



Vol. XIX.—No. 947.]

FEBRUARY 19, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART V.

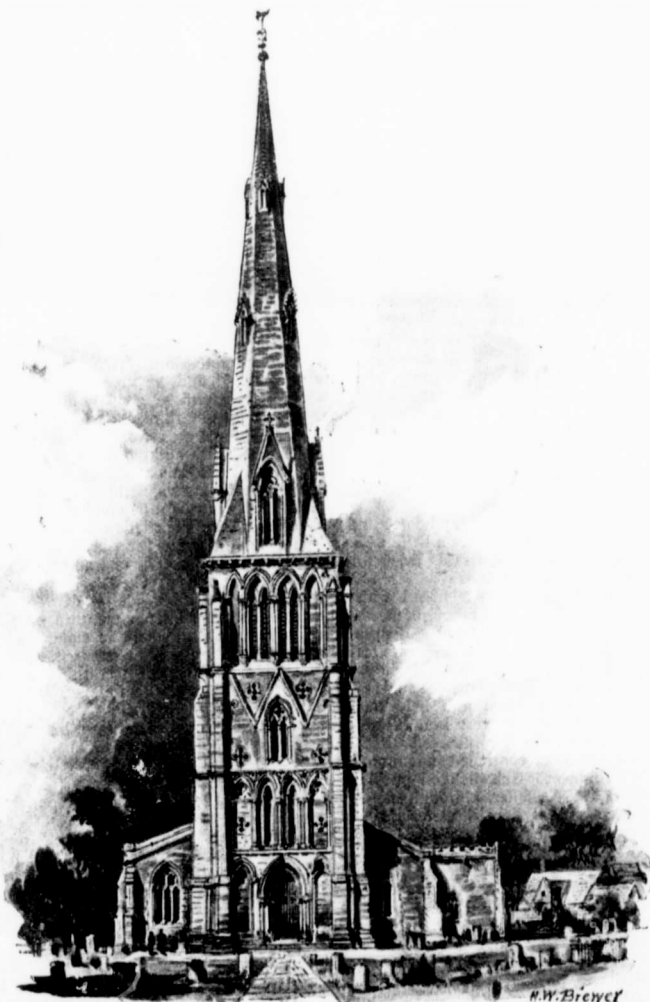
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

It is perhaps not too much to say that Northamptonshire presents the most remarkable architectural puzzle in the world. Here, in a purely agricultural county, apparently not remarkable for wealth, with no cathedral, for Peterborough was only converted into a cathedral in the reign of Henry VIII., with few monastic churches of importance, the towns small and unimportant, we find a series of village churches which, for refinement of style, delicacy of detail, graceful carving, rich mouldings, elegant window tracery, and a general air of what we call exquisite taste in ornamentation, are not surpassed, if equalled, in the grandest cathedrals.

These Northamptonshire village churches are not grand, stately structures like the Yorkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk and Lincolnshire churches, or such elaborate buildings as those of Somersetshire. There is scarcely a large church in the county, with the exception of Peterborough Cathedral, and few of the churches measure one hundred and fifty feet in length, whereas the majority are of still more modest dimensions. There is little boldness of construction, and the scale of their various component parts is almost diminutive, yet, owing to their artistic arrangement, carefully contrasted features and delicate detail, they are the most perfect series of ecclesiastical buildings in this country.

Noting the various excellences of these buildings, our modern architects at the time of the "revival of ecclesiastical architecture" largely copied them, but unfortunately their churches were generally erected in modern towns, and the result of these imitations was failure complete and inevitable, because a Northamptonshire village church, though exquisite in a country village, is thoroughly out of place in a town. We saw an example of this a few days back. A pretty little church of the Northamptonshire type had been built in a busy eastern suburb of London, and would have looked well upon a village green with low-built cottages about it, a pretty churchyard around it, backed up by trees with a clear stream flowing past, and a picturesque manor house with pleasant gardens near at hand, perhaps a windmill, and a cherry-cheeked country lass driving home a pack of geese in the foreground. But place such a building in a filthy street between two huge factories as tall as its spire, with vast chimneys belching forth black clouds of smoke, without a scrap of ground about it except a narrow paved space forming a receptacle for torn paper, rags and filth, and how then will it look?

All rights reserved.]



RAUNDS, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The mediæval architects never committed this mistake. If we look at Bristol, Norwich or York, we shall see their idea of an ordinary "town church;" but, if we want to see what they would have done in the way of church building in a town with buildings eight or ten storeys high, we must go to Lubeck, Danzig, or Landshut.

Another puzzling thing about the Northamptonshire churches is the fact that the spire is almost universal all over the county, and this is so marked because the adjoining counties are not remarkable for spires. Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, for instance, have very few spires, and those which they do possess are like Olney on the borders of Northamptonshire. Here and there exceptions may be found, such as Leighton Buzzard for instance.

The characteristics of the Northamptonshire steeples are these: In the first place the spire almost always grows out of the tower in such a way as to show that the tower was designed to support a spire; now, although the spire of Norwich Cathedral is a striking object, yet

it does not grow out of the tower, but is simply an afterthought cleverly superimposed. It will at once be seen that the example we give from Raunds Church, Northamptonshire, has a unity which could only have been brought about by the tower having been designed to receive a spire.

Secondly, the spire in Northamptonshire is far more developed than in other counties. At Raunds, for instance, if you divide the height of the whole structure into five, it will be found that the tower occupies two parts and the spire three! At Irchester, Bozeat, and Higham-Ferrars, etc., we find proportions almost similar. Some of the Northamptonshire spires, however, are equal in height to the towers which they surmount; such, for instance, as Oundle, Rushden, Kettering, and others slightly less in proportion, such as Finedon and St. Sepulchre, Northampton.

It is difficult to say which are the most beautiful, but certainly the first class mentioned is the most characteristic of the county, and for that reason we give a sketch of Raunds, though Rushden is quite as fine in its way.

It is impossible quite to account for the superiority of the Northamptonshire architecture over that of every other county, or for its strange individuality and incomparable elegance. That, in some way or other, there must have been a very refined school of designers and art-workers here, especially during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that such a thing should have existed in a purely agricultural county free from surrounding or foreign influences bespeaks a high condition of culture and civilization.

If we had found one or two churches showing a superior workmanship and design to what we are in the habit of seeing, we should of course conclude that some architect or workmen had been called in from a distance; but when we find even the smallest village churches exhibiting a delicacy and refinement of detail as marked as the most important ones, it shows at once that the people were possessed in these early times of a cultivated taste and refinement to be met with nowhere else in this country.

(To be continued.)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

BY GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE "WHY" AND THE "WHEREFORE."



THE next day, as Madge sat alone reading, she was disturbed by a knock at the door. "Come in!" she called, and Elsie entered, and closed the door behind her.

"May I come and see you for a little while?" she said, advancing half-shyly. "Mother has a friend with her and I thought they might like to be alone for a little time. You won't think me very intrusive, will you?"

Madge rose at once, closed her book and held out her hand. "You are very kind," she said graciously, feeling pleased that this sweet woman continued undaunted by her coldness. She disliked people who were afraid of her, although she knew perfectly well how distant and unapproachable she generally was.

"I saw your husband go out, so I knew you would be alone," continued Elsie, "and I enjoyed talking to you so much yesterday."

Madge drew an easy chair to the fire for her, saying, "Do stay if you would like. I have not been out to-day and shall be pleased to have your company."

At first their conversation was only of a commonplace nature, but as each

quickly grew to know the other better, it took a more confiding turn.

"A public life brings one into contact with so many different people," said Elsie, after an allusion had been made to her profession. "One grows larger-hearted, I find, as time passes. There is so much more good in men's hearts than people think. I have received little kindnesses from people who are credited with no kind feelings whatever. There is so much hidden away which the world knows nothing about, and I think there would be more still if people oftener gave their fellow-creatures credit for being better than they seem. Instead, a doubtful character is often hardened and wrecked by censure. It is terrible to think what a degree of influence every human creature exercises over those with whom he comes in contact." She paused a moment, then said simply, "I expect you think a great deal; do you often sit alone?"

"Yes, I like it."

"I like it too sometimes, but not too often. Do you never feel lonely?"

"I have felt lonely all my life," answered Madge briefly. "More especially when I am in company with others."

"I know what you mean," replied Elsie thoughtfully. "That loneliness is, I believe, an inseparable feature of existence. But there is another loneliness, when we are tired of our thoughts and long for a kindly voice or friendly touch. Do you never feel this?"

"I used to many years ago; but I grew up practically alone. I never had a real friend, and I never met anyone whom I felt could fill such a post to satisfy me. I have always felt alone—

alone," and she repeated the last word, sadly, half to herself.

"You have seen a good deal of trouble?" asked Elsie gently.

"I don't know, I can hardly say. Possibly I have made my own troubles."

"And those self-made troubles are often the hardest to bear," replied Elsie, in the same gentle voice, "for we get no sympathy and it is bitter work, groping about for comfort, when we scarcely know what our trouble is."

"Yes, and never finding it," put in Madge, speaking quickly, "and at last we get sick of it and grow hard and bitter, and those who ought to help us, because they make a profession of a religion, that is supposed to be of love, look at us coldly and preach at us. They raise their hands in self-righteous horror at what they call our wicked unbelief, and we—well, some of us scorn them, and think no religion at all better than one which they make half a farce."

"But, Mrs. Fawcett, all are not so," said Elsie earnestly. "It is only a few here and there."

"I think it is the majority, or the world would be happier and better."

"I'm not sure if it would be good for the world to be happier," said Elsie, thoughtfully, after a pause. "If there were no sorrow, there would be no great noble souls towering above the littleness and pettiness that abounds; for it is sorrow that ennobles, and makes us 'more like God and less like curs.'"

"Or else drives us, blinded with tears, into darkness and unbelief," added Madge bitterly.

"From the lowest depth there is a

path to the loftiest height," quoted Elsie gently.

"You have read Carlyle?" asked Madge.

"Yes."

"And you don't hate cynics and sceptics?"

"No, I can sympathise very deeply with them."

"You have 'felt,'" continued Madge, half eagerly.

"Indeed I have."

"Then I think—I feel sure—that I should like you for a friend. Only you are sure to dislike me, when you know me better," she added, a little sadly.

"No I shall not," replied Elsie, firmly, "I do not take hurried likes and dislikes. I can read faces and I always know instinctively when anyone is well worth loving. Mrs. Fawcett," and she leaned forwards, speaking very earnestly, "if you will let me I should dearly like to be your friend. I love you already and I am not afraid of you. We both have suffered, let that be the bond between us."

"Very well," said Madge, half-wearily, "I do not think you will disappoint me. I do not know what is expected of friends," she added.

"Only what each feels inclined to give and that they stand by each other in every hour of need. Who fails then is no friend at all, but a poor counterfeit."

"Shall I tell you a little about myself?" she continued, "or don't you care to hear?"

"I should like to hear very much. It is good of you to offer."

"I want to prove to you my right to sympathise with anything in your past, because of what I have gone through," she said, and then she began:

"Until I was seventeen, I think I never had a care. My father was a clergyman and I half worshipped him; we were quite inseparable. When I was seventeen he died suddenly. I need not dwell on my distress, I was just heart-broken, and for a time everything seemed a blank. Then the knowledge of our poverty awoke me to the fact of the immediate necessity for action. I went to town about my voice at once, for I had often heard it warmly praised, and had an interview with an eminent musician. He was satisfied with my talent and I at once commenced my training.

"Then followed five years of great anxiety and care, for the competition in London is so great, that it is very hard to make a real start. I was growing seriously disheartened when a new influence came into my life; I became engaged. I believe I worshipped my lover, he was such a splendid man. He seemed to me more like a god than an ordinary being. It was my first love you know," she said with a little smile, "I have no other excuse for its extravagance. For one blissful year he was all the world to me; I can't tell you how he helped and encouraged me. Then came my first great success; I was engaged to sing at the Albert Hall. I remember it all as if it happened only yesterday; I made myself almost ill with nervous anxiety, as to

whether I should do myself justice or be too nervous. The evening came, and at the last moment, as I stood dressed and waiting for my cab, my lover, Frank Weldon, hurried in to say it was absolutely impossible for him to be present. My disappointment was great, I felt as if I could not sing at all, but he cheered me with his brave helpfulness and made me promise to do my best for his sake. He said he had to go into the country on important business, but he would come early the next day, to see how I got on."

She paused awhile and then continued, as if speaking to herself, "He praised my dress and appearance; he placed his hands on my shoulders and looked at me critically; then he kissed me and hurried away."

Again she paused and drew a deep breath, then added in a low voice, "I never saw him again, alive!"

Madge started with a low exclamation, and instinctively held out her hand.

Elsie took it, and though great tears stood in her eyes, her voice was firm as she continued, "It is an old wound now, but one of those that neither time nor happiness can erase, though they may heal the soreness. But to continue, I need not tell you much about the concert. I had all the success I could wish for, including two good encores.

"I remember feeling dumb with joy, and when my master shook my hand until he quite hurt it, and the other artists gathered round to congratulate me, I had nothing to say.

"The next morning I got up early in spite of a bad headache and prepared to watch for Frank. All the morning I waited at the window but he did not come, and so I ran out to get a paper to while away the time. The first thing I noticed was the heading 'Shocking Railway Accident' last evening. Moved by an unaccountable impulse, I stood and read it there at the book-stall! Among the list of killed I read 'Frank Weldon, Tite Street, Chelsea.' I knew it was my Frank, but I read it again and again without taking it in. Then I walked slowly home feeling as if I had had a dreadful dream and only just awaked. When I reached the house, I fell in a dead faint across the threshold.

"There is little else to tell. I never shed a tear for three days, and then mother took me to see him in his coffin, and a flood of passionate weeping saved my life and reason. I have not a very clear recollection of what followed. I know I had a great many engagements which I was obliged to accept, as soon as I was well enough, for a livelihood. Broken-hearted and worn with grief I had to go and sing to gaily-dressed throngs, until I thought the effort must kill me."

She hid her eyes with her hand and bent her head.

"Oh, the irony of life!" she said in a low, strained voice, "I may well feel sympathy with sceptics. To think of the many among those gay audiences, who envied me, because of my success—me—who only wanted to lie down beside him in the still grave. But after a time

peace and strength came, as it comes to all who wait; and then a quiet happiness which nothing can take from me, for it was bought at such a bitter cost."

She ceased speaking and remained with her face buried in her hands, lost in thought; and a long pause followed.

Suddenly Madge broke the silence. "I cannot understand it," she exclaimed half-passionately, leaning towards Elsie with a white face that worked with smothered emotion. "Why was it good? Why was it right? I say it was cruel! You needed him, he did you good; you had neither of you deserved it. If God is all-powerful, He must have been able to save him. Then why did He let him be struck down? It was the same with my Jack, and he was all the world to me. Oh Miss Merton! the Sorrow of Life! I can't understand it," and her voice broke. "God cannot be an all-loving Father."

"And yet," said Elsie gently, "it is those who have suffered most, who believe it most firmly. The happy and careless go on their way, without stopping to consider, while those who walk in the dark Valley of Pain, find Him nearer and dearer than He ever was before.

"But still, it may be a delusion. The heathens suffer torments for the gods they believe in, and we, who think ourselves so much better than they, smile pityingly on their folly. How do we know they have not cause to smile at us?"

Elsie looked up questioningly. "Are you an unbeliever?" she asked.

"I can't tell; I don't know myself," replied Madge. "I have tried to accept everything, but my reason revolted against so many things. I have studied the Bible carefully, but I only found it full of enigmas and passages that I could not reconcile with each other, or with anything else. I would believe it all if I could; life is terrible without religion. I thought I could grow callous and indifferent, and so I am generally, but there are times when a desperate craving comes over me, which I can hardly define and which nothing will satisfy. I thought I could stifle feeling, but when I see a mother and child clinging to each other, or an old, old man and woman, treading the downward path fearlessly, hand in hand, after long years of love, then I know I am a fool."

She paused and a short silence followed. When she continued, her voice had a low, thrilling sound in it, like the vibration lingering after a long acquaintance with sorrow. "The fate of our lost ones," she said, clasping her hands tightly and gazing hard into the fire. "It is impossible not to care. Oh, Miss Merton! only to know if it is well with them and if we shall ever see them again! The craving to know this never leaves me. By night and day I ask, but always there is only silence in the heavens."

Her beautiful face worked with emotion, as for the first time in her life,

she told all that was in her heart, and sought sympathy from a fellow-woman.

"I had a dear mother once; she died when I was very young, but I remember her as if she were with me now. I loved her so, and she understood me—no one else ever did. All my life I have gone on loving her and yearning after her. I used to pray God to let her come and kiss me and tuck me up just once more and then I lay awake waiting for her. I was so sure she would come, for had not God, the great loving God, said that whatsoever we should ask in prayer believing, we should receive.

"I used to watch far into the night, getting up now and then to keep myself awake and finally crying myself to sleep. I was such a lonely child, there wasn't anyone I could talk to about it; and after a time, young as I was, I grew rebellious. I remember saying one day, that I did not think God could be very good, or He would keep His promises, and I was punished for daring to utter such blasphemy. But I said I did not care, but should still think the same, and began to distrust and hate my step-mother. I wanted my own mother so, and I could not see why God should have taken her away from me. So I began, when quite a child, to ask deep questions which were never answered for me, and I have been asking them ever since.

"I was tired with the wrestling and trying to force myself into a state of acquiescence to the inevitable when Jack died. I can't tell you what I felt then, but I do not think anything in the world could ever make up for such anguish. Oh, Miss Merton!" and she turned her eyes, dim and strained, to her companion's face. "Life is fearfully hard, and it is, as it were, thrust upon us unasked; if only those who wished might give it up and be nothingness. It seems such a little thing to ask; just to be no more." She paused and turned her eyes to the window, fixing them on a solitary star in the deepening sky.

Elsie was silent a few minutes, then she asked, in a low voice, "Has it ever occurred to you, Mrs. Fawcett, to think

why we don't give up our lives, when we so much want to? Why don't you give yours up?"

"Yes, I have thought about it; for some reason or other I think it would be cowardly. It is so like turning back and running away in the fight. Also, there is always the probability that a life given up in this world may have to be taken again in another, though how, or when, or where, I have not the faintest idea. Miss Merton," and she turned suddenly to her with a wistful, yearning look in her eyes, like a little child asking to be taught, "tell me what you think about it all? You are good and true; I believe in you, perhaps you could help me. I am not really so bad and heartless as I seem. I would be better if I could, but everything is so confusing."

"There is one thing that I cling to with desperation," said Elsie slowly, "and when everything seems slipping away beneath my feet, I have found it an anchor that has never failed me. It is just that God is love. That if we look into our own hearts, and read the deep passionate love we human beings are capable of, then place it beside God's love—it is as a grain of sand to the sea-shore."

"Yes," exclaimed Madge, with a sudden return of bitterness and scepticism, "they tell us that in the pulpit, and many other things with it of their own imagination.

"Oh, Miss Merton!" she continued, and her voice again grew plaintive. "Only to think of the sadness and helplessness and sorrow of this strange life of ours. We see the innocent trodden under foot and the wicked triumphant; we see our dear ones struck down in the prime of life, making our world a wilderness; we see terrible diseases eating all the pleasure out of life and leaving the sufferers to drag on, longing for death, while Death passes them by and takes the strong and ardent, who long to live.

"We see our cherished hopes die silently, one by one, and our ambitions fade into nothingness. We meant to be so good and noble. We meant to do such great things and be everywhere

beloved for them. But as the years came, they only brought struggle on struggle and sorrow on sorrow, until worn with conflict we lost heart and went with the throng.

"We learn to know that it is folly to say of any sorrow, 'It is too hard, I cannot bear it,' for there is no known limit to the capability of suffering in the human heart. We can bear all things, even a life without sunshine and a blackness in the heavens and a silence, when we raise our hands in passionate prayer to God. Oh, Miss Merton," and her voice trembled, "they think I don't care. They call me heartless. When I have heard people talking together over someone's sorrow, I have always been silent and they taxed me with indifference. They thought I was silent because I did not care, but it was because I cared so much; I could not trust myself to speak.

"When I see anyone in trouble, I long to fold the sufferer in my arms and comfort him. But it is impossible, no one can help him; everyone must bear his sorrow for himself; there is no escape and little relief, unless it is enforced indifference. Oh! to know why these things are! Just to know why they are good if they are good! Just to know if there really is a God who sees all and cares."

She covered her face with her hands and bent her head. The girl's strong heart had burst its bounds at last. For years she had been schooling it into indifference; with a relentless hand she had done her best to crush feeling from it; little by little she had built an icy barrier of reserve about it, and now, a few words of true sympathy, a large-hearted tenderness and her labour of years is all undone. The old striving and struggling; the old yearning for some One to worship and something to reverence, reasserts itself and will not be silenced.

Far from being crushed, it had strengthened and increased like wheat, hidden away in the hard ground, and now that God's sunshine, in the form of a true woman's tenderness has found it out, it leaps into new life.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

"THE CROWN AND FLOWER OF CREATION."—We have no wish whatever to say a word against the education of women. By all means let it be thorough and the best possible for the purpose of making woman what God intends her to be—the crown and flower of creation. He would not have given women brains if he had not intended them to be developed. Faculties are so many talents strictly to be accounted for. The knowledge of Latin and Greek, mathematics and science, are most valuable not only as serving to develop brain-power, but also as antidotes against the undue development of the senses; but the nurture of little children, the opening of the infant understanding and affections, the training of the will, and the guidance of the early steps, physical, mental, and moral—who is to do it except women? If women are

working away from home, whether in professions or in handicrafts, what becomes of the children and future workers of the world? By all means let women work, and work hard. Let them work for money or for fame, as suits them best; but first and foremost comes mother's work if women are married, and mother's work and influence is both the glory and the prize of women's vocation.—From *The Spectator*.

ENGLISH GOVERNESSES IN SPAIN: A WARNING.—The British Consul in Bilbao, in his latest report, mentions that it has happened more than once during the past year that an English lady has gone to him in an almost destitute condition, having been discharged without warning from a situation as governess in a Spanish family. No miscon-

duct was alleged in any case; but the governess was regarded by her employers as a servant, and had been treated in accordance with Spanish custom, by which either master or servant can terminate the engagement without notice. It seems that it is not illegal to suddenly order a young girl, a foreigner, who may be without money or friends, and unable to speak the language, out of the house, however unseemly it may be. Accordingly, the Consul advises English governesses not to enter Spanish families without a written agreement defining the terms of the engagement and stipulating for notice. They would do well, also, to register themselves at the nearest British Consulate. The Consul also hopes that this warning may be widely circulated in the United Kingdom, and especially in Ireland.—From *The Times*.

CANARIES: THEIR REARING AND MANAGEMENT.

By AN AMATEUR.

PART II.

I now come to the question of rearing birds, and this requires some judgment. It is not always the handsomest birds that are the best for the purpose. The best plan is to place the female in a cage alone, and then to put perhaps two male birds in separate cages near at hand. It is better that the female should be rather older than the males; but neither should be less than a year old; they should be between two and five years of age.

You will soon see whose attentions the female bird prefers, and after about a week let the favoured one become her mate and admit him to her cage. It is absolutely necessary that the birds should take a fancy to one another. The *mariage de convenance* does not obtain with canaries, and however handsome or highly-bred either may be, all is of no use unless nature gives them an attraction for each other.

Canaries must not be paired before the middle of April or after the middle of August.

I have always found open wire cages by far the best. They should be placed in a light situation and not covered over except of a night.

The old-fashioned breeding cages are, I



THE WILD PLANTAIN.

believe, a mistake, as canaries always build in the lightest places, and avoid making their nests in anything like a night-box, however elaborately constructed.

The hens usually lay from three to six eggs before they begin to sit. They should not be left solitary. Talk to them gently; hang their cage in a cheerful position, so that they can look out of window, as they are a little inquisitive and like to know what is going on in the world around them. To put them in a dark room or in a heavy lugubrious

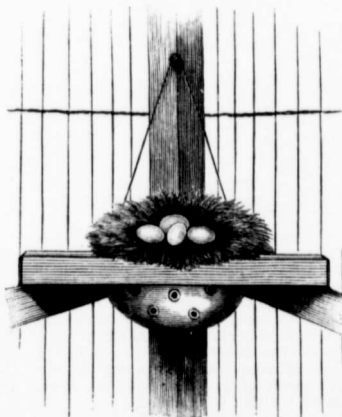
cage makes them melancholy and dispirited. But it is better not to allow strangers or noisy persons—schoolboys for instance—to go too near the hen when sitting. Of course the birds are caged and cannot get out to collect materials with which to build a nest; these must be provided for them, therefore, and arrangements made to attach the nest to the cage and support it. A spur should be constructed in one corner of the cage, if the latter is square, or a small frame if the cage is round. Upon the supports thus provided insert one of the porcelain nest-basins (which may be bought for 4d.) with a movable lining of thin white felt (I bought mine at the Crystal Palace). When placed in position it will be like sketch.

Nesting materials can be bought anywhere, but it is advisable to add a little feather-grass and some clean small feathers if you have any at hand. You will probably find a little squabbling going on between the male and female birds over the building of the nest, as they often take different views of the matter; but if you leave them alone after pulling it to pieces three or four times, the female, who is really the "master builder," will get her own way. I remember on one occasion the male bird was determined to insert one large feather in the nest, and the female was equally determined not to have it there, and the controversy over that feather lasted about three days. Whenever the hen bird went down to find some fresh building materials, the male hopped into the nest and placed this feather where he thought it looked well, but directly the lady architect returned it was ignominiously thrown out. Finally it was rejected.

Some birds are lazy over their building and others are so fastidious that the first egg

is laid before the nest is completed. Some young birds will lay the first egg on the floor of the cage without building a nest. In this case the egg should be taken away as it will simply get trodden to pieces and cannot possibly be hatched.

Our girls must not be frightened if domestic differences take place between the birds, who are often very quarrelsome and even pugnacious. I was once afraid that I should have to separate one couple, but a working man who was in the house at the time said to me, "Take my advice, ma'am, and don't separate them birds. They are just like human beings, and if they 'as their differences, they'll soon



NEST BASIN

make them up and be none the worse for them."

This reminded me of the old saying, "The falling out of faithful friends, renewal is of love." So I let the pair alone, and when their chicks were hatched, they became most attentive parents, and brought up a brood of five, all of whom are fine birds. One thing, however, I must point out. If the two birds show complete indifference to each other and appear to be morose and miserable, keeping at different parts of the cage, then separate them and let them choose other mates.

When birds are sitting, keep them plentifully supplied with water for drinking and bathing, as it is not well that they should bathe in their drinking water, which they will do if none other is provided.

Keep the cage scrupulously clean, but do not interfere with the nest, nor attempt to wash the birds. Let them have their own way, feed them well, and leave the rest to nature.

And now I come to a most important matter, and that is the food to be given them at these times. There are many and various theories upon the matter; but I have found the following the best recipe:

Take one dessert-spoonful of rape seed and simmer it in water for six minutes, one egg boiled hard (it need not be a new-laid egg), three Swiss biscuits. Pound the whole together in a mortar. This will be sufficient for four days for a couple of birds after the young ones are hatched. The parent birds must, of course, have their usual food in addition, and perhaps a little watercress. One thing is very important. The egg-food must not be allowed to get sour, or it will kill the young birds. Perhaps more are lost by this than by any other means. Let me advise

our girls always to mix this food and give it themselves to the birds.

The bird sits thirteen days; but do not remove the unhatched eggs for three or four days later, because, of course, the eggs are not all laid on the same day, and the later eggs may require a longer time. When the female leaves the nest, which she does about three times a day, the male bird generally takes her place and sits on the eggs, but this is not always the case. The two should not be allowed to sit on the eggs together. If this is attempted the male bird should be driven off.

Some writers advise that the first egg should be placed in bran until all are laid, and an imitation egg placed in the nest. But this I have not found necessary.

Although I am very fond of canaries, I cannot say that they are pretty when first hatched. In fact, for four or five days, they are repulsive objects, consisting of a beak, a long scraggy neck and a raw-looking body covered with a kind of down, looking like mildew, which gives them the appearance of very old wizened little men. After a few days, however, they begin to be pretty. Remember both parents feed the young.

The small birds will leave the nest on their own account after about a fortnight when they are strong enough to get on to the perches. If you find the mother begins to peck them or pull out their feathers, you must remove them into a different cage, as this is a sign that the hen wants to lay again and rebuild her nest. Before she is allowed to do this, clean out the cage and wash the nest basin.

Sometimes the parent birds are a little exhausted after bringing up a brood, and should be fed and attended to with extra care, especially when they have brought up three broods in the same season.

I remember two charming canaries I once had, and I will tell you their tragic history. They were named "Yellerino" and "Stig-gerepin." These two little creatures were an attached couple. They selected each other, and were inseparable. We thought the little female bird delicate, and chose another mate for Yellerino; but he would not look at her, and seemed to pine for his first love. So we allowed them to come together again.

They hatched and brought up four nice little birds; but the female became so weak afterwards that he used to feed her and tend her most gently. It was, however, no use, for, after a few days, she fell off the perch dead.

We thereupon removed poor little Yellerino into another cage with companions to cheer him; but day after day he would stand upon a perch looking out with such a longing look—sometimes singing very plaintively, but generally silent. Always so gentle, he would come on to my hand and look up into my face as if he would ask what had become of his mate. He got thinner and thinner until one day when I put my hand into the cage he laid his little head on my hand and gently passed away.

What I have here written is the result of my own experience of canaries. I have simply related what has happened to birds which I have kept or reared, sixty of whom are alive and many of them singing lustily at this moment. I have no theories to advance, or methods to advocate, neither have I given much time to the study of bird literature. In fact, my birds are simply my amusement with which I beguile my spare hours in a life which is occupied by the calls of a very large though, I thank God, an obedient and affectionate family.

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

PART V.

MILK, EGG COOKERY, BUTTER, SUET, LARD, ETC.

"Trifles forgot, to serious mischief lead."



o appreciate the real value of milk, we must regard it as a food, not drink. Though we drink it from a cup or tumbler, as soon as it reaches the stomach it becomes a solid, and the process of digestion quickly separates its com-

ponent parts, one-third only of which being water is readily absorbed into the system.

As fully two-thirds of the components of milk are solids, we should bear in mind that the drinking of milk by children does not lessen their need for water wherewith to quench natural thirst. Babies and very young children often suffer acutely for want of a draught of water—nurses supposing that the child's supply of fluid food had been ample when its "bottle" was emptied.

Why milk is pre-eminently the food of the young of all species is because it is itself a

type, in the most easily digestible form, of all foods. It contains all the essentials for growth of muscle, nerve, bone and tissue; hence for adults also, when the digestive powers have become weakened from any cause, milk establishes itself as a perfect food.

The process of sterilising milk as we obtain it at some dairies is rather a process preventive of disease than one touching digestion, although many people put faith in it. Sterilised milk may be safely taken when going on a journey, and, indeed, if the milk is liable to be carried far, it is well to use home sterilisation—or scalding—as well.

The addition of a tablespoonful of lime-water to a pint of milk is invaluable for delicate children and invalids; soda-water, again, is an improvement when milk is taken as a beverage by adults or by children.

A tumblerful of milk brought up almost to boiling-point and drunk at once is an excellent restorative after great exertion or exposure. The same, either with or without the addition of a tablespoonful of stimulant, is an excellent specific for colds in the head. It should be taken just before getting into bed.

A pinch of powdered borax stirred into milk and cream will prevent them turning sour for several days. Borax is the charm on which the purveyors of cream as sold in little brown stone-ware jugs rely; the cream in these may be trusted to keep, when unopened, for a month without its turning sour.

Milk baked in a stone jar in the oven for an hour becomes much enriched, tasting indeed like cream. It makes a better supper

for children than if simply boiled. If, however, in addition to baking it, a handful of Scotch oatmeal be put into the jar, the result is even more satisfactory.

Milk that has become stale or clotted has by no means lost its virtues. It is a shame to waste even a single spoonful of good milk.

To make good *Scones*, it is necessary that the milk be decidedly "lobbered," to use an Americanism. When so, a half-teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda well stirred in will quickly make it froth, and the scones made from this will be sure to be light. It is essential to make scones and cakes well that the milk shall be of thoroughly good quality—if poor, they will be tough and flavourless.

Supposing that the milk which has turned sour is also thin and poor, it may be turned to good account as a cleanser. For washing and imparting a polish to floorcloths and linoleums there are few things better than milk. Milk will wash out ink-stains on cotton or linen goods, and will even clean paint.

The whey of sour milk is one of the best things for dabbing on the face and hands when they are red and hot from exposure to sun and wind with boating, tennis, etc. Sun freckles can be removed by making flower of sulphur into a paste with sour milk and spreading it over the face at bed-time; wash off in soft rain water the next morning, and, if persevered in, this treatment will beautify the skin as well as remove disfigurements.

A glass of new milk at bed-time, taken regularly, between the ages of twelve and fourteen, will cause a child to grow almost twice as fast as without it.

Next to milk, the most readily digestible article of diet we can have is an *Egg*.

As the nutritive quality of an egg depends partly on its freshness and partly upon the kind of egg, it follows that we do not economise truly when we buy foreign or "cooking" eggs. One large, well-flavoured home-grown egg is worth three foreign ones, even when its worth is going to be partly hidden in a pudding.

Whipping the whites is a sure test of the quality of an egg used for cookery, as poaching proves the freshness of one that is intended for eating. Only a fresh egg will whip well as only the freshest will poach well.

In making buttered, scalloped, or fricasseed eggs, we may disguise their staleness somewhat; but there will be no comparison in the flavour when our dish is to be eaten of. An omelette again can only be made well from the best eggs.

Hence we see that it is not possible to content ourselves with subterfuges when we come to natural products. The best are the cheapest in the end.

Eggs are most easily digested when eaten uncooked. Next to this, however, we might place one lightly poached, as in poaching some of the sulphur has an opportunity of escaping, and it is usually the sulphur in it which causes a boiled egg to disagree with some people.

When boiled, however, we must carefully adhere to either one of two extremes; that is the underdone stage, when three minutes and a half is an ample allowance of time, or ten minutes, which is sufficient to render the egg mealy like a potato. Between these we have the "leathery" stage, when indigestion is deliberately courted. Crack the shell as soon as the egg is taken out of the water in order that the sulphury odour may escape a little.

There is perhaps no nicer way of serving a dish of eggs for luncheon or supper—when the flavour of curry is liked—than *Curried à l'Indienne*.

Boil four or five fresh eggs for ten minutes, then throw them into cold water; when cool crack and peel off the shells. Cut each egg in half or, if large, into quarters. Make a rich sauce by adding to a breakfast-cupful of broth or stock, a dessertspoonful of cornflour, the same of tomato ketchup, a small teaspoonful of curry powder or paste, a pinch of salt, an ounce of butter, and a teaspoonful of grated onion. Boil these together for five minutes, and, if the sauce is not sharp enough, add to it a small spoonful of chutney. Pour into a dish, and set the quartered eggs carefully in the sauce, cover closely and leave in a warm place for a few minutes, then serve with well-boiled rice in a companion dish.

An *Omelette* not only tests the quality of the eggs used, but it also tests the capabilities of the maker, more severely even than the usual "boiled potato." But when satisfactorily achieved there are few things which give more pleasure in the eating; and, as we can add so many ingredients to give piquancy and variety, it is well worth while apprenticing oneself to the art of omelette making.

The pan, to begin with, should be one of medium size, neither large nor small, as four eggs makes an omelette amply big enough for

two or three people, and one of six eggs is as much as can be managed at once. A black or galvanised-iron pan is the best to use, and it should be one kept strictly for this purpose and no other. Do not wash it after using, but wipe thoroughly inside and out with clean kitchen paper.

A good ounce of fresh butter will be needed, and, while this dissolves, break the eggs on to a plate, add to them just a table-spoonful of milk, a liberal pinch of salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Beat briskly with the blade of a knife, and pour at once into the frothing butter. Stir from the sides to the middle until the omelette shows signs of "setting," then leave it alone for a minute. When it begins to rise, set the pan in a brisk oven, or under the "toaster" of the gas; this will draw up the top and also enable you to slip the whole more easily out of the pan. Directly the surface is the least bit brown, fold over the omelette and serve without a moment's loss of time.

It is at this stage that you would introduce frizzled mushrooms, or kidney and bacon, chopped ham, tomatoes, etc.—all, of course, previously cooked—into the middle of the omelette.

The point of skill which it is desirable to reach is that of cooking the omelette quickly and just sufficiently, but not one second too much, as then we get to the stage when it becomes leathery. Quickness, deftness, and speed in serving are the other essentials.

Buttered eggs are more easily managed by the unskilled cook, and these again may be varied by adding a drop or two of anchovy sauce, or a chopped chili, a spoonful of minced cooked bacon, etc. The mode of making buttered eggs has been given several times in these pages.

To use up eggs which have been boiled for the table and not eaten, one of the best modes would be to shell them, cut them in half, take out the yolks, add to them a spoonful of shrimp paste, a drop of sharp sauce, a pinch of cayenne, and a little salt, with a few fresh breadcrumbs. Fill up the cavity of the whites with this mixture, and place each half on a tiny square of buttered toast, setting them in the oven or underneath the "toaster" for a couple of minutes.

Butter, Suet, Lard, etc.—The pre-eminence of butter over all other fats is due to the fact that it is relatively more nutritious as well as being more palatable, for in butter we have the best constituents of milk in a partly digested form.

Butter is so valuable in the nursery that to curtail it there is to rob the children of one of their first aids to health. A child who dislikes any other form of fat will often eat butter greedily; if so, it is Nature herself who is recouping herself for an outlay that is not repaid otherwise. A child that shows strong repugnance to fat in any other form ought to be carefully watched; a tendency to chest disease and consumption will be there, and without fat the nerves will be insufficiently clothed and nourished.

More robust children would be equally benefited by having good beef dripping to

spread on their bread; but, in any case, let them have fat in some form. It is not fattening, but makes energy, generates warmth, and helps to repair muscular waste.

Where there is no need for the so-called "economy," mistaken mothers and nurses are fond of giving jam, treacle, or honey, to children as a substitute for butter. "They like it, and it is cheaper." In the end it is considerably dearer however. Give them jam or honey on occasion by all means; but do not deprive them of butter. This is one of those cases where the "trifle forgot" does indeed "to serious mischief lead."

It matters not so much in what form fat is taken, so that it is taken, as we soon find it has to be taken medicinally when the natural mode of assimilating it falls short.

Students and people who have sedentary occupations, have often to be induced to take in other forms the fat that, in its natural shape, they would leave on their plates. One of the easiest ways of doing this is to serve the fat in puddings or in a simple cake; and a light suet pudding, nicely made and cooked, is hardly surpassed by any other. Its flavour may be varied *ad infinitum* by the addition of fruit, spices, etc., or, if plain, it may have a meat gravy to make it savoury.

The secret of making a light suet pudding is to rub well together half as much minced suet as flour, with salt, and a pinch of baking-powder will be an improvement. Mix to a stiff dough with water or milk, and then knead it like bread dough for a few minutes. Place in a greased mould, or tie loosely in a cloth, then drop into boiling water and keep it fast boiling all the time it is cooking.

Rendered beef suet makes the best fat for most frying purposes, as it is free from the objectionable odour which often accompanies lard or mutton fat.

For a beef-steak pudding or pie, a suet crust is essential and most suitable. For lighter pastry lard is perhaps the most suitable of all "shortening" materials. For plain pastry to be eaten the same day at the family table, beef dripping is admirable, but it quickly grows soft. For pastry that is required to be kept in stock, butter is preferable, especially if the pastry will be reheated.

Lard and butter together make an excellent "puff" pastry, also they will do excellently well for dough and other plain cakes. Good luncheon cake can be made with clarified dripping; but the best cakes demand butter only.

Oil is a form of fat that finds greater favour abroad than in England. Frying in oil is in some respects a more difficult process than frying in any other kind of fat. Oil expands as it grows hot, and allowance must be made for this, otherwise the lighter kinds of *frittura* and fish generally taste and look better when fried in the oil medium. Next to oil, for these, comes lard.

It is well to cultivate a taste for oil as an ingredient of salad dressing, as by this means a beneficial quantity can be easily taken, even by the most fanciful. And, after all, it is surely easier to take olive oil on a crisp lettuce leaf than to take the nauseous spoonful of "cod liver" out of the dreaded bottle.

L. H. YATES.



COMING HOME.

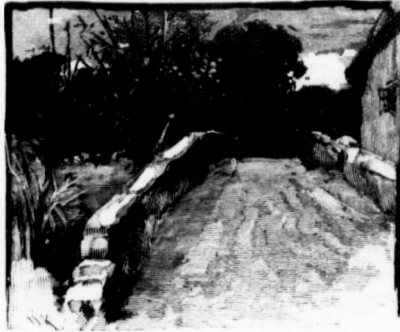
By SARAH DOUDNEY.

I CAN see them, waiting, watching,
In the garden full of flowers,
Where the bees are humming round them,
And the blossoms fall in showers;
Soft the summer wind is playing
With the scented blooms of May,
While I hear their voices saying,
"She is coming home to-day!"

I am coming, yes, in gladness,
From the clamour of the town
To the sweetness of the woodland,
And the silence of the down,
To the true hearts growing dearer
As the long years roll away.
Hark! the happy tones are clearer—
"She is coming now!" they say.

There are others, waiting, watching,
In a world we may not see,
With a patience strong and tender,
And a love more full and free;
In my lone hours, dark and dreary,
I have almost heard them say—
"Courage, if the night is weary,
You are coming home at day."

There is but the faintest echo
Of those voices in mine ears,
And I know not, ah, I know not
How that other home appears!
Is it rest, or is it glory?
Change of place, or change of state?
Peace, be still, this earthly story
Is not ended—I must wait.



AN OLD CORNWALL ROMANCE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

CHAPTER III.

"L'opulence est un état difficile à exercer, il faut y être acclimaté pour la pratiquer sagement. Elle ressemble à ces contrées d'Amérique, qui respectent leurs habitants et donnent les fièvres aux étrangers."*—*Emile Augier.*

THE news of such a marriage rang far and wide in Wike St. Marie, and if Cousin John could have had patience to endure and still to hope for some future happiness with his little sweetheart, the mistress of the rich city household might have had another history; but he at once abandoned his hopes in life and when he heard she was about to become her master's wife, suddenly disappeared, and for a while the place of his retreat was unknown, but it afterwards transpired that he crossed the moors to a house of religious men, called "the White Monks of St. Clere," and pleaded for reception there as a needy novice of the gate. His earnest entreaties prevailed, and "six months after his first love and his last had put on her silks as a city dame, and began her rule

* Rough translation.—"Wealth is a very difficult state to manage. One ought to be acclimatized to it, to conduct it healthily (or wisely). It is like those districts in America, which spare their inhabitants, but give fevers to strangers."

of a goodly house in London, her cousin had taken the vows of his novitiate and received the first tonsure of St. John."

"Her wedded life, however, as Mistress Richard Bunsby did not last long. Three years after the master became the husband, he took the plague sore and died, leaving his wife a young and beautiful widow."

She was then only three-and-twenty, and richly endowed, for her husband had bequeathed "all his goods and chattel-property, and well-furnished mansion to his dear wife, Thomasine Bonaventura, now Bunsby," in token of his faith and esteem for her, and gratitude for her loyalty and affection to her departed mistress and to him.

He had also endowed her on his marriage with a considerable jointure in case of her survivorship, and at his death, as they were childless, left her sole executrix and legatee. So the young girl who had been taken into the house as a poor servant had become its mistress.

She was very young to be so left, unprotected and alone, after having been under such loving and yet strict guidance; but the faith and trustworthiness which had brought her safely through the short years which had changed her fate stood her in good stead now.

The time of mourning for her widowhood past, she sent down to her native village to learn what had been her cousin's fate, and

slow as was all communication in those days, the news soon reached her, that he was in the sacred life of a monk, severed from her whom he loved, and who still clung to the remembrance of her early youth and its hopes.

In a letter about this date she writes to her mother:—

"I know that Cousin John is engaged to the monks of St. Clere. Hath he been shorn, as they do call it, for the second time. Inquire, I beseech, if he seeketh to depart from that call, and will red gold help him away? I am prospered in pouch and coffer, and he need not shame to be indebted unto me, that owe so much to him."

But this frank and kindly effort did not avail, for John had broken the last link that bound him to the world, and was lost to love and to her.

She may in her bereavement and her freedom have dreamt of her life being still rich with the happiness of him she had loved in her early youth, and of making her wealth and power a blessing to the distant home.

She could no longer do the one, but she gathered hope and strength to do the other.

She did not forget her husband's memory, to which she caused to be erected a substantial bridge and structure (or perhaps we should say its modern representative) which may still be seen, as it was in the autumn of 1880 at Wike Ford.



Schreibers.

“SHE IS COMING NOW!” THEY SAY.”

[From photo: Victor Augerer, Vienna.]

Among the MS. of her writing which still remain there is a letter which announces her husband's death and bequest, and then goes on to notify her solemn donation, as a "year's mind" of Master Bunsby of ten marks to the Reeve of Wike St. Marie, "to the intent that he shall cause skeelful masons to build a bridge at the Ford of Green-a-moor, yea, and with stout stonework well laid and see," she wrote, "that they do no harm to that tree which standeth fast by the brook, neither dispoyle they the rushes and plants that grow thereby; for there did I pass many goodly houres when I was a small mayde, and there did I first see the kind face of a faithful Friend." One so sweet and serviceable, and withal so rich and fair, was not likely to be long without suitors.

The times also were full of danger to lonely and unprotected women, more especially if highly esteemed and well dowered.

We must remember she lived in the reigns of Henry VI. (full of wars and commotions), of Edward IV., of evil life among the fair citizens of London, of Richard III., warring for the crown in a desolate country, till Henry VII. came, ruling sternly but wisely for the good of his people.

Green the historian says of those times: "The break up of the military households, and the return of wounded and disabled soldiers from the wars, introduced a dangerous leaven of outrage and crime. England for the first time saw a distinct criminal class in the organised gangs of robbers which began to infest the land. . . . We see houses sacked, judges overawed or driven from the bench, peaceful men hewn down by assassins, or plundered by armed bands, women carried off to forced marriages, elections controlled by brute force, parliaments degraded into camps of armed retainers."

It was not a time for a woman, young and fair, and known far and wide for her wealth, eminent qualities and singular history to remain alone.

An old chronicler says, "Her dower together with her youth and beauty, procured her to the cognisance of divers well-deserving men, who thereupon made addresses of marriage to her, but none of them obtained her affection, but only Henry Gall of St. Lawrence, Milk Street, an eminent and wealthy citizen of London, a merchant adventurer . . . (The merchant adventurers, at that time, were an off-shoot of the Mercers' Company of London. They were a body of English merchants engaged exclusively in the exportation of woollen cloth. . . . The quarrels and dissensions with foreign merchants and the Staplers, made the ventures of the merchant adventurers full of risks and dangers from pirates and from their rivals at sea.)"

This gentleman made a considerable augmentation of her jointure in case of her survivorship, and they were married. He was very wealthy and uxorious, and enabled his wife to confer many benefits on the poor of her native place, for which she always entertained a lingering fondness (a trait characteristic of the Cornish as of the Swiss themselves). We find that "twenty acres of woodland copse in the neighbourhood were bought and conveyed by that kind and gracious lady, Dame Thomasine Gall, to feeffees and trustees, for the perpetual use of the poor of the parish of Wike St. Marie, for felw to be hewn in parcels once a year, and finally and equally divided for evermore on the vigil of St. Thomas the Twin.

"To her mother she sends by a waggon which has gone on an enterprise into Cornwall for woollen merchandise, a chest with array of clothing, fair weather and foul, head-gear and body raiment to boot, all the choice and costly gifts to my loving parents, of my goodman Gall and in remembrance, as he chargeth

me to say, that ye have reared for him a kindly and loving wife."

But a graphic and touching passage in this letter is the message which succeeds.

"Lo! I do send you also here, withal in the coffer a litle Boke, it is for a gift to my cousin John. Tell him it is not written as the whileom usage was, and he was wont to teach me my Christ Cross Rhyme, but it is what they do call emprinted with a strange devise of an iron engin brought from forrin parts. Bid him not despise it, for although it is so small that it will lie in the palm of your hand, yet it did cost me full five marks in exchange."

After the lapse, however, of five years, Henry Gall sickened and died of a mortal distemper, leaving Thomasine a richer widow than he found her, still young and fair, not yet thirty years of age. So she found herself once more alone in the world, and again her husband had: "Endowed his tender wife with all and singular his moneys, and plate, bills, bonds and ventures now at sea," with a long "inventory of precious things beneath the moor," too long to rehearse, but each and all to the sole use, enjoyment and behoof of Dame Thomasine Gall, whose maiden name of Bonaventura was, as her first and loving mistress had foretold her, fulfilled with every change of her fortunes.

Old papers and chronicles tell us much of the sort of life and household which existed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. And in judging of any character, it is some help (where it happens to be possible) to get an idea of the temper of the times and the state of society in which they lived. So we allow ourselves to make a few extracts from such papers of the time, as we have searched for records of our heroine, and which may interest our young readers.

Will it be too frivolous to give them some idea of ladies' dress at that date? Possibly what the author of *Social England* says of costume in the fourteenth century might interest them. The ladies had given up plaiting their hair in long tails, but rolled it up in a caul or net, sometimes made of gold thread; over this a veil was thrown which was confined in some instances by a chaplet or coronet, and the wimple or gorget was still in use. If no chaplet was worn, the veil was skewered with pins. In the brass of Lady Joan de Cobham, in Cobham church, Kent (1520), she is represented with veil, wimple, and a plain dress almost close-fitting, with tight sleeves buttoned all down the forearm (there were sixty-three buttons on each arm!) The dresses were worn long so as to cover the feet. Even then the senseless, long-trailing dress was in vogue, and the following is a curious satire on a proud woman for her dress in an old Latin story.

"I have heard of a certain woman, whose whites robes dragged on the ground, and trailing behind her, raised the dust as high as the altar and the crucifix. When, however, she would leave the church, and lifted up her tail (train) on account of the dirt, a certain holy man saw a devil laughing and adjured him that he should tell him why he laughed. Who said, 'a companion of mine, was just now sitting on that woman's train, and he was using it as if it were his chariot; when, however, the woman lifted her train, my friend was shaken off into the dirt, and that is the cause of my laughing.' Though the dresses were worn long, the feet were daintily shod. Furs were much worn (chiefly hind and squirrel skins) as linings and trimmings."

The education of girls at this period is also a matter of interest. Music was much cultivated, and had obtained such excellence in England, that when especially good musicians were wanted at the Court of Burgundy, six English musicians by order of the Privy Council

in 1442 were chosen, such as the Emperor desired, to go to his court.

An old critic tells in a poem written about 1490, "How the good wife taught her daughters," and we may see exactly what the canons of good society were as applied to girls at this period. She was to love God, to go to church (not letting the rain stop her) she was to give alms freely, and when at church was to pray and not to chatter. Courtesy to all went without saying, and she was to love her husband and answer him meekly and then he'd love her. She was to be well-mannered, not to be rude or laugh loudly, "but laugh thou softe and milde." Her out-door conduct is thus regulated. "And when thou goest in the way, go not thou too fast, brandish not with thy head, thy shoulders wriggle not, have not thou too many words."

She was to exercise caution in her relations with the other sex and not to accept presents. She was to see that her people worked, and work with them, have faults put right at once, keep her own keys, and be careful whom she trusted.

Add to this that she was to be Lady Bountiful and physician in ordinary to all around her, and we get a good idea of the inner life of a woman of this time.

The wife had her meals with her husband, sat by his side afterwards, and was his daily companion when he was at home, and entertained his friends in his absence.

The parlour was first added to the houses built about this date, and it was used by merchants to receive their friends on business.

She had plenty to do, for she had the direction of the whole establishment, besides looking after her maidens, who were of good degree, and to whom she taught housewifery, and who were on a footing of equality with the family; they spun together, and wove also, carded, wove and heckled flax, embroidered and made garments, whilst the children also had to be taught. There were the pet birds and squirrels in cages to be looked after, cleaned and fed; and there were intervals for music and conversation. They danced, played chess and draughts and read the last things out of romances. They played at ball together and wove garlands and flowers in the garden.

Out of doors the ladies walked freely, disdaining not the company of the male sex, they gathered wild flowers, and in fine weather had their meals upon the grass and organised picnics, at which they had bread, wine, fish and pigeon pies. They rode on horseback and went hunting, hawking, and rabbit-ferreting, and no tournament was complete without their presence, nay, the chivalric ideas of the time allowed them to be Dames of the Garter. Manners and courtesy then, were treated as of the first importance. An old writer said—

"In hall or chamber or where thou gone,
Nurture and good manners maketh
That courtesy from heaven came,
When Gabriel Our Lady grette,
And Elizabeth with Mary meete."

And in whatever society he might find himself, the humblest citizen should therefore so order his behaviour that when he left the table men would say "a gentleman was here." We had marked extracts from the *Paston Letters* (1443), which are exceedingly interesting, but space fails us.

In the healthy activity and variety of such a life our country-women lived, and in such homes were reared the men, who, under Providence carried their country through storm and danger, to her Freedom and Empire.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL DEGREES FOR OUR GIRLS.

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON, Mus. Doc., B.A., R.U.I.



F professions open to women, perhaps none is so eminently suitable to a refined and imaginative feminine temperament, given the natural endowments, than that of music.

An 1 to qualify thoroughly for the calling, so as to obtain an indisputable standing therein, and to be capable of executing the best work—to be hall-marked as it were—there is no more commendable course than for the really earnest aspirant, laying minor distinctions aside, to work for the highest guarantee of competency that can be obtained, namely, a University Degree in Music.

To begin with, the intending musical "girl graduate" needs not only to cultivate her specific art by means of assiduous practice under the guidance of able teachers, but there requires also that the general education should be carefully attended to. This, because at all universities, before candidates are permitted to enter for examination in their particular "faculty," a thorough, and often severe and lengthy "arts" test must be passed; thus it is a part of the musical graduate's qualification that he or she should not be in ignorance, as so many mere musicians are, of the wealth of classic and modern literature and history, nor be deprived of that symmetrical mental development which mathematics, logic and physical sciences so well tend to promote. That the mind is enlarged and the intelligence quickened by these preliminary studies goes without saying. Nor is such knowledge lost when the attention is turned entirely in the one direction of music; for composers, thus previously cultured, will doubtless, whether in the evolution and arrangement of musical themes, or even in the choice or adoption of *libretti*, show a more advanced and widened judgment than those whose necessarily stunted perceptions are devoid of the imagery, recollection, and mental power of order and sequence which are the almost invariable results of a liberal education. Indeed there is small doubt that, were a preliminary general culture compulsory in the case of all professional musicians, the entire body would be considerably raised and exalted thereby, and would certainly command more respect and attention from the world at large than is, perhaps, gained at present by a large proportion of the devotees of the divine art.

There are now in the United Kingdom some eight universities that confer musical degrees, namely: Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, London, Durham, Royal University of Ireland, Victoria (Manchester) and Edinburgh. Schemes are in prospect with regard to the encouragement of a musical faculty at the universities of Glasgow, Aberdeen and Wales. Honorary degrees in music have been conferred by the University of St. Andrews (Scotland), and the so-called "Lambeth degrees," *honoris causa*, are in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but honorary titles do not come within the scope of our present consideration. It should be mentioned also that the Royal College of Music (incorporated by Royal Charter in 1883) has the right of granting

degrees in music, but so far the power has not been availed of.

As to choice, although there are distinctive points in the workings of the several universities specified above, yet the respective curriculum of each tends to cover the same ground, therefore the student, individual circumstances being of course taken into account, will most probably be wisest in selecting that which is nearest home. In the case of intending women graduates, however, this is not always possible; as, for instance, the University of Dublin (Trinity College) stands alone among the universities in not admitting them to degrees; and at Oxford and Cambridge, although women may enter for and pass the musical examinations (under similar conditions prescribed for men), yet degrees are not conferred upon them, no matter how high the standard of excellence to which they attain. With these somewhat unreasonable exceptions—which we shall doubtless see obliterated in time—all the other universities that grant degrees in music admit both sexes to these titles on precisely the same footing; and with such facilities for distinction as are offered by London, Durham, Edinburgh, the Royal University of Ireland and Victoria (Manchester), our girls have really small cause for complaint.

With regard to the time that is occupied in working for a university degree in music, the period varies from five to seven years. For instance, at the University of London, the "Matriculation" (or literary entrance examination) must be passed at least ten months before admission to the "Intermediate Examination in Music;" and this latter again precedes that for Bachelor of Music by one year. Two so-called "academical" years must come between the passing of the B. Mus. and D. Mus. examinations; so that, calculating for, at all events, one year's preliminary study, a London degree means, at the smallest computation, five years' work. Nearly always candidates will, moreover, of their own accord, take one or two extra intervening years for study in this as in other universities. Again, at the Royal University of Ireland (which took the lead in conferring musical degrees upon women, and has since honoured them to the fullest extent by admitting them to examinerships and fellowships), one year must intervene between the passing of the "Matriculation," the "First University Examination in Arts," the "First examination in Music," and the "Degree Examination" (Bachelor of Music), and a candidate cannot qualify for Doctor of Music until three years after obtaining the Bachelor's degree. The Durham, Victoria and Edinburgh examinations also extend over periods varying from five to six years.

To the enthusiastic, and often impetuous young musical tyro, five or more years' study seems an unending delay towards a much-desired goal; but then it must be remembered that the very fact that the obtaining of a university degree involves such a period of steady, earnest work, practice and experience, is, in itself, a pledge of the solidity and genuineness of the title; and who will deny that the honour once gained is not worth toiling and waiting for? Moreover, to the really devoted student, this time of apprenticeship—if we may so design it—passes all too quickly; and, as we have said before, they are many who voluntarily extend their term of undergraduateship in order to be the more assured of ultimate success.

With regard to the specific regulations touching musical candidates and the details of the respective "courses" at the different universities, all information may be obtained by writing direct to the authorities of the various bodies themselves; but it may interest our girls to know that the usual subjects which form the programme of study for a musical degree include (a) for literary tests, English, and one Classic as well as a Modern Language and Literature, Mathematics (Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid and Trigonometry) and Physics (Natural Philosophy, experimentally or otherwise); (b) for the musical work proper, Harmony and Counterpoint (up to eight real parts), Canon and Fugue (vocal and instrumental), History of Music and Musical instruments, Orchestration and the acquaintance with standard full scores, Practical Playing, Acoustics and Composition.

The latter department, Composition, is, perhaps, the chief stumbling block in the way of obtaining a university distinction, as the possession of a "musical ear" and aptitude for executive work are not always combined with the "creative" gift. Indeed, to be endowed with this inventive ability in its highest sense falls to the lot of but few, as the world knows, and these few we call geniuses. But there are some who, although they may never reach the supreme heights, will still, with culture and practice, do much really good work, and to these we would say, do not despair! If the first attempts at original composition are disappointing, by all means try again. Master theoretical rules thoroughly, hear the best music that is to be heard, study the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great "tone poets" and watch how they weave their woof of sound-forms; and then, be the amount of the inventive faculty great or small, do the best possible with experience gained, and the result can in no wise be stigmatised an effort made in vain.

In this connection we would remark that although hitherto men rather than women have shone in this creative branch of the art, yet it must be remembered that musical science, as we understand it to-day, is of comparatively recent development, and is but on the borderland of future and, perhaps, undreamt-of possibilities; and moreover, that, until quite lately, the musical training of girls was conducted upon very limited and restricted lines. Still the past has had its Miriams, its Sapphos and its St. Cecilia's; and the present, teeming with advanced thought and generous views on the subject of the higher education of women, holds much promise of a future wherein our girls may show themselves as competent to clothe the fancies of the brain in musical garb, as they have already been apt to depict the inner working of the human heart through the medium of word painting.

Although it is incontrovertibly true that composers, as poets, are born and not made, yet, before any work can be produced that will claim attention from connoisseurs, it is absolutely necessary that the grammar, so to speak, of music must be thoroughly mastered and assimilated, a process that undoubtedly requires a good expenditure of time and patience, given the indispensable accessories of musical talent and the means and opportunity to improve it. Few girls, if any, have been privileged to receive the juvenile drilling that fell to the lot of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and hosts of others; and the fact that the excellent training of the cathedral choir is, as yet, only open

to boys, also militates against the progress of women gifted with musical genius; but, in the opening of the doors of several of the universities mentioned above, some few years ago, with equal privilege of graduateship in all faculties, to female as to male candidates, the chances of qualification in every branch of art are becoming more equalised for the sexes.

We regret to say that the old-world disbelief in the professional woman musician is not quite yet a thing of the past; witness the fact that many parents still consider a few "finishing" lessons from a fashionable "master," no matter how indifferent or careless he be, a necessary completion of the musical education of their daughters. Still more flagrant and unreasonable also is the prejudice, unhappily indulged in by many from whom we look for more generous sentiments, that often debars the thoroughly trained woman organist from having as good a chance of a fitting church appointment as her more fortunate brother performer; in which connection we would merely say that from her innate devotional nature, her inherent power of child-training, and notably her tact in the avoiding and quelling of the only too frequent "choir jealousies," there is no presence so apt and influential in the organ

loft as the earnest, devoted and fully-qualified choir-mistress.

There is no doubt, however, that a just appreciation of women's work in the sphere of the professional musician is only a matter of a few more decades; and meanwhile the conferring of musical degrees upon them by the universities has even now given those few who have already utilised the privilege a status that it is impossible to dispute; and it is with a view to encourage more girls to avail themselves of university distinctions that the writer, who may claim some experience in the matter, would hereupon urge all of her sex so disposed (and especially should it be the case with those who wish to fulfil high and responsible positions in the musical world) to qualify for a University Degree in Music.

It may be desirable to mention that, in the matter of examination fees, the expenses range from £10 to £30 or £40 at the different universities, but these do not cover the necessary expenses of preparation, the purchase of books, etc. However, with care and economy, especially with the facilities granted to students by our public libraries and *conservatoires*, and the number and variety of classical concerts held yearly at popular prices, the

amount of money to be spent upon a musical education need not fall too heavily upon a limited income. A little self-denial in the matter of dress, and perhaps the giving up, during the period of study, of even a few of the amusements and distractions over which we often spend more time and money than we are aware of, will soon provide funds for the comparatively small outlay which is involved by entrance upon a collegiate career.

The amount of space already occupied by the present article precludes the possibility of giving some hints as to plans of study in preparation for a university course; but perhaps at some future time there may be opportunity of treating this matter fully. The main point to be borne in mind in connection with musical, as with all other work is that courage and perseverance, with a worthy and lofty aim in view, are bound to succeed in the end, whatever be the nature of the task or the difficulties to be overcome.

Given, however, the capacity for endeavour and the determination to do nothing short of one's best, excellent results must ensue, especially if all work is undertaken, not so much in order to gratify personal ambition, as to utilise to the utmost those gifts which come to us from the Giver of all good things.



"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART IV. IN SICKNESS.

IN a former series of papers I gave advice of how to treat our girlies in the infantile dangers that beset their earliest years. Croup, convulsions, dysentery and thrush were fully treated of in June 1897. This month we go a little further and encounter greater lions still. At the door of the beautiful ivory palace of health, however, stands one "Watchful." He calls to every guardian of the King's daughters, as he cried to the pilgrim of old, "Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path and no hurt shall come unto thee." Yet, though we may be well assured that no good thing will be holden from us and our children, yet sickness is "a very narrow passage" indeed. There is sometimes room "to turn neither to the right hand nor the left." Well for us if our eyes are open enough to see that the Angel of the Lord is standing here, and can bow our heads resignedly (Num. 22). The lions too only guard the Palace Beautiful—the Palace Beautiful of health or the beautiful abiding place of death.

Perhaps of all the childish diseases we dread

most, whooping cough stands pre-eminent. I have been told by one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of the day, that where other sicknesses slay their thousands, this giant slays its ten thousands. It must at all times be looked upon as a serious disease. The slightest attack of it must be a source of uneasiness to the friends of children. The insidious nature of its approach; the duration of its visit, make it one of the most dreaded scourges of young life.

I am not going to enter into a diagnosis of whooping cough. Any medical book will tell us far better how to recognise and deal with it than I can do; but I do want to warn all readers of these papers never to trifle with this disease. "Only whooping cough" is the bewraying expression of one utterly ignorant of its effects on delicate nervous childhood. The complications are so numerous. Bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, convulsions, tubercular disease and diphtheritic croup, are often set up and established during the course of this disease. We should, therefore, watch minutely for any wheezing, any heat of the mouth, any spasmodic movements of face and head, any enlargement of brow and forehead, any sore throat. A good doctor should be in charge of every case of even simple pertussis. The disorder is now considered to be almost

purely a nervous one. The whole nerve centres are deeply involved. Any sudden rebuke, sudden or rapid movement; anything which irritates the child, is sure to bring on a fit of that brazen, terrible, convulsive coughing. So we should be very tender with our little girls during the weeks and months this disease may last, soothing them more with caresses and encouragement than by giving them any of the quack medicines advertised as specific in this illness. Chloral, chloroform, chlorodyne, opium, are all more or less skillfully employed in calming the paroxysms of whooping. They should only be given, however, by qualified practitioners. All mothers can do, is to bind flannel round the upper part of the sufferer's chest, to rub back and spine every night and morning, to quiet and calm the child, and to see she has plenty of digestible, nourishing food. It is in the sequelæ we women can help our daughters so much. Their liability to fall into bad states of health after whooping cough must never be lost sight of, and we should surround them with every hygienic arrangement. Tidman's salt in their daily tub, if a sojourn at the seaside is impossible. Plenty of milk and cream if staying in a farmhouse cannot be arranged. Out-of-door exercise if we cannot take them to live for a while in pinewoods or on a hillside.

There are more old women's nostrums for whooping cough than for any other disease. In Ireland any man riding a piebald horse can be stopped and asked what is good for the chin cough. He is supposed always to give an inspired answer. One owner I knew, always replied to the question by giving the short formula, "Patience and water gruel." In my great-grandmother's recipe book the following prescription finds a place: "Take one tablespoonful of honey, one of good rum, and half a one of spirits of turpentine. Mix them and rub the backbone occasionally." The stimulating properties of rum and turpentine no doubt often produced much counter-irritation, but I pity the patient.

We must remember that whooping cough is most infectious, and no doctor will give a written certificate of exemption under nine months. I have proved this in my own family. The younger a child gets pertussis, the more danger to the child. After six years of age the glottis and trachea increase in size, and there is less danger of suffocation in a paroxysm or by croup.

Another of the lions we would fain chain by watchfulness is measles. Make a flannel bag out of an old blanket, and pop the patient into this when a pinky red eruption shows what is the matter; tie round the neck—arms in—and you will have a bundle to laugh at, but also a bundle that can get no chill. Suppressed measles are responsible for so many things, and to keep arms covered helps the rash to come out thoroughly.

In caring for the King's daughters, I think we should always seek a medical man's aid. "The gifts of healing" are still entrusted to those who have made medicine their study. I would never advocate a mother treating disease by herself; but a mother should understand symptoms.

If parents were better informed, many children's lives would be spared, much suffering averted, and much sorrow saved. Knowing a little about the seriousness of disease, we should enter more readily into the plans and views of our medical adviser. "Sickness is always a fight between life and death," and in this battle, obedience, promptitude and patience are our best aids. The treatment of ailments in the present day does not consist merely in the dosing with drugs.

We understand now the importance of surrounding the King's daughters with arrangements that help nature in the struggle with disease, and to call art and science to the assistance of nature.

Nursing is essentially a practical matter. There is little theory in it. Experience—one ounce of it—is worth a peck of speculation. There are, of course, a few broad rules that apply to nearly every case of illness. Ventilation, for one thing, is as necessary in measles and bronchitis as in scarlet fever and asthma. Miss Nightingale says, "The very first care of nursing, and the first and last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed; the first essential to the patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing, with which, I had almost said, you may leave all the rest alone, is this: to keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air without chilling him." A sick room should have no improper, close smell in it. Air from outside—not from inside—should be admitted freely, though in measles a small fire in the grate is necessary (and it should be a brisk little one with bright jets of flames, not a sluggish cinder and slack bed). The window should be open a "teenty weenty" bit even in winter. About 60° Fahrenheit is the proper temperature to be maintained, and a thermometer in the sick room to insure this is a necessity. Remember that early in the morning—twixt night and dawn—is the time our patient may get a chill and drive in any eruption. Make

up your fire then, rather than close the window. Do it quickly and decidedly, not fidgeting gently and timidly with one bit of coal after another, and so irritating your patient by dawdling; but even at the risk of half a minute's noise rake out the lower bar and pile on fuel.

Light is another necessity. In measles, of course, eyes are often affected and too weak to stand a glare, but in most cases of sickness the bedroom should not be unnecessarily darkened. Under the influence of sunlight nutrition is more active, and that is what we need, is it not? in all cases of illness. At night a small light should be burned, but behind a screen. Nature herself shows us how necessary darkness is to repose and rest. "Discretion" is still a welcome resident in the Ivory Palace, and in the matter of light and darkness should be carefully consulted.

"Prudence" too, will counsel isolation in all cases of eruptive disorders. Measles is so infectious that it sometimes seems useless to try and prevent them. But no guardian of the King's daughters is justified in running any risks. Mistrust and Timorous ran away from the lions. But Discretion, Prudence and Watchful kept guard over them. He that runs may read.

Scarlet fever is a third roaring and raging enemy that may block the path of the King's daughters. I am thankful to say I have never had to nurse it in my own family. It is one of the most fatal diseases to which our girls are liable. The mortality from it is really terrible. I am told that the present day treatment differs *in toto* from the old-fashioned one. Plenty of iced drinks, daily sponging with vinegar and water, preventing desquamation of cuticle by oiling frequently. Constantly changing linen, instead of heaping on bed-clothes, giving hot beverages, wrapping in flannel, and otherwise aggravating all feverish symptoms. Immense care is necessary to prevent the spread of this most "contagious blastment" as Shakespeare terms this and other youthful disorders. Saucers of carbolic and water should stand about the room. A sheet dipped in Condy's fluid, or a weak solution of permanganate of potash should hang before the bedroom door. Every utensil used should be removed only in a bath of disinfectants. Bed and body linen should be soaked in the same.

But, there is no disinfectant like the pure air of heaven. "This should be allowed to permeate and circulate through the apartment and through the house. Air, air, air, is the best curative and preventative of scarlet fever in the world." Yet air must be admitted scientifically so as not to chill the patient; also all draught must be avoided.

After a case of any such infectious disease, a notification to the sanitary officer of the district will be followed by thorough disinfection at the minimum cost. If this is not done a sulphur candle should be bought. They cost about 1s. 3d. each, and are simply blocks of prepared sulphur with a wick attached. After closing and stopping with rags or paper every window and door, blocking up every chimney, and spreading out everything that has been in the way of infection, place the candle in a tin trough, and set it on fire. After twenty-four hours open the door. You will be convinced that no microcosm could exist in such an atmosphere. Every germ must be killed, and you will be right. Brasses may be dim; down quilts odoriferous; bed-blankets smelling strongly; picture frames spoiled—but, a clean bill of health can be given to that room without fear. If a trained nurse has helped in the care of the King's daughters during the illness, it is her business to then disinfect the chamber. For the sake of others as well as ourselves, we should be very careful about not spreading infection.

"In honour preferring one another," is a good motto for the travelling, bustling, hurrying work-a-day world. No guardian of the King's daughters should allow them to go by bus or tram or rail until a clean bill of health is theirs. Other people's children are somebody's darlings. To expose them to infection is a cruel wrong. We should be scrupulous in all these things. Do we unto others as we would wish they should do unto us.

Nervous disorders, such as St Vitus' dance, are very apt to attack girls between eight and twelve. A sudden fright should always be deprecated. I knew of one child who nearly lost her life from the state of physical nervousness induced by a frog being thrown at her. Another who suffered from St Vitus' for months, and on inquiry, the disease dated from the purchase of a jointed snake held in terroris over her by a mischievous brother. We must remember that great and sad results often follow from trivial causes. A toy in some cases may become an instrument of torture; a shadow; a sound. We must watch our girls and shield them from anything which seems to upset them.

Mother's arms should always be open. Her bosom their refuge. We must also realise that a false delicacy often stands in the way of a little girl mentioning ailments. A false delicacy which we ourselves have fostered by strained ideas of maidenliness. It was unauthorised knowledge made Adam and Eve know they were naked. True modesty consists in being pure. Society demands restrictions and coverings and shame. Twixt mother and child such a thing should be unknown. Our sweet, beautiful, women-children, should know no shame. God has made them goodly and fair. Every function of their bodies are part of His great scheme. I can not write more definitely of what I mean—guardians of the King's daughters will understand.

Perhaps I can not do better than close this article by giving a short list of things useful to be kept in medicine chest or drawer. Amongst the things most likely to be useful are, a two ounce bottle of castor oil, a similar one of ipecacuanha wine, well corked and sealed. (Hippo wine soon loses its power on exposure to air. When it looks muddy and deposits a sediment it is useless.) This should often be replaced. A bottle of tincture of arnica. This is for bruises; but in dealing with it one requires to know that arnica should never be rubbed on an open wound. Erysipelas may and frequently will ensue.

In no popular book on domestic medicine have I seen this warning given.

One pint bottle of linseed oil and lime water in equal proportions. This is called green oil and is useful in cases of burns and scalds. Pour on the surface at once and it excludes air from the inflamed tissues.

A pound tin of linseed. Keep this in a tin or the useful ingredients in it will soon dry out. This is for poultices. A quarter pound tin of mustard, for the "plaster" so often called for. A little sticking plaster and gold-beater's skin for cuts. A roll of old linen for bandages, another of flannel for a compress. Scissors. A few bottles of the homœopathic preparations of—(1) aconite, for use in feverishness; (2) camphor, for "backening" a cold; (3) nux vomica, for an attack of indigestion or constipation; (4) belladonna, for a relaxed throat; (5) spongia, for croupy coughs. Also an enema apparatus; a bottle of strong smelling salts; a little old brandy, and a roll of cotton wool.

With this outfit we can meet the few stray lions that may prowl about unchained in the narrow way before the palace of health. Pack each of them in place with prayer. Lock them up with a promise, and you will calmly meet the accidents of life.

SISTERS THREE.

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

CHAPTER XX.

FOR the next ten minutes conversation was of the most desultory character; then the sound of wheels was heard in the distance, and Rex became eager and excited once more.

"There's my father! Go and meet him, Norah. Get hold of him before Hilary comes with her everlasting chatter. He wants to speak to you. Bring him along here, and I'll go into the house."

Norah sped off obediently and met the Squire as the cart turned in at the gate. He pulled up at once, handed the reins to the man, and jumped down to join her. His ruddy face looked drawn and anxious, and the first glance at the girl showed that she was like himself, in a woe-begone state of mind.

"Oh, you know all about it! That boy of mine has been talking to you, I can see!" he said, as they shook hands, and turned along the winding path. "Well, well, this is a fine ending to all my hopes. The lad's as obstinate as a mule—I am sure I don't know where he got his disposition; if he once takes a thing in his head there's no moving him. Now he wants to go and bury himself in the wilds of India! I've talked until I am tired, and I can't make him see what mad folly it is. After an expensive college education—"

"Yes, but, Squire, I don't think that's a fair argument! Rex didn't want to go to college; he went against his own wishes because you were set on it. He said it would be waste of money."

"Tut, tut, nonsense! Waste of money, indeed; I don't grudge a few hundreds spent on my only son's education. Things would have come to a pretty pass if that were the case," cried the Squire, turning off at a tangent as usual the moment he found his position attacked by the enemy. "I thought the boy would have come to his senses long before the three years were over. I have told him—" and he launched off into a lengthy account of the interview of the night before, repeating his own arguments and his son's replies, while Norah listened with downcast eyes. "There!" he cried in conclusion, "that is the matter in a nutshell, and everyone must see that I am perfectly reasonable and within my rights. Now, my dear, you talk to him; he thinks a great deal of your opinion; just tell him plainly that if he persists in his folly, he is ruining his life and behaving in a very wrong, unfeeling manner to his mother and to me. Talk to him plainly; don't spare your words!"

"I can't do that, Squire. I'm sorry, but I don't agree with you. Rex has given in to your wishes for three whole years, though, from his point of view, it was waste of time. He has worked hard and not grumbled, so that he has kept every word of his promise. Now he asks you to fulfil yours. I am sure you must feel sad and disappointed, but

I don't think you ought to be angry with Rex, or call him unfeeling."

"Eh—eh, what's this? Are you going to side against me? This is a pretty state of affairs. I thought I could count upon your help, and the boy would have listened to what you said. Well, well, I don't know what is coming over the young folk nowadays! Do you mean to say that you approve of the boy going abroad?"

"Yes, I do! It is better to be a good planter than a bad lawyer," said Norah steadily, and the Squire pursed up his lips in silence.

The girl's words had appealed to his pet theory, and done more to silence objections than any amount of arguing. The Squire was always lecturing other people on the necessity of doing the humblest work as well as it was possible for it to be done, and had been known on occasions to stand still in the middle of a country lane, brandishing his stick while he treated a gang of stone-breakers to a dissertation on the dignity of labour. The thought that his son might perform his duties in an unsatisfactory manner was even more distasteful than the prospect of separation.

"Well, well," he sighed irritably, "no one need envy a man for having children! They are nothing but trouble and anxiety from beginning to end. It's better to be without them at all."

"You don't mean what you say. You know quite well you would not give up your son and daughter for all the money in the world. You love Edna all the more because she needs so much care, and you are just as proud of Rex as you can be. Of course he is self-willed and determined, but if you could change him into a weak, undecided creature like the vicar's son, you would be very sorry to do it!"

"You seem to know a great deal about my sentiments, young lady," said the Squire, trying hard to look ferocious. Then his shoulders heaved and he drew a long, weary sigh. "Well, my last hope has gone if you range yourself against me. The boy must go and bury himself at the ends of the earth. Goodness knows when he will come back, and I am getting old. Ten to one I may never see him again!"

"It will be your own fault if you don't. Westmoreland is sweet and beautiful, but if I had no ties and plenty of money like you, I would never be content to settle here for the rest of my life, while the great, wide world lay beyond. If Rex goes to India, why should you not all pack up some year and pay him a visit? You could sail down the Mediterranean and see all the lovely places on the way—Gibraltar, and Malta, and Naples, and Venice; stay a month or two in India, and come home overland through Switzerland and France. Oh, how nice it would be! You would have so much to see and to talk about afterwards. Edna would get fat and rosy, and you and Mrs. Freer would be quite young and skittish by the time you got home! If you went to see him between each of

his visits home, the time would seem quite short."

"I daresay! I daresay! A very likely prospect. I am too old to begin gadding about the world at my time of life," said the Squire; but he straightened his back even as he spoke, and stepped out as if wishing to disprove the truth of his own words. Norah saw his eyes brighten, and the deep lines down his cheeks relax into a smile, and knew that her suggestion had met a kindly welcome. "Well, there's no saying! If all the young people go away and leave us, we shall be bound to make a move in self-defence. You are off to London for the winter. It seems a year of changes—"

"Oh, it is, it is, and I am so miserable! Lettice, my own, dear Lettice is going to be married, and she will never come back to live with us any more. I have been looking forward to London, just to be with her, and now it is further off than ever. It will never come!"

Norah had fought hard for the self-possession which she had shown during the whole of the interview; but now her lips trembled, and the tears rushed into her eyes. The future seemed dreary indeed, with Rex abroad, Lettice appropriated by Arthur Newcome, and Edna at the other end of England. She had hard work not to cry outright to the great distress of the Squire, who was the kindest of men despite his red face and stentorian voice.

"Ha, humph—humph! Sorry, I'm sure. Very sorry! Come, come, my dear, cheer up! Things may turn out better than we expect. I didn't know you had a trouble of your own, or I would not have intruded mine. Shall we go up to the house? There, take my arm. What a great, big girl you are, to be sure!"

Norah found time for a whispered conference with Rex before he took his seat behind his father and Edna in the dog-cart.

"It's all right! I have spoken to him and he means to give in. Be as kind and patient as possible, for he does feel it, poor old man, and he is very fond and proud of you!"

"Humph!" said Rex shortly. He knitted his brows and looked anxiously at the girl's face. "You are awfully white. Don't cry any more, Norah, for pity's sake. We are not worth it, either Lettice or I." Then he was off, and Raymond turned to his sister with a long, lazy yawn.

"Well, and so Rex is bound for India! He has just been telling me about it. Lucky beggar! When I take my degree I mean to ask father to let me travel for a year; or two before settling down to work."

"Oh, dear, dear," sighed Norah to herself, "what a stirring up of the poor old nest! There will be no eagles left if this sort of thing goes on much longer. And we were so happy! Why, oh why did I ever wish for a change?"

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

S. F. L.—If you will read the article "Indigestion," which appeared in the December number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, you will obtain nearly all the information that you require; and if you follow the rules there laid down, you will get rid of your troubles. There are one or two extra points that we will add here:—1st. Are your teeth in good order? Nobody can expect not to have indigestion if their teeth are not sound. 2nd. If your teeth are sound, do you masticate properly? You have thirty-two teeth, you should therefore give thirty-two bites to each mouthful. This is an old saying, and though the theory is open to question, it gives good practical results. You should take a mild laxative occasionally, and never eat at irregular times. Take a solid, and not a liquid diet. Half-a-pint of fluid with each meal is ample; more than this interferes with the process of digestion.

LEA.—We thank you for your kind letter, and are glad to hear that you are getting better. Follow your doctor's advice in everything, and remember the old saying, "Those patients who mistrust their physicians, take the longest time to recover."

"AN ANXIOUS ONE."—If you cannot breathe through your nose, it is a sign that your nose is not in a healthy condition. Do not think "because your nose is stopped up" you ought to breathe through your mouth permanently. Of course you must breathe through the mouth if your nose is clear, but do not delay to see to your nose. We cannot tell you exactly what is wrong with your nose, because you give us such a very scanty account of your symptoms. You do not even tell us how long your present trouble has lasted, or whether it is stationary or not; if there is a discharge from the nose, or if it is abnormally dry; if your throat or voice is affected, or if any other symptom is present. It is absolutely essential for us to know these points before we can form any idea of the true nature of your complaint. Whichever of the large number of nasal diseases it is that you suffer from, you will obtain relief from the use of the following lotion:—Take one teaspoonful each of chlorate of potash, bicarbonate of soda and borax, and double the quantity of finely-ground white sugar; mix them well together. Make the lotion by dissolving one teaspoonful of the powder in a teacupful of tepid water, and use it as a wash or spray for your throat and nose.

MAID MARIAN.—The symptoms you mention may be due to heart disease; but we are rather inclined to think that they are due to anaemia. Of course, shortness of breath is the chief symptom of heart disease, but it is also a very prominent symptom of severe anaemia; and so it is with the other symptoms you mention, they may or may not be due to heart disease. You do wrong not to tell your mother of your troubles, for, far from thinking that they are imaginary, we feel sure that she would do her best to restore your health, and the best way that she can do so is by having you examined by a physician.

TRIOUBLED NELL.—The best tooth-powder for general use is carbolic tooth-powder. Camphorated chalk has not sufficient grit in it to thoroughly clean the teeth; moreover it is not antiseptic as the carbolic tooth-powder is. If your teeth are very yellow, the following is an excellent powder:—

- B. Pulv. sepia (powdered cuttlefish) ʒj.
- Pulv. irisidis (orris root) ʒj.
- Pulv. sapon. div. (hard soap) ʒj.
- Magnesi carbonat. ʒj.
- Calci carbonat. pp. ʒj.
- Ol. caryophylli (oil of cloves) a xv.
- Attar of roses μ v.

Most people only wash their teeth once a day—in the morning, consequently their teeth are only clean between the time they finish dressing and the beginning of their breakfast—rarely more than half an hour a day. The teeth should be washed after every meal, and above all before going to bed.—2. Use a stimulating pomade for your hair, such as a cantharidine pomade.

OLIVE.—Ingrowing toe-nails are always connected with ill-fitting boots: so the first thing to do is to get boots which approach more or less to the natural shape of the foot. We have been much surprised, recently, to see many people who do bear some resemblance to the human foot. If you could obtain a pair of these boots you would do well. To treat the nail, cut it as short as possible, and then file it down evenly to the level of the flesh. Then place a small piece of cotton-wool under the edge of the nail: renew the wool occasionally. Ingrowing nails are only removed when very painful and refractory to treatment.

L. G.—Your information is really of too scanty a nature. You say you have "spots upon your face." What kind of spots, and what are the spots of dirt for aught that we can tell from your description! If you will give us some definite description of the spots, we may be able to help you, but we cannot do so without any information except that you have "spots upon your face."

AN OLD READER.—Have you read the article on "Indigestion" in the December Part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER? You will there find all you require for indigestion. The symptoms you describe, "Giddiness, light-headedness, extreme lassitude, pain in the eyes, black spots and streaks jumping about before the eyes, pain at the back of the head and over the loins, trembling and fluttering" are all to be explained by biliousness, or possibly they may be due to an allied condition "migraine." Do you know of any special diet which brings on the attacks? If so, scrupulously avoid it. Calomel is worth every other drug put together in the treatment of liver complaints. One dose of three grains, with twenty grains of bicarbonate of soda, should be taken as soon as the symptoms appear. It is also a good plan to abstain from eating anything during the attacks.

RONALD'S DARLING.—Now that you have answered some of the questions that we asked you, we can give you some more definite information. We gather that you suffer from nervousness; that your brother is also very nervous, but that no other member of your family is afflicted in the same way; that your nervousness takes the special form of "feating" to walk out alone, especially where there is a number of people, and of entering a room where many people are assembled, and that you think that everyone is looking at you, though you are not so. It is this last sentence which is the most important, for it tells us at once that self-consciousness is the root of your malady. In your letter you evidently confuse self-consciousness with self-conceit, two mental processes which are almost diametrically opposite, both in their causation and in their results. Conceit is not self-consciousness, nor anything like it. Your question, therefore, resolves itself into "What is the best method to overcome self-consciousness?"

It is a difficult question to answer, and one which requires to be considered from several points of view. Social intercourse is very important. You must get yourself used to think of the people to whom you are speaking, or who are speaking to you, and not to think of yourself, or to think about what the person who is addressing you is thinking about you. This is really what self-consciousness means—thinking about what others are thinking of you, and not about what they are really thinking about—the subject of the conversation. From this we get the rule that, if the conversation is uninteresting or trivial, self-consciousness will assert itself; whereas, if the speaker is thoroughly interested in the conversation, she will not think of herself, but of the conversation; that is, she will not be self-conscious. The teaching of this is—talk whenever you can, but never engage in trivial conversation. You want to be a hospital nurse—well, if anything will cure self-consciousness nursing will; but it is a hard school.

MAUDE.—You suffer from nervousness of quite a different kind from the last. Reading through your letter, the first thought is, "Do you eat sufficient?" All your symptoms could be accounted for by insufficient food; or it may be that you suffer from anaemia, due to some other cause. We advise you, therefore, to see that you get good food, and plenty of it, and to take some simple, digestible preparation of iron, such as "Bland's pill."

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

A SERVANT (Nursing).—As you left school at the age of twelve, the educational difficulty would, we fear, stand in your way as a candidate for regular hospital training. Moreover, as we are continually obliged to remind girls, the doors of hospitals are already besieged with would-be nurses. But it occurs to us that if you really possess a strong love of nursing, you would be acceptable as a village nurse on the Ockley system. The Ockley Nursing Association, of which the Hon. Secretary is Mrs. Henry Le Sticq, The Cottage, Ockley, was founded for the nursing of little cottagers by women who have themselves had practical experience of cottage life. The nurses undergo a short course of training in maternity nursing at one of the London special hospitals, and are also taught how to treat infants and young children at the Maternity Charity, Plaistow, E. The Ockley nurses receive a salary of £25 to £30 per annum. You should write for further particulars to the lady whose address we have given.

QUEEN (Secretaryship).—Do not let this be your "great ambition." Nearly all the girls who are unemployed insist upon becoming secretaries, companions, or housekeepers. Many of them would make good secretaries; but the unfortunate fact is that very few people want, or are afforded, to keep a secretary. They are obliged to employ cooks, dressmakers, and laundresses, but they cannot find enough women of these kinds. Had you not better meditate on these facts, as there is no immediate hurry for you to seek employment, your education not being completed.

INCERTA (Clerkship).—You need not entertain any hesitation on the score of good faith in regard to the school you mention. But every statement may be read through glasses either rose-coloured or blue. Now supposing that we look at this matter in a cold blue light. We then find that an enormous number of young women clerks are being placed annually upon the London labour market. In what proportion do these obtain employment? And, again, in what proportion do even the fortunate section obtain employment for a period, say, of five years, without long out-of-work intervals meantime? These are the questions which you should put to yourself. Another question, that of salary, you letter answers. You may hope for £60 to £80 per annum. Twenty-five shillings a week is a very usual salary, and is considered a good one. It is not insufficient for any one, man or woman, who is just beginning to earn a living. But you must consider that a girl's chances of promotion as a clerk are extremely small, and that to live in London on £1 5s., though not disagreeable in youth, becomes a condition of distressing poverty as years go by. These are the aspects of the subject you should reflect upon. At the same time you appear to possess a better education than the generality of clerks can show; so that we think you could probably obtain employment more speedily than the majority of your fellow-pupils.

ORPHAN SISTERS (Emigration).—We advise you to write to the Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. From our own knowledge we should recommend you and your friend to try Canada rather than South Africa, as in the latter colony there is plenty of cheap native labour to be had. In Canada there is a good demand for active, hard-working servants, and excellent wages are offered. But you should not go thither in the depth of winter. Through the British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, Kensington, you could probably learn on what terms you might make the voyage with a protected party. You should not go out alone, and without arrangements being made for your reception on arrival.

E. LAINE (Telegraph Learner).—For a telegraph learnership the limits of age are from fifteen to eighteen. Salary begins at 10s. per week, with prospects of promotion to higher grades. The subjects of examination are handwriting, spelling, English composition, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions, and percentages) and geography. The examinations are usually held in London half-yearly, and are notified in the principal morning papers, generally on a Thursday shortly before the time fixed upon. Successful candidates are instructed in telegraphy at the Post Office Telegraph School; but they cannot draw a salary until they are sufficiently expert to receive an appointment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

T. F. A.—For lessons in millinery you may apply to Miss Prince Browne, The Studio, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. Millinery lessons are given on Tuesdays and Fridays, and you may pay a visit to inspect the studios and inquire about terms, which are most moderate. Pupils can enter at any time.

E. J. L.—We are much obliged by your letter. We merely answered the question put to us, which only concerned Italy.

MAYLOSSON.—Could make inquiries of a second-hand bookseller.

D. C.—We should, in your position, decline to go to parties where these games with forfeits are played. You will always find yourself in a difficulty if you go and cannot play them, as your future husband disapproves of them.

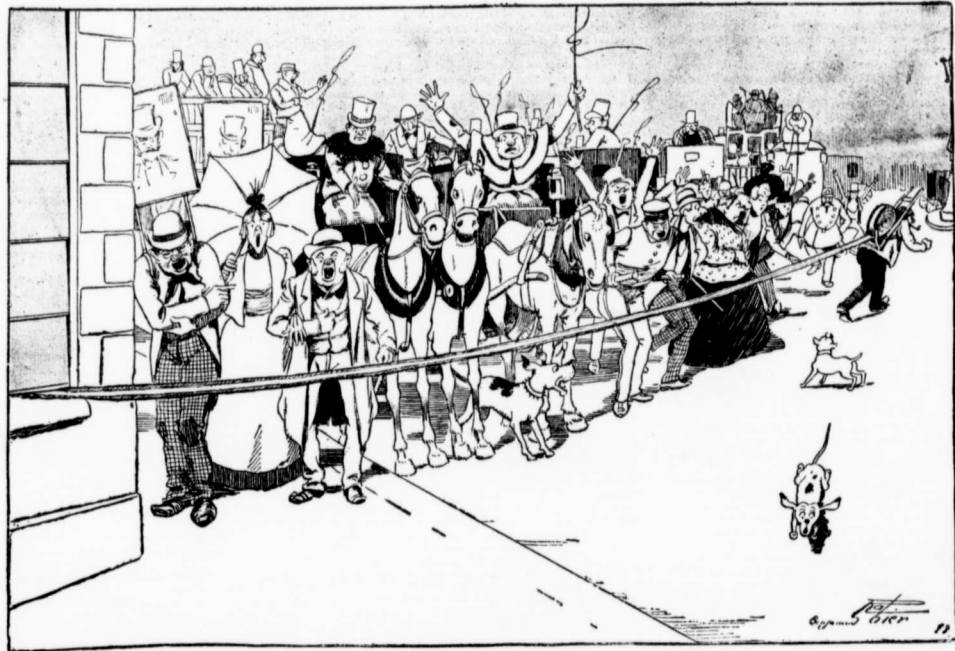
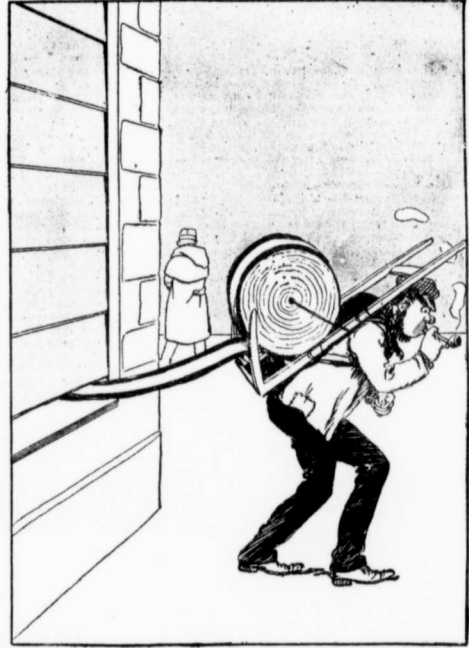
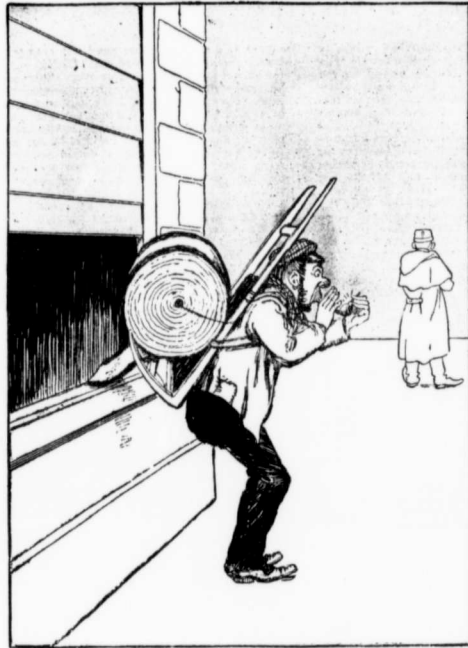
ANNIE.—A stamp is required for receipts of £2 and upwards, so you should put a stamp on the receipt for every £5 you receive.

TOPSY, A SUBSCRIBER TO THE "G. O. P."—1. We fear from Topsy's account of her box that it is made of dyed fur, if so, there is no cure for the "black coming off." Beaver fur can be cleaned by rubbing it with hot bran or oatmeal till clean and free from grease. Fullers' earth is also used, well pounded. All these should be applied with a dry flannel.—2. To produce the gloss on linen you must use a polishing iron. Wax is also employed.

J. L. GREEN.—You will find a recipe many times given for toffee in our vols. of the "G. O. P." Consult their indexes.

ANNY and ETHELIA (Oxford).—For the answers you require you should write to the London office of the P. & O. Line of S. Ships, to ascertain which of the latter left for California on or about the 2nd or 3rd week in August. As to the wages of a captain's cabin boy, we fancy they may vary according to the ship. The average amount you could find out on application to any of the great shipping offices; such as those in Liverpool.

PANSY.—Refer to the Christmas Numbers of the "G. O. P." for the directions and suggestions you require for Tableaux.



THE BARRIER.