



A SCENE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

From the Drawing by LANCE CALKIN.



Vol. XIX.—No. 971.]

AUGUST 6, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

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



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"'I WAS THINKING,' SAID BEATTIE."

CHAPTER XVII.



CECIL MUSGROVE had proposed to Beattie, but she had not accepted him.

Her refusal was one of those inconsistencies which make it so difficult to form certain conclusions when one is dealing with human nature. Warm-hearted, impulsive, and generous, if anything too ready to respond to affection, it seemed strange she should not have given this man who professed to love her a different answer. Perhaps it was because somehow he failed to convince her of the reality of his love that his declaration left her cold, and she could not tell him in sincerity that she felt towards him as she would wish to feel to the man into whose keeping she would have to give her life.

It was on the day on which Aunt Ella's excursion had taken place. She had left the young people alone as much as possible. It had been a day of brilliant sunshine. Beattie, always happy in the open air, had been in high spirits, and her gaiety, if not communicated to her companion, charmed him into half-envious admiration. As usual, she was exquisitely dressed, and she was one of those fortunate people whose complexion is not vulgarised by exposure to the sea-breezes and the sunlight. She was bubbling over with life, and perhaps a little excited. The possibility which Margaret's letter had laid bare to her, that Michael Anstruther loved her made her hesitate to put a barrier between them, and without being certain of Cecil's sentiments or quite convinced that he could not make her care for him, she was desirous of keeping him at a distance as long as possible. She did not consciously do anything to attract him, and indeed her apparent devotion to her uncle, and her unwillingness to leave him was a little exasperating to Cecil. However, he and Aunt Ella combined were too strong a force for her to resist, and as the latter also seemed wonderfully well satisfied with her husband's society, and unwilling that he should desert her to take part in climbing and exploring, which she could not share, Beattie found herself about five o'clock in the afternoon alone with Cecil, the latter literally at her feet.

They had climbed the side of a hill together to see a particularly beautiful view, and now Beattie was seated on the grass, fanning herself with a large shady hat, while Cecil, watching her, pulled up inoffensive tufts of herbage, and threw them to one side. Neither of them had

been speaking for a little while, and the thoughts of one of them were far away, for Beattie, though not a dreamer, sometimes had her deeper moments, when her spirit lifted her away from present surroundings, and filled her with the vague longings and aspirations which are the prerogative of youth. Beautiful scenery often affected her in this way, and roused a yearning for something better than she knew, as if the material world were not enough, and her eager soul stretched out hands for something more permanent—more satisfying still. She could not always put her thoughts into words, but where appropriate speech was lacking silence was the only alternative. She started when Cecil spoke to her.

"What has made you so serious all of a sudden?" he said.

"I was thinking," said Beattie.

"What of? Will you tell me?"

She shook her head.

"I can't. Not because I wouldn't, but you know one can't express everything, at least, I can't."

"I did not think you were usually wanting in words," he said, smiling. "I have never before known you have difficulty in expressing yourself."

"I have words enough for all the ordinary things of life," said Beattie; "but one can't always define feelings, can one?"

"Mine are generally decided enough for adequate setting forth," he answered, "but then, you see, I am never sentimental."

"I don't know what you mean by sentimental," said Beattie, with some heat. "Why should one laugh at sentiment. It is only another word for feeling, and to be without emotions is to be only half alive. For my part I like people who can feel, and feel intensely."

"Well, don't be angry with me, Miss Margetson. If to be a person of sentiment is to be like you, I too will be an advocate for the cultivation of the feelings. Only I did not realise that you were so much in earnest. It is not half an hour ago that you were making fun of me, and how could I expect that suddenly you had soared away into heights of sublimity?"

"I hadn't done anything so wonderful. But one may be grave sometimes."

"Certainly—you especially. All your moods are equally charming."

"Don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Pay that sort of compliment. You know I would rather you were in earnest."

"But I am in earnest, desperately in earnest. How can I convince you I mean every word I say?" Then he suddenly dropped the half-bantering tone he had used hitherto. "Beattie, you have bewitched me. I love you, and I want you to marry me. You believe I am in earnest now?"

She raised her eyes, and for a moment they met his. Then she said in a low voice, "I hope you are not."

"Why? Child," he took her hand, "you are not going to say you cannot care for me, are you?"

Beattie was silent. At the moment she scarcely knew her own mind. She

could not honestly say she could not care and yet she was very sure she did not. But she hated to give pain, and moreover she was not insensible to the fact that he was doing her great honour. Her aunt had never forgotten to tell her how many women far superior to herself would gladly, according to Mrs. Gilman and others, become Mrs. Cecil Musgrove.

"Won't you answer me, Beattie?" Cecil said. Such a contingency as her refusing him seemed remote indeed, but he knew it was possible.

Beattie looked at him again and her eyes were full of tears.

"I wish you hadn't proposed to me," she said, rather like a spoiled child it must be confessed, but she was nervous and half afraid. "It is very good of you to care for me, but I would rather you had gone on being as you used to be."

"Isn't that expecting impossibilities, Beattie?" said Cecil. "You seem to forget that there is no such thing as standing still, even in friendship, and you are not a person whom most men would wish to keep at a distance."

"You said you never cared for people."

"That was before I knew you. You may not perhaps remember that you yourself advised me to bestow my affections on some one."

He still spoke in the quietly argumentative tone which Beattie had often laughingly spoken of as his professional manner. There was none of the passionate ardour with which her other suitors had familiarised her, but then, as she told herself later when she was thinking the matter over, this was no young fellow, ready for any foolishness, but a seasoned man of the world who had tested many things and knew their value.

"I do not know that I should make you happy," said Beattie presently. "You see you are used to having everything just as you wish, and you have often told me how particular you are. And you are so much older and more experienced than I. I am only eighteen, you know, Mr. Musgrove, and I am dreadfully ignorant. You don't realise how little I know."

"You silly girl, I don't want to marry you for your knowledge or your house-keeping. And as to whether you could make me happy, I am the best judge of that."

"Ah, but," thought Beattie, "I do not know if you would make me happy." Aloud she said: "Then, you know, I often do impulsive and silly things and am sorry for them. Perhaps sometimes I should make you angry."

"That is quite likely," said Cecil. "But I am ready to risk it. When you have finished all the objections, perhaps you will tell me what I am longing to know. Will you be my wife?"

If Beattie had spoken absolutely what she was thinking but did not like to say it would have been: "Yes, if I were sure you loved me. Your love would compel mine." Somehow he chilled her, and she liked him less at that moment than she had ever done since

they had become at all intimate. It seems a heartless thing, but for some reason women often feel something almost approaching dislike to one who has hitherto been regarded with favour, at the moment when, by all the laws of ordinary charity, they ought to feel most kind towards him.

She had long since drawn away her hand, but now she stretched out both to him and said imploringly—

"Mr. Musgrove, if you love me, will you wait a little while. I know I oughtn't to ask you, but I can't say 'yes,' and yet if you will let things be as they are, perhaps I should learn to love you. Let us both be free, you as well as I, free as we were before you spoke, and if when a year has gone you still care for me, I may be able to answer differently. I wouldn't for the world make you unhappy if I could help it. I hate anybody to suffer. But I think it is very likely I shall soon love you as you want. Only I do not yet."

"Well, let it be as you wish then. I am sorry I am so unlovable."

"But you aren't. You are everything some people admire. Aunt Ella thinks you are nearly perfect. She will be very angry with me. Do you think I need tell her—about this?"

"I don't see the least necessity," said Cecil promptly. He was a good deal piqued, and he did not particularly care for Mrs. Swannington to know that her niece had not responded to his advances more eagerly. He quite understood that that lady, who was by no means reserved in these matters, would be capable of boasting, should Beattie marry someone else, that among other previous "opportunities" she had had was one no less eligible than Mr. Cecil Musgrove.

Cecil was not more than usually silent as they wended their way back to the others, only his remarks were confined to the merely commonplace. Beattie could not make out whether he really minded her having answered as she had. Had he given signs of being miserable, above all if he had shown any sympathy for her—and indeed she appeared the more unhappy of the two—it is probable she would have relented and encouraged him to speak again to-day instead of a year hence. She stole occasional furtive glances at his face, but that told her nothing. Like Mrs. Swannington, she was disposed only to believe in deep feeling when she saw its manifestation, but in her case ignorance was her excuse.

All her former brightness had deserted her, and by the time she had rejoined her aunt and uncle there was no need for her to tell Mrs. Swannington that something had happened. Cecil's manner betrayed nothing; but Aunt Ella could read Beattie like a book. Indeed she was at no time good at concealing her feelings. The poor lady was exceedingly uneasy, and was thankful that the time for returning had arrived. The drive home was distinctly dull; then there was supper to be gone through. As soon as possible Beattie slipped away to her own room and Mrs. Swannington followed her there.

"Beattie," she said, "tell me what has occurred. Have you two quarrelled?"

"Not that I know of, auntie. I believe we are still good friends."

"Then what is it made you behave to each other so strangely?"

"Did we?"

"Come, child," said Mrs. Swannington impatiently "I desire that you shall tell me."

"Auntie, he asked me to marry him."

"What? He has then proposed. Oh," Aunt Ella heaved a sigh of genuine relief. "But that should not sober you, my dear. You are of all girls most fortunate."

Beattie shook her head. She was on the verge of tears. She was afraid Aunt Ella would be so disappointed, and she dreaded the imminent discussion.

"But what do you mean then? Are you not to be congratulated?"

"Auntie, I don't love him."

"Love. Bah! that will come. Besides, what absurdity. Not love so handsome a man, and so distinguished? You will be the envy of scores of women."

"I don't want anyone to envy me," said Beattie, "but I do want to care for my husband. I can't fall in love with him just because he has regular features or is intellectual. I don't feel we are in sympathy with one another. He is much older than I am, not just in years, but in other things. I don't think if we lived always together we should suit each other."

"But how ridiculous. *Tiens!* I have no patience at such talk. But come, you are tired. In the morning all will look different. If Cecil were old and ugly the affair might be other than it is. You shall have a lovely trousseau and a fine wedding. I am delighted it is settled." And Mrs. Swannington rubbed her hands together as though washing them of a disagreeable matter. She felt more comfortable than she had done for some hours.

"But, auntie," cried Beattie desperately, "can't I make you understand? I have not accepted him."

Mrs. Swannington paused in her imaginary ablutions and stood open-mouthed with horror.

"You—have—not—accepted—him! Explain!"

"I told him I must wait. I said I might marry him some day. But not yet. We are both free, he as well as I."

"You—have—not—accepted him!" repeated Aunt Ella.

"Aunt Ella, I had a sort of instinct. I daresay you will laugh at me, but I did not feel he really loved me. I never have been sure of it. I believe he was with me and at the time he thought he loved me, but he does not truly, not as I should want to be loved."

"I would never have believed it," cried Mrs. Swannington, "that you should be so foolish, so wicked. 'As you would want to be loved,' nonsense. Is it not enough he would marry you? What have you but your looks? You are a nobody. You will have no money.

To Alphonse will go every penny of my money if you do not obey my wishes. I am furious, I am distracted. If I could beat you with my hands I would be glad to. You have thrown away your chance, for what? For a freak, an imagination, a vanity. Your head is turned by so much praise as you have had, and you think none good enough for you. Whom do you expect? An earl? a duke perhaps? Ask you again? Is it likely he will ask you again? You had better mend your mistake while there is yet time. You had better humble yourself to him."

"Auntie, I cannot!" said Beattie, trembling with excitement. "If he cares for me he will wait. If he does not we had better part."

Never had Beattie seen her aunt so angry. As she said, she was furious—she was distracted, and her words continued to flow forth in torrents. No doubt it was exasperating, after all her planning, which certainly was partly disinterested, to have her niece thus, for what she considered a whim, throw away an excellent match! The fact that she did not love him was no reason in Aunt Ella's eyes for her refusing to marry a man with a good income, but what enraged her was that Beattie did not love him. She could see no reason against her doing so—Beattie too, who always seemed to think ugly people pretty, and saw something nice in everybody. There was only one thing which could account for her foolishness, and that would be a prior attachment, and there was only one person she could think of who might be the object of it; but that seemed too ridiculous. It was a year since they had met, and she had taken pains to keep Michael out of Beattie's thoughts. True, he had remained faithful, but the cases were different. And after all, Michael was not nearly so attractive as Cecil Musgrove. What Mrs. Swannington did not realise was that that would not affect the matter. A person really in love is not likely to consider anyone else so attractive as the beloved object, or rather does not compare others with that one.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Swannington, "is there possibly anyone else?"

Beattie hesitated an instant. Then she said—

"There is no one else, Aunt Ella. I may yet learn to care. Why should we not wait a little while?"

"Why? are you an idiot? Because you should take your chance when you get it. Once you were engaged you would find you loved him well enough."

"But if I didn't? Isn't it better to make sure before I am engaged, rather than let ourselves be talked of first. Auntie, let me have my own way in this. There is plenty of time. Why are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?"

Aunt Ella gave momentary signs of relenting. She might perhaps have been fairly satisfied with Beattie's arrangement if it had not been for what she had said to Michael. That troublesome young man might keep her confidence or he might not. Indeed, after the lapse of a little while he might feel himself justified in speaking. He as

well as Cecil was a friend of the Gilmans. If once he mentioned the matter to Mrs. Gilman, Aunt Ella trembled for results; it would be sure to reach Cecil's ears, and then if he knew that Mrs. Swannington had appropriated him in the way she had done it would probably disgust him with the whole family, and Beattie's chances, where he was concerned, would be at an end. And though Mrs. Swannington was more or less indifferent to the opinion of the world except where her personal appearance was in question, she somehow felt she would rather not offend Mr. Musgrove, who had a way of saying sarcastic things when he chose, not only to, but of a person he disliked. Still, she thought, it was a comfort he had, at any rate, proposed to Beattie. It gave her more reason for having said what she did, and there had only been a day's difference between her announcement and Cecil's declaration. Nevertheless, she did not enjoy her position, and it made her angry with herself as well as with Beattie, though the latter had to be scolded for both.

"I trust that to-morrow you will rectify your mistake," she said at last, when she had talked both Beattie and herself into a headache. "If you do not I cease to take all interest in you. I tell your uncle so this night. It is time we remind you you are not our child to take as a matter of course all the kindness you have received."

Aunt Ella did not mean this. She could have bitten out her tongue directly she had said the words. She knew that her husband would be really sorry if she reminded Beattie that his home was not hers. Never before had anyone done so. But it was useless to regret it now. She had said it, and spoken words can never be recalled. To Beattie, who was acutely sensitive, and who really had regarded her aunt and uncle almost as a mother and father, they were like a cruel wound. The startled, sorrowful look that came into her eyes made Aunt Ella angrier than ever with herself, and again Beattie had to bear the consequences of her wrath. But after another warning sentence or two Mrs. Swanning-

ton left the room, and Beattie remained to pass a more miserable night than she ever remembered to have spent.

Perhaps she was rather foolish, but she was young and inexperienced in what is generally known as life, and she had always unhesitatingly submitted to Mrs. Swannington's authority, consequently now she believed that all she had said to her was true. She began to think she had behaved unfairly to her aunt as well as unkindly to Cecil. She had refused offers before, and Mrs. Swannington had laughed and shrugged her shoulders. She knew Aunt Ella desired the marriage with Mr. Musgrove, but after all, her rejection of him had not been final, and even if it had been she had no reason for expecting such a scene as she had gone through. If she had anticipated it perhaps she would have been less independent. But she was too much in the habit of acting spontaneously to have learnt not to follow the impulses of the moment.

Mrs. Swannington, leaving Beattie to shed tears and meditate in a most unwonted manner, went to her own room, where she walked up and down till her husband appeared. Then she immediately informed him of Beattie's iniquity. Mr. Swannington took it to heart far less than satisfied the irate lady.

"Well, I think she knows what she's about, Ella. Perhaps he took her by surprise. It's a pity he didn't ask us first, and then we could have prepared her. I expect it'll come right."

"I don't believe it will," said Mrs. Swannington, who was now on the verge of tears herself. "He may never ask her again."

"Well," said Mr. Swannington colloquially, "Musgrove isn't everybody's money. He's good-looking in a sort of way, but if I may say so of my guest, I think he's rather a prig. I daresay Bee would get on more happily with a heartier chap. I wouldn't worry her about it if I were you. Besides, I daresay Musgrove can manage his own affairs. I shouldn't be surprised if they are engaged by to-morrow evening."

But the next morning Mr. Musgrove announced that the post had brought

him a letter which necessitated his return to town that day. As nobody had the courage to say they didn't believe it, they had to accept his excuses with a good grace. Beattie was pale and looked tired. She regarded Cecil wistfully once or twice, but he avoided meeting her eye, and retained an attitude of dignified reserve towards her. To Mrs. Swannington he was affable to a degree, and more attentive than he had yet been to her husband. Mr. Swannington had an idea that Mr. Musgrove patronised him, and did not particularly like him in consequence. When he had gone without giving himself the opportunity of being alone with Beattie a moment, and having bidden her goodbye almost coldly, the latter, who really liked him very much as a friend, and who minded the possibility of losing him in that capacity, showed so poor a spirit that her uncle found her weeping disconsolately in the room where she had parted from him.

He was far too easy-going to make much of his niece's love-affairs, but he wanted to have things comfortable all round. Beattie did not take him into her confidence, but he told her he knew all and spoke to her, as he thought, very kindly.

"I hear you've sent away poor Musgrove," he said. "I should advise you to think the matter over again. I doubt if you'll do better as men go, and I believe, though he's not a demonstrative fellow, that he's thoroughly fond of you. Of course he's a bit huffy just now; it isn't every man who can bear to realise he's not irresistible."

But for her aunt's speech last night Beattie would have taken these words exactly in the spirit in which they were meant. As it was, however, she thought that her uncle, too, wanted her to realise she must not pick and choose too much, but was expected to find her own home before very long.

"Perhaps, after all, I have been mistaken," she thought. "At least he desired to have me with him always."

And her heart began to turn towards her departed lover.

(To be continued.)

GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

PART V.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

"A long life of golden days fruitful of golden deeds."

OF the many women-workers engaged at the present time in trying to make the world brighter and happier, the one best known to every class of society is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

With her vast means and position, everything was possible to her, yet she chose to devote herself to the service of those in need, whether of love, sympathy, pecuniary assistance or moral support.

Above all, she has striven to increase the

usefulness of women in their homes, and given them opportunities of self-improvement.

Passing over her early work of building churches and endowing bishoprics, her time and her wealth have, as a rule, been expended among the very poor in the East End of London and in the poor parts of Ireland; but so varied and gigantic in proportion has her work been, that it is next to impossible to convey any idea of it.

Nor is it only what she has accomplished, but what she has set going, which is so marvellous—works and schemes which are fertilising and developing in a thousand ways as the years roll on.

One of her early efforts for the good of women, in which she had the hearty co-operation of Charles Dickens, was the establishment

of a home at Shepherd's Bush for those who had forsaken the straight path but longed to get back to it.

Charles Dickens wrote the anonymous letter which many of these sorrowful people received, and from which I will quote a few passages:—

"There is a lady who has seen you from the windows of her house, and her heart has bled for you. She is what is called a great lady, but she has looked after you with compassion as being of her own sex and nature, and the thought of you has troubled her. She has resolved to open at her own expense a home very near London for a small number of women such as you, where they will be taught all kinds of work which will be useful to them in homes of their own, and enable

them to make them comfortable and happy . . . Because it is her wish that they may be restored to society, they will be supplied with every means at the right time to go abroad, where, in a distant country, they may become the faithful wives of honest men, and live and die in peace."

In emigration the Baroness found the best means of effecting permanent improvement in these people.

From about the year 1860 she devoted time and money to the East End weavers, whose occupation was destroyed by the treaty with France in that year. She started some of the weavers in small shops, and others she sent abroad as emigrants, while their girls she trained for service.

Even when this was done, there were still helpless numbers to provide for, and for these she opened an institution in Brown's Lane, and called it the "sewing school." Its purpose was to afford elderly women, recommended by want and good character, the opportunity of spending a profitable afternoon each day.

The school opened at half-past one, and, before beginning work, each person was provided with soup and bread. The work they were set to do was making shirts for the army and police. About five hundred were thus assisted annually, many of them earning eight shillings a week, some even as much as fifteen.

This alone would have been a great thing for one woman to do, but it was a mere fragment.

Connected with Brown Lane Institution was a complete system of help for the neighbouring poor, one part of which was the employment of professional nurses and clergy to visit the sick.

On their report being handed in each afternoon, meat, wine, maternity boxes and blankets were distributed.

To young servants going to their first place complete outfits were given.

Casual work was provided in the after part of the day for unemployed workmen, who, while still free to seek permanent occupation, were thus enabled to keep their homes together.

Money alone could never have made this scheme successful; it was its combination with thought, sympathy and the desire to help which gave it force and power.

During the bitter winter of 1861 the Bermondsey tanners were unable to follow their occupation, and it was the Baroness who came to them in their time of trouble and kept their homes together without pauperising the work-people.

It is impossible to overrate the help she gave in the East End during the time of the cholera in 1867. She distributed 1,850 meat tickets, value one shilling each, five hundred pounds of rice, two hundred and fifty pounds of arrowroot, fifty pounds of sago, fifty pounds of tapioca and oatmeal, twenty gallons of beef tea, thirty pounds of black currant jelly, eighty quarts daily of pure milk from her own farms, four hundred yards of flannel, one hundred blankets, twenty-five gallons of brandy and fifty gallons of port wine. In addition to all this, she had immense quantities of beef-tee made and sold at cost price. She distributed disinfectants by means of four agents, and appointed two sanitary inspectors. Think of the giant proportions of this work for one woman to undertake! Yet a few years has almost effaced the remembrance of it except among a small number of people.

The costermongers to this day look upon her as their best friend; she started a club for them with the object of advancing money to members for the purchase of barrows, the amount to be repaid at the rate of a shilling

weekly—the sum usually charged for the hire. In this, as in all other of her work, she neither destroys the independence of those she helps nor pauperises them.

The club has ever since been quite independent of outside aid, and the members themselves conduct its affairs.

The Baroness was, I believe, the very first to consider the recreation of the costers and to make it possible for them.

Some three or four years ago, when the costers were threatened with the loss of their trade, they at once turned to her, knowing that she would not fail them. Nor did she. She at once directed her own solicitor and an able barrister to take up their case, which was decided adversely in the first Court, but the decision was reversed in the Court of Appeal.

She has thrown in her interest and sympathy with Mr. Groom's work for flower-girls; she has enabled the factory girls of Manchester to have a paying home instead of going to common lodging-houses.

The gulf which divides East and West London is nothing like so wide and deep as it was formerly. It has been bridged over in a great measure by women's love and sympathy, by women's work and women's wealth, especially by this one woman's work and wealth and love, and even by her life itself.

To-day we could hardly recognise the description given of the East End by Charles Dickens, who visited it in company with the Baroness. Speaking of one part, he says, "Everything is perverted, childhood is old and careful; infants, imitating the violence they have seen about them from their earliest recollection, are shrill and shrewish with the smaller infants placed under their care; the home, instead of being a haven of rest, is an earthly hell; the women are unwomanly and the men like brutes; the air carries from window to window the vapours of corruption; the sun's rays, instead of bringing wholesomeness and purity with them, draw up a new wealth of nastiness from every nook and corner, and, heating it to fever pitch, breed death far and near."

Into the centre of this district came the Baroness, then Miss, Burdett-Coutts. It was known as "Nova Scotia Gardens"; but, notwithstanding its name, every evil in an exaggerated form had its dwelling there, and the stench arising from the mass of decaying matter was simply horrible. Fever and other diseases were rampant, and the inhabitants were starving weavers, thieves, disreputable women, prize-fighters, and dog-stealers; a most unpromising spot indeed, yet it was chosen by the Baroness as a platform on which to carry out her noble enterprise which was to improve the condition of the London poor.

The reeking mass of refuse was removed, and four blocks of model dwellings for the poor were erected—the first of the kind in London. They afforded accommodation for two hundred families, or about a thousand persons, and the place received the name of Columbia Square.

Each block contained about fifty complete residences, mostly of two and sometimes of three rooms each, one of which was provided with a good kitchen range. Special attention was paid to securing light and ventilation, and the drainage, lavatories, and baths were better than those enjoyed by the better-off classes.

At the top of each building a large laundry was fitted, also a reading-room and a library of five hundred standard books provided.

The buildings were opened in 1861, and from that day to this the rooms have been eagerly sought after, and drunkenness and disease have in great measure disappeared.

We paid a visit to them last week, and found they were kept in admirable order—bath-rooms and lavatories were perfectly clean and in working order. Every residence was occupied, and there was an air of respectability and prosperity about the building. The cost of each residence per week is about 4s. 6d.

Three years after these were opened, a very important work was begun not a hundred yards distant, viz., the building of a wonderful market, the object of which was to secure an abundant supply of cheap wholesome food for the poor of the district.

It was known as Columbia Market, and it stands out from every other market in the world for lavish decoration and adornment. It was a gift of Miss Burdett-Coutts to the poor of that poorest of neighbourhoods, and cost a quarter of a million of money.

The gates are masterpieces of scroll wrought iron work, and every pillar is of polished granite. The Halles de Paris and the Central Market of Brussels are as nothing when compared with this almost cathedral pile. Imagine a building such as this occupying the site of the old Nova Scotia Gardens!

The opening ceremony was performed on the 28th April, 1869, in grand style.

By this time Miss Burdett-Coutts' work had really reconstructed a neighbourhood which had fallen into such dilapidation and squalor as to be a source of danger to London.

Unfortunately it did not fulfil the object for which it was built and must have caused the Baroness great disappointment; still it is productive of much good at the present time. It is in the Shoreditch district, about ten minutes' drive from Liverpool Street.

On arriving there a few days since we saw an open market for the sale of potatoes and green-stuff, and wondered where all the beauty was hidden away, for we could see nothing but an ordinary frontage. At length we saw the Secretary, who was very courteous, and by his means we were admitted to all parts of this wonderful pile of buildings.

The large hall, with its beautifully-carved arches, slender polished pillars, and twisted ironwork, is now used as a polytechnic, known as the East End Church Polytechnic, which is kept up by the Rev. W. Dawson almost entirely at his own expense. Of course the noble proportions of the building are spoilt by the many wooden partitions put up to divide the social room from the gymnasium, and that again from the billiard and other rooms. In like manner the galleries are used as reading rooms and recreation rooms.

Mr. Dawson is doing a wonderful work here among the working-men of the district. The two sides of the square are let out as shops and private dwellings. This picture will give you a very good idea of the place.

In 1871 the Queen conferred on Miss Burdett-Coutts the honour of a peerage of the United Kingdom, under the title of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. It is the only instance of a woman having been raised to the peerage in recognition of her own life and deeds and independently of any other consideration.

Greatly as she prized this royal favour, I do not think she values less the spontaneous and fervent ejaculations of "God bless you!" by the poor.

Nor must you think that her life and money have been spent only in the very great and prominent deeds for the benefit of the poor. There is scarcely a good work going on anywhere that this good woman does not help quietly and substantially. The position she occupies in the hearts of the people is one that belongs to her alone and to no one else. The life she has lived among the poor will never die. Her name may be forgotten in future ages, but her work never.

DIGESTION AND NOURISHMENT.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."



Do you know what is the use of the blood? It is to nourish the body by supplying every individual organ with oxygen and food. The blood obtains oxygen from the air by means of the lungs, but all other food-stuffs are taken from the digestive organs. Oxygen exists free in the air, of which it forms about one-fifth part. The lungs take in this oxygen and pass it on to the blood unaltered; but what you put into the digestive track does not enter the blood until it has been completely altered by the process of digestion.

The blood is the food of the body. All the organs draw what nourishment they require from the blood, and if that fluid were not constantly replenished with nourishment, it would soon become useless and the body would die of starvation. The blood collects food from the stomach and digestive organs. Everything that you eat which nourishes you must get into the blood. Anything that you eat that does not become blood is useless.

But do not in nutritious materials get into the blood from the stomach? Most certainly they do. If a person takes a dose of poison it will get into the blood, and the poisoned blood circulating through the body will produce death. From this we draw the very valuable hint that we more or less possess the power of altering the composition of our own blood by what we put into our stomachs.

If you eat a piece of meat or a potato, the nourishing part of it will get into your blood—not as meat or potato, but as another substance derived from the meat or potato.

Most of the food we eat is solid. A piece of meat is a solid. More than this, it is an almost insoluble solid. It will not dissolve in any ordinary fluid. But the blood is a fluid during life, and if that piece of meat is to get into the blood it must be made soluble, and it is made soluble by the digestible juices.

The organs of digestion in man are very numerous and complex. The food taken passes through the following passages and cavities. First it enters the mouth, here it is masticated by the teeth and mixed with the spittle or saliva. It then passes to the back of the mouth and is swallowed into the pharynx and gullet and then enters the stomach. Here it is acted upon by the gastric juice and churned into a mass resembling porridge. It then passes into the first part of the small intestine, where it is acted upon by the secretions of the liver and pancreas. It then passes into the lower part of the small intestine, where it is acted upon by still another digestive juice. From the small intestine, that part of the food which is indigestible passes into the large intestine. The blood circulates through the whole of this digestive canal and gradually absorbs the nourishment from the food as it passes, first in the stomach, but chiefly in the small intestines.

You see, therefore, that we have a great many digestive organs, and every one of them is of extreme value. Let us further consider their actions and uses.

The mouth is the first part of the digestive canal. It contains the tongue, the cheeks, the palate, the teeth and the fauces, and into its cavity open the ducts of the salivary glands. The chief use of the tongue, in digestion, is to move the food about while it is in the mouth and to help in the process of swallowing.

Moreover it contains the nerves of taste. When we say the tongue is the organ of taste, a reservation is necessary, for the tongue only tastes coarse flavours such as bitter, acid, salt or alkaline. The delicate flavours are tasted not by the tongue but by the back of the nose. The palate does not possess the power of tasting, so the adjectives "palatable" and "unpalatable" are misnomers.

Mastication is the only digestive action which is completely under the power of the will. It is, doubtless, for this reason that it is usually so slovenly performed. There is an old adage that as you have thirty-two teeth, you should give each mouthful of food thirty-two bites. How many of us do so? How many there are who are content with two or three bites! Yet it is most important to thoroughly masticate your food, for the digestive juices cannot properly act upon lumps of food.

Insufficient mastication is one of the commonest causes of indigestion, and it may give rise to the very worst forms of dyspepsia. Two or three weeks ago I saw a middle-aged man who came to me complaining of very severe indigestion. So severe, indeed, were his symptoms, that I came to the conclusion that he had cancer of the stomach. Before however giving a definite opinion I examined his mouth, but of teeth he had not a vestige. This was quite enough to cause his symptoms. I asked him if he had never had false teeth. "Oh, yes!" he replied. "I had a complete set of false teeth, but I dropped them overboard six weeks ago, and could not get another set." "How long have you had indigestion?" I asked. "Five weeks," he replied. Just one week after losing his teeth. He got another set of teeth and is now quite well again.

Always masticate properly. If you have not got teeth of your own procure false ones. Many persons have a ridiculous objection to false teeth. I believe this partly arises from the belief that false teeth are made from teeth that have been extracted from other humans, or else made out of hippopotamus's tusks. One does not take out teeth that are good, nor put in false teeth that are decayed, so you may rest contented that the first opinion is a fable. All false teeth are now made of composition.

One must lay great stress upon this point about mastication, as it is totally useless to try to cure dyspepsia when the teeth are out of order, or are not used sufficiently.

The salivary glands secrete the saliva or spittle. This fluid serves a double purpose; it makes the food into a sticky mass preparatory to swallowing, and it is itself a digestive juice. Very few people know that spittle possesses digestive power. It digests starchy food. Therefore food containing a lot of starch should be retained in the mouth as long as possible, so as to get digested by the saliva, which converts the starch into grape sugar.

One of the worst forms of indigestion is that called "amylaceous dyspepsia," a condition in which starchy foods are only digested with extreme pain and difficulty. The chief cause of this trouble is insufficient mastication. It seems absurd to tell you to give thirty-two bites to a piece of mashed potato, but you should do so if you have the slightest inclination towards indigestion. It is not the mastication that is necessary here, but the intimate mixture of the starch of the potato with the saliva.

Having arrived at the back of the mouth the food is swallowed into the pharynx. This

process of swallowing is one of the most elaborate operations of the body. The food passes from the pharynx into the gullet and downwards till it comes to the stomach.

The stomach is practically a hollow muscular bag. It has strong muscles, and possesses numerous "pores" which secrete the gastric juice. The stomach is situated just under the heart, and both organs are supplied by the same nerves. This explains many curious phenomena in connection with these two organs. Have you ever noticed that you feel sick after being excited by good news, or after being depressed by sudden misfortune? If you have indigestion do you feel the pain over the heart and palpitation? It is the nervous connection between the stomach and the heart that causes these symptoms.

A large number of my readers suffer from fluttering of the heart, and have long ago come to the conclusion that they suffer from heart disease. But if I were to examine their hearts, I should be very much surprised to find that more than one per cent. had heart disease. Palpitation is a rare symptom of heart disease, but is almost constantly present in dyspepsia.

The stomach performs two functions. It churns the food into an almost liquid form by its muscular coats, and it furnishes a digestive juice, the "pepsin."

Pepsin does not digest all foods, but only those which contain nitrogen, and only digests proteid (or albumen), which is the nutritious part of meat. Proteid is not only found in meat, but exists in certain amounts in nearly every food. It is the most important food-stuff of man. The gastric juice converts this proteid into what is called "peptone," and this is absorbed into the blood. But peptone does not remain peptone for long; it is changed back again to albumen as soon as it enters the blood.

I cannot here enter into the question of disorders of the stomach. I will only state that the gastric juice will not act if it is diluted too much. Therefore you should never drink large quantities of fluid with your meals.

Leaving the stomach the food passes on into the first part of the small intestines. It is here that the greater part of digestion is carried on. Immediately the food enters the small gut, it meets with the secretion of the liver and the pancreas.

The secretion of the liver is called the bile, and it has the power of digesting fat. This is the reason why a very greasy meal makes you "bilious." The bile does not enter the stomach naturally; when it does it makes you sick.

Surely the liver does more than secrete a little bile to digest fat? This the largest organ in the body? Oh, yes! It has a very much more important office to perform. The secretion of bile is but a tenth part of its office. But the other actions of the liver I will leave for another time.

The pancreas or sweet-bread secretes the pancreatic juice. This is the only digestive fluid which digests all three forms of food, starch, albumen and fat.

Digestion is now finished, and the food is in a state in which it can pass into the blood. But all of it cannot pass into the blood. A certain quantity consists of indigestible food, dust, and various other impurities which would produce disaster, if they were to get into the blood.

You have twenty feet of small intestine. The food travels slowly through these twenty feet and as it passes the useful parts are slowly taken up by the blood. This gut also supplies

a digestive juice, of not much importance; its sole object being to convert cane sugar into grape sugar.

I had a dinner yesterday. Part of that dinner is now writing this article. It does so in the following manner:

My dinner consisted of roast beef and fat, potatoes, bread, salt, water and coffee.

These foods have the following composition:—

Roast beef	=	proteid
Fat	=	fat
Potatoes	=	starch
Bread	=	{proteid
		{starch
Salt	=	salt
Water	=	water
Coffee	=	{caffeine
		{water

So that my dinner consisted of proteid, fat, starch, salt, water and caffeine. If you have

carefully followed this article you will be able to follow this:

The proteid was converted into peptone by the stomach and pancreas.

The starch was converted into sugar by the spitte and pancreas.

The fat was converted into soluble fat (soap) by the liver.

The water, salt and caffeine need no digestion, they can enter the blood direct.

So this dinner was absorbed by the intestines and got into my blood. The blood circulated through my brain and hand, and gave them nourishment which enabled them to write this account of their nutrition.

Is there anything in the digestive organs of man that tells us what we should eat? Most certainly there is. As we have organs which digest a mixed diet it must follow that we require a mixed diet. And so we do. Again the length of our gut (twenty feet) also suggests a mixed diet, for it is intermediate

in length between that of a carnivorous and an herbivorous animal.

Those who read this paper and are unfortunate in regard to their digestions can gather many valuable hints from this brief account of the physiology of digestion. I will enumerate the chief points here suggested.

1. Thorough mastication of food is indispensable.

2. Starchy foods must be thoroughly mixed with the saliva.

3. What you take by your mouth finds its way into the blood.

4. A mixed diet is the physiological diet of man.

5. Drinking in large quantities at meals is to be avoided.

6. Greasy food should not be taken when there is a tendency to biliousness.

7. If you have palpitation, you have probably not got heart disease.

COLD MEAT COOKERY AND VEGETABLES.

MINCE.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of cold meat, one small onion, one ounce of dripping, half an ounce of flour, one gill of stock, pepper and salt.

Method.—Mince the meat finely and remove all skin and fat; slice the onion and fry it brown in the dripping, take out the onion and stir in the flour, let it brown and then add the stock by degrees and the minced meat. Let the mince get quite hot and serve with a border of mashed potato or well cooked macaroni round.

RISOLLES.

Method.—Make in the same way as mince, using only half the quantity of stock, and then spread the mixture on a plate to cool. When cold divide into equal portions, flour the hands, roll into balls, egg and crumb and fry in deep fat a golden brown.

HASH.

Ingredients.—Slices of cold meat, a slice each of carrot, turnip and onion, half a pint of stock or water, half an ounce of dripping, one ounce of flour, sippets of fried bread sauce, browning, bay leaf.

Method.—Chop up the bone from the cold joint and put it to simmer for an hour in the water or stock. Fry the vegetables in the dripping, add the flour and fry that brown, pour on the stock from the bones, stir till it boils, add the bay leaf, pepper and salt, put on the lid and let all simmer half an hour. Put in the slices of cold meat and let them heat gently in the sauce, take away the bay leaf, add a little Harvey or ketchup and a little browning. Serve on a hot dish with sippets of fried bread round.

CURRY OF COLD MEAT.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of curry sauce—(See Chapter on "Sauces.")—cold meat, rice.

Method.—Cut the cold meat into dice and let it heat in the curry sauce. Serve with a border of boiled rice—(See "Odds and Ends.")

COLD MEAT MOULD.

Ingredients.—Three-quarters of a pound of cold meat (minced), a quarter of a pound of cooked ham (minced), one egg, two tomatoes, one small onion (chopped), parsley (chopped), half a gill of stock, one dessertspoonful of flour, pepper and salt.

Method.—Butter a pie-dish, slice the tomatoes and ornament the dish with them. Mix the meat with the onion, parsley, pepper and salt; mix the flour smoothly with the stock and stir it until it boils in a small saucepan;

beat the egg and add it to the sauce when it cools; mix well with the chopped meat, etc., and press all into the ornamented piedish, cover with a greased paper and bake half-an-hour in a moderate oven. Turn out when cold.

COLD MEAT PATTIES.

Ingredients.—Any scraps of cold meat, pastry, pepper and salt, a little stock or water, beaten egg.

Method.—Cut the meat into little pieces and take away any skin. Line some patty pans with short pastry: season the meat with pepper and salt; put some meat on each patty pan and a very little stock or water for gravy; cover with pastry, brush with egg, make a little hole in the middle of each and bake twenty minutes.

VEGETABLES.

GENERAL RULES FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.

1. Green vegetables must be cooked with the lid off the saucepan to keep them a good colour.

2. Root vegetables can be cooked with the lid on as they will not discolour if the steam is shut in.

3. Pulse (i.e., peas, beans, and lentils) must not be cooked with salt in the water as the salt hardens them.

4. Potatoes, artichokes and turnips must be put into water as they are peeled to prevent their turning a bad colour.

5. All vegetables except pulse must be cooked with salt; green vegetables need a pinch of carbonate of soda.

6. Salt for boiling vegetables is used in the proportion of two ounces to the gallon.

BOILED POTATOES.

Wash the potatoes and dry them, pare them thinly, putting them as you do so into clean, cold water; boil gently with salt in the water, from twenty to thirty minutes according to their age and size. When tender pour off the water and put the saucepan back on the stove with the lid off for the potatoes to dry. Sprinkle with salt and shake slightly.

BAKED POTATOES.

Wash the potatoes and dry them. Lay them on a tin and bake them an hour or more until they feel tender. When half baked turn them over.

NEW POTATOES.

Wash the potatoes and scrape them. Boil gently with a sprig of mint from ten to fifteen minutes. Drain and dry on the stove; melt a

little dripping in the saucepan, put in a little chopped parsley, and toss the potatoes in this.

CARROTS.

Wash and scrape, if large split in halves. Score across the thick end with a knife and boil one hour.

TURNSIPS.

Wash and pare thickly, boil half an hour, drain, wash with pepper and salt and a little milk.

ONIONS.

Cut off the top and bottom and take away two skins; blanch them by putting them in a saucepan of cold water, bringing to the boil and throwing the water away. Boil three-quarters of an hour.

PARSNIPS.

Wash and scrape, cook like carrots.

CABBAGE.

Put to soak in cold water with salt, head downwards, to draw out the insects. Take away the outer leaves, cut off the stump and score through the thick end to help it to cook. Boil from twenty to thirty minutes. Drain and press well; cut up small. Young greens need hardly any leaves removed.

CAULIFLOWER.

Cook in the same way as cabbage but serve whole.

LEEKES.

Cut off the roots and the top part of the green leaves; wash thoroughly, boil gently about twenty minutes until tender and then drain.

GREEN PEAS.

Shell and rinse; boil gently with a lump of sugar and a sprig of mint about twenty minutes. Drain when tender and toss in a little butter or dripping.

BEANS.

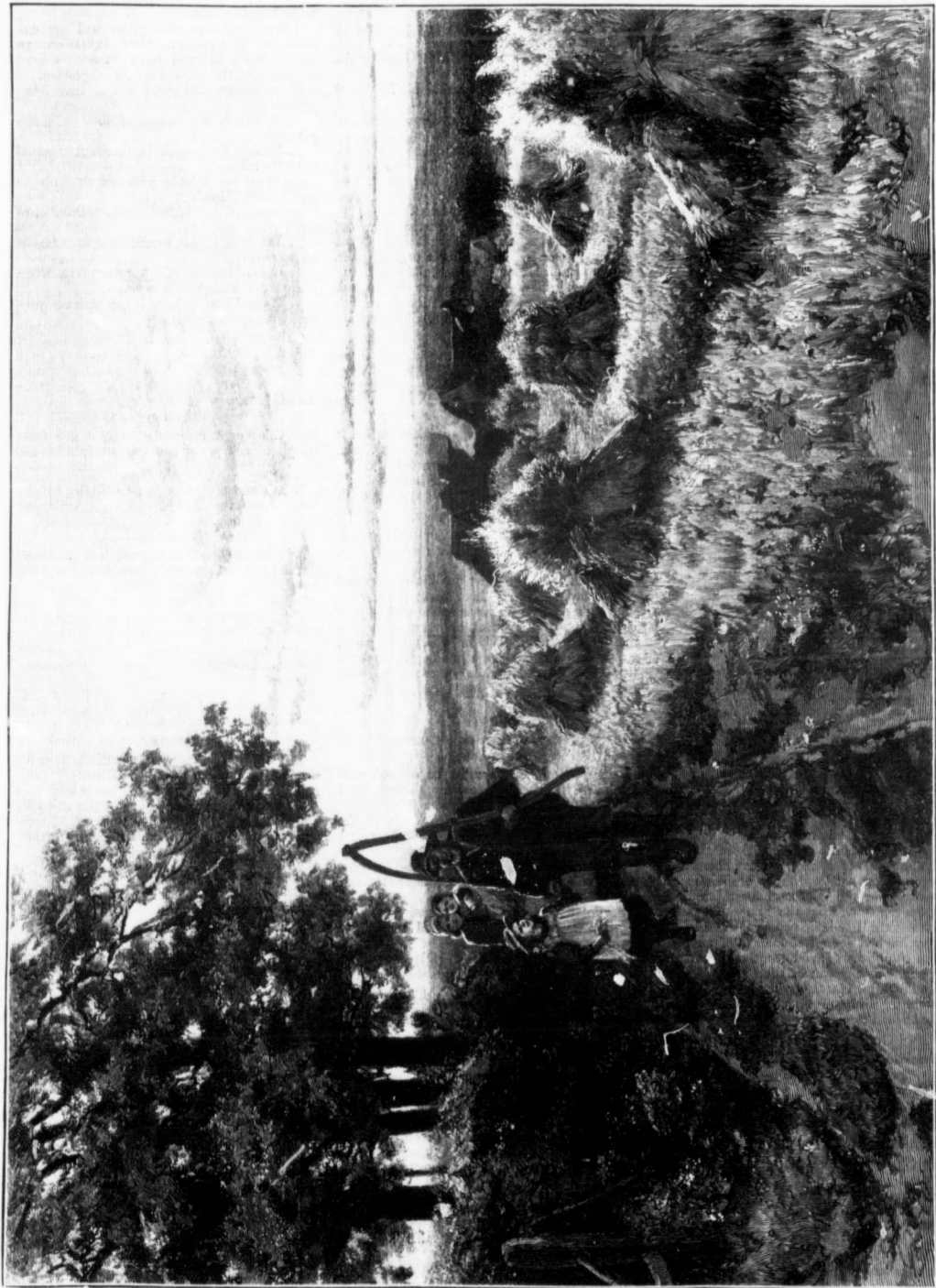
Rinse the beans and cut them in pieces. Boil until tender and drain well.

ARTICHOKES.

Wash and peel, boil gently about twenty minutes until tender. Serve at once as they soon lose colour.

SPINACH.

Pick the stalks off and wash very thoroughly, letting the tap run on it and turning it over and over. Rinse out a saucepan and put in the spinach. No water is needed. When tender press and drain well and toss in a little butter or dripping; add pepper and salt and serve.



"WHEN THE TOIL OF DAY IS ENDED."

A SUMMER NIGHT.

By ERIC BROAD.

THERE is magic in the beauty
Of a perfect summer night,
When the winds of Heaven move softly
And the stars gleam, golden-bright:
When within the shrouded woodland
But the nightingale's awake,
And silver moonbeams glisten
O'er the bosom of the lake.

By the gate the lilies cluster—
Samite, shadowy, and tall;
And the jasmine's planets glisten,
Gold and white, upon the wall:
While the roses, with shut petals,
Secrete sweetness, for the day
That shall fill the east with glory,
When the moon has passed away.

There is magic in this beauty
Indescribable and sweet;
When the toil of day is ended,
And we rest our tired feet;
A magic that instils in us
An infinite d-light:
That strengthens for the morrow,
And arms us for the fight.

O jasmine flowers! O lilies!
O roses! sweet and fair!
O glorious thrill of music
That enchants the perfumed air!
O stars! O moonbeams silvern!
O peaceful-bosomed lake!
I could almost wish the glory
Of the dawn might never break.



"THE GOLDEN HEART."

CHAPTER I.

A RIVER fringed with reeds, some green and young, some veterans over six feet in height, ripened into brown and topped with feathery tufts that waved and rustled softly. Patches of flags also that made the banks gay with yellow flowers. Hay-scented air, and larks carolling upwards as though transported with the ecstasy of living in so fair a world. Purple shadows of wind-driven clouds chased each other across the downy hills which hemmed in the landscape, their wooded hollows cast into semi-twilight, for it was evening.

But in June the days are long in dying, and the twilight after sunset almost melts into the twilight of dawn.

It was an hour beloved by artists, possessing a witchery peculiarly its own. In the flat-bottomed ferry-boat, moored to the landing-stage, stood a young girl leaning upon the punting-pole, and on the bank sat an artist painting her. Her graceful figure was clearly outlined against the stream; her dark hair was blown loosely in the breeze, and a certain voluptuousness in her beauty inclined one to the belief that gipsy blood ran in her veins. Her features were finely moulded, her parted lips displayed a set of faultless teeth, and her lustrous eyes had a slumbering fire in them that suggested a passionate, impetuous nature. They were pensive and dreamy just now, and her pretty mouth had a wistful droop at the corners.

Allison Carne was the daughter of the

ferryman, whose cottage was within calling distance of the furthest river bank. A picturesque stone cottage, thatched with river reeds, and standing in a small orchard which stretched down to the towing-path. Thirteen children had been brought up in that cottage, and of these Allison was the youngest and the only one left at home.

Many a time had Shirley Elton, the artist, painted this girl, and never did he grow weary of depicting her beautiful face and form in varying attitudes and style, for she inspired him, he said. Moreover, she was a study to him in all her moods and tempers, which were variable as English weather and far more delightful. He knew well how to call them into play; a word or tone from his persuasive voice was sufficient to charm the simple, inexperienced Allison, and he led her captive at his will.

To her ignorant mind the handsome artist was a most wonderful being, holding at command unlimited powers to do and create whatsoever his will and fancy prompted.

Also, the admiration the artist evinced for his model was not difficult to discover. It told the girl what she already knew and had been told before, that she was beautiful, but it was in a different way and more flattering to her vanity. To have so much deference paid her was a pleasing experience, and she had begun to set a higher value upon her charms than she had hitherto done. The dangerous fascination Shirley Elton exercised over her grew continually, and became the more dangerous because his power over her

was speedily evident to him, and he derived both pleasure and amusement from the use of it.

Now, Allison was betrothed, and had promised that, before the ensuing winter, she would become the wife of Dan Humphrey, head shepherd on one of the biggest farms south of the river, but notwithstanding he was as fine a young Hercules in qualities of both mind and body as could be found in Rivermead or out of it, Allison now drew unfavourable comparisons between him and Shirley Elton.

Dan was too dark-browed and weather-beaten, he was awkward in manner, he had no eloquence of tongue; while the artist was a fair-haired, blue-eyed Adonis, kind, gentle and winsome in his ways.

Dan could talk of little else than the occupation of his daily life. His flocks, his very dog were nearer to his heart, Allison bitterly told herself, than she would ever be. Dan could not say a pretty thing, or take her hand and hold it, after the manner of this prince from the outer world.

She had been restless and dissatisfied for some time past, and when in poor Dan's company pettish and silent by turns. It was not long before she began to absent herself at such times when her shepherd swain was wont to seek her. Those Sunday evening rambles over thymy downs had been very pleasant once, but they were distasteful now. Another bondage held her, whose chains were the cause of such sweet pain she would not shake them off if she could.

Poor foolish Allison, treading a slippery path that would lead her she knew not whither.

Dan grew unhappy and sore troubled in his mind, for he could not understand the change that had come over his Allison, having as yet no suspicion of the truth. He attributed her coldness and ill-temper to shortcomings of his own. He racked his simple brain to discover what these might be, and concluding he had not shown sufficient warmth of manner perhaps, took the earliest opportunity of remedying the mistake, but met with so unmistakable a rebuff as to chill and mortify him and prevent a repetition of the offence. He took a week to puzzle out the situation, and then came to the conclusion that, as girls are coy and difficult to understand, her repulse might have been intended only as a snare to lure him on. And yet, her manner had said so plainly—

"Keep your distance, and don't try that on again."

Dan was resolved, however, that the misunderstanding should not assume bigger proportions, so he determined to seek an explanation, and chose the very evening on which our story opens for the purpose.

It was unfortunate, for Shirley had that day told Allison that his stay at Rivermead would come to a close on the morrow, he having been unexpectedly called home. She had known, of course, that he must go sooner or later, that their delightful friendship must come to an end, but when the news of his immediate departure came, it came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. She had been living in a fool's paradise, and must now be shut out of it into an unsympathising world. What was to become of her? What should she do? How could she abide at home and go through the weary hours of a colourless life without hope for the future, with that dreadful promise to Dan calling ever louder for its fulfilment as the time drew near. Nothing should induce her to keep that promise. She would rather kill herself first.

In this ungovernable tumult of feeling, Allison left the house and walked—nay, ran—blindly along, the farther from home the better. Thus it happened that when Dan arrived at the cottage the girl was not within, and neither the ferryman nor his wife could say whither she was gone. Disconsolately enough, the shepherd sat down to await the chance of her return. He could not bring his attention to bear upon his host's attempts at conversation, and while he drummed impatiently with

his fingers upon his knees, his gaze wandered absently round, only to be brought suddenly to a standstill by a picture that was leaning against the wall, and which at once riveted it. He was looking at an unfinished sketch that represented Allison standing in the orchard, holding back a red and white calf.

Dan stared at it spellbound. There was the girl of his heart, looking at him from the canvas with a bright and blushing face, the beautiful eyes sparkling and glowing with liquid light and mirth. Dan stood speechless, and a dreadful pang shot through his heart, for Allison had never looked like that at him. There was a subtle transformation in the face that was indescribable to him. Every feature spoke a language foreign to his comprehension. It was Allison, no doubt, but not his Allison, and he turned away with a groan.

"That be a bonny picter of our lass, be'en't it, Dan?" remarked the ferryman, looking at him askance.

"T'ain't as I knows her, nor as anybody knows her, exceptin' it be him as painted it," replied the shepherd shortly.

"Lord bless you, lad! Why, artists don't see with eyes like yours or mine," said Carne, anxious to propitiate. "They're bound to put a colour and a witchery into everything. They sees beauty where folks like we wouldn't dream of lookin' for it, and they turns everyday work and life into po'try, easy as puntin' acrost river; leas'tways, he do," jerking his big thumb over his shoulder in the direction where the artist was supposed to be.

Dan examined the picture again.

"I don't say as you mayn't be right," he agreed at length, "and I s'pose as it's eddication makes the difference, but I don't understand it all the same. Has it helped him to make a face speak contrary to all it ever said afore?"

"'Tis the soul, Dan, that's what it is," said the ferryman, from between great puffs of tobacco smoke.

"Then his soul has an understanding with Allison that my soul hasn't had the luck to get, and I don't like it," said the young man sternly, and he turned to go.

Carne smoked on with a sidelong glance at Dan that was full of inquiry and suspicion. His slow mind began to awaken and to revolve something as little to his liking as it was to the shepherd's, and he knitted his shaggy eyebrows.

"That's right; don't you wait for her. Better let her think you don't care a brass button whether you sees her or no. Allison is

treating you shabby, and I'll have to talk to her."

"No; bide quiet. I'd rather you didn't meddle," answered Dan briefly, and walked out of the cottage.

Pulling the brim of his hat over his eyes, he strode on, wrestling with fierce emotions. The demons of suspicion and jealousy having entered his breast, a bitter struggle began between them and his old love and trust. Had he met Allison then, hot words would have ensued, to be repented of perhaps through a lifetime. But no Allison came in sight, and following the tow-path till he came to the bridge, Dan crossed it and pursued a chalky road over the downs towards his lonely dwelling on the summit. The evening had lost its beauty for him, the tunelessness of nature made his own tuneless feelings only the more emphatic and exaggerated his misery. Allison's soul had mocked at him out of her sweet eyes that were not sweet for him, and he had not recognised them as hers.

And where was Allison?

She had surmounted the steepest of the swelling hills behind the village, and thrown herself upon the short springy turf to try and think out the problem of her life, for a problem it had now become. Her mind was in a whirl. Reason, duty, feeling, were in a chaos out of which she could evolve nothing clearly. Wild, tumultuous passion was uppermost, the one idea she was able to seize and hold being the certainty that she could not marry Dan in the autumn. The image of another was in her heart. She had created a beautiful god for herself out of human clay and had ignorantly fallen down and worshipped it. Her overwhelming trouble now was that Shirley Elton was about to quit the neighbourhood. True, he had said he would come again and renew the friendship made so happily. He had said that she must not forget him, as he should never forget her; but he was going, and once gone, what hope that he would remember?

A long time Allison lay, face downwards on the turf, till long shadows darkened the plain, and the opposite hills just caught the lingering rays of the departing sun. The shepherd's hut, the brown hurdles of the folds, and the white flocks all driven in one direction, were still visible. Dan was there too, with his dog, but she never saw him. She was on one side of the river alone, and he upon the other. The thoughts of both were occupied with the other, but what a wide, wide space between!

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE LETTER CAME BACK.

A lady staying at one of the newest hotels at Aix-Jes-Bains wanted to write to her servant in England, and used the hotel notepaper, which, however, was so full of the advantages of the establishment that the address was obscured.

There was no reply. The lady, fearing that something was wrong, wrote to a friend asking her to call on the servant.

"Why," said the servant, "I wrote as I was told, but the letter came back with 'not known' written on it."

She produced the envelope, which was addressed, "Miss —, Hotel Britannique. Ouvert toute l'année. Ascenseur Hydraulique!"

HOPE ON.—The power that moves the world is hope. An anxious, doubtful, timid man or woman can accomplish little. Fear unnerves us; hope inspires us.

ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

"You say then that this material is the latest fashion?"

"The very latest, madam."

"But will it fade in the sun?"

"Why, it has been lying in the window for two years and look how well it has stood."

NODDING AN ANSWER.

A firm in Glasgow recently employed as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone.

When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query "Are you there?" he nodded assent.

Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, he lost his temper and roared through the telephone—

"Man, are ye blin'? I've been noddin' my head off for the last hauf-oor."

FOR THE CURING OF HERRINGS.

When about six years old, our Maggie was taught in her geography lesson that "Yarmouth is celebrated for the curing of herrings."

"Oh! how funny it must be," she exclaimed, "to see the little ill herrings sitting round getting better!"

ANSWER TO TRIPLE ACROSTIC (p. 692).

1. M e R o M (a)
 2. A d O b E (b)
 3. V e n t a B e l g a R (um) (c)
 4. I w I I L
 5. S e N s E
- Mavis—Robin—Merle.

(a) See Joshua xi.
(b) The brick of Mexico.
(c) Winchester stands on the site of the Roman Venta Belgarum.

DAINTY RIBBON EMBROIDERY.

RIBBON-WORK has enjoyed a long run of popularity, and our embroideresses are by no means tired of it yet. Several novel varieties of it have been lately prepared, some of which, to be described and illustrated here, are even now not quite ready for the general public.

The doyley shown in Fig. 1 shows quite a new application of our work. The foundation is of amber satin upon which the design of the scrolls and flowers is plainly outlined. The raised flowers are of soft and shaded ribbons about a quarter of an inch in width and varied in colour. To make each little rosette cut a two-inch length of the ribbon, and with a small needle threaded with strong but fine silk run a draw-thread all along one selvedge. Gently pull this up, being careful not to twist the ribbon, until a close rosette is formed. Before breaking off the silk, sew this firmly down to its appointed place in the pattern, and make a few finishing off stitches on the wrong side of the

work. Make all the other roses in the same way.

The smaller and flatter flowers and the so-called "leaves" in this class of design, can be made in slightly narrower ribbon, which is passed through the eye of a large needle and so carried from the wrong to the right side of the work as to form stitches, one stitch forming one petal or leaf. But this kind of flower will be referred to later, so I will pass on now to the stems which unite the details of the pattern into wreaths. They are worked with from two to three strands of filocelle silk and in outline stitch.

Outline stitch is seen again in the very conventional "ribbon" scrolls inside the floral sprays, but these are worked with coarser silk; that is, with several strands of filocelle used together. The colours chosen for them should be two shades of bronze green which must accord in tone with the background and with the little flowers, the ribbons for which must, by the way, harmonise

well together and also with the rest of the work.

I wish next to speak a little of such ribbon-work as can be executed by the home worker without the aid of traced and commenced specimens. So, in Fig. 2, are illustrated several simple sprays, such as almost anyone can not merely copy for herself, but adapt and vary to suit any position. Little isolated sprigs such as these are useful and effective sprinkled over the silk, satin or brocade background of satchets, book-covers, photo-frames and innumerable other articles requiring rich materials and delicate treatment. In embroidering such patterns, it is as well to indicate with pencil or other marks the required positions and shapes of all the details.

Various kinds of flowers can be simulated. Towards the bottom is the treatment for a suggested twig of forget-me-not. The stems are worked in outline stitch in green silk, and the largest flowers have five small petals. Thread a needle with fine knitting-cotton or a double strand of darning thread, and make one stitch for each petal or leaf. This serves, not only to mark out its position still more clearly, but also to slightly pad and raise it.

The flowers should be blue, the larger ones dark, the others paler in hue and the buds pink. These are all worked with ribbon cut into short lengths and passed through the eye of a coarse needle. Care must be taken not to twist the ribbon, and to get each stitch neither loose enough to sag nor tight enough to be puckered.

The flower centres can be made in several ways. In the doyley (Fig. 1) a French knot in yellow silk was made to serve; but in this sample small fancy sequins of various colours are used, and each is held down with a white crystal bead.

The leaves deserve special mention, being made of the new crinkled ribbon, which is very much softer and also slightly narrower than the plain makes. Further, the leaves are not here as elsewhere indicated each by one stitch, but are formed of straight stitches, sloping on each side of a centre line and made of more than one shade of green ribbon. The paler ribbon should be used towards the tip of the leaf.

The crinkled ribbons are seen again in the large leaf above and towards the left side. Here pale green is used on one side of the centre silk-embroidered stem and darker green on the

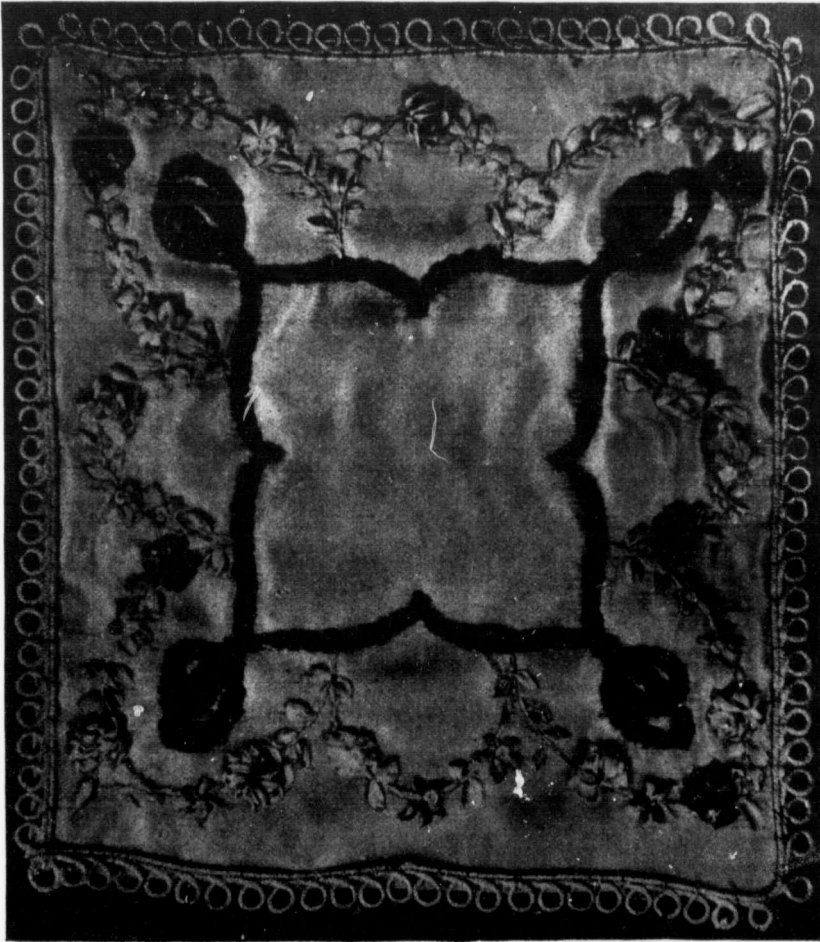


FIG. 1.



FIG. 3.

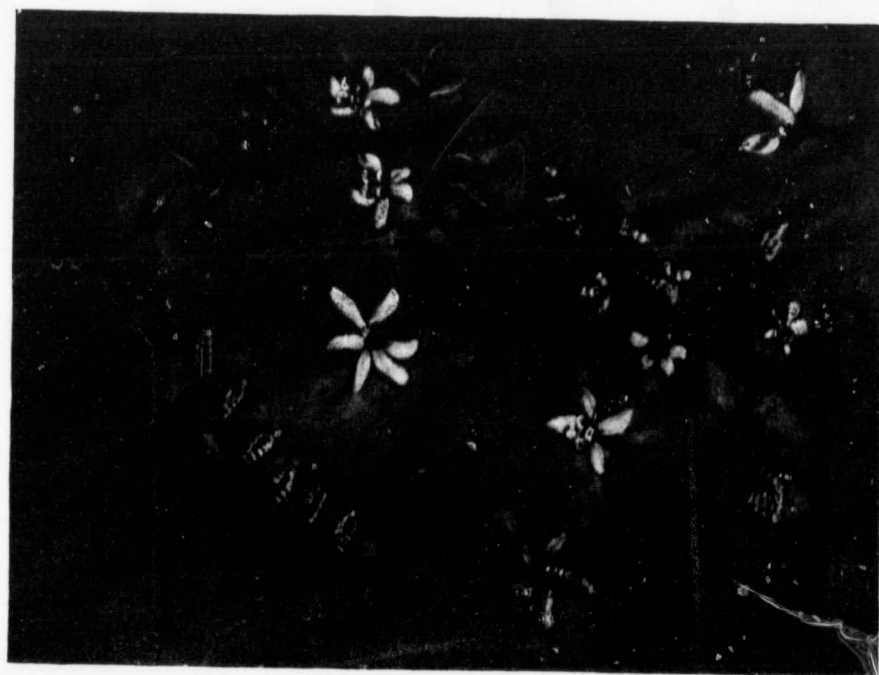


FIG. 2.

other, each leaflet being composed of a single chain stitch caught down at the tip by a shorter stitch. The other examples here call for no special comment. They are of various colours of delicately shaded ribbons (some Swiss, others French), and chiefly noticeable for their size and form.

The number of petals ranges from four to six, and in the lower left-hand corner is a "bud" with three shaded heliotrope petals and two green ribbon stitches below to serve as calyx.

As an example of how these single sprays can be used the heart-shaped miniature frame in Fig. 3 should be consulted. It measures four inches in depth by nearly four inches across the widest part. These dimensions

and cut the centre hole. Take two pieces of stout card, the size to serve for the foundation, and cover one on both sides with silk or satin. Cut a central hole in the second section and cover it on one side with a lining silk, on the other with wadding, then with the embroidery.

Take especial care to get the space in the middle accurate and neat, and surround it with a band of silk heliotrope cord and one of tinsel.

Stitch the two heart-shaped sections firmly together, except down one side, where space must be left for the insertion of the miniature. Lastly, edge the whole with cord and tinsel, and arrange full rings and a suspension loop of the former material at the top of the frame.

ribbons are used, and the whole is on a background of white satin.

In daintiness the fifth and last illustration closely rivals this delicate rosette-work. This design for a miniature-frame or *bonbonnière* lid is traced out upon rich satin with fine but bright gold tinsel. Round the extreme edge this is used double and has tiny copper-red sequins caught down to it at intervals. Some of the wreaths show delicate stitches of tinsel, suggesting leaves carried all along the stem, but the larger and more prominent leaflets are formed by stitches of crinkled ribbon. On each wreath the colour of the ribbon is all pink or all blue, these tints being used alternately (four sprays worked in each), and more than one shade is seen in each spray, where,



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

should be indicated on a piece of good satin: heliotrope was the colour of that here used, and the place for the sprays should be marked out with due allowance for the central space.

It is always easiest to do ribbon-work in a frame, and it is further advisable to back the satin with soft linen. This done, the embroidery is quickly executed, the leaves and petals being first duly padded and the ribbons used in covering the cotton stitches being of various colours.

The flowers have sequin centres, and these glittering trifles of differing shapes and colours are also scattered about the background.

To make up the embroidery when freed from the frame, trim it to the size proposed

In Fig. 4 is some rosette ribbon-work, such as is now sent out by the Decorative Needlework Society (Sloane Street). A black and white illustration gives but a poor idea of the delicate shading of the embroidery, wherein the topmost rose is of delicately shaded pink ribbons, another is crimson lined with pink, and the third white tipped with pink shading to red. The ribbons are made up into rosettes somewhat as when making the roses for Fig. 1, but they are drawn up less tightly, the ribbon forming the outer circle of petals being caught down in a ring, leaving a small circle of satin uncovered in the middle; the succeeding frills are gradually made close so as to finally conceal this space, while, to keep all in place is a "rose-heart" of green and yellow stitching. For each leaf several stitches of shaded green

whether it be pink or blue, there is not merely the same number of stitches (leaves) as in all the others, but the shading of the ribbon composing these is graduated in exactly the same positions in each. As a finishing touch, extremely minute blue sequins outline the inner curve of all those wreaths, which, on the outer curves, have tinsel stitches for leaflets.

Work such as this is a speciality of the firm mentioned, and is remarkable for careful workmanship, good materials, and attention to detail. Yet, withal, it is not so difficult but that a reasonably skilful girl should be able to execute it, there being many designs procurable, all pretty and suitable for the purposes for which they are severally intended.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.



THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

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

CHAPTER III.



T was a curious revolution of the wheel of fate that turned Boscombe Hall into paradise for two people in the course of the following week. One was David Russell and the other Deborah. For David fell head over ears in love, as might be expected, with Miss Laing, who allowed him to linger by her side morning, noon and night, accepting his very self-evident and honest admiration with the same calm indifference with which she appropriated Deborah's devotion. She neither encouraged nor repulsed him. She listened, rather than talked, was the quiet recipient of all the young fellow's hopes and fears, and looked sympathetic, without being so.

David was by far too honourable a young fellow to seek to bind this beautiful girl of eighteen into any promise of marrying him. He knew that at present he had nothing to offer her but his honest young heart, but he told her of his prospects, of the good opening that was before him, should he prove one of the successful candidates in the Indian Civil Service, of his determination to make his way in the world, and of the hope of one day having a home of his own.

"I may be out there for years, you know," he faltered during one of these talks, "but if I come home, may I come and see you? Shall you mind if I've turned yellow?"

"I think I shall; I like you best as you are," answered Miss Laing, turning her great eyes on him for a moment, a reply which positively set every pulse in David's body tingling, and yet when he came to digest the sentiment there was not a grain of encouragement in it, not a vestige of hope for the future.

Deborah's paradise was of a different and safer order. It was the realisation of a strange and bewildering novelty that had dawned upon her life. Before, the days had passed in the same routine, and the child had found her amusement in watching those about her; every day of this memorable week brought some startling novelty with it, and the prime promoter of this delightful state of things was David Russell. Sometimes he would go off to the nearest town and bring her back a toy or a picture book, at another he would take her for a walk; one never to be forgotten afternoon was spent with him and Miss Laing in the woods, and it became an established right that she should fetch him out every evening for a game of hide and seek before she went off to bed. It was no wonder that she adored him. It was too happy a state

of things to last, and it broke up all in a moment, like an American summer.

The week was coming to a close, and David in his infatuation had almost decided to stay for another when, coming from a long and rapturous morning in the garden, he found a stranger at the luncheon table; no stranger alas! to Miss Laing, who accorded the newcomer, a young and rising barrister, a smiling reception.

"I had a few days to spare, and I thought I would come and look you up," he said, with the air of a conscious favourite. "I can stay for a week if Mrs. Menzies will be good enough to take me in."

"Delighted I'm sure, and I daresay you and Mr. Russell—may I introduce you to each other? Mr. Dayrell, Mr. Russell—will go out together sometimes. I'm afraid it has been dull for him with no companions this week."

The two young men glared at each other, like knights at a tournament. Mr. Dayrell had caught sight of the reclining figure by Miss Laing's easel as he came up the drive. They mutually acknowledged the introduction, however, by a bow.

"Thank you," said David, turning politely to his hostess, "but I am afraid I shall have to be moving on, not that I have been dull. I have seldom spent a more delightful week."

The statement sounded almost like a challenge to the young man opposite, and if David had hoped that the announcement of his near departure would extort even an unspoken protest from Miss Laing he was doomed to disappointment. She kept her eyes on her plate and did not even look at him.

He gulped down his own lunch with mingled feelings of mortification and anger. Did not she really care a straw for him, when he felt ready to live and die for her? It was almost maddening that when the meal was ended, Mr. Dayrell took up his position by Miss Laing's side as if it belonged to him by right, and presently the pair disappeared down the garden, and David was too much of a gentleman to follow. Instead he went back disconsolately into the hall.

Deborah came slowly down the stairs, one step at a time. She quickened her steps to a run when she caught sight of her friend.

"Where are you going? Can't I come too?" entreatingly.

"Yes, Deborah. I want you very much, for I'm going away to-morrow."

Deborah's pale face turned positively a shade paler.

"You said—you said—that perhaps you'd stop another week; I heard you tell Miss Laing so this morning," she stammered.

"Yes, little one, but everybody may change their mind, you know, and I've changed mine. I'm going to-morrow.

One can't play all one's life, and my game is ended."

Deborah was a child of curious self-control, but a knot climbed into her throat, and David saw it climb, and was comforted that even a little child should dread his leaving.

"But we will have a jolly afternoon together, you and I. Just run up-stairs quickly and get your hat, and ask mother if you may come out with me for an hour or two."

The proposition was so delightful that Deborah forgot the impending sorrow in the present joy.

She trotted off by David's side in high content, and if her legs ached before they reached Hailstone she would have died sooner than own it. David's destination was a toy-shop and he demanded dolls to look at, the most beautiful ones in the shop.

They were laid out in a row before Deborah, and then David told her to choose the one she liked best and sauntered off to the window. His eyes followed dreamily the things that passed to and fro in the street; his thoughts unwittingly went back to Miss Laing. Was that beast Dayrell lying by her on the grass whilst she painted, as he himself had done that morning, he wondered bitterly? Poor lad! he was too sick at heart to be reasonable. His meditations were disturbed by a little hand laid gently on his arm.

"You must help me choose, please. There is not one quite as pretty as she is, but this one's got lots of hair, and shuts her eyes with a click."

"That's a great recommendation," said David rousing himself. "Let's have a look at her. Yes, she's got a jolly wig," but there in common truthfulness David's praise stopped short. The beady eyes with lashes painted on the highly-coloured face did not in the least remind him of the soft beauty of Miss Laing's eyes, but even this faintly expressed approval was enough for Deborah.

"This one, please," she said, handing the doll under discussion to the shop-keeper, and shortly after she emerged into the street with the silver-papered parcel held close to her beating heart. It required open air and daylight to help her to realise the value and beauty of her new possession.

David's vanishing hopes revived a little that evening when Miss Laing suffered him to seat himself by her for a minute or two on the sofa.

"You are an impulsive man! I wonder why you decided to leave so suddenly. I suppose you want to know the result of your examination?"

"Do you really want to know what makes me run away?" blurted David, colouring to the roots of his hair.

"Shall I tell you? May I?"

"I think I can guess," Miss Laing answered, with a soft little laugh. "I believe you are running away from—"

Deborah. The devotion you have aroused in the child's heart can only be accounted for by the shameful way in which you have bribed her with presents and attentions. She has gone to sleep with that new doll in her arms and tears on her face. You have quite eclipsed me in her affections." So David's expression of his hopeless passion was averted.

He told himself that he was glad of it the next morning when he marched away, with his knapsack on his back, and a lump in his throat. He had not even told Miss Laing when he bade her good-bye that he hoped to meet her again.

"But I will; I should have been a mean hound to say anything to her now, but I'll come back some day unless—unless—Dayrell wins her," he said, aloud.

Then he turned in the drive to see if he could catch one last glimpse of his love. She was walking slowly down the lawn with Dayrell at her side carrying her easel. She was too busily engaged in conversation to notice that he had turned to wave his hand, but from the topmost attic of the house a little white handkerchief fluttered. Deborah was standing at the open window to catch a farewell view of her friend. Apparently he was not going to turn back and see her, but yes! he was looking now and was taking off his hat to her as if she were grown up, like Miss Laing, and the joy of that thought kept back her tears until he was fairly out of sight. Then with a smothered sob Deborah caught up her doll in her arms and made her way to the dell, but she was seized with a feeling of desolation

and loneliness that was new to her. The fir-cones lay by her side and she swayed the doll to and fro on her lap. She could find no solace in her game of visitors. What fir-cone could fitly represent her departed friend?

"I shan't play it any more. I think I'll bury them," she said. She often talked aloud in her solitary games, so, one by one, the fir-cones were laid to rest under the moss, and a little bit of stick was stuck by each to mark its resting place. After all this new game was very exciting, and she would come every day and put flowers on the graves of her departed playmates.

"And I shall always keep you, my pretty," she said, lifting up her doll with a tender hug, "and I shall call you Miss Laing."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

MATILDA.—Your nose gets red because you drink tea and other indigestible drinks. The offensive breath is also a common symptom of indigestion, especially when tea-drinking is the cause. Give up all indigestible food and attend carefully to your digestion. You will find further information on this subject in the Answers to Correspondents for the last three months. Never take any drugs if you can help it. You would be surprised at the large number of people, especially girls, who ruin their digestions by taking useless and what they think are harmless medicines! What do you want "cooling medicines" for? For offensive breath? for indigestion? or for a red nose? And what do you mean by "cooling medicines"? We have never yet met with such things, though we hear plentifully about them.

SELMA.—It is an almost proverbial fact that the hair falls out during times of great worry and anxiety. After severe illnesses the hair very frequently falls, but we believe that in these cases the hair invariably returns. Premature greyness is very near akin to hair falling, and for all practical purposes it may be considered as part of the same condition. You should use a stimulating lotion containing rosemary or jaborandi. Do not use a hair-dye if you can help it. See what can be done by other means first.

AN EIGHT YEARS' READER.—Excessive expectoration is undoubtedly a symptom met with in consumption; but it is also a symptom of every disease of the lung, and of nearly every affection of the throat. You say that you have this excessive expectoration and shortness of breath, and you ask us whether these symptoms are due to consumption, and if it would be advisable to have your chest examined. It is possible that you have got phthisis. The other information that you give us, especially the point about your taking your food well, is against it. Yes, it is decidedly necessary to have your chest examined; for if you have got consumption it will be in an early stage, and the cure of this malady can only be accomplished during the earlier stages. If, as is probable, you have not got consumption, it will be an immense relief to you to hear this for certain.

THE GIRL CYCLIST.—1. "Can you tell me the cause of one's face becoming red and burning after tea? I cannot think what it can be." Surely, you cannot have thought very deeply! Did it never strike you that the tea was the cause? Such is the case, and if you object to have a red and burning face you must give up red tea. What do you mean by cycling "a lot"? There is no objection to any girl cycling in moderation, but it is very harmful to over-fatigue yourself.

A. F. B.—We really cannot go on answering questions about "red noses" *ad infinitum*. Read the answer to "Matilda," and to the very many others who have asked this question before.

HOLLY.—To cure boils. If they have come to "a head," apply boracic fomentations. These may be made by forcing a piece of flannel four times and wringing it out in very hot solution of boracic acid (1 in 40), cover with oil-silk and wadding, and renew frequently. When the boil has burst, dust it thickly with powdered boracic acid. For "blind boils" boracic ointment may be applied. If boils are thoroughly treated in this way they will not return. No internal treatment is necessary, nor indeed is it of any value in ordinary cases.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

SPECULATION.—A correspondent, "Rosa," suggests that the poem of which you are in search with the line

"I dreamt I was an omnibus"

may be taken from "Sylvie and Bruno," by the late Lewis Carroll.

ROSA.—Many thanks for the letter quoted above. We think the discovery of the coin most interesting, and recommend your father to send an exact sketch and description, if not the coin itself, to the authorities of the British Museum, who would no doubt at once give him the information he needs. There are many wonderful Roman remains in your town, and the very address your letter bears is significant of antiquity.

WINNIE.—1. Your quotation,

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"

is from a poem by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1830), entitled "Isle of Beauty." The couplet runs:—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"

The same author, now little known, wrote the words of several songs once familiar, e.g., "I'd be a butterfly born in a bowler," "Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar," "She wore a wreath of roses,"—2. Your writing is clear, legible, and neat; but in our opinion it is spoiled by the downward sweep of the tail of your final letters, which always has a feeble appearance.

RUBY.—1. It is a very odd coincidence that you also should ask for the same quotation—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"

Read our answer to "Winnie."—2. The couplet

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together"

is from a poem, "The Passionate Pilgrim," by Shakespeare.

DORREN.—We can never undertake to answer a question "in the next issue of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," because we go to press long before you receive your magazine. Your extract—

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing"—

is from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn": Third Evening: Theologian's Second Tale, Elizabeth, Part iv.

JOY.—The sketch you enclose is very good, and shows that you have talent. We cannot of course tell how far it is like the original; but we think you ought to have good teaching.

LINA.—1. We have noticed your letter below. Your writing is very legible, but we cannot tell you that it is good. It is too cramped, stiff, and small, and has no flow or freedom about it; it looks as though you scratched, rather than wrote, with the edge of your pen.—2. The idea in calling our magazine THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is that it belongs to each individual girl, which idea is emphasized by the use of the word *own*.

FLORENCE A. JEFFERY (New York).—We are glad your father thinks our magazine is "like a breath of the air of England." To what Scholarship Examination do you refer? We would gladly give you any information within our power. We insert your request under "International Correspondence."

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

GERMAN CLARA writes from Hamburg to suggest to ROSBUD that "The Doctor's Fee" is a story by Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, and is contained in vol. vi of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; the full title being "The Dutch Orphans; or, The Doctor's Fee." MISS MAY CONNELL, Danby Wiske Rectory, North-Allerton, kindly writes: "In answer to LENA's query, I beg to say that 'How Five (not three) Bachelors Kept House' is in *Readings for Winter Gatherings, Temperance and Mothers' Meetings*, etc., Second Series, published by the Religious Tract Society, price one shilling."

ETHEL RIMMER inquires if the poem by Christina Rossetti, beginning—

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me"

has been set to music, and if so, by whom. She asks the same question respecting another poem, the first lines of which are—

"Once when the sun in slowly dying splendour
Sank, sending crimson smiles across the sea."

Can any one respond to these inquiries, saying also whether the songs are for soprano or alto?

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have six offers of correspondence with LYS DE FRANCE—from (in each case Miss) Janet A. Caldwell, Hill House, Loughborough, Leicestershire (aged 16); Edith C. Powell, 11, Medomsley Road, Consett, Durham; Bertha Millbanke, Shoebury-ness, Essex; Anna B. George, Sydney House, St. John's, Worcester (aged 16); Elsie N. Stevenson, Roskill, Kilmarnock, N.B. (aged 15); Bessie Bagshaw, 15, Queen's Road, Alexandra Park, Olham. Doubtless LYS DE FRANCE will feel a little perplexed among all these candidates, and we should advise her to try the first on the list. Perhaps some other French girls will select correspondents from the remainder.

WHITE HEATHER had better ask her pupil, Willie Taplin, to write immediately to one of the French boys whose request we lately inserted. The address formerly given is sufficient—Lycée, Rochefort, Charente-Inférieure, France.

HELEN PURVIS, aged 15, would like to correspond with a French girl about the same age. The address is Beningbrough, Brampton, Huntingdon.

MISS PEARSON, Rathfrick, Donegal, Ireland, would like a French or a German lady of from 20 to 30 years of age, as correspondent.

We have a pleasant letter from LINA telling us of the French and German correspondents gained by her and her two elder sisters through the medium of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. She says: "Allow me to thank you very much for the good that the International Correspondence is doing to my knowledge of French."

FLORENCE A. JEFFERY, 848, Columbus Avenue, New York City, U.S.A., would like an English girl correspondent of about her own age (18). She says that her letters would be full of the war in which the Americans are engaged. But as this announcement cannot appear till some weeks after we are writing it, let us hope that the war will be at an end before our amateur War Correspondent receives a reply. We think the idea of English and American intercurrence is an excellent one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAY.—As you cannot play the piano nor have patience to learn, and you do not appear to be a performer on any musical instrument, we do not think that you could dispense with a master for the mandoline, at least you should require a few lessons. Your learning to spell correctly is far more desirable than playing a mandoline. The spots on the skin of which you complain may arise from poorness of blood.

L. H.—Probably we can do no better than put you in communication with Miss Mason, Bessels House, Bessels Green, Sevenoaks, Kent. Terms for board, etc., 15s. a week, four meals a day provided. As the accommodation afforded in this "Home of Rest" is rather limited, you should make an engagement early, sending a stamped envelope. Reduced railway fare for a month, from London Bridge or Charing Cross, 2s. 6d. The Home stands in a large garden, at a little more than a mile's distance from the Sevenoaks station, and which is at an hour's distance from town, South Eastern line.

MARJORY.—The phrase "born in the purple" generally means to be of royal birth. On the accession of Julius Cæsar a law was passed prohibiting any private individual to wear that colour. As a royal colour we find a mention of it in the Book of Judges, viii. 26, "purple raiment that was on the kings of Midian," and when our Lord was attired in mockery as a king, they put a purple robe upon Him. Mordecai was clothed in a garment of purple, and permission for its use was a mark of special honour to the recipient. The great and the wealthy alone could wear it because of the costly nature of the dye. The little shell fish found in the Mediterranean called the *Murex*, produced very small quantities of what the ancients employed to produce the "Tyrian purple." In the time of Cicero, wool, double-dyed with this secretion from the *Murex*, cost 1000 *denarii* for a pound weight, equal to about £35 of our money—such numbers of the fish had to be obtained to dye a very small quantity of wool. It was punishable with death among some ancient nations to wear purple, excepting only the king or the supreme judges. You may remember that one of the early Christians of Thyatira, Lydia, was "a seller of purple"—a costly manufacture.

NEW READER.—When the housemaid has to call a gentleman visitor in the morning she should knock at the door till she receives an answer. The boots or shoes left outside the night before should be replaced there, together with the hot water, and the coats or trousers hung across the back of a chair after having been brushed. But if there be a valet, or other manservant in the house, he should take in all these things, open the shutters and do all else required. If the visitor be a lady, the housemaid should knock, and on receiving a reply, should take in the water, shoes and brushed dress, or fetch out the latter and return with it shortly. She should open shutters, empty and rinse the basins, and inquire whether she can do anything further.

COOK.—We do not know how milk may be protected from the effects of a thunderstorm. We think a small bowl might be closely shut up, as the sugar in it turns to lactic acid from the electricity in the atmosphere, which renders it unfit for children. Indeed it is so some time before it turns sour. Milk should be kept at a temperature not exceeding 45 degrees, and to destroy all dangerous germs boiling is the only method. Filtering is by no means effectual.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—The difference between the Irish and Welsh harps consisted chiefly in the strings. The former, like the more ancient examples, were strung with wire, and the latter with cat-gut. The most ancient existing is that of the Irish King, Brian Boroihme, now in the College Museum of Dublin. It was given to Pope John XVIII., with the Crown and Regalia of his father by Donagh, son of the former, to purchase absolution for the murder of his brother Feig. The harp was given by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII., and passed through many hands till deposited in the museum in 1782. The Welsh harp had twenty-eight strings in the sixteenth century. Pedals were invented in the year 1720. All particulars as to prices you could obtain at the Harp Warehouse in New Oxford Street, W.C.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—It is quite true that there has been a revival of taste for the works of Robert Burns, and the price of the original edition has risen in a wonderful way. It is quite true also that a copy of the edition published at Kilmarnock (512 copies) in 1786, at 3s. a volume, fetched £90 in 1886, sold out of Dr. Lang's collection. The edition was all bought up in a month after first publication; it fetched a guinea in 1812, £17 in 1871, £38 10s. in 1876, £68 in 1887, and rose again in price the following year to £80. The last price obtained for an original copy does certainly appear fabulous, but we have no reason to doubt the fact.

SPRINGTIME.—Sandals would have to be made to order, if for children; for a man, they can be had at a fancy-dress *costumier's*.
WORRIED ONE.—To bake cakes experience is required. If you get a piece of tin and lay it on the floor of the gas stove, and place the greased paper on that, the cakes would not be burnt. Probably the heat is too great, and you should be content with less heat, and slower baking. Perhaps the bottom of the stove is worn out, or worn too thin.

NORFOLK SCHOOLGIRL.—In the first phrase the tense is wrong. The pretéritoperfecto should be employed, viz., "When I wrote that letter I had not had the pleasure of hearing his sentiments" (or becoming acquainted with his sentiments). The second phrase is badly expressed, and would read better thus—"I am so old-fashioned that I dislike our cook's habit of cooking without a cap." We should say that it needs not to be "old-fashioned" to object to so uncleanly a habit. A *chef de cuisine* always wears a white cap, and so do bakers and pastrycooks.

D. D.—It is said that travelling by electric tramscars does tend to injure a watch, and this constitutes a serious objection to the use of the new horseless cabs and carriages. Whether the process of injury be a slow one, or how soon an effect would be perceptible, we have not as yet ascertained; but it is a fact known to the great watchmakers for some eight or ten years past, and it is said that they have been on a quest for some material of which to make springs which will prove uninfluenced by magnetic action. One substance that might be substituted for steel is glass, and possibly has been already employed.

"CONSTANT READER" (Paris).—You could not go to a nicer seaside place in South Wales than Tenby. There are chalybeate springs there of a tonic character, and being not far from Pembrokeshire, there are pleasant excursions to be made to the old castle there, and *en route* to Carew Castle, also to that of Manorbier. There are also extensive sands and bathing, and you could visit the Milford shipbuilding docks. Your best plan would be to go to an hotel for the night, and look for lodgings or a boarding-house the next day. On this side of the Severn there is Ilfracombe (North Devon) facing west and just at the entrance of the Bristol Channel. There the air is bracing. There are many charming places within a walk, and pleasant for a picnic and sketching excursion. The bathing arrangements are not good, as the place suitable for it is reached through a tunnel, and there are eddies a little way out which are dangerous for swimmers.

MOTHER.—You would do well to keep the nails of the child very short, and procure some quassia from a drug-store with which to wet the finger-tips. Should this fail to break the habit of biting them, tie on a pair of old dark leather gloves, and do not remove them except for washing.

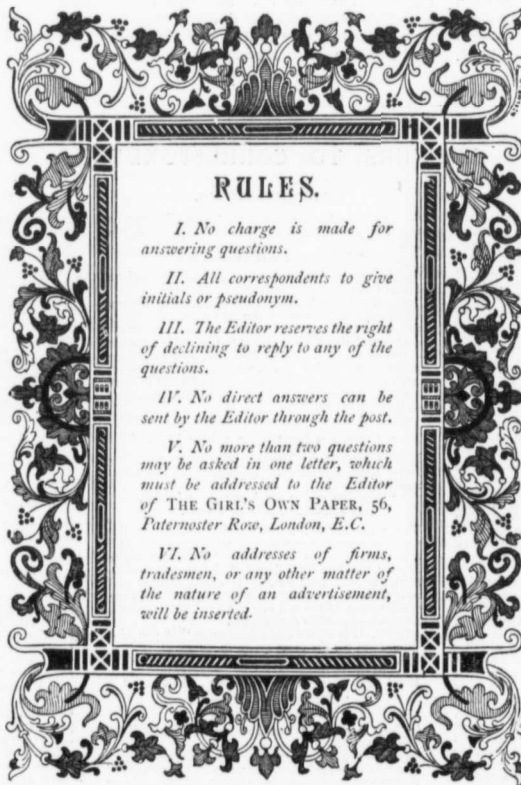
READER OF THE "G. O. P."—If your gloves be so much shrunken, we can only advise you to give them to someone with smaller hands. They might be worn by a child.

ALPHEKROSE.—1. "Turck's Medium" can be had at any artists' colourman's shop, of which you will find one in the Quadrant, Regent Street, and in Grafton Street, close to Hanover Square, W.—2. Respecting your MS., the Editor's answer will be given shortly.

DOLLY inquires why a cat should go by the nickname "pus." We do not know the origin of its application to a cat; but to a hare it may be explained. To arrive at this, we must refer back to a time shortly after the Norman Conquest. The upper classes then spoke a mixture of Latin and Norman French; and the Latin name of the hare is *Lepus*, corrupted into *le puss*, and the article *le* being soon dropped, the name *pus* remained.

W. J. E.—1. There is a handbook on *Model Yachts and Boats*, by J. du V. Grosvenor, of which a good notice was given in the *Graphic*. It treats of their design, making and sailing. (Gill, 70, Strand, W.C.)—2. All Indian stamps are required for the Indian department of a stamp-collection book.

FAITH.—Far be it from us to deny the power of "the prayer of Faith." But never forget that our prayers must be "according to His will," see 1st. John v. 14. No promise has ever been made in reference to the stature of a man or woman, and your sister is ignorant in thinking that a miracle would be wrought in such a cause. At twenty-one full stature has been attained in the ordinary course of nature. The probable cause of the greater stature attained by the aristocracy, and their finer physique, as a rule, is that they have inherited better constitutions and lived under more favourable conditions of life. The wide-spread habit of drunkenness prevailing in the lower ranks of life naturally promotes disease, and dwarfs their children; pauper marriages, crowding together in cheap lodging-houses, and the destructive habit of charring too early, are all sources of deterioration in the so-called working class.



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—A series of articles will be given in our next volume on the marks distinguishing the firms and countries where porcelain is produced. There are several small publications on the subject; but the most comprehensive is that by Chaffers, which includes the pottery manufactures at home and abroad. There is a book having reference to old furniture, and is by V. le Duc. You had better inquire for it at a library.

CONSTANT READER and E. C. (Bath).—To make a doughnut, take half a cupful of butter, one of finely powdered sugar, two eggs, half a cupful of sour milk or cream, and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, a little ground nutmeg and cinnamon, and sufficient flour to roll out into a soft dough. Form the paste into twists or balls, and fry them in boiling lard until of a golden-brown colour.

QUEENIE.—Certainly, the use of curling-irons must be injurious to the hair, because it dries up the natural oil, and the pressure, especially under the action of heat, must tend to break it and to split it at the ends. The use of curling-paper would not have an injurious effect, provided that there were no strain on the roots.