



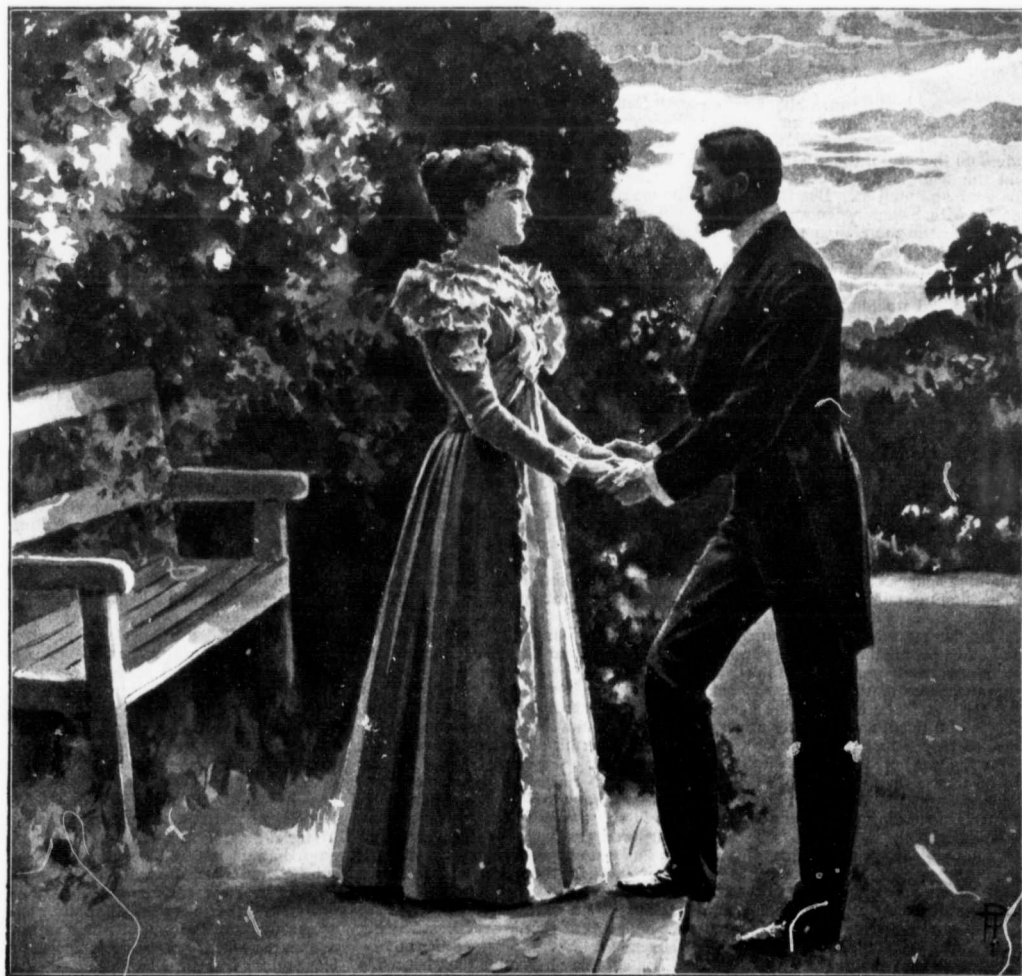
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

IN SPITE OF ALL.

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



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"BEATTIE TURNED TO HIM AND LAID HER HANDS IN HIS."

CHAPTER XXIV.



UT months and even years went by, and Beattie did not return. She was well satisfied with her new life, and had no desire to go back to the old one, which, although it had been easier, had been empty in comparison. She was on good terms with her aunt and uncle, and

called on them from time to time till she had the offer of work away from London and accepted it. But if she were content Mrs. Swannington was not. She missed Beattie more than she cared to confess, and her husband, though he dared not own it, found his home a different place. At last one day Aunt Ella said, "I wouldn't on any account have Beattie back, but I rather feel the want of someone who can be a companion to me. I shall advertise." Mr. Swannington said, "I am sure you must be lonely when I am away, my dear. I certainly should have some one." And accordingly an advertisement was inserted in the *Morning Post*, which brought answers from fifty single women, all, if their letters were to be believed, eminently desirable in every way. "You see, Arthur," said Mrs. Swannington, "there is no difficulty. It is easier to find a companion than a coo, and certainly cheaper."

The finding might have been easy, but what to do with them when found was another matter. Mrs. Swannington, tried one after another of them in rapid succession, and regaled her husband with anecdotes of the stupidity of this one, the insolence of that, the eccentricities of a third, and the utter uselessness of her successor. Before two weeks she was bored to death with every one of them; then she snubbed them or found fault, and the result was tears or retorts, according to the temperament of the individual.

"You only change their faces," said she; "they are all fools alike. I think companions are even more tiresome than servants. At any rate, you don't have the latter about you all the day long. I shall give them up." And she gave them up accordingly.

Her friends meanwhile wondered at the selfishness of the niece, who thus

left her to the society of hirelings, but Aunt Ella, with a little twinge of conscience, would reply to their condolences that young people were usually selfish. Then one summer she had a return of her old complaint. The doctor forbade much exertion, and poor Mrs. Swannington found herself confined to the house and the sofa for a considerable portion of each day. It was an unwonted thing for her to give way to depression, so that when her husband came home and found her in tears he was rather alarmed, and exerted himself to cheer her.

"The house is so wretchedly dull," said Mrs. Swannington. "Marie has a voice like a pencil scratching on a slate; if she laughs it sets my nerves on edge. The nurse is worse; her prim and proper ways make me inclined to hurl at her my physic bottle. The doctor is the only creature who has amused me the entire day. And he stayed but ten minutes. Last time I was ill I had at any rate—Beattie."

Uncle Arthur fidgeted with his watch-chain. Moral courage was not his strong point, and he feared his wife's tongue, so there was something valiant in his suggestion.

"It must be close on time for her holidays. Ask her to come here."

"She wrote she was invited to Woodfield," said Aunt Ella.

"Nonsense!" Mr. Swannington knew by the inflection of her voice that he had not made a mistake. "She'll come if she's wanted. Beattie goes in for the self-sacrifice business. Look here, suppose I send her a line."

Aunt Ella made no objection, and that evening Mr. Swannington wrote and posted his letter before she had a chance of reading it. He told Beattie exactly the state of affairs, and begged her to come back. "I wish you'd stop altogether when you do come," he wrote. "Your aunt will never ask it, but I know she has moped ever since you left us. Don't, if you love me, tell her I mentioned this. But you might just think it over, B. Things are different from what they used to be. I don't think she'll be in a hurry to get rid of you now she sees what it is like."

Beattie gave up her holiday in the country, but she had no intention of giving up her work, and so she told her uncle as soon as she saw him. Perhaps he and Aunt Ella had some talks on the subject, for one day Mrs. Swannington remarked—

"Your uncle seems brighter since you have been here, Beattie. When I am poorly I cannot amuse him, and you are always cheerful. It is a pity you cannot come back. Of course," she added, seeing her niece flush crimson and almost involuntarily shake her head, "it is only for his sake. If you had your evenings you could spend your days as you choose. But you are of age; I do not wish that I should influence you."

"It is not a matter I could decide in a minute, Aunt Ella," said Beattie; but she smiled. She understood her aunt.

The next day her uncle took her aside and said—

"I say, Beattie, it's a pity you don't

pocket your pride. Your aunt is awfully set on your coming here to live again. Of course I'd like it too; but I'm of no consequence; I'm out all the day, only it's dull for her. I should like you to understand that if you wanted to do good and all that we wouldn't stand in your way. And of course money needn't be an object. We—we wouldn't let you be a loser. Still, I wouldn't wish to hinder you in any way, and you're old enough now to judge for yourself."

And then Beattie laughed outright. She understood her uncle too. But the decision could not be lightly made.

However, she made it before many days. She met at an afternoon at-home a lady who worked among crippled children in the South of London, and whose name was already familiar to her. This lady, not knowing anything about Beattie, but only telling her of the work which was the interest of a life the world called blighted, was speaking of her desire to find some one younger than herself, who, without payment of any kind, would devote a portion of her time to helping her. She described the requirements and was as surprised as delighted when the sympathetic young listener turned an eager face towards her and said—

"Shall I do? It is the very thing I have been wanting!"

"And you," replied the lady, "are the very person I have been looking for."

"Auntie," said Beattie, when she got home, "I would like to stay with you if I may spend half my time in a slum. I will drench myself with disinfectants and change my dress before I come to you, and be as careful as a doctor, but I must go. There are children wanting me."

Aunt Ella sighed; but it was partly a sigh of relief. Even the dread of catching something was not so bad as the dread of losing Beattie.

"It is incomprehensible to me," she said, "how anybody can wish to go among children, and especially children who are badly kept; but since you have the desire I know it is no good ray trying to dissuade you. But it is a good thing you should have a comfortable home to come to afterwards."

And Aunt Ella had no reason to regret the hours Beattie spent away from her. The sunshine she brought into the "comfortable home" poured into her own heart when she sat in desolate rooms by little crippled children, ministering to them, helping them, teaching them, giving and gaining love. She was happy now, indeed—happier than she had ever been in her life, with a happiness that endured, for she was one of the fortunate ones who have found their vocation and follow it.

Her love for Cecil Musgrove had passed away. It had been an artificial growth, and when she had natural vents for all her powers it dispersed, she knew not how. She was only happily conscious that the thought of him was not associated with bitterness, or grief, or longing any longer. She had no wish to meet him again, but if she did she could greet him simply as a friend. She was

thankful that she had no more offers to refuse; if she had lovers she did not know it. She had a simple dignity which, perhaps, was better than the old spontaneity—at any rate, no one could misunderstand her. She had not seen Michael Anstruther since the day he had gone away from Woodfield, but they had parted good friends. She heard of him occasionally from Norah, with whom she still corresponded, but Norah had very little to tell. Michael had been away much longer than he had expected, and as time went by his letters to Woodfield had become less frequent. Lady Anstruther had died suddenly during the last year of his absence, and home would be a different place to him henceforward. Perhaps that was why he was not anxious to come back to England. Geoffrey was married, and had given up the army and settled down to a country life, and Sir John, who lived with them at the Hall, had the happiness of watching a little grandchild toddling over the sunny lawn. He is fond of his daughter-in-law, but his chief friend and companion is Norah. Together they talk of her who has left them, and of the son who is the pride of both. Norah will always love Michael, but it is a love of which she need never be ashamed. She is happy in her simple duties, and the peace which passes all understanding dwells in a heart which knows no will but God's. Some day, when the two old men who cling to her need her no longer, she will find other ways to serve Him in a sphere where perhaps it will be gain to have no ties to bind her.

Cecil Musgrove had married a year or so after he had written to Beattie that they would never be anything to each other. His wife was a Russian lady, a good deal older than himself, very plain, and, it was rumoured, exceedingly rich. She met her future husband at an hotel in Switzerland, fell madly in love with him, and, Mrs. Coverdale always declared, proposed to him. At present they have no children, so his sister is beginning to be reconciled to a marriage which may eventually prove to the advantage of her boy. Mrs. Swannington received an invitation to the wedding, but as it took place in Paris she was able to refuse without being suspected of pique. Her curiosity, indeed, so far overcame her pride that she called upon Mrs. Musgrove, and had the satisfaction of telling her husband afterwards that she considered her the ugliest woman of her acquaintance. But perhaps Mrs. Swannington was prejudiced, and the two ladies could scarcely be in sympathy with one another, since Cecil's wife was intellectual, despised the frivolities which pleased Mrs. Swannington, held advanced views as to the position of women, and many other things, and dressed as much like a man as possible.

Mrs. Swannington had not, as she had threatened, given up her acquaintance with Mrs. Gilman. Indeed, the two ladies had become rather more intimate since the latter had, on the announcement of his engagement, declared her surprise that, after caring for Beattie, Mr. Musgrove should have turned his

attention to his present wife. This remark was very reassuring to Aunt Ella, who was able to say that she had been angry when Beattie had refused him, but that probably it was for the best.

"She did refuse him, then," said Mrs. Gilman. "I always thought Beattie cared for him."

Mrs. Swannington looked wise, but said nothing, only she had no longer any fear of meeting Mr. Musgrove at Mrs. Gilman's.

One night, however, at a large reception, she encountered someone else there that she had not expected to see, and that was Michael Anstruther. He had only been in London a little while, and had not been to Woodfield. He had met Mrs. Gilman that afternoon, and she had insisted on his joining them. As he liked her, and had no valid excuse for refusing her invitation, he had accepted it. It was only afterwards it flashed into his mind that he might see Beattie. He fully believed that long before now Beattie was married. Of Beattie's friend Margaret he had lost sight soon after he left Paris, and Norah never mentioned her in her letters, fearing lest she should give him pain, for of Mike's constancy Norah had as little doubt as of her own.

Almost the first person that Mike saw as he entered the crowded room was Mrs. Swannington, but she had not observed him, and he quickly looked away from her, though the sight of the little lady as smiling and amiable as ever had given him something of a shock. He was not quite sure that he had forgiven her the ill turn she had done him, and in any case he was not anxious to renew his acquaintance. And yet from time to time he could not refrain from glancing in her direction as by a sort of fascination. She was Beattie's aunt; she could tell him what had become of her.

Mike found himself somewhat in request. The expedition which he had accompanied, though originating on the Continent and headed by a German, had been of European, even world-wide interest, and had consequently been much talked-of in London; and among Mr. Gilman's friends were many scientists who were only too glad to meet and speak to a man who had taken part in it. Certainly it had come to an end some time previously, though Michael himself had remained abroad; but it was enough for Mr. Gilman to say, "This is Dr. Anstruther, who accompanied S." for Mike to find himself the object of genuine interest. And so it came about that presently Mr. Gilman said, "Anstruther, here is Mr. Musgrove, who is anxious to be introduced to you," and Mike was face to face with a tall, fair, strikingly handsome man, whom, once seen, it would not be easy to forget. And even if he had not caught the name Mike would have remembered him, though it was five years since he had seen him with Beattie on the cliff at Crabsley. For a moment he could think of nothing else, and was only dimly conscious that the stranger was talking to him in a quiet, deliberate voice, and regarding him the while with cold, rather critical eyes.

"I have never had an opportunity before of meeting anybody who knew S. Is he really the dreamer some men think him, or is there anything practical in his ideas? My wife was reading his book not long ago, and she will be only too pleased to talk about it."

Then Mike came to his senses. Beattie must indeed be changed if she could read with interest a work so abstruse as that which S. had lately published as the result of their exploration, in his own language, or was it possibly because he was connected with it that she had, for the sake of their friendship, tried to study the matter?

"Perhaps you will let me take you to her," said Musgrove. "She is sitting near the piano."

Mike bowed, murmured his willingness, and, with his heart thumping, followed Cecil, who was saying to himself, "Olga will get on better with him than I should. The fellow is evidently rather a bore. I hate a person who is absent-minded!"

What Mrs. Musgrove thought of him it is impossible to say; but she certainly could not have been edified by his conversation; he did not seem to take the least interest in the subject, and the only approach to eagerness in his manner was when he said, "Excuse my asking, but did I understand Mr. Musgrove to say you were his wife?"

"I am Mrs. Musgrove," said the lady, with some dignity. For Mike's question was unfortunate, since she was a little sensitive on the subject of her age, and inclined to observe surprise at their relationship where none was intended. Perhaps Mike saw he had offended her, for he pulled himself together and tried to talk about S. and his book and his theories with something of the zeal which he really felt. But either his effort was not successful, or Mrs. Musgrove had already formed a low opinion of his power, for she drew into the conversation the lady with whom she had been previously conversing, and poor Mike, feeling a little ashamed of his manners, soon found an opportunity to withdraw.

And straight as an arrow from the bow, he made his way to Aunt Ella, whom he again discerned through the moving crowd in her dress with its glittering trimmings of some jewelled stuff that scintillated with every movement.

For the moment she did not recognise him. He was a good deal changed since she had last seen him; bronzed, bearded, older-looking, and if not handsome still sufficiently striking in appearance for people to ask who he was. But as soon as he spoke, saying, "Do you not remember me, Mrs. Swannington?" she knew his voice, and gave a shrill "Ah," in which were blended dismay, astonishment, and yet pleasure.

"Why, it is Mr. Anstruther!" and she held out both her hands with a warmth which might well take Michael by surprise. But Mrs. Swannington was seldom long in deciding on a course of action. "And how well you look! Are you but just returned from your travels? Come, I must have some talk

with you. In this crush it is impossible. And you are always so high above me. In the conservatory it is cool; take me there, and I will have an ice with you quietly—water, not cream; cream I never touch."

Mrs. Swannington wished to have as long an interview as possible. But Michael had no objection to the cool conservatory and news perhaps of Beattie. For once her aunt was not averse to talking of her with him. She dragged her immediately into the conversation.

"My niece will be sorry not to have come to-night. She was always such a friend of yours. But she is at present in the country. Indeed it is a visit to your home she pays. She is for a few days with Norah Gilman."

"Indeed," said Mike, as surprised and interested as even Aunt Ella could have desired. But contrary to her expectation, he asked no further questions. His dignity forbade his interrogating Mrs. Swannington, though as she showed no unwillingness to talk, it was probable he would lose no information of importance. And, in any case, if Beattie was at Woodfield—

"You will perhaps remember," said Mrs. Swannington, opening her fan and using it slowly, "that last time we met we had a little conversation which, I am afraid, made you unhappy. Had I seen you again before you left England I should have contradicted what I told you." Aunt Ella heaved a heavy sigh. "He behaved badly. But there, it has been for the best. He is now married to another; and they are well suited. There is not between them an ounce of heart."

Mike smiled. In spite of himself he could not take Mrs. Swannington quite seriously.

"You seemed to think more highly of him once," he said, however.

Mrs. Swannington for a wonder blushed. But she was equal to the occasion. She knew that in appealing to Mike's generosity was her best chance.

"I was deceived," she said. "Perhaps I deceived you. But indeed, I believed all would turn out differently. I will ask that you shall forgive me. Now for a reward I will say what is no deceit. Beattie has had many offers, none have pleased her. I often think that before she went into society she saw someone she cared for, and perhaps, but for—for—myself, in fact, she would have cared for him all the time. Indeed, I will go further—" But Mike stopped her.

"Don't let us talk of Miss Margetson any more," he said quietly. And Aunt Ella little guessed what pleasure it gave him to call her by the name which was not changed.

"Tell me about your husband. Is he here? I should like to see him."

The ice was finished. There was no excuse for stopping any longer. But at

the door of the conservatory Mrs. Swannington looked up at him and said, with more genuine feeling than she had ever shown to him—

"I thank you that you bear no malice. You shall not find me any more against you, though I desire no longer that my niece should marry."

Michael had not been expected at Woodfield till much later in the year. But he had heard of a London practice through a friend, who was obliged, owing to ill-health, to give it up, and he had come over to see what he thought about buying it. He had not abandoned the idea of being presently an eye-specialist, but his wish was to make himself master of his profession in all its branches; the thirst for acquiring knowledge was still upon him, and the place where his friend lived near the docks was in a poor crowded neighbourhood where, for a man who did not mind hard work, there was a great deal of experience to be gained, and some of it unique of its kind. Mike thought a few years passed here would be gain rather than loss, and would give him opportunities he might miss in the West End. The day after Mrs. Gilman's reception, he went to visit the scene of what would possibly be his future home, but he deferred a definite decision until he had paid his visit to Woodfield and seen his father, who would buy the practice if he wished it. He had written both to his father and his sister-in-law announcing his arrival. As it happened, however, Geoffrey and his wife were at the seaside, and Sir John sent his note down to the Rectory with one in his quavering handwriting, asking Norah to spend the afternoon at the Hall, for he knew that the home-coming would be painful in many ways to Mike, and perhaps the poor old man was himself rather nervous about it.

But it passed off better than they had expected. The child, who had been left at home with her nurse, was playing on the terrace when he arrived, and as she was a little person who was always friendly towards gentlemen, she allowed Mike to carry her in on his shoulder, and helped him through the trying first minutes which all had secretly dreaded.

He thought Sir John seemed very feeble and aged, but he was able to say quite sincerely:

"Why, Norah, you don't look a day older than when I went away."

"Norah has the secret of perpetual youth," said Sir John, patting the hand which lay on his chair. And perhaps there was truth in the words so lightly spoken.

When she was going, prepared to leave the father and son together, both insisted that Mike should see her home, as he always did in the old days. Only the walk back was more silent than it used to be, though there was so much to be said. When they drew near the Rectory Norah looked up at him with the

gentle solicitous gaze he so well remembered when there was something she had to tell him and yet feared to hurt him.

"Well?" he asked, smiling.

"Beattie Margetson is staying with me," said Norah.

"I know it, dear; I have seen her aunt."

Norah gave a sigh of relief.

"I am glad you are friends still," Mike said.

"We shall always be friends," said Norah. "No one could help loving Beattie. She is just the same. You might more truly say of her what you said of me. She looks as young as ever. I think she is prettier even than she used to be."

"It would be kinder to tell me she had grown plain and sour," said Mike, smiling.

"It wouldn't make any difference to you if she were?"

Mike shook his head.

"Not the very least, Norah."

Something in his firm tones made Norah pause at the entrance to the rectory drive and say, looking at him with eyes which smiled, though her lips quivered—

"I will tell you something, Mike, that may encourage you. Your mother said to me once that she dreamt that Beattie was your wife. She believed it would come true. And she hoped it, and—so do I, for I am sure she would make you happy."

But it was not till a week later—a week of constant companionship, that Mike ventured once more to put his happiness to the test. He and Beattie were man and woman now, and yet they still felt as they had done when they were only boy and girl, absolute ease in one another's society, absolute confidence in one another's sincerity. Both had gone through an experience which had deepened them, both had learned something of that other life which alone can make this explicable, to both had come a desire to live in accordance with what it had taught them. It seemed to Mike that if this had been only the beginning of their acquaintance it would still have been inevitable that he should love Beattie and want her to be with him always.

One evening, as they stood together in Norah's garden, watching a sunset, glorious in crimson and gold, he told her so.

"I have asked for you three times, and I have waited many years for you now. Each time I have seen you I have fallen in love with you afresh. Am I still to go on living without you, dear?"

Beattie turned to him, the light of the sunset on her face and hair, and laid her hands in his. And the words she said were like the words of Ruth the Moabitess, than which there has been no sweeter expression of love and constancy.



COOKERY RECIPES.

PUDDINGS.

GENERAL RULES FOR PUDDINGS.

1. When boiling puddings see that the water is boiling before the pudding goes into the saucepan; as the water boils away the water added should be boiling.

2. Mix the ingredients thoroughly.

3. Well grease the pudding-basin or pie-dish.

4. Scald and flour the pudding-cloth.

5. Tie the cloth tightly (except for boiled batter pudding), but leave room for the pudding to swell.

6. Puddings containing baking powder should be cooked directly they are made, and not allowed to stand about.

7. Do not bang the oven door.

8. Milk puddings should be put into a hot oven first, for the grains to swell, and then finish in a cooler oven. Cook them very gently. Good milk puddings can be made with skim milk if a little finely-chopped suet is added in place of the cream.

BOILED SUET PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of suet, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, water to mix.

Method.—Skin, shred and chop the suet and mix it in a basin with the flour and the baking powder; mix stiffly with cold water, tie in a scalded and floured cloth and boil two hours.

ROLY POLY.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of suet crust as for suet pudding, jam.

Method.—Roll out the suet crust thinly, spread with jam leaving, a free edge, wet round the edge, roll up, tie in a floured and scalded pudding-cloth and boil two hours. This pudding can be made with dripping instead of suet, and baked; sift castor sugar over and sprinkle with water before putting in the oven. It only takes three-quarters of an hour to bake.

MARMALADE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Six ounces of flour, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of brown sugar, half a pound of marmalade, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little milk.

Method.—Prepare the suet and mix it in a basin with the flour, breadcrumbs and sugar; melt the marmalade and mix it with the soda dissolved in a little milk and stir into the other ingredients. Boil two hours.

FRUIT PUDDING.

Method.—Make in the same way as boiled beef-steak pudding, using fruit instead of beefsteak and kidney.

PLUM PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of suet, six ounces of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of sultanas, three ounces of candied peel, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, a little milk, a little grated lemon rind.

Method.—Chop the suet, rub the sultanas in flour and pick them, wash and dry the currants and cut the peel up small; mix all with the flour, breadcrumbs, baking powder, spice and lemon rind in a basin; beat up the eggs with the milk and mix rather dry. Tie over a scalded and floured cloth and boil three hours.

GINGER PUDDING.

Method.—Make in the same way as baked treacle pudding, but mix rather more stiffly. Boil two hours.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two eggs, one pint of milk.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin; break the eggs one by one in another basin and remove the tread; make a well in the flour and stir in the egg with the back of a wooden spoon; add the milk by degrees, keeping the batter very smooth, beat well, let it stand in the air for the grains to swell, pour into a greased pudding-basin, which should be quite full; tie a scalded and floured cloth lightly over and boil one hour and a quarter.

PANCAKES.

Ingredients.—Batter as for boiled batter pudding, dripping, lemon juice, sugar.

Method.—Melt about two ounces of dripping in a small frying-pan and pour it off into a cup; pour a little into the pan and run it quickly all over the bottom and up the sides. Heat this over the stove until it smokes; lift up the pan and pour in about half a gill of batter (according to the size of the pan), run this very quickly over the pan, then hold it over the fire, shaking it briskly; with a knife loosen it at the sides as it sets, and as soon as it is a golden brown underneath toss or turn it over. It will cook almost at once on the other side. Have ready a hot dish and turn the pancake on to the dish so that the side first cooked is against the dish. Squeeze lemon juice and sprinkle sugar on and roll up quickly. Keep hot whilst you fry the rest.

BAKED CUSTARD.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, one pint of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, a small piece of butter, nutmeg.

Method.—Butter a pie-dish, beat the eggs with the sugar and add them to the milk, pour into the pie-dish and grate nutmeg on top. Stand on a dripping tin containing a little cold water and bake gently till set.

CORNFLOUR CUSTARD.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk, one ounce and a half of cornflour, a piece of thin lemon rind, two eggs, three ounces of castor sugar.

Method.—Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little cold milk; boil the rest of the milk with the sugar and the lemon rind; take away the lemon rind and stir in the cornflour; stir and cook well; let it cool, and add the eggs well beaten. Pour in a jug and stand it in a saucepan of boiling water, stir for a few minutes with the handle of a wooden spoon to cook the eggs.

RICE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of rice, one pint of milk, small piece of dripping.

Method.—Wash the rice and lay it on a greased pie-dish, pour on the milk, put in a hot oven for a few minutes and then let it cook gently for one hour.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Slices of bread and butter, one pint of milk, two big eggs, or three small ones, sugar, sultanas and currants, candied peel, nutmeg.

Method.—Half fill a pie-dish with slices of bread and butter, sprinkle currants (washed and dried), sultanas (picked and floured), the candied peel cut in small pieces and sugar between each slice. Beat the eggs and milk together and pour over. Let the pudding soak half an hour, grate nutmeg on the top and bake in a gentle oven until the custard is set. It should be a nice golden brown.

BROWN BREAD PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Enough stale brown bread to equal a small brown loaf, one egg, half a gill of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, two ounces of suet, three ounces of brown sugar, a little vanilla essence, one ounce and a half of candied peel, jam, half an ounce of dripping.

Method.—Soak the bread, squeeze it dry and beat it with a fork; chop the suet and add it with the sugar and chopped candied peel to the bread. Mix the flour and milk smoothly and add them and the egg (well beaten); flavour with vanilla essence. Pour half in a greased pie-dish, spread a layer of jam and cover with the rest of the mixture. Put little bits of dripping on the top and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. An ordinary bread pudding is made by substituting white bread for brown and sultanas and currants for jam.

SWEET OMELETTE.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, one ounce of fresh butter, two ounces of castor sugar, jam.

Method.—Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and cream the yolks with the castor sugar; beat the whites very stiffly and mix very lightly with the yolks. Melt the butter in an omelette pan and take off any salt; pour in the eggs and shake the pan while the omelette is setting underneath, loosen it at the sides with a knife; when it is a bright brown underneath put the pan in a hot oven for half a minute to cook it on the top. Take it out, pour a little hot jam into the middle, slip on to a hot plate, fold over and sift castor sugar on the top. Serve at once.

BAKED TREACLE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, four ounces of suet, two ounces of brown sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, four tablespoonfuls of treacle, one gill of milk.

Method.—Chop the suet and put it in a basin with the flour, ginger, sugar and spice; melt the treacle in a saucepan with the soda and milk and pour the contents of the saucepan into the basin, mix well, pour into a greased tin and bake one hour.

TREACLE TART.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, three ounces of dripping, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, water to mix; two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, golden syrup, a little grated lemon rind.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin, mix in the baking powder, rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers; mix stiffly with cold water. Grease a tin plate; roll out the pastry into two thin rounds to fit the plate, and lay one round on; pour on a sufficient quantity of golden syrup, leaving the edges free; sprinkle the breadcrumbs and a little grated lemon rind over the syrup; wet the edges, put on the other piece of pastry and press the edges, ornament round the edge and bake half an hour.

BAKED SULTANA PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, six ounces of brown sugar, six ounces of sultanas, six ounces of dripping, one egg, half a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin and mix it with the baking powder; rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers, prepare the sultanas and add them to the sugar; beat up the egg with the milk and bake in a good oven.

FRUIT IN BATTER.

Ingredients.—One pint of batter, as for batter pudding, fruit.

Method.—Prepare the fruit and lay it in a greased pie-dish, pour the batter over and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. Sift castor sugar over the top and serve at once.

GERMAN TARTLET.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of short pastry (as for treacle tart), gooseberries or cherries, golden syrup, castor sugar.

Method.—Line some rather deep patty pans with thinly-rolled pastry, put a few gooseberries or cherries in each and a little golden

syrup; put covers of pastry on each, sprinkle with water or castor sugar and bake twenty minutes.

APPLE CHEESE CAKES.

Ingredients.—One pound of apples, one ounce and a half of butter, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, two eggs, a little grated lemon rind, half an ounce of ground rice, a little milk, one dessertspoonful of lemon juice.

Method.—Pare and core the apples and put them in a saucepan with the butter, sugar, lemon rind and juice; put on the lid and let them cook to a mash; mix the ground rice smoothly with a little milk and stir it in and let it boil; add the egg well beaten. Line patty

pans with the short crust, fill with the mixture and bake in a good oven twenty minutes.

MINCE MEAT.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of currants (washed and dried), half a pound of sultanas (floured and picked), quarter of a pound of raisins (stoned and chopped), half a pound of suet (chopped), quarter of a pound of candied peel (chopped), half a pound of brown sugar, one ounce of mixed spice, half an ounce of ground ginger, a little golden syrup.

Method.—Mix together the currants, raisins, sultanas, sugar, peel, ginger and spice in a basin with just enough golden syrup to stick it together and use.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

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

CHAPTER XII.

It was five minutes to eight on the evening of the fifteenth of May, and Deborah waited until the clock struck in the little room behind the platform where she would have to face her first public audience. Her mother was with her, also the elocutionist under whom she had studied for several years. As a rule Deborah scarcely knew the feeling of nervousness, but to-night was a far greater ordeal than any she had ever undergone. To recite in a private drawing-room was one thing, to aspire to rank amongst well-known professionals was another, and her face was as white as the frock she wore.

"I shall break down," she said, turning to her master. "I wish I had not undertaken this thing. It is too big for me."

"Give it up, dear," gasped Mrs. Menzies. "It would be too terrible if you fainted, or anything."

"Will you kindly go and take your seat? There is a chair for you in the first row," said Deborah's master, with sharp decision, to Mrs. Menzies. Then he turned to Deborah.

"You will not break down, I tell you. Don't think of your audience; think of what you have got to say and do. When once you are off you will be all right."

It was curious how Deborah felt her courage and colour return together as she looked at the room full of people before her, and recognised, close at hand, the friendly encouraging faces of the professor and his pretty little wife. She began with quite a simple piece of poetry, and she was conscious that she could get hold of her audience, that her voice was reaching to the far end of the room without any particular strain. Then her success was assured. Her programme was varied from grave to gay, from poetry to prose, but memory did not forsake her, and there was no

question that there was genius in the girl. She was herself no longer; she lived in the person or scenes that she represented. David Russell, at the far end of the room, drank in her triumph as if it were his own. At the pause in the middle of the programme he moved about, listening to the comments of the hearers which were generally commendatory. Presently he heard the strident tone of a voice that gave him an unpleasant twinge of memory, and turning to find its owner he recognised at the end of a row Mr. Dayrell and Monica, his wife. For a moment David stood quietly behind.

"The girl's a genius," said Mr. Dayrell. "She won't keep at this sort of thing much longer. An enterprising manager will get hold of her."

"Do you mean that Deborah will turn into an actress?" inquired Monica, with a short laugh. "She will do nothing of the sort, she is far too squeamish."

"She shall not do this any more," said David, between his set teeth. "It's hateful to hear her name bandied about by men like Dayrell, and her future coldly discussed," and then he smiled at his own folly. What control had he over Deborah's future?

After that he made himself known to Monica, and she received him with smiling grace, and David talked to her and her husband on indifferent subjects for some ten minutes.

"Then you will be sure and come to see us, said Monica, as he prepared to return to his seat. "Raymond, write down our address."

"Thank you," replied David pleasantly, reserving to himself the right of deciding whether he would, or would not, avail himself of Mrs. Dayrell's invitation.

The rest of that evening was divided between listening to Deborah, and inward musings as to what could have been the charm of that coldly classical face that had held him fast captive for seven years of his early life?

Week in, week out, after that eventful evening David Russell lingered in London, and nearly every day he and Deborah met, and Deborah rejoiced in

his coming nor asked herself the reason why.

Until Mrs. Menzies' late husband's affairs were legally settled they kept to their very simple mode of living, although it was now fully established that they would have an income of about three hundred and fifty pound a year, not riches certainly, but enough to keep them simply in some country place. Deborah's heart died at the prospect; she had grown fond of London life, and nobody but herself knew at what cost she resigned her profession; but the constant dropping of her mother's complaining was wearing away the stone of her opposition. It would be too selfish of her to keep her mother a prisoner in a small house in London whilst she spent most of her days away from her, so in direct opposition to the Professor's advice, and in the face of her master's bitter annoyance, Deborah determined to retire again into private life.

"I suppose I shall do the same as other girls," she said to David one night late in June, when he and she sat by an open window gazing down into the street below, "a little gardening, a little walking, an occasional tea-drinking, but it will be dull after a life like this."

"Better so than have you turned into a professional hack."

"Et tu, Brute," said Deborah reproachfully. "Mother and I are going down to Boscombe Hall for a few days next week. I'm twenty-one the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Debenham, our lawyer, has an offer for the Hall, a shockingly bad one, but I shall accept it if it's enough to clear off the mortgages. I want to leave the dear old place out of debt for grandfather's sake."

"Would you not rather let it on a long repairing lease?"

"No," said Deborah quickly. "I have thought a lot about it, but it seems to me as if the Menzies were played out there; it's time for somebody else to have a turn. Mother and I can have the most treasured family possessions wherever we settle down, china and family pictures, etc., but even out of them I mean to make a judicious selection. What's the good of keeping so many things? 'Let the great world



spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change," she broke off suddenly.

It had cost her many a pang to arrive at this decision.

"When do you go?" asked David.

"Early next week, we have not settled the day."

For some cause or other Deborah saw no more of David before she and Mrs. Menzies started for Boscombe Hall. She wondered a little within herself that he did not come, but promptly stifled the thought. She hated exacting people, she said. Once at the Hall she was so immersed in business that she had no time to think of anything else. It was on a lovely sunny evening in July that looking down the weed-grown drive, she saw a man's figure advancing towards the house rapidly, with set purpose in every firm decided foot-step. She needed no second glance to tell her that it was David Russell who was coming. Her mother was upstairs packing china, and Deborah advanced slowly, shyly, to the open hall door.

"I've come, you see," said David. "I, too, wanted to have another look at the old place. I've taken a room at the inn for the night, the inn where I put up as a lad so many years ago, and now—I'm a middle-aged man. Come out, Deborah, come for one turn with me."

And Deborah went, swinging her garden hat in her hand, the sunlight resting on her dusky hair.

"Shall we go and have a look at the dell?" she said, laughing, "where you first found me, playing with fir-cones, and where Miss Laing lies buried."

"Miss Laing," echoed David, with a start.

Then Deborah laughed again. "They say confession is good for the soul; I've a great mind to confess to you, here and now, a sin, no, scarcely a sin, of my childhood, which lay heavy on my heart for many years of my life. I wonder if you will be very angry with me?"

"I think not; nothing you could do or say, Deborah, would make me really angry."

Then Deborah told him, rather falteringly, the story of her being hidden in the dell, and overhearing his proposal to Monica, and how Monica's utter heartlessness had filled her girlish soul with disgust. At first David listened gravely; it gave him a curious thrill, the history of that dead past told him by another, but when it came to the funeral of the doll, he burst into peal after peal of laughter.

"You were always quaint, Deborah, not a bit like any other girl. And do you mean to say that you have kept that story to yourself and never told anybody, not even your mother, from that day to this?"

"Of course not, it was not mine to tell," said Deborah, simply.

"Which proves, if I wanted proof, the appropriateness of the present I have chosen for your twenty-first birthday. I could not get the order done in time for the day, I came down therefore, to deliver it in person."

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a little leather case and handed it to Deborah. Inside was a narrow bracelet, one row of pearls set in a plain band of gold, and on the inside of the bracelet was engraved in tiny letters, "To a faithful friend." Underneath were Deborah's initials, and the date of her twenty-first birthday.

"Do you like it?" he asked, gently. Deborah lifted sweet, true eyes to his face. "Immensely, I like you to think me that."

"May I fasten it on then?"

Deborah stretched out her small hand and David fumbled a little clumsily over the clasp of the bangle, bending his head lower and lower over the dainty wrist. Almost before he knew what he was doing the wrist was clasped quite tightly in his hand and he was covering it with kisses. Then he caught the other hand and was looking straight into Deborah's blushing face.

"I want them both, darling, I want you, you with your sweet face and lovely soul, my dearest faithful friend of so

many years standing, I want you to be my wife, to go back with me to my life in India. Will you trust yourself to my keeping, my darling?"

"Yes," said Deborah, under her breath. She was not a girl of many words, and she was absolutely certain that the man who stood before her was the one and only love of her life. How long she rested in David's arms after the first intoxicating assurance of his love she did not know, but finally with rather trembling lips, and a little smile, she withdrew herself from them.

"You mustn't really go on like this. Shall we go back to mother?"

"Not now, not yet," pleaded David. "We have not got half way to the dell. You promised to show me Miss Laing's grave. How little I knew that day in my bitter disappointment and mortification the happiness that awaited me in the years to come?"

"Are you sure that you'd rather marry me?" asked Deborah a little archly.

"I'd rather marry you than any woman in the world, Deborah, my dear," and she felt the words were true.

In another moment they were clambering down the dell, which was sadly overgrown with briars and brambles, but Deborah had no difficulty in guiding her lover to the spot where her doll lay buried. He looked down at it with a smile; then slipped his arm round Deborah's waist.

"Shall we say, 'Peace to Miss Laing's ashes?'" he said with a smile.

A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Menzies standing at the Hall door, and shading her eyes with her hand from the rays of the setting sun, saw two figures approaching slowly, with lingering steps over the park. The two were David and Deborah walking hand in hand.

"So that's it, is it?" she said to herself, and she hastened out to greet them.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

A WELL-FOUNDED BELIEF.

"It isn't true, is it?" asked Maggie, as she finished reading *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*; "it isn't true, is it, that he could play on his pipe so that the rats would go off and drown themselves?"

"Well," replied Maggie's father, "I don't know about that. I think it may be true. Your uncle George can play the flute so that it will scare a cow into the river and drive all the dogs in the street howling crazy. Yes, I guess the poem is true."

WHEN TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.—"What then are we? We endure," says Carlyle, "but for an hour, and are crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man or woman is there already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of time; that triumphs over Time and is, and will be, when Time shall be no more."

THE FIRST CHINESE PUPPET SHOW.

The origin of Chinese puppet-shows forms the subject of a singular tradition.

A lady named Oh was besieging a town about B.C. 260. Its defenders, knowing her to be of a jealous disposition, "invented a puppet in the shape of a wooden woman which was made by strings and springs to dance on the battlements."

Alarmed at the idea of so fascinating a creature falling into her husband's hands and becoming an addition to his seraglio, Oh raised the siege.

Since that time puppets of a similar kind but smaller have amused the Chinese mind.

A KNOWING FARMER.—An American paper tells of a farmer in the State of Maine who hired two boys to help him to cut his hay, and when the job was finished gave each of them a cent for the work they had performed, and then offered to harness his team and haul the boys home for a cent apiece.

WHAT RELATION WAS HE?

They were looking at a portrait. "Whom does it represent?" some one asked.

Then a man in the company said in answer—

"Sisters and brothers have I none, Yet that man's father is my father's son."

What relation was the speaker to the person depicted in the portrait?

It is remarkable how often the answer is given that the portrait represents the speaker himself. As a matter of fact it represents the speaker's son.

ILL-BRED SCENERY.

"Mamma, the scenery abroad must be very ill-bred."

"Scenery ill-bred, child. What do you mean?"

"This book on Alpine climbing says, 'A terrible abyss yawned before them!'"

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

JUST as I write, there is much discussion going on about the bicycle dress, and whether we shall wear the knickerbockers or not. The generality of women in England seem to me to be absent from the field, for they (the majority) have quite adopted, and are satisfied with, the skirt, which, when well cut and exactly of the right length, suits them better than any knickerbockers could possibly do. For have they not to wear the skirt on other occasions? And must they not look well in it, too? For instance, you go down to Wimbledon, to Richmond, or any of the suburban resorts round London, to spend a few days with a friend; and, if you have a

suitable well-fitting skirt, you are supplied with dress for your visit, with a change of pretty blouses, and even another skirt, and a more dressy one for evening use, it gives no trouble to carry with you, if you go by rail, or to send, if you patronise Carter Paterson. The knickerbocker is quite out of it in this case, for who would want to appear in knickers? And how useless they would be as a costume to wear daily for our three days' visit.

In Paris it seems, where they wore nothing but the bloomer, the taste has veered round to the skirt; but it is cut far shorter than we should fancy it, and is worn with boots of either black or tan.

These boots, too, are rather new in shape, and have a wrinkled top, like a cavalier of

Charles I. reign. My own opinion is, that for a young girl it does not matter much what she wears; but no woman over thirty should attempt to wear the bifurcated skirts.

Having discussed the very needful styles for the bicycle, I must turn to the novel ideas of dressing the hair, which put in rather a late appearance at the very end of the London season. In our sketch entitled "Hair dressed with a comb," is shown the way to dress the hair in the fashion that it has been most common lately. To give it this effect the hair is not tied, but simply rolled up and twisted into a knot, which must be rather loose than otherwise, and the twist must be given with a due remembrance of the loose effect to be given below the comb, which is put in the last thing after the twist is up. The front hair is *crimped*, and, in fact, all the rest of the hair is crimped and waxed so as to look evenly and naturally on the head.



A NEW CAPE.



WATERPROOF GARMENTS.

But even as I write I hear rumours that the hair in the ensuing winter is to be lowered down to the nape of the neck, and that we are to return to the Greek suggestiveness of a few years ago. We are to retain the waved effects, but in the front, it is said, that we are to return once more to what the Americans used to call the "bang"—a style now seen only on young children, and very doubtfully becoming indeed to older faces. However, we shall soon see whether all these prophecies are likely to be verified.

The hair must look shiny and smooth at present, and rough heads are no longer liked. This effect is only gained by much brushing and a little oil or pomade, applied with a

The change is great in the shape of sleeves, and they appear to grow tighter and smaller every week, and longer as well, till really they are like those in fashion in the Chinese empire, for they very nearly cover the hands. There are very few without ruffles, though some are made with a rounded cuff, which being very long at the top, falls over the hand in the fashionable manner; and I have also seen a few pointed cuffs. Tucks are in such high favour at present that they seem to form the one and only idea of dress decoration. The other day I saw a lady dressed in widow's apparel, who was tucked from top to toe; the tucks were very tiny, and about three inches apart. I thought that perhaps

being also very popular. Braiding is said to be coming in as an ornament, but meanwhile we have gathered ribbon trimmings, or *ruches* as they are called, the ribbon used being from three-quarters of an inch to an inch wide, and gathered in the centre with strong silk, in order to draw it up to the required fulness. This trimming can also be made of the material of the dress or of silk, cut in bias lengths. In the illustration "A new cape," you will find it illustrated on the *revers* of the bodice worn by the centre figure. This gown is made of fine cloth, with a front of drawn *chiffon* and *revers* of fine white cloth. The skirt is braided, and the basque of the belted blouse is battlemented; and these are corded three times round with cloth cordings. The next gown is of navy serge; the braiding being put on in close rows. There is a vest of white silk, tucked, and a *chiffon* full at each side.

"The new cape" is one of those with the corners very much rounded at the front, a change in shape which is very good in one way, as it shows the pretty trimmings of the bodice beneath. The flounces which go round the edge of these capes are sometimes quite full, but are also seen as scanty as possible. Narrow lines of silk braid are used to trim them, and there seems every chance of their remaining much in the same form as our present model during the coming winter. The drawback to this shape is that they are rather old-looking beside the smart short ones we have worn.

In nothing have we arrived at greater perfection than in the manufacture of our waterproofs. They are soft, and thin, and perfectly odourless, and the shapes are immensely improved. The straight long coat-shape is an excellent one for wear in walking, and the loose straight-backed jacket is equally good for the bicycle as a protection from the weather. In the reversible capes and coats, with the bright tartan linings, there has been great improvement, and as travelling-wraps they are quite a success, being at once becoming as well as pretty.

Some very pretty little jackets, which are a late introduction, may be made of black satin or silk, or of cloth of various colours, generally drab or blue. Those seen in Paris were of black satin, beautifully fitting; in fact, in this last characteristic consists their true inwardness, as the slangy adapted phrase has it. No doubt these will also be a winter fashion, and I hope to illustrate them later on. Just now they are very useful to wear with the thin costumes we are wearing out, such as our foulards and thin frocks, and enables us to continue using them, and to keep ourselves warm in the chilly September days.

All kinds of small ornamental coverings, capes, boleros, and *fichus*, are being worn, and just now few people care to go out in the cotton or muslin shirt without adding to it some small adjunct, which may only be a *chiffon* neck-ruffle, or an ostrich-feather boa. Cotton shirts are more worn for the bicycle than for anything else, as their places are taken by the silk or muslin blouse. Chemisettes or fronts are returning to favour again for wearing with a small coat, and some of them are very pretty. There is still much fluffiness about the neck, but I noticed during the sales that there were many purchases of ribbons made, intended for the neck. These are to be worn twice round, and will be tied in a bow either in front, or at the back of the neck. It has been found that the tight and air-proof stocks so long used have injured the appearance of the throat so much that nearly all the women who care for their appearance are dismissing the stiff collars and replacing them by a wide ribbon necktie, which will be less hot, and more open to the free circulation of the air round the throat.



HAIR DRESSED WITH A COMB.

sparing hand. In many ways our ideas of hair-dressing have improved, for we no longer desire to load our heads with false hair; and this year we have been contented to wear our own and make the most of it. This change in the fashions has, it is said, brought the price of hair down to less than half in the country districts of France.

The use of the celluloid combs has been proved to be so dangerous that I hope my readers have taken warning, and dismissed any they may have been wearing. It is only needful to put them into a disused grate and set fire to them to find out how dangerous they would be if they really caught fire in the hair. It is said that a fall is enough to set them in flames. It is a pity they are really so pretty, for that makes the temptation to buy them.

The material itself might have been tucked, as they have been sold in the shops during the season; but a closer look showed that the gown was tailor made, and the tucking was tailor-made too. No crape was worn at all, the dress being quite untrimmed (save for the tucks), and the bonnet and long veil were of silk gauze.

Tucked sleeves are quite the latest and prettiest of our fashions. Sometimes they are tucked all over at small intervals, or they are arranged in groups of four or six; or the tucks are placed high up, at the very top of the sleeve, and take the place of a frill or a puff. But the tops of all the new sleeves are very plain indeed.

On the contrary, the bodices are very much decorated, nearly all of them have *revers* of some kind; the sailor collar and open front

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

MISERABLE.—We have always treated questions on "blushing" and "nervousness" as fully as our space will permit; for both are exceedingly common, and their causation and treatment are involved in great obscurity, for so many physicians have passed them over with—"Oh, it is nothing!" But the great discomfort, and often misery which these two neglected diseases cause, render them worthy of being carefully studied. As a complete description of these troubles would fill a volume quite as large as the year's *GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, we can only give brief hints from time to time. But we take it for granted that every correspondent who asks us questions on these subjects has read the answers on these points which have lately appeared in this paper. The first point that we insist upon is that neither blushing nor nervousness can be cured by drugs, and it is merely wasting health and money to take any preparation, whether patent or pharmaceutical, to "cure" these conditions. We do not say that drugs are useless here; but that they cannot of themselves cure the condition, and when they are taken it is usually to help the cure by very indirect means. We will only talk of blushing this time. What is blushing? It is a sudden relaxation of the vessels of the face. The vessels relax, and fill with blood, causing the face to become red and hot. It differs from "flushing" merely in the time that it lasts. Blushing is a momentary affair. It may be caused by affections of the heart or blood, thus it is exceedingly common in anaemia. It may also be caused by indigestion, constipation or other unhealthy condition of the alimentary tract; and it may be due to purely mental causes. Before treating blushing it is therefore absolutely necessary to know which of these three causes is at work; if the cause of the former (treating the cause (anaemia, indigestion, etc.) will stop the blushing. If the cause is purely mental, as it is in most cases, it is necessary to know under what circumstances the blushing occurs. The age is important. In young girls it is usually a very transient business, but if it persists over twenty-two it is more difficult to treat. The sex of the patient is also exceedingly important, but we will not enter into that point now. Do you blush when speaking with your friends, or only in the company of strangers? Do you blush only when speaking to those of the opposite sex or when you are conversing with anybody? Do you blush when with girls of your own age? And why do you blush? You may think this a ridiculous question, but it is a very important one and often gives the key-note to treatment. Do you blush when you speak to a person merely from a slight thrill of excitement? such as would happen when you are introduced to a stranger, especially if you are unaccustomed to society. In such cases, after a short preliminary blush, conversation runs smoothly and the blushing does not recur. Or do you blush constantly during conversation from fear you are not equal in brilliancy to your companion, or from fear of saying anything indiscreet? This is a far more serious thing than the former, and is much more difficult to get the better of. We cannot give you such practical advice, for you furnish us with such scanty information that we do not know what form your complaint takes. If you have indigestion, anaemia, or anything of the kind, this must be seen to according to the advice we have given in this paper *ad nauseam*. If not you must find out all you can about your condition, and pay attention to the following rules. Whenever you speak to anyone think of the conversation and do not think about yourself or your blushing propensities or what the person to whom you are talking is thinking about you or your blushing. If you *can* carry out this advice you will soon be cured. Do not worry about the preliminary blushing, of which we have spoken above, it is nothing serious and will pass away when you get a little older. Do not sit in a corner and say nothing to anybody until you are spoken to, but seek to join in conversation whenever you can; not pushing yourself forward and trying to assume a free and easy manner which you do not feel, but taking a rational interest in conversation and chiming in when you have anything to say of interest or importance to the subject of discussion. "Speak when you are spoken to" is all very well for children, but it is a fatal policy for nervousness or blushing.

JACK O' HAZELDEAN.—Read the answer to "Miserable." It is worrying over your condition which prevents you from getting better. "You know that it makes others feel and say things, etc." We are perfectly sure that it does not. We very much doubt whether any of your comrades ever notice that you blush unduly. Pay attention to the advice given to "Miserable," and you will soon get better. Ichthiol is useful for blushing and does, to a slight extent, benefit some people, but we do not advise its use except in certain cases. Blushing due to nervousness cannot be cured by drugs, but it can be cured by mental training.

H. S.—That the lumps that came in your throat were due to decayed teeth is highly probable, and we strongly advise you to have your teeth seen to. The wisdom teeth often take many months to appear and frequently do not develop fully at all. The lumps in your throat were probably inflamed glands, due to your decayed teeth. We cannot say that we have ever heard of gas producing serious after-effects, and if it does, they must be very rare, for we have seen gas given many hundreds of times. There is one form of goitre that does produce nervousness as a symptom, but we cannot say whether you suffer from this variety or from some simple goitre. Read the answer to "Miserable." If you find that you cannot follow the advice that we gave to that correspondent try to get away for a short holiday—preferably at the sea-side. By all means continue the baths during the summer if they do you good, and take a fair amount of exercise every day or a little gymnastic exercise in great moderation. You will probably get much better as you grow older.

J. D. W. MOWBREY.—We have already given an answer in this column to another correspondent who asked for information on this subject. This answer you will doubtless have read since writing your letter to us. The question of the relative value of brown and white bread is upon this—white bread is more digestible and more nutritious, but brown bread is less likely to cause constipation than white bread. In the answer to which we referred these premises were inquired into. Personally we declare emphatically in favour of white bread, especially when indigestion is present. At the present time this is the opinion most commonly held among medical men. All the authorities that you quote, as well as many others holding the same views, are known to us. It is from clinical experience alone that such questions can be settled, and it seems to us, both from our own experience and from that of the most successful clinicians whose work we happen to know, that usually, if not always, white bread is to be preferred to that made of whole meal.

VICTORIA.—How often we have to repeat that indigestion cannot be cured by drugs! Leave medicines alone and pay attention to the other means mentioned in the article. The cure of constipation is in the main identical with that of indigestion; but it is advisable in the former condition to take such articles as diet, green vegetables, fresh stewed fruit, prunes, etc., in moderate quantities. For constipation, as for indigestion, the less you take drugs the more quickly will you get over the trouble. But, unfortunately, it is frequently necessary to take some form of aperient. The best of which for chronic constipation is the pill of aloes and nuxvomica, the composition of which we have frequently given in this column. Read the answer to "J. D. W. Mowbrey."

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

CONSTANCE (Hospital Nursing).—You will observe our reply to "Kathleen." If you earnestly desire to become a nurse and are now twenty-four, it is probable that you know your own mind. You are not too old for admission to the North Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Shoreditch, E.; Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, W.C. (one of the largest), or the Belgrave Hospital, 77, Gloucester Street, S.W. At the last-mentioned there is a premium of £25 to be paid. It is not at all necessary to have a knowledge either of Latin or music. Even if your health has not been quite good lately, it quite possibly would improve under conditions of life in which you were happily employed. Although the hours are long and the work fatiguing, there are many girls who are distinctly benefited by the regular life and the active exercise. Let us hope it may be thus in your case.

A. M. D. (Training as Children's Nurse).—The address you require is the Morland Institute, 29, Holland Park Avenue, London, W. As you write from Ireland, and Liverpool is therefore nearer to you than London, you may like to know that the Liverpool Ladies' Sanitary Association, 8, Sundor Terrace, Upper Duke Street, Liverpool, is arranging a course of training for ladies as children's nurses, which, we have reason to expect, will be satisfactory in every respect. The course is to occupy over a year, and the fee for training will be £20. You could write to the Secretary of the address given for further particulars. It would be wise, however, to wait a couple of years yet before beginning this course of special training, as you are only just fifteen. Meantime you should continue your general education.

Mrs. T. C. C. (Emigration to South Africa).—We are much obliged for your letter. Unfortunately we cannot undertake to forward letters; it would increase our labours too seriously. We are glad to note that you say, "there is great scope for good respectable girls in Cape Town, if they are willing to work and are trustworthy, and they are well paid. As to the life there, it is charming."

COUNTESS (Employment Abroad).—If your friend wishes to undertake missionary work, she could write to the Secretary of the Women's Missionary Association, 10, Delahay Street, Westminster, S.W. For women qualified to act as missionary teachers in the Indian Zenanas there is some demand. In Australia there is little demand for teachers, as the women's colleges are excellent, and native-born Australian women can therefore undertake the greater part of the educational work. The term "certificated" which you apply to your friend is somewhat vague; but if it implies the highest educational qualifications, it might be worth while to seek teaching work in Cape Colony. But this suggestion would be useless in the case of many women possessed of only mediocre educational ability. A reply to your second question is hardly in place here; but we may say for your convenience that a young lady placed in the position of hostess should follow the natural instinct by trying to make her guests of either sex feel at home. She need not necessarily herself talk a great deal to the young men, but she should introduce the latter to some of the ladies present, so that every one may have some one to converse with. There is no hard-and-fast rule that a gentleman must always speak first or carry on the greater part of the conversation, and even if there were it would be disobeyed in such a case as this. The supposition is that a girl in her own home knows all the company present. Young people of both sexes are apt to be rather shy and self-conscious; but girls on the whole conceal their embarrassment better than youths, and have a larger supply of general chat; and it is desirable therefore that, without seeming to take too much upon themselves, they should keep things going as far as they are able.

KATHLEEN (District Nursing).—For all special kinds of nursing, whether District, Army, or any other, it is necessary first to take a course of training in a general hospital. For district nursing a year's general training in an infirmary would be accepted; and this would perhaps be easier to manage than the hospital training, as the large hospitals are so besieged with general applicants. Write to the matron of any large London Infirmary (such as the one at Kensington, Chelsea, or St. Marylebone), and ask whether you could be admitted as a probationer.

IVY (Hospital Nursing).—See reply to "Lora" (No. 977). Probationers are not usually required to pass any entrance examination, but must be able to fill up a form of application to the satisfaction of the authorities. Regular probationers pay no fees, but undertake to remain in the hospital a certain length of time. The minimum age when probationers are eligible varies from twenty-one to twenty-five, twenty-three being perhaps the most usual.

OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

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

A PENNILESS PAIR, by SARAH TYTLER.

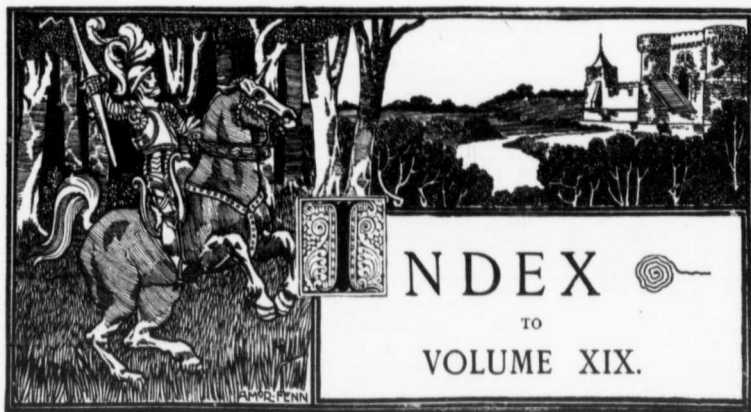
We offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story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

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

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

Examiners.—The Author of the *Story* (Sarah Tytler), and the Editor of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.

The Report of Supplement Story Competition, entitled "A Sailor's Bride," will appear next month.



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