop spoonfuls of it into a deep pan of boiling fat, and when they become a nice brown colour take them out and drain them upon soft butter muslin. Serve them with sifted sugar sprinkled over them and with or without wine sauce, as may be preferred.

**Fadge.**—A very favourite bread made of potatoes goes by the name of fadge. Its manufacture is so simple that most cooks make it by the rule of thumb, and probably the receipt has never found its way into any cookery book. The potatoes should be mashed as smoothly as possible and seasoned with salt, then they should have as much flour well kneaded into them as will make a stiff dough that may be handled without breaking too easily. This should be rolled out to a thickness of about a third of an inch and cut into triangular or square pieces of convenient size. Prick each piece here and there with a fork to prevent its blistering, and bake on a very hot and well-floured griddle. This bread should be eaten hot and well buttered, or it may be fried the next morning for breakfast, when it will make a nice garnish for a dish of ham and eggs. Fadge is not extremely digestible, and should be partaken of cautiously by those who try it for the first time.

These are a few of the tasty things which can be made from cold potatoes, but there are very many more. If you once succeed in establishing the custom of mashing all potatoes remaining from dinner before they become cold, you will be surprised to find in how many nice ways they may be used, if you are on the watch for them. At any time the mashing is forgotten, they may be put, peeled and whole, into the stock pot with beef bones, and you will find them an excellent addition to it, as no vegetable gives a more meaty flavour to weak stock than this most valuable tuber, and they will mash themselves as they cook.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.



### VILLAGE HOMES FOR LADIES.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN.

#### PART I.

It is said that England, for every square mile, has a larger population than any other country of this world (China perhaps excepted). If so it must be due to the excessive crowding of the population into large towns and narrow areas, such as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and the pottery and cotton districts. That the population is not sufficiently distributed over the whole country, there can be no question.

An evenly distributed population, into families and groups, cultivating their own land, or if cultivating the land of a landlord, secure in the benefits of their toil, means for such a country health, strength, and contentment.

The greater the number of people that possess property, however small, whether in savings banks, cattle in the field, owning land, or if hiring land then secure in possessing any improvements that the tenant may make, the more stable is that country, and the more secure are its inhabitants against the dislocation and misery of popular discontent, and sudden upsettings of existing customs and manners.

And not only does a number of property holders give security to a country, but it causes a greater interest to be taken in the work that has to be done, and in consequence the work is better done.

No greater thing can be asked of God, and man, than this—for a worker to find pleasure in the work that has to be done. And we may be quite sure that in a country where the workers work for the love of their work, that when the time for defence comes there will be no lack of self-sacrifice, no hesitation to the response of the call—Queen and Country.

In travelling into the country, nothing has struck me more than the absence of population. Here a cottage or two, there a farmhouse, here a collection of cottages, a school, a church, a public-house, and we are in that deadly dull thing—a country village. But of small artistic village homes—small holdings scattered conveniently over the country—where are they to be seen, where to be found. The country seems to be dead and depopulated.

Another fact has struck me, the growing

desire of all the young village people to get into the towns as soon as possible.

London goes on increasing rapidly, miles upon miles of streets, thousands upon thousands of men and women, are added year by year to its area and population. At present there seems no sign of a pause, but rather all signs point to a more rapid increase in the near future.

For statesmen, religious thinkers, and local authorities, it is a serious problem.

I have also noticed another fact, the large number of ladies, with little or nothing to do, who become submerged in flats, boarding-houses, and hotels in London. As I watch them, lost in London, with little aim in life, of no importance, position, and in many cases, of little or no value to any one, I think how different their lives might be, and how much happier they might be, if, by living in the country, they tried to bring amusement, culture and life into the villages. Here they would be of some use, of some importance, and they would be fulfilling that great commandment, laid on all men and women, who have had the inestimable benefit of birth, culture, and refinement of *noblesse oblige*—the commandment that says, "Give, give, give, that which you have received;" and in thus generously giving they would brighten up the lives of many a cottage home, and convert our villages into abodes of movement and of life.

It is the want of amusement, want of change that is depopulating the villages. Young people must have some change, some brightness, some amusement, and so not getting it in the villages, they seek it in the towns.

It is not a question of wages, for an agricultural labour in regular employment is better off than if he had 26s. and 27s. and lived in a town. As one of my cottagers said to me: "My husband for years was making 30s. per week in Manchester, but, notwithstanding the fact that we have a larger family, we are better off now than then."

Some little time ago I succeeded to an old family property. I had been used to the activity of town thought and action, and in consequence I think that I have attained a certain power of quick generalisation from what I see and hear. I went down to my little

village, and after I had been there twenty-four hours, a friend of mine asked me what I thought of it. I at once said, "What the people want is amusement, movement, more change; they do not want instruction so much, and were I a rich man I would take down a good circus, or a strolling band of musicians."

Every village has now a good schoolroom, and I feel sure that most managers of the schools would gladly allow them to be used for such a purpose.

It was no dream merely of prophets, poets and thinkers, but a great fact that modern science is step by step proving to be true—that we are all bound round by the invisible cords of a vast unity. That for one member of the community to suffer is to affect the whole community, as certainly as the mutilation and impairment of one member of the body affects all the other members of the body. And so the depopulation of the country is a matter of vital importance to the diverse hosts of men and women, who anxiously strive to make a living in the vast city bee-hives.

The crowding into the centres of the agricultural population makes competition in the towns more keen, forces wages lower and entails longer hours of work.

So here are the villages crying aloud for helpers, and numbers of ladies who I am sure are anxious to give that help.

How to bring it about is the problem.

I feel sure that ladies with small incomes can live in much greater comfort and refinement in the country than in the towns, and as I have said, by their presence in the country they could help to enliven and refine the lives of the village folk, which would stem the depopulation of the country, and thus indirectly they would assist the workers throughout the country.

In my second article I shall deal with some of the difficulties from the landlord's point of view, and from the lady tenant point of view, and the cost of living in the county of Shropshire, in which my property is situated.

In my third article I shall suggest some method whereby a lady can increase her income in the country, with advantage to herself and the whole community.

(To be continued.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

**CONTRALTO.**—We have always understood that Starwood Burney, in *Charles Ancherter*, is Stern-dale Bennett; and that Seraphael is Mendelssohn. We have heard Clara Novello's name also coupled with a chief female character, but cannot go further in explanation. It is always rather unsafe to push the identification of fictitious characters too far—as the real personages may often be only "types."

**M. W. F.**—You could probably teach yourself Italian, which is easier by far than French. Dr. Lemmi's Italian Grammar is the best we know, and you would also require a dictionary, besides, by-and-by, an easy reading book, such as Silvio Pellico's *Le Mie Prigioni*. No English tongue can possibly acquire the liquid Italian intonation, but the actual rules for pronunciation are very few and very easily grasped. See our answers in June and September last. We are glad that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER "helps you in your desire to improve yourself."

**IGLON.**—We are very glad to hear of your progress and success. The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C., holds examinations in Theory of Music and Counterpoint for first, second and third class certificates. Possibly this may be of use to you, though the course you suggest is excellent.

**HEARTSEASE (LYONS).**—1. Raphael's cartoons were placed in Hampton Court by King William III., and remained there, with the exception of a short interval, till May 1865. They now form part of the National Collection in the South Kensington Museum.—2. Raphael was born on April 6, 1483, and died on April 6, 1520. We can only answer two questions at once, and thank you for your pleasant letter.

**WISTON** asks if there is any club or society that would send out magazines, newspapers, etc., when done with, to poor ladies.

**CONNIE.**—The poem "Barbara Fricthe" is by the American poet Whittier, and may be found in any collection of his works.

**PHILOMELA.**—If your friend is not neglecting any duty by writing verse he might certainly be encouraged to try once more in a cheerful vein. There is no special merit in the eight lines you send us, but the musical "lilt" and pictorial description of the first three, give hope that better work might be done. The remainder of the verse is rather disconnected, and (as you say) dismal.

**SNOWBALL.**—We are glad to know that your little sister is fond of poetry and is "always reading Scott." The verses are not at all bad for her age. The metre is irregular, but the idea is pretty.

**SUNBEAM.**—"In the Firelight" contains a pleasant picture. It might be made much better with a little more attention to the rhymes in the latter half of the verses. We cannot quite see the reasonableness of your metaphor in "My Cross"—for the weight of the jet ornament, slight though it may be, does hang on the wearer.

**M. W. F.**—We have never met with your quotation, but think there must be something wrong about it. "He seemed a cherubim who had lost his way" would be incorrect; *cherubim* is a plural expression—*cherub* being the singular form. Perhaps some reader, noticing this alteration, may help you.

## MEDICAL.

**MARGERY** wishes to know of a cure for blushing and constipation. We can cure both of these together by the same means. Take the following pill as often as it is required:—

℞. Extracti visci omnicæ gr. ½  
Extracti belladonnæ gr. ½  
Alcohl. gr. ʒ.

These pills are very small and easy to swallow. Also take plenty of fruit and preserves. Avoid tea, beer, wine, and indigestible food. Take a walk every day.

**PEGGY.**—We cannot give you a complete description of "biliousness" in the space at our disposal. It is an affection of a most varied character. There are hundreds of forms of biliousness. We can only give you a few disconnected facts about its cause and treatment. Usually biliousness can be traced to errors of diet. With some people certain foods tend to produce biliousness whenever they are partaken of. Thus many people get bilious after shoulder of mutton, especially if they eat onion sauce with it. If you suffer from biliousness, find out, if possible, what causes it, and do your best to remove that cause. When you have an attack eat nothing until it has left you. A little iced water or lemonade, or even a little milk, may be taken, but the less the better. Do no work while the attack lasts. Take a dose of calomel (gr. ij) and bicarbonate of soda (gr. xxx) at the start. We do not know whether you have the unreasonable prejudice against calomel that so many people have. It is a drug that is perfectly harmless, except in enormous doses; it does not injure the teeth, and is a most satisfactory medicine in every respect.

**IRENE.**—Certainly; we know of people who have been cured of a discharge from the ear, which has persisted for two years, or ten years as a matter of fact. You have done quite right in syringing out your daughter's ears with Condy's fluid, and though you have failed to cure her, you have doubtless ward off any serious complication. Now, however, it would be better to try some stronger means. We would therefore advise you to discontinue the Condy's fluid and use solution of boric acid (1 in 40) instead. There is a lotion which is ten times more efficacious than this or any other, but it is poisonous, and therefore we hardly like to advise it. But we feel that it would be safe to trust it to a mother. It is the following:—

℞. Hydrargyri perchloridi } gr. ʒ  
(corrosive sublimate) }  
Potassii iodidi } gr. v  
Aqueæ destillatæ } ʒij

This lotion is perfectly safe to use as a lotion, but it must not be taken internally. Whichever lotion you use, dilute it with half its volume of hot water, and syringe out the ears three times a day. After you have syringed out the ears thoroughly, blow into the ear some of the following powder:—

℞. Aristol. pulv. ʒij  
Arditi boracis pulv. ʒij

Do not put wool into the ear. **ISLAY CAMPBELL.**—We presume that you wish us to tell you of something that will relieve the paroxysms of asthma. You ask for a "cure for asthma." We would be most happy to tell you what it was if we only knew ourselves. It unfortunately we do not know of a cure for asthma, at present, but we can relieve the paroxysms by several methods. The best way is to inhale the fumes of burning stramonium leaves. One way to do this is to smoke stramonium cigarettes, and inhale the smoke. If you object to smoking, you may burn some of the powdered leaves on a plate and inhale the smoke as it rises. But the cigarettes are the best.

**VIOLET.**—The best water to wash in, at all times of the year, is rain water. Where this is unobtainable tap water is the best. When hot and spring waters are inferior to the above because of their hardness. When water is very hard, boiling it removes the greater part of the hardness and so renders it better for washing. For drinking purposes the harder the water is the better, soft water being flat and unpalatable. It is always better to wash your hands and face in water that is tepid, but in summer time cold water is quite as good, unless your skin is very delicate. In winter always wash in warm, *not hot*, water. In very cold weather both hot and cold water are liable to start "chaps," and hot water has the additional danger of producing a chill and so starting a cold, if nothing worse. Whatever temperature the water may be, always wipe your face and hands thoroughly dry after washing them.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**F. B.**—We have found the following a good recipe for preventing the chapping of the hands and wrists. Melt together a dram of white beeswax, 1 oz. of spermaceti, and 2 oz. of almond oil with a small quantity of gum camomile. Place in the oven to melt, and while warm and liquid, pour the mixture into small jam-pots and cover. If a little be well rubbed into the skin at night, and a pair of kid gloves be worn, you will preserve your hands.

**YOUNG COOK.**—To make lemon custard—place in small rounds of pastry—grate the peel from two lemons, and squeeze the juice upon it. Mix in four eggs well beaten, ½ lb. of sifted sugar, and 2 oz. of butter. Cook the mixture well blended together until it thickens like custard. This is an old recipe, but considered good. White celery soup, we can suggest, as a pleasant variety from the ordinary brown ones. Employ veal broth as a foundation; put in plenty of celery stalks, cut rather short, boil until quite tender, which must then be passed through a sieve and returned to the soup. Thicken with flour, and add a pint of milk, one lump of sugar and a little salt. Lastly, add two spoonfuls of butter, and blending all well together. Some add a cupful of whipped cream.

**CHRYSANTHEMUM.**—The initials F.R.S.F. denote the Friends Fellow of the Royal Society, Edinburgh.

**D. L.**—Certainly, trees have a great effect on the state of the atmosphere. A wooded country is a comparatively damp and wet one. The cutting down of forests renders the whole tract so cleared and for many miles surrounding the immediate neighbourhood, very dry, excepting in low-lying marshy land, where there are most unwholesome fogs. Germany has benefited by the clearing away of the great forests. At the same time it must be remembered that shelter from severe winds is desirable, and that trees absorb bad exhalations, and in dry climates are very valuable. The best trees for planting in a town, and exposed to a smoky atmosphere, is the common plane. The next best is the Italian poplar (black). After these, the lime, beech, birch, horse-chestnut and laburnum will all thrive well despite the fogs and the smoke.

**SUNDAY SCHOLAR** inquires the meaning of the term "Leasing," as employed in Psalms iv. 2; and v. 6 (authorised version). The Hebrew word of which it is the translation is elsewhere almost uniformly rendered "Lies," see Psalms xl. 4; and lviii. 3. The term "Sabbath" is the Greek form of the Hebrew word for "Armies," and the designation "the Lord of Hosts" is synonymous with it, hosts in Scripture language meaning armies. Dagon, the national divinity of the Philistines, was represented with the face, hands, arms and legs of a man, with a long curled beard like an Assyrian; but his back, and the back of his head represented a fish—the two forms of head being united. An illustration of a still existing representation of him at Nimrod, supplied by the explorer, Layard, will be found in Dr. Smith's *Smaller Bible Dictionary*.

**EDITH G. PRICE.**—We are happy to acknowledge your letter, and comply with your request, to give a notice of your Convalescent Home of Rest, at Dane Hill Cottage, Cliftonville, Margate, "for ladies of limited means." For a small bedroom the terms are 15s. a week for board and lodging (exclusive of wine); and for a cubicle 14s. Forms of admission to be applied for and returned, signed by a clergyman and a doctor. Address the above-named, at Gloucester Lodge, Margate.

**HUTCHINGS.**—There are various appliances sold for testing the presence of water in milk, but we hear that their reliability is questionable. One very cheap and simple method is to take a new and very bright knitting-needle and hold it upright in the milk, and remove it steadily, and should a drop remain at the end, the milk may be considered pure; but if there be no drop then the milk has been adulterated.

**CARRIE.**—1. The Woman's Club, formed in America in the year 1868, and called the "Sorosis," was designed for the benefit of literary, artistic and dramatic persons. The title is derived from the Latin *soror*, or sister. Mrs. Croy, known as "Jennie Jones," was its first president, and the present director of the society is a Mrs. Helmuth. The members chiefly consist of journalists and philanthropists. It was very unpopular at first, but seems in better favour now; it has handsome headquarters in New York, and branches in many of the most important cities in the States.—2. What is called a "Wooden Wedding" is the fifth anniversary of that event; the "Tin" is the tenth; the "Crystal" is the fifteenth; the "Silver" is the twenty-fifth; the "Golden" is the fiftieth; and the "Diamond" is the seventy-fifth anniversary.

**MISS MONDY** is thanked for the three copies received of the "National Home Reading Union Magazine," comprising information respecting the "young people's section," "general course" and "special courses." Communications about membership, books, certificates, and receipt of the magazine are to be sent to the secretary above named, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

**MAD.**—We should think that you could not do better, if studying privately for a Civil Service appointment, than to apply to J. Charleston, Burlington College, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. Oral tuition, and the latter by correspondence are given, and "weak subjects receive special help." The staff of the college consists of a number of "honours" graduates of all the great universities.

**MISS MASON.**—We are in receipt of your advertisements respecting your Home of Rest, at Bessels House, Bessels Green, Sevenoaks, Kent. It is designed for women in business and girls upwards of 15 years of age. Terms 15s. a week—four meals a day supplied. Railway fare reduced from London Bridge or Charing Cross st. (6d.) for a month's return ticket. A stamped and directed envelope should be sent for particulars, and the occupation of the writer should be stated.

**HOPELESS ONE.**—Your difficulty lies in this—that being a poor finite creature, you wish to exchange places with your infinite Creator—a sinner, in the place of your Judge; a censor over the actions of Almighty God, whose wisdom and whose mercy are infinite; whose knowledge is as far reaching as the universe and extends into eternity. Your business is not to direct the ruling of the world, but the ruling of your own heart, words, thoughts and works; and to ask the help of the Divine Spirit to please your Creator and Redeemer and unrequited Benefactor. "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." "Shall the clay say to the potter, 'Why hast thou made me thus?'" "Why grace to trust Him and leave all in His hands."

**AMBITIOUS.**—You write a beautiful hand, but how much you could obtain in remuneration for all your other accomplishments we could not tell you. Competition is great and ever increasing. We fear you would not get more than from 12s. to 16s. a week. Perhaps you would do well to advertise.

**APPLE BLOSSOM.**—Green is a bad colour for stains. As the coffee has naturally fallen on the front breadth of your dress, if you spilled it yourself, you had better put some trimming over it, or else put in a new breadth.



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