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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ON THE CORNISH SHORE.

SHE is standing by the wicket
 Of her olden Cornish home,
 And she listens to the breakers
 That are dashing into foam;
 Then her eyes with tears are filling,
 And her sighs she cannot stay,
 As her lover draws her closer still,
 The while she hears him say:
 "While still shall dash the breakers
 On this rugged Cornish shore,
 I shall love you, I shall love you,
 As time passes, more and more!"

O'er their heads the stars are peeping,
 Yet the word they cannot say
 That may be the last between them
 P'r'aps for ever and a day!
 Still their hands are locked together,
 And their hearts together beat,
 Till a silent kiss, and he is gone,
 The while his lips repeat:
 "Till cease to dash the breakers
 On this rugged Cornish shore,
 I shall love you, near or distant,
 As to-day, for evermore!"



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"THIS RUGGED CORNISH SHORE."

She is standing by the wicket
 As in days that used to be,
 But the only sound anear her
 Is the moaning of the sea!
 Since her lover sailed across it
 Now have vanished years and years,
 And no word from him has ever come,
 Yet 'midst the waves she hears:
 "While still shall dash the breakers
 On the rugged Cornish shore,
 I shall love you—living—dying—
 Till I cannot love you more!"

EDWARD OXENFORD.



DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Madame Féraudy came downstairs on the next morning she found her nephew gone. At first she could not believe it, it seemed impossible, but a letter left on the table attracted her attention, and with a full heart she opened it. An enclosure fell out addressed to Eugénie Lacour.

Madame Féraudy could not restrain her tears when she read what André had written to her.

"MY DEAREST *maman*, dear to me as my own mother, do not blame me that I leave you abruptly like this, but think of me with patience and, above all, love me still, even though I am obliged to disregard your wishes in this one matter.

"I go because I dare not see Génie again. I am too weak. Yesterday I thought it but a small thing to conquer my love for her, but when I saw her lying senseless in that terrible strait, the terror, the agony I went through, tore away all illusion.

"Well, dear *maman*, pray for me that with a willing heart I may make this last consummate sacrifice for God and His poor. But I am only a man. I cannot see her again, and I will not—for her sake also. She thinks of me gently, tenderly. I have seen affection in her sweet eyes; and a certain wistful pain like that of a misunderstood child because I have been so cold. It is best so. She will think this sudden departure cold, perhaps unkind. Let it be so. A love is awaiting her which will comfort and fill her heart, if it has been a little wounded by my hand. Be loving to the child; a motherless girl is a very tender being. Some day perhaps, not now—but afterwards—you may tell her that if it had been God's will I might have told her of my love, but the Shadow of the Cross is upon me and

it points the way into a world of hopeless pain.

"God bless you, dear *maman*. Your devoted,

"ANDRÉ.

"P.S.—Give this enclosed letter to Génie. You need not fear to do so."

Madame Féraudy rose and brushed away her tears.

"He is a very saint," she said to herself. "And I must be an old sinner to mind so much."

There was a great deal to do all day in the house and Madame Féraudy felt cross and put out when message after message came from the Canières.

"Monsieur and madame's compliments, and did Mademoiselle Lacour feel a little better?"

Madame Féraudy sent all the messages up by Jeanne conscientiously.

Génie lying, tired and unnerved in her little bed, was touched to the heart by them. Their assiduity was such a contrast to the cold fact that she learnt from Jeanne that Dr. André was gone—gone without waiting to see her or to hear her thanks. She cried a little when she first heard it, then she brightened up over the messages, and smiled, well pleased, when a large bouquet was brought to her with her twelve o'clock luncheon.

She tried to get up in the afternoon, but was so stiff and faint that she was obliged to return to bed, and this was followed by a greatly distressed message and a touching description from Jeanne of the white face and agitation of Monsieur Jean when he heard it.

Jeanne herself was touched by this devotion. It was evident, she told herself, that Dr. André had no wish to marry mademoiselle, so heart and soul she would wish Monsieur Canière success.

Madame Féraudy was very busy all

day, or thought herself so, so that it was not till late in the afternoon that she went upstairs to sit with Génie.

The girl was lying in her little white bed, and the snowy linen was scarcely more colourless than her little face. Madame Féraudy went up to her and kissed her lovingly.

"My little one," she said, "you look white and sad. How do you feel now?"

"I am much better, *maman*, and Jeanne has been bathing my foot with the stuff Dr. André sent me. It has soothed the pain. He seems to be always there to save me," she faltered, her voice breaking a little, and her grey eyes looking up very wistfully into those of her old friend.

"His mission in life is to succour the distressed and heal pain," said Madame Féraudy.

"Yes," said Génie gently. "But it is hard, very hard, to have to take all and give nothing. When I heard that he was gone without seeing me, without letting me tell him my gratitude, my deep gratitude to him then—then—" she could not finish.

"Then you were sorry, *mignonne*? I know the feeling well. He will never think of himself. My child, he is not like other men, he is a saint."

"I know, he is too far above us to care for our thanks, but, *maman*, it is hard."

"Ah," said Madame Féraudy, "sometimes, not often in life, it is given to us to see a life dedicated as his is to the service of God, and one must not interrupt it, Génie. One must stand back and let it pass on, unhindered by our simpler, more selfish wishes."

Génie lay back with closed eyes, through which the slow tears stole one by one.

"You should have seen him, *maman*. As I saw him, standing by me when I

woke. He looked so noble, so exultant, and I thought—I thought that it was because once more he had saved me, a second time had come just at the very moment in which my greatest need had come. And when I went to sleep I was so happy, so content. But this morning, *maman* dear, when Jeanne told me that he was gone, I knew the truth, that he did not care. I was no more to him than any other object of his charity."

She had just ceased speaking when Jeanne came in with a little basket, a message with it.

Monsieur Canière had been over to Quintan where he knew of a man who kept hot-houses, and had procured some grapes of which he begged Mademoiselle Génie's acceptance.

"He is so good, so very kind," said Génie languidly, and she sat up in bed and ate some of them with pleasure.

Madame Féraudy saw with a thrill of pain that Dr. André had been right. His abrupt departure had hurt Génie deeply. Her fancy, which had dwelt on

him of late, was chilled and thrown back. And she knew that she must not interfere, that she must let the girl turn with gentle gratitude to the love which lavished grapes and toys at her feet, and André in his letter had said, "Let it be so."

For two or three days Génie was obliged to remain in bed, but on the Sunday after her accident she was allowed to come down.

She felt very weak and shaky as she came out of her room and stood at the head of the staircase, but taking courage she was about to begin the descent when Monsieur Canière, who had evidently been waiting for her appearance, dashed up three steps at a time and offered her his arm.

Génie was very glad of the support, and touched by his air of devotion as he led her into the white *salon*, and arranged cushions for her on the sofa.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "you do not know what we have been through, my mother and I! How we

have lived on messages and assurances that you were better. You look so pale, as if the suffering and shock to the nerves had been very great. We cannot bear to think of it."

Madame Féraudy came in, and Jean Canière took his leave lingeringly, assuring her that he would not fatigue her for the whole world.

When he was gone Génie said languidly, "How good-looking Monsieur Canière is, *maman*. I never remarked it before."

Madame Féraudy could not help it, she said abruptly—

"He is not to compare in looks with André, *mignonne*."

"Perhaps not," said Génie with irrepressible bitterness. "But Dr. André's face is fit for St. John or the Archangel Michael in a picture by Raphael, whereas, for every day use, less sublimity is better."

Then Madame Féraudy knew that the work was already half done.

(To be continued.)

OUR PUZZLE COMPETITION REPORT (MARCH).

PRIZE WINNERS.

One Guinea Each.

A. A. Campbell, 15, Cambridge Drive, Glasgow.

M. A. C. Crabb, Red Hill, Rickmansworth, Herts.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

E. C. Milne, 170, Oakley St., Chelsea, S.W. Constance Taylor, 6, Market Place, Peterboro'. Henry Wilkinson, 18, Airey Terrace, Gateshead.

Sophie Yeo, 17, Portland Square, Plymouth.

Seven Shillings Each (for ingenuity of design).

Gertrude A. Cashell, 35, Downs Road, Clapton.

Blanche Holmes, Malvern House, Acock's Green, near Birmingham.

Kate Seaman, 111, Saltram Crescent, Paddington.

Very Highly Commended.

C. Adams, W. J. Barrett, S. Bentley, F. W. Honnibal, Edith B. Jowett, Meta Kelway, Rev. H. McNaught, J. D. Musgrave, Mrs. Paulin, Margaret Robertson, Janet Scott, Lillian H. Sampson, V. M. Welman, M. Wilkins.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, L. B. Ashford, Sybil Atkinson, Edith K. Baxter, Annie Beddingfield, Dora N. Fertie, Ethel Biggs, W. M. Butcher, Annie J. Cather, C. A. Cooper, Rev. J. Corkey, Mrs. R. H. Field, Mrs. Grubbe, Robert H. Hamilton, Edith M. Harcourt, Edward St. G. Hodson, Catherine M. Kingwell, Daisy V. Kingwell, J. A. Kingwell, Nellie Knight, Edith E. Lane, Ruth Lawrence, Ethel Raffety, Hugh Reynolds, Alice Seaman, Amy Swinger, Ellen C. Tarrant, Mrs. A. Wallace, Lillias Walter, Connie Whitmore, Emily M. P. Wood.

Honourable Mention.

Alice Bart, Leonora Clark, May B. Clements, L. Clews, May Connell, Nina E. Coote,

Kate Daniels, Edith K. Ellis, Annie Fitt, Daisy M. Freeman, A. E. Goodwin, Edith L. Howse, Eveline Mahood, Maud Miller, B. Neve, Miss Oldfield, L. M. Todd, Frances Walpole, Agnes Whipham, Edith M. Young.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

WHEN we first saw the pile of puzzles we found no difficulty in controlling our delight. After a casual examination we had even less in expressing our despair. It was indeed a strong temptation to pick out all the good-looking ones, arrange them in order according to their beauty, and settle our award in that way.

But that stern sense of duty which never forsakes a puzzle editor—excepting when he runs away—forbade, and with many a sigh we began to solve. It was some comfort to find that, with the solution to help us, our task was less difficult than we had feared. We must humbly confess, however, that a few devices baffled us altogether. Our first impulse was to regard these with profound respect, but on reflection, this feeling was somewhat modified. "If you," said we to ourselves, "cannot solve one of these familiar puzzles with the help of the solution, either you must be seriously unwell or the puzzle must be too difficult to be of much service to mankind at large." We cheerfully accepted the latter alternative, marked the puzzles "t. d." and kept them out of the prize-bundle.

We are bound to say that, taking the puzzle as a whole, not much originality was displayed. Most of the work was a "colourable imitation" of our own. For instance, the second line usually ended with pictures of a *can*, a *knot*, and a *fly*. True, various kinds of cans were introduced; even the knot was not always obviously a knot, and the fly sometimes appeared as a blackbeetle, sometimes as a cab and once as a Lord Mayor's coach. But, however expressed, the idea was the same, and long before we had finished our work we were a little tired of it. It is one thing to perpetrate a crime oneself and quite another to tolerate it in anyone else.

Of the non-pictorial puzzles, the most irritating were those which substituted another letter for the right one. In this form a becomes b or y, or anything else you like. The result is a most bewildering conglomeration of letters. If you have sufficient time to study it you find a clue and the mystery vanishes. Is it unkind to say that we do not see where the ingenuity of the maker is to be found in such a puzzle?

The knight's move puzzle, of which we had three or four varieties, is pretty, but it is not new.

The simple fact is that new puzzle ideas are now very difficult to create and the old ones have been done to death. The hieroglyphic form is possibly the best of those extant, for it presents so much scope for freshness of treatment. But even it can be played out, as our readers will find one day.

FOREIGN AWARD.

ON CLOTHING.

PRIZE WINNERS (Seven Shillings Each).

Lillian Dobson, 18, Havlock St., St. Kilda,

Victoria, Aust.

Mrs. and Edith Hardy, Finch St., E. Malvern,

Victoria, Aust.

Elizabeth K. Peacock, 8, Lock St., Auburn,

Melbourne.

Very Highly Commended.

Annie Barron (Montreux), Winifred Bizzey (Canada), Annie I. Cameron (British Guiana), Mrs. Haybittel (Cape Colony), Annie Jackson (Canada), J. S. Summers (Bombay).

Highly Commended.

Mabel Ayliff (Cape Colony), Margaret L. Baller (China), Mrs. F. Christian (Bengal), Bertha Dyke (Buenos Aires), Fontilla Greaves (Barbados), Anna I. Hood (France), A. Horne (Wellington), Philippa M. Kemlo (Cape Colony), Mrs. E. R. Manners (Bengal), Maud Caton Ogilvie (Deccan), Mrs. Sprigg (Cape Colony), Ada F. Sykes (Calcutta).

"THE FATHER OF THE SYMPHONY": JOSEPH HAYDN.



THE eighteenth century has been called the "Genius Period" of musical history. It greeted the fifteen-year-old Bach and Haendel, and witnessed the development of their powers. It

gave us, in its thirty-second year, Joseph Haydn; in its fifty-sixth year, Mozart; in its seventieth year, Beethoven, and just three years before its close it lent us Schubert.

Truly a noble record!

Of these six masters, three were Germans—Bach, Haendel and Beethoven; the remaining three—Haydn, Mozart and Schubert—were Austrians. The Germans are thinkers, and the music which they have produced appeals primarily to the intellect. The Austrians, while less profound, are more graceful, and while less learned are more gay. Their music is lighter than that of their northern colleagues, and the gaiety which is so marked a characteristic of their lives, finds utterance in the brilliant harmonies and dancing rhythms of their compositions.

A true child of Austria we find in Joseph Haydn. Listen to one of his symphonies and, be you ever so sad, ever so sulky, it will tease you and coax you till all your ill-humour disperses like mist in the morning sunshine. When he was an old man a friend commented upon the peculiar cheerfulness of his church music. "I cannot help myself," answered the aged musician, "what I have, I give. But when I think of God, my heart jumps so for joy, that the notes run as if off a reel. And as God has given me a joyous nature, He will surely forgive me if I serve Him joyfully!"

It has been claimed for Haydn that he is the father of humour in music. This keen sense of humour must have served him well in his checkered life, for domestic happiness he had none. He was the second of twelve children. His father, who was a wheelwright, had built the little house at the end of the principal street in the village of Rohrau, which is still standing, and into it he moved on his marriage with the cook from a neighbouring mansion. Mathias Haydn and his wife had musical tastes. He played the harp by ear and they sang together. Little Joseph sat on a bench in the corner and took part in the performance, pretending to play on an imaginary violin, consisting of two pieces of wood with which he imitated exactly the gestures of the village schoolmaster. A distant relative, named Frankh, who was music director at the small neighbouring town, Hainburg, happened to hear him one day when he was six years old, and, pleased with the child's pure intonation, offered to undertake his musical education. The mother was strongly opposed to the idea, as she would have preferred to see her son a priest or a schoolmaster, but her prejudices were finally overcome, and master Joseph, or Sepperl as he was called in the Austrian dialect, was soon established at school at Hainburg. Frankh was a good teacher and Joseph an apt pupil. As he said himself, "learning came easy" to him. He became a good singer and learnt to play most of the instruments then in use, even including the drum,

for, on one occasion a drummer being wanted for a procession, Frankh pushed young Sepperl into the place, and showed him how to beat. A funny little figure he must have looked, for he was so small that the drum had to be slung on the back of a school-fellow of his own height, who happened to be a hunchback, and thus the curious procession moved on. Haydn always retained a fancy for the drum, which plays an important part in his "Surprise" and other symphonies, and he greatly astonished the band which he was engaged to conduct in London, when quite an old man, by a display of his skill in this branch of musical art.

Two years after his removal to Hainburg Sepperl was heard by Reutter, the music-director of the famous cathedral at Vienna, who, pleased with his "weak, sweet voice," and finding that he could sing a shake, proposed to take him back with him and finish his education. The little village lad could scarcely realise his good fortune, and happy indeed was he when he found himself among the scholars in the cloisters beneath the beautiful spire of St. Stephen's. Here he learnt singing and violin and piano-playing from good masters, as well as Latin and other subjects, but he received no instruction in harmony. Reutter only gave him two lessons during all the time that he was with him, but, as Haydn himself said, he had the gift, and by dint of hard work he managed to get on.

In 1745 his brother Michael joined him as chorister. Michael was the sixth of the twelve children and was very musical, though he does not seem to have gained much success. Some of his compositions are still occasionally performed, but there was as much difference between him and his brother Joseph as there was between Sebastian Bach and the best of his sons.

After Joseph and Michael had been at St. Stephen's for some years the elder boy's voice began to break. This angered Reutter most unreasonably, and he only waited for an excuse to expel the unhappy boy. An opportunity soon presented itself. Joseph, with that love of fun which distinguished him through life, was, as a lad, addicted to practical jokes, and seeing one day a little comrade's pig-tail bobbing in front of him and a pair of brand new scissors gleaming beneath his hand he could not resist the temptation to introduce them to one another. The pig-tail fell, and master Joseph was sentenced to a caning. In vain he begged to be let off and declared that he would rather leave than suffer such an indignity. He was told the thrashing was to come first and after that he could march.

It was on a cold, wet evening that he found himself turned into the streets of Vienna, without home or friends, but after wandering about half the night he met a poor actor who had pity on his forlorn condition and took him home to his humble lodging.

Joseph was now sixteen. He succeeded in getting a few pupils, and a kind Viennese having lent him a hundred and fifty guildens, he rented an attic, got an old, worm-eaten piano and set to work to study composition from books and from the Sonatas of Emanuel Bach, which he mastered completely. His friend, the actor, obtained a commission for him to compose a comic opera, for which he was fairly well paid and, having plenty of courage and perseverance, he managed to keep himself afloat.

In Germany and Austria most people live in flats, and thus it happens that a millionaire and a mechanic may be living beneath the same roof—only the mechanic will have rather

more of the roof. In the house which was topped by Haydn's attic there lived Metastasio, the greatest opera-librettist of the day, and the author of the clever but severe lines—

"Between a singer and musician
Wide is the difference of condition,
The one repeats, the other knows
The sounds which harmony compose,
And he who acts without a plan
May be esteemed more beast than man."

Metastasio was very wealthy and he had the guardianship of a rich, young Spanish girl. He was not long in discovering the genius up in his sky-light, and he engaged Haydn to teach music to his ward, who had singing lessons from the celebrated Porpora. In this way Haydn gained the friendship of the Italian *maestro*, who engaged him as accompanist to his pupils, and who took him with him to the baths of Mannersdorf in Hungary, where he gave him lessons in composition, in return for which Haydn had to act as valet as well as accompanist. In consequence of this connection with Porpora he became acquainted with the principal musicians of his time, including Gluck, who advised him to go to Italy. This, however, there was no possibility of his doing. He was also introduced to a very wealthy amateur named Fürnberg, who invited him to his house and who encouraged him to compose his first string quartet—a style of composition in which he was destined to excel and to earn for himself the name of Father of the Quartet as well as of the Symphony.

The first quartet was soon followed by others, and Haydn's prospects began to brighten. He raised his terms for lessons from two guildens a month to five, and somewhat later Fürnberg introduced him to the Bohemian Count, Ferdinand Morzin, who engaged him as music director and composer. The Count had a small but well-chosen orchestra, and Haydn, with his salary of twenty pounds a year, now bethought him of taking a wife. An old school-fellow at St. Stephen's had introduced him to his family, and Joseph's choice had fallen upon the youngest sister. As, however, she had determined to become a nun, and the father—a wig-maker—was unwilling to lose so hopeful a son-in-law, good-natured Haydn was easily persuaded to transfer his affections, or at least his attentions, to the elder sister, who was three years older than he. The wedding took place in 1760 at St. Stephen's, and a sorry marriage it proved for the bridegroom.

Disagreeable, bigoted, extravagant and bad-tempered, Maria Anna seems to have had scarcely any redeeming quality, and Haydn, whose nature was too kindly and too joyous to be warped or soured, soon made up his mind that domestic bliss was not his portion and that he must find happiness in himself. Not long after this marriage Count Morzin dismissed his band, but Haydn was immediately engaged by Prince Esterhazy, one of the richest princes in Austria and one whose family had been known for generations as devoted lovers of art and music.

This prince had a good orchestra at Eisenstadt, and Haydn was appointed second conductor, the first being an old man, Werner, who died a few years later. To please his prince, Joseph taught himself the baryton, an instrument on which his patron performed, and which was something like the violoncello, but, finding that this plan was quite unsuccessful, Prince Nicholas not at all appreciating the skill of his rival, Haydn quietly forgot his new accomplishment and confined himself

to composing music for the instrument—a much more pleasing comment!

Not satisfied with his residence at Eisenstadt, Prince Nicholas later built for himself a magnificent place on a distant estate, which had, prior to this time, been very unhealthy. The improvements he made rendered it not only habitable, but transformed it into a most delightful spot, equalled only by Versailles for beauty and magnificence. Here he built a marionette theatre, and, having brought over his entire orchestra, received princely visitors, even including the Empress. He became so fond of this place of his creation, which he called Esterhazy, that he spent almost all the year there. Very few of the musicians were allowed to bring their wives, which, though a deprivation to many, must have been rather a relief to poor Haydn. Even he, however, felt the banishment from all artistic society, though, on the other hand, he acknowledged his advantages. "My Prince," he says, "was always satisfied with my works. I not only had the encouragement of constant approval, but as conductor of an orchestra I could make experiments, observe what produced an effect and what weakened it, and was thus in a position to improve, alter, make additions or omissions, and be as bold as I pleased. I was cut off from the world, there was no one to confuse or worry me, and I was forced to be original."

The whole band of musicians was devoted to Haydn. On many occasions he interceded with the Prince on their behalf, especially with the object of shortening the visit to Esterhazy, that they might rejoin their families. It was for this purpose that he conceived the droll idea of his Farewell Symphony, in which one instrument after another ceases to play, the performer slipping quietly away, until only two violins are left. At the first performance one of these was the Prince's favourite. His Highness took the hint, and, laughing, exclaimed—"If all go, we may as well go too!" Haydn's object was attained.

In the year 1779 the Esterhazy Theatre was burnt down. When the new one was opened an opera by Haydn was given under his direction. It was played later in Vienna, but none of his operas have lived. He judged them very fairly himself, when he said in answer to an invitation to perform one at Prague—"My operas are calculated exclusively for our own company, and would not produce their effect elsewhere."

If he had followed Gluck's advice and had gone to Italy they might have been better, but we should not have had the Haydn whom we love, and without Haydn, Beethoven would scarcely have been possible.

Prince Esterhazy occasionally took his musical company to perform at the large towns in Austria, and Haydn was by this time known all over Europe; even from Spain he received enthusiastic letters, and from

London he had several good offers both from publishers and concert managers. The latter offered him any terms if he would come to London, but nothing came of their attempts, and at length Salomon determined to try what personal influence would do. The music publisher, Bland, was sent to Vienna, but finding that Haydn was still at Esterhazy he followed him there. A funny story is told of their meeting. Bland arrived in the morning when Haydn was shaving, and at the door he overheard the irate composer abusing the bluntness of his razor in too gentle tones, exclaiming at last—"I would give my best quartett for a good razor!" Back to his

educated for the great world, and you speak too few languages."

"But my language is understood all over the world," answered Haydn smiling.

The visit to England was a grand success. Everywhere the composer was received with enthusiasm, although Haendel was then at the zenith of his fame. After he had been some months in London Haydn visited Oxford, where the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on him. Three grand concerts were given in his honour; at the second one his Oxford symphony was performed, and at the third he conducted in his new doctor's robes.

On his return to Austria his Grand Imperial Mass was performed. This work is called the "Nelson Mass" in Germany, because it was first given during Nelson's visit to Eisenstadt. Our great naval hero was so much impressed by its grandeur and beauty that at the end of the concert he begged Haydn to give him his pen, and handed him in return his own gold watch.

The first visit having been so successful Salomon persuaded Haydn to come to England again in 1794. Concerts were organised at which he conducted his works, the "Surprise Symphony" being an especial favourite. Among the costly or curious presents that were showered upon him before his departure were a talking parrot and six pairs of cotton stockings with themes from his compositions worked into them.

Whilst visiting England Haydn had often envied us our National Anthem, and one of his first tasks on his return home was the composition of the celebrated Austrian hymn, "God Preserve the Emperor!" This was one of his favourite works, and only a few days before his death he had his chair wheeled up to the piano and played it three times over. He has made use of it in one of his finest string quartetts—the one known as the "Kaiser Quartett."

The highest point of Haydn's fame as a composer was not reached until the composition of the two works of his old age—"The Creation," and "The Seasons." Salomon, the English concert agent, had offered him a text compiled from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, for the subject of an oratorio. This he took back with him to Vienna and gave to van Swieten, who altered it considerably. Haydn then set to work with the keenest delight. "Never," he says, "was I so pious as when composing the 'Creation.' I knelt down every day and prayed to God to strengthen me for my work." In 1800 it was engraved and then it was given everywhere. In England it was first performed by the Three Choirs; in 1800 at Worcester, in 1801 at Hereford, and in 1802 at Gloucester. Exceeding "The Messiah" no work was ever so popular.

Stimulated by the success of "The Creation," van Swieten persuaded Haydn to compose a second oratorio, and provided him with a text which he had arranged from



JOSEPH HAYDN.

lodging rushed Bland, and returning presently with his own good English one, presented it in triumph to the master and received in return Haydn's newest quartett, which is still called the "Razor Quartett." Bland also obtained the copyright of several other works, but he could not persuade Haydn to come to London. It was not until 1790 that this object was accomplished. Then, Prince Esterhazy having died, and his conductor having settled down in Vienna, Salomon himself appeared on the scene. Haydn could no longer plead his other engagements, and the Englishman succeeded in making terms with him. Mozart, who was devoted to Haydn, was rather fearful of the experiment. He spent the hours prior to the master's departure with him and saw him off. "Papa!" he exclaimed, "you are not

Thomson's "Seasons." The new work was as well received as the first had been; opinions are still divided as to which is the finer, and no one hearing either would imagine that it was the work of a man of seventy years of age. But Haydn's muse never grew old. His last active appearance in public was in 1803 when he conducted a performance of his cantata, "The Seven Words of Our Lord on the Cross," for the benefit of the hospital fund.

He composed very little after "The Seasons." He was working on a string quartet in 1806, and two movements of it were completed, but in despair of ever being able to finish it, he added the first few bars of one of his vocal quartets. "All my strength has vanished quite, old and weak am I," and those words he had printed on a card to send to friends who inquired for him.

Once more he appeared in public, but it was as a listener in 1808. It was at a won-

derful performance of "The Creation" conducted by Salieri, at the university. Haydn was carried into the hall in a sedan chair and placed amongst the highest ladies of the land, and costly shawls and laces were brought to wrap about his feet and shield the old man from any possible draught. The oratorio begins with a weird confused murmur, intended to represent chaos; wilder and ever wilder grows the music till it seems to be one hopeless tangle, then suddenly there is a pause. One deep voice is heard—

"And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said—*Let there be light!*"

The whole chorus joins in the divine command, but hushed and in the minor key. Then follows—*And there was light.*

In glorious, full major chords the whole band and chorus proclaim the coming of the light. You can see it grow light, as the

music pours forth its joyous tones. The effect on the whole audience that night, with the aged composer in their midst, was electric. He, completely overpowered, called out—

"Not I, a greater than I has made it!" At the end of the first part it was thought best to take him away. Many friends pressed forward to bid him farewell, amongst them, Beethoven, who threw himself upon his master and kissed his forehead. At the door Haydn turned round and lifted up his hands, as if he would bless those present.

He lingered for a year after this, but in March 1809 he passed away. Funeral services were held in the principal towns of Europe, when the news of his death was made known, and Mozart's beautiful "Requiem" was performed at his burial. He had no children, but to all the world of music he was "Papa Haydn."

ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

SWEET WILLIAM.

By the Author of "That Horrid Boy Next Door," etc.

CHAPTER III.

IT was late when Betty came in. Her old step had lost its lightness; there was a little dejected air about her.

"Beastly thing," she said, flinging her cap to the other end of the room, and stabbing the leather arm of the chair viciously with her hat-pin.

"What is the matter," asked Meg. "Matter?" echoed Betty—"why, everything's the matter! There's that old Murray gone off abroad, and he'll be away months; and he left no message for me, the woman said, no money and no work! But what is the matter with you? Has anything happened while I've been out? Has that old cat been at it again? How white you look, Meg—and you've been crying."

"It is Willy."
"Yes?" asked Betty anxiously.
"He is worse. The doctor has just been and he's left some medicine. It's all he can do for him. He says Willy ought to have been sent away from London long ago."

"But—he doesn't think he'll die?"
"He didn't say so; but his face was very grave. I can't get it out of my mind," she said shivering.

"Oh, Meg," said Betty, sitting up and looking frightened. "Oh, dear, what shall we do if he dies?"

"No, no; we must give him proper support and get him away from here."

"Yes, but how?" asked Betty, beginning to cry. "We've no money and no hopes of getting any. Oh, Meg, you are right, fortune is not good to us." She leaned her head on the table and sobbed aloud.

"Betty, we must hope and pray," whispered Meg. "God is good; He cannot desert us now we have most need of Him."

But the girl's sobs only grew wilder.
"Oh, no. Heaven can't see us shut up here in this miserable garret. If He could see us He wouldn't let us be poor like this; He wouldn't have let Lesley Murray go away as he did, and Caleb Stretton would have bought your picture. Oh, no—no—no! How can He hear us when everybody is clamouring at the same time?"

"Betty, darling"—Meg spoke calmly as she slipped down beside the younger girl and wound her arms tenderly about her—"where is your faith? Have you forgotten the 'still small voice'?" Betty, when we

thought we were all alone in this big, wicked city He was by our side, holding our hands, guiding our feet, shielding us in His strong, loving arms from the rough world's touch. Brave little heart, look up. Put all your trust in Him—till the end."

"Till the end," came softly through Betty's tears.

"And now I have thought of something. To-morrow I shall go to Caleb Stretton and tell him—everything. He is kind and will lend me some money on my picture. There is sure to be a letter from Emma with this morning's post, and we'll get Willy off straight away."

Betty looked more cheerful. Things were not going to be so very bad after all.

"That is right," said Meg. "You see, it is only for a little while."
But there was no letter next morning, and the girls wondered.

"She may be dead. Ten years is a long time," suggested Betty.

But Meg shook her head.
"I don't think so somehow," she said. "We may hear yet. We must wait."

"She may come herself," said Betty. "Wouldn't that be jolly?" She was standing looking in at Willy's door. "But, oh, she must be quick! Every moment is precious. Meg," she said hoarsely, catching the girl's arm, "I sometimes think, and I can't help it, that the country Willy sees is not ours, but that within the portals of Eternity, and the music he hears, which he calls singing-birds, are the harps of heaven, and they are not Emma's arms holding him so tightly, but the Good Shepherd's."

"Betty, dear,"

"I can't help it, Meg. I try to be brave like you, but I can't—oh, I can't!"

"Poor little thing!" soothed Meg.

Later Meg set out on her errand. Caleb Stretton was in, attending to a customer when Meg entered the shop, timidly at first, but gaining confidence when the man's kind eyes found their way over to her. He left the old gentleman examining a portfolio of sketches while he went to speak to her.

Meg told her story and Caleb Stretton listened. When she had finished he laid five pounds on the counter and asked her if that would be sufficient.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Meg gratefully, as her eyes filled with tears. "Thank you so much—oh, thank you so very much!" She turned her head away to hide her scarlet

cheeks, and, picking up the money with a last murmuring "Thank you," went out.

"Who is that young woman?" asked the old gentleman.

He was a tall, thin, old fellow, with a kind, honest face and yellow-white locks falling beneath the shabby silk hat. He bore marks of the country in his dress, which was old-fashioned and shiny about the seams. He wore a gay muffler and woollen gloves, and rubbed his spectacles on a bright-patterned cotton handkerchief.

"Her mother was a customer of mine. I bought a few pictures of her. A day or two ago the young lady brought me one of her own, which I am afraid I cannot accept."

"They are very poor," observed the old gentleman.

"Very. It is a marvel to me how they live."

"Large family?"

"Three. The girl you saw here just now, who seems to be the bread-winner, and a young sister and brother—a little sickly chap, always ill."

"Orphans?" Dear, dear! You lent them money I saw."

"Five pounds. The doctor has given the boy up, but they imagine they can save him by sending him away into the country."

"I suppose it would come in useful—the money I mean—if the picture were sold?"

"Oh, yes! But it is a crude piece of work, poorly finished and lacking in breadth and general treatment. Then the subject—"

"May I see the picture?" asked the old gentleman, a queer light coming into his eyes. The painting was brought, and, putting his spectacles on his nose, he commenced to study it carefully. "Dear, dear," he said suddenly, "what a likeness!"

"Yes—but the subject is poor, and the high light—"

"Fiddle-sticks to your 'high lights'!" interrupted the old gentleman strangely, taking off his spectacles and cleaning them again. "It is like Polly—little Polly Morgan."

"A relative?" asked the man civilly.

"Relative!" thundered the old gentleman. "She was all that was left to me in the world—All I loved—little Polly Morgan. It killed my brother when his child went away to London with that man Merrick."

"Merrick?"

"Yes, sir. A scoundrel, sir, a ne'er-do-well—a scape-goat! He dragged her here.

There were some children. I believe he died leaving her without a penny to bless herself with." The old gentleman mopped his eyes on the gaudy handkerchief.

"Merrick, sir?"

"That's what I said. William Merrick he was called. Do you happen to know any family of that name?"

"The young person we've been speaking about is a Miss Merrick."

"Egad—she is! And this is her picture. Ah, what do I read here? 'Sweet William.' Can this be young Merrick? Yes, there is a likeness. It is Polly's face, but not her eyes. I can't forget them. They laughed themselves into my old heart many, many years ago. What do you know of these Merricks?"

"When I first knew them, nearly seven years ago, the mother used to bring her pictures to me. She was a little woman, with red golden hair and blue eyes."

"Yes—yes. My little Polly. Go on."

"She has been dead three." The old man's head moved up and down and a tear trickled down his furrowed cheek and fell to the floor. "They lived then in Eaton Square. Now they rent a wretched garret in Brookfield Street. See," he turned over some pages in an old account book. "Paid to Mrs. Polly Merrick."

The old gentleman put out his hand.

"Polly Merrick," he muttered, in a thin cracked whisper. "The little girl who used to climb up on my knee and throw her little arms round my old neck—dead!" He stood motionless for a few minutes with his head bent. "Well, well. That little dancing bit of a thing has danced itself out of my lonely old life." He raised his head and addressed the picture-dealer.

"I'll take it," he said, nodding towards "Sweet William," and drawing a cheque for a hundred pounds from his pocket-book. "Send it down to my address. Here is my card."

The man read, Silas Hebblethwaite, Northgate, Barclay.

"You needn't say anything to the girl about me. I have a surprise in store for them. What a curious thing I should tumble over them quite by accident, when I've been seeking them out for years. And Polly dead—pretty little Polly Morgan. Well, well, I'm a lonely old man and there's her children. I'll just take the next train back again to Scarcroft to old Emma Crossland and we'll come up together for them. And Emma—won't she be glad? Well, good-day, sir, good-day. I'm very much obliged to you, sir—very much obliged." And old Silas Hebblethwaite walked out and down the street with a lighter and firmer step than he had done for years, muttering all the way, "Well, well, poor pretty Polly Morgan. But I'll take the children for her sake."

But a week had passed away before Meg Merrick called again. One day, a young girl,

dressed all in black, with a pale pretty face, entered the shop and laid down five pounds in gold. It was only when she spoke that Caleb Stretton recognised her.

"I hope," he said, "it was not too late."

"Yes. When I reached home after leaving you that day he was unconscious. He never spoke again, and the next morning he died." She wiped her eyes and bent her head.

"I'm sorry. I hoped to have good news for you. Your picture has sold for a hundred pounds. I have the money here."

She took it silently without lifting her head and left the shop; but Caleb Stretton saw the tears beneath the girl's hood.

"Meg," said Betty that night, "I wonder why everything comes too late. If we had had this money a day or two sooner we might have saved him."

"He died bravely," said Meg in a far-away whisper. "He was in the country. He could hear the birds singing, and see the flowers growing, and feel the soft warm air, when he became a little 'bird of passage.' God should know best."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Betty drearily.

"And yesterday, we didn't know how we were going to live. Well, God has sent us this money to let us see He has not forgotten us, though we are hidden away up here. And now my picture has sold, Caleb Stretton will take more."

Just then voices were heard coming up the stairs and Mrs. Moreton's louder than the rest.

"This way, sir—this way, ma'am. An' I just reckon as the dear souls 'll be glad to see you."

Meg sprang to her feet and looked at herself quickly in the glass over the cornice. With a deft touch she smoothed her hair and rubbed away the tear-stains. Betty rushed round tidying things up a bit. The door opened and they came in. In the semi-darkness the girls saw an elderly gentleman in a flowered muffler and frock coat followed by a little plump woman, with a big country bouquet and a well-stocked basket.

"Some candles and a fire, sharp," ordered the little woman first thing, setting down her basket and flowers on the table. "Bless me, what a place. I thought we'd never get to the top of them blessed stairs. It's fair taken my breath away. And where's Miss Polly's children?"

"It's Emma," screamed Betty, and the next moment they were laughing and crying in her big motherly arms.

"And now, my dears," said Silas Hebblethwaite, with a little suspicious cough, "can you guess who I am?"

A slim girl came forward in a dingy black frock. She had a lovely oval face with pretty hair falling about it and shining blue eyes and a twisted gold chain clasped round her white throat.

"I think I know," she said. "It must be none other than Uncle Silas."

Was the old man in a dream or was this really his little Polly hanging once more round his neck. The soft hair swept his withered old cheeks, the warm kisses hung on his lips, and the full round blue eyes which laughed up into his face were those he had worshipped thirty years back. Pretty Polly Morgan lived again.

"Polly, my little girl?" he faltered.

"No, but Betty—Betty Merrick. She is dead, poor little mother. But I never could have mistaken you. I knew you at once. It was just as mother always said. I should know you, by the kindest, dearest old face. She never forgot you. When she was dying she took this from her neck," fingering the locket. "Do you remember it?" He did, for his hand shook as he held it. "She kissed it for the last time. 'Wear it, little Betty,' she said; 'and keep it safe for his sake.' It never leaves me day or night, and nothing would induce me to part with it, because it holds the dearest memories on earth, my mother's, and," said Betty, lifting one of the wrinkled hands gently to her lips—"and yours."

How energetic Emma was, and how she bustled round, setting things to rights and making the cheerless old garret look even cosy. The fire crackled and spluttered in the grate, and danced on the tea-things, running up the worn leather sofa, pulled up to the fire, and flickering across the beams and on the soiled paper walls. Old Silas Hebblethwaite sat in the broken rocker with Betty kneeling on the rug at his feet, chattering away to him, while Emma turned out all the good things in her basket, and Meg arranged the flowers in a broken-necked earthenware jug.

And what a lot they had to talk about over tea. And when they told sorrowfully how Willy died, how Emma sobbed and the tears coursed one another down the old man's cheeks.

"Well, well, he's fought his little life's battle, and it's done with," said Uncle Silas. "There are some of us who are too frail for this world of weal and woe, and God winnows them. And now," he said, clearing his throat and looking queerly across at Emma, who nodded her head. "Now comes my bit that I have to say, and why we came here to-day. Yes," he said, rising and holding out his arms, "it's to carry you down to Barclay. There's the big old house lonely enough down yonder, waiting for Polly's bairns to come and laugh out the cobwebs and rub the rust off an old man's life."

And the next day a cab drove up and took them away, and Sarah Ellen sobbed behind the door for an hour after they had gone, which brought about a row, and ended with Sarah Ellen giving notice.

Meg knows now who it was that bought "Sweet William."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To test a wall paper for ascertaining if it has arsenic in it, set a piece alight, and if it gives out a smell of garlic it is almost certain to contain the poison and should not be hung in any room. Another test is to pour over the paper a weak solution of hydrochloric acid; this will turn any green in the pattern into blue.

To raise the pile on plush or velvet, damp on the wrong side with clean water, then hold the material on the wrong side over a hot iron, and rub up the crushed place with a clean clothes brush.

CLOTHES-BRUSHES should be washed occasionally in soda and water like hair brushes—taking care not to wet the backs (which would take off the polish). They get very dirty with use; but it is astonishing for how many years people will use them without washing them.

A LEATHER that has been used to rub up brass articles after polish should not be used for rubbing up teaspoons or anything that will be put to the mouth. This is because of the poisonous nature of some of the brass polishes.

A MEDICAL man declares that bananas are the very best food for typhoid fever patients, for though they are a solid substance, it is not one that will irritate the lining membrane of the intestines, which in this disease become inflamed and gorged. The banana also contains 95 per cent. nutrition, and is in every case a valuable food.

LINOLEUM should not be washed with soap and water, but only tepid water, then rubbed with a cloth that has been dipped in milk and then well dried with a soft clean cloth.



THE CHINA CUPBOARD.

"HOW TO HANG CHINA.

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

BITS of beautifully coloured oriental china may be so inexpensively bought in these days that it is easy for our girls to make their own rooms pretty. Jars of bright satsuma, plates of fine Japanese ware, saucers of dragon ironstone, cost only a few pence. But the frames to mount them on come to as much more. Out of sixpence a week, our young readers might collect quite a wealth of richly-coloured treasures. It would need more than treble that to hang them on the walls as decorations. The following plan has been proved for many years and not found wanting. I flatter myself that, like the white knight's pudding, it is my own invention with a foundation of experience instead of blotting paper.

Buy a penny packet of large white hooks—common dress hooks. They can be procured without accompanying eyes.

String three of them on a strong, fine piece of twine, taking care that all the hooks point

one way. Now fix them equidistant on the edge of your plate.

The back must be very strong. Draw the twine as taut as you can. It will form a triangle.

Be sure and tie the ends together very firmly as everything depends on this knot. Then either leave a loop, or attach another piece of string to form one.

This last is to hang on the brass-headed nail previously hammered into position.

For very heavy plaques tape is firmer and stronger than twine, or the gold wire sold for hanging pictures is dependable. It is not so easy to manipulate as string, and requires nippers to twist it together. Be careful to renew cord or tape or wire occasionally. The metal hooks ironmould tape after a time and leave it unsafe. They eat through string and rust wire. But, in a dry room this apparatus for hanging china will last for a couple of years. It can be renewed, when necessary in a few minutes.

I cannot close this paper on hanging china, without giving a few hints as to grouping. Nothing is so ugly as isolated spots on a wall. If you have only one plate to hang, place it close by a picture, not away from every other object.

If you have several arrange them round a common centre.

Group families together. Hand-painted Chelsea, cream-coloured Wedgwood, royal blue crown Derby, common golden earthenware or willow pattern, according to their order. In this way the full beauty of each piece is added to, and intensified.

In some future paper, perhaps, the Editor may tell a few of the marks by which we can recognise "treasures" when we come across them. But remember that beauty of form and colouring is quite independent of intrinsic value or cost. An artistic eye will pick up such for a song if the said eye is kept wide open and educated in a Ruskinian fashion.

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

By LILY WATSON.

PART VI.

LOSS OF FAITH—BEWILDERMENT, AT MODERN IDEAS.

THE subject that forms our title can only be approached in these pages with a certain amount of reserve. It is obviously impossible to enter into minute details in this, as in other difficulties that beset the modern girl. For, should religious doubts be first suggested and then solved, it is very probable that the doubts would remain with some reader, and the solution be forgotten. All that I can do therefore is to try affectionately, and in a general manner, to give help where it is needed in this trouble.

It is a very real trouble in this *fin de siècle*, when there is a feeling of unrest abroad, and many clever books and periodicals are permeated by a spirit of scepticism. Girls cannot avoid—at least many thoughtful girls cannot—their share in this heritage. They may lead healthy, happy lives, entering with zest into out-door occupations and amusements; may be expert bicyclists, tennis-players, and everything that is "up to date," but silent hours will come, and thoughts on the graver aspects of life will come also.

It is for the healthy, morally sane girl I am writing. There is a sort of religious doubt and melancholy among women which is the offspring of ill-health, and is purely a morbid condition. For this, no argument or reasoning will avail much, and it is the general health which needs vigorous bracing.

Another word of caution is also necessary. There has been, perhaps, of late too general a tendency in some quarters to glorify the "honest doubter." There is such a thing as a shallow and conceited pleasure in professing to doubt everything just because it is considered a note of intellectual distinction so to do. The faith by the aid of which parents have lived unselfish, beautiful lives, and died calm and holy deaths, is lightly waved aside as being unworthy the attention of some impertinent young student fresh from college. I do not however, think that girls, from the very constitution of their nature, are the worst offenders in this respect, so perhaps it is

hardly necessary to dwell upon the point. Only I may just say—hold your faith reverently, as a sacred possession. Do not let the first superficial article or pamphlet that comes in your way, upset it like a house of cards! One reads of such cases in which apparently fervent and earnest souls have, at the bidding of some half-educated scribe, cast Christianity from them almost without an effort. It is strange and sad, and shows that there must be something gravely lacking in the very foundations of the faith which can thus collapse at a touch.

This leads me to the need for an intelligent faith, on which pages might be written; but my object is rather to help and comfort those who are in trouble at seeing what is dearer to them than life, in danger as they think.

For a time, indeed, a girl may be content to take everything for granted. She will perhaps be indignant that every one does not see, in religious matters, exactly as she does. "Why, of course it is so-and-so," she may reply, in a surprised tone, should anyone want her reasons for any form of belief. Or she may be of a humbler, wiser mould and yet never know the faintest breath of doubt. While the life is good and beautiful, it is cruel to disturb this serenity, even though one may suspect "narrowness" in some degree.

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays
Her early heaven, her happy views,
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days."

So Tennyson sang, in words that have often provoked cavil and question. It is always a dangerous thing, however, to try to destroy a belief that has become part of the nature, unless one has anything else better to put in its place.

Some women, then, go through life untroubled by doubt in any form. Others, again, are very different. As they approach the threshold of womanhood their views may become "unsettled." Sometimes this arises from the society in which they find themselves. They have lived in unquestioning compliance with their father's mode of faith and worship,

until they are suddenly brought into contact with others who believe and worship in a somewhat different way, and what they had thought as stable as the solid earth, seems to yield beneath their feet.

"Have they not the Bible as their guide?" it may be asked. Yes, and they should never fail to study it; but they cannot help seeing that others with equally conscientious intentions, draw somewhat different conclusions from the Bible, on one point and another.

There is danger in such a crisis. Because, one doctrine which may, after all, not be of vital moment, is questioned, it seems to the inquirer that everything is questioned, and a state of mental chaos, with often great spiritual distress and bewilderment, is the result.

There is a class of stronger minds that have more claim upon our sympathy.

These are they who, as they enter upon life in earnest, cannot resist the inroads of doubt. Dear and cherished beliefs, they cannot help seeing, are quietly assumed in many quarters to be "outworn." To strengthen these suggestions comes many an inner questioning caused by the problems of the world. I well remember, when a very young girl, how glily I used to try and console sufferers from bereavement, or from sorrow in any form. "We know it is all for the best," was my hackneyed form of consolation. How differently one now looks upon sorrow of the deepest kind! "All for the best!" It is wiser not to use such words before the mystery of human loss and anguish. Does not the Saviour at the portal of a grave, show us the better way?

"Jesus wept."

This leads me to one important consideration.

There is much in the world that it is better not to try and explain. Many doubts have been occasioned or strengthened in the young by well-meant efforts on the part of their elders to answer the problems of life, either with regard to personal or general application. For instance, one is told when brought face to face with the pressing questions raised by the

bitter cry of the outcast poor, "It is good for us to have the poor and needy with us, because our feelings of sympathy and compassion are called out." This statement may be true, but, given as a reason, it raises more doubts than it solves. Who are we, forsooth, that we should suppose our fellow-creatures are to groan in misery for our spiritual improvement? The sufferings of the innocent child who is doomed to be an invalid—nay, the very existence of evil in the world at all—are accounted for in the same calm, self-assured manner.

Such questions are better left unanswered altogether. It is wiser to bow in reverence in the presence of an acknowledged mystery, and wait the fuller solution; not trying to explain, because we are not in a position, as yet, to explain.

"But," you say, "my doubts and difficulties come from no such reason as this. No one has tried to solve the problems of the universe for me in a futile manner; my doubts arise from another and a deeper source."

There is a text which is very helpful to those who are thus perplexed and bewildered.

"If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching." John vii. 17 (Revised Version).

One thing in seasons of speculative doubt and difficulty is usually plain—*what to do*. What one ought to believe may be surrounded for awhile by mist and bewilderment, but right action is happily easier to discern. In doing the right, in working for others, while prayer is offered for more light, light will often come. To engage in some unselfish task, rather than to sit down and vaguely speculate, is the surest way of solving doubt and mental trouble.

A book which may be of great value to girls who have known religious doubt, or are bewildered by modern ideas—I do not recommend it indiscriminately—is a short biography, *A Record of Ellen Watson*, by Anna Buckland (Macmillan & Co.). It describes the brief career of a girl of wonderful promise. She won an exhibition at Bedford College, a Girton scholarship, and (not accepting the latter) became the first mathematical student of her year at University College, London,

gaining the Meyer de Rothschild exhibition. She was a favourite pupil of the late Professor Clifford. Of pure, unselfish aims, she nevertheless did not accept Christianity. Gradually, however, she came to receive it with deep faith and joy, through no pressure from without, but from the need of her own nature.

Her words, which we commend to thoughtful girls, are significant: "For me, in all my perplexities of belief—not that I allow myself to dwell on these; I think it is wasted energy—I am convinced that the one thing to be sought after most earnestly is a holy life, growing more and more in union with God, through utter submission and continual reliance."

Her unselfish, beautiful story, cut short so early, lends force to her words.

There is much also in Browning's poem "A Death in the Desert" that has been helpful to myself, and may be so to others.

The poem represents the Apostle John at the point of death. He lived to a great age. He is just passing away, but is roused to give words of counsel to his disciples. And, through all the obscurities of a very difficult though beautiful monologue, we arrive at something of this result:

"Many are already beginning to ask about the truth of the facts, which I have seen, have stated, of the Lord's life; and down through the ages many more will question. The best answer, you will find, is to point to Christianity itself, alive, vigorous, a redeeming, elevating power. This is my teaching: do not waste time, when time is so precious, in trying to prove over and over again each detail of what has once been accepted and woven into the fabric of Humanity.

"Start from the point at which you find yourself; be not always reverting to the foundation and searching after origins.

"How did fire come into the world? an artificer might be for ever questioning. Would not one reply to him—

"What boots it to inquire?' The great thing of importance for men is to use it now you have it.

"So with the living fire of Christianity.

Use it now you have it. Go on from the point at which you have already arrived.

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ

Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee All questions in the earth and out of it, And has so far advanced thee to be wise. Wouldst thou unprove this to re-prove the proved,

In life's mere minute, with power to use that proof, Leave knowledge, and revert to how it sprung? Thou hast it; use it, and forthwith, or die!"

There is much in this thought to help and enlighten. Precious time and mental energy are dissipated in the consideration of these "doubts." Instead of nursing them, act, and light will come.

As you look over the world, you can see that Christ is the Leader of the progressive part of the human race.

You can see that the lessons He taught are permeating society, and that the more closely He is obeyed, the happier are men, and the better is the world.

There is a fine passage, written by R. D. Blackmore, which is very significant. "Nothing shows more clearly that our faith is of heaven than the truth that we cannot rise to it until it raise us thither. . . . True Christianity, like hope, cheers us to continual effort, exalts us to unbounded prospect, flies in front of our best success. Let us call it a worn-out garb when we have begun to wear it; as yet the mantle is in the skies, and we have only the skirt with the name on it."

Yes; the more reverent the study, the purer the life, the more earnest the aspiration, the closer and clearer will be our vision of the Christian verity, and our perception of

"That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

LILY WATSON.

VARIETIES.

A CURIOUS NATIONAL CUSTOM.

"I was so mad," said the lively young American lady, "that I could have eaten a pound of nails."

The listening English tourist made a note in his commonplace book that evening. "Anger is so well recognised as a nervous complaint in this country that the natives are in the habit of taking iron to counteract it."

WHAT IS A PESSIMIST?

Papa, what is a pessimist?

A pessimist, my daughter, is a person who never goes out on her bicycle without expecting to puncture her tyre.

AT THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

A well-known author remarks somewhere that it is a melancholy fact that young people of the present day say they cannot read Dickens. This statement may be illustrated by the following dialogue heard recently in Westminster Abbey:—

He (*instructively, pointing with his cane to Dickens's grave*): "Charles Dickens."

She (*hesitatingly*): "Charles Dickens? A writer, wasn't he?"

He (*rather impatiently*): "Yes—he wrote some tales."

She: "Just fancy!"

HOW TO TEACH A PARROT TO TALK.

Some people say that in order to teach a parrot to talk it is necessary to cut or split the poor thing's tongue. This is quite a mistaken idea.

When you go near Polly's cage always greet the bird with kind words, for a great part of the secret of getting a parrot to talk consists in your first winning his affection and confidence.

You should teach him just a few words to begin with—not long sentences—and you must keep repeating those until he has fairly learned them, and when you are saying them perform some little action in connection with them which will impress the words on your pupil's mind and memory.

For instance, if you wish to teach him to say, "Polly wants his dinner," repeat these words distinctly to him, at the same time giving him some food.

When you want to teach him to say "Good-night, dear," don't keep repeating the short phrase to him at all hours of the day but only at the proper time, and the same with the greeting "Good-morning."

It isn't necessary to be out of sight when teaching Polly to talk. Stand near his cage or perch, and speak distinctly and not too fast.

A SYMPATHETIC EMPLOYER.

Dear Old Gentleman: "And so that is your employer going to the funeral of one of his clerks?"

Young Clerk: "Not a clerk but a distant relation of one of the clerks."

"Indeed! I am sure that is very thoughtful."

"Yes, much too thoughtful. Whenever any of us lose a relative and tell him about it he always goes to the funeral."

"And do you object to such kindness of heart?"

"It isn't kindness of heart, sir. He goes to make sure that the funeral isn't an excuse for a day off."

WAITING.

"Serene I fold my arms and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.
I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

John Burroughs.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

AMBER.

I HAVE in my museum a piece of amber in which some small flies with gauzy wings can be plainly discerned. Ages ago these insects must have alighted upon some resin oozing out of a pine tree of a species that is now extinct (*Pinus succinifer*) and held fast by the glutinous sap, they were embedded and enshrined there, until, in the course of time, the resin became mineralised into what we call amber.

Although this substance is occasionally found in England and France and rather plentifully in Australia, the chief supply comes to us from the south-eastern shores of the Baltic. A forest of the amber-yielding pine must have existed there long ago. It is now submerged, and in calm weather the fossil trees and immense deposits of amber can be discerned on the ocean-floor.

The amber fishers, clothed in leather and provided with hooked forks and hand nets, wade into the sea and gather such fragments of amber as may be floating on the surface; but the larger and finer pieces are obtained by rowing out from the shore and raising the masses of amber with pronged forks and nets. Even better results are obtained by divers,



FLIES IN AMBER.

who work under water for five hours at a time, prising up large blocks of amber from the weed and sand in which they are embedded; these are hauled up to the boats and brought to shore.

Amber is chiefly used for mouth-pieces for pipes, partly because of its smooth surface and originally on account of the belief which prevails in Turkey that it cannot transmit infection.

Some amber, like my own specimen, is as clear as yellow glass, while other pieces are more or less clouded.

The first mention of this substance is in Homer's "Odyssey"—

"An artist to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains."

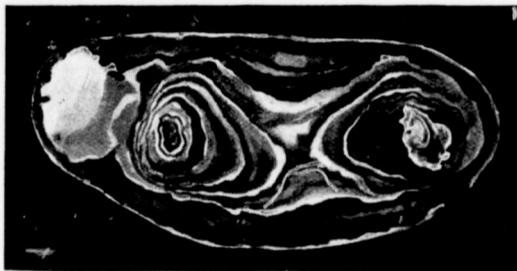
So we learn that necklaces of amber are of high antiquity.

As many as eight hundred different kinds of insects have been discovered embedded in amber, all formerly natives of warm climates, but now extinct.

If a piece of amber is firmly rubbed upon flannel or cloth, it will become so electric as to attract small pieces of paper, which will adhere firmly to it. To this electric quality we may trace its Greek name of

Electron, from which our word electricity is derived.

If we like to experiment with a piece of amber and apply it to a candle, it will burn, giving out a rather disagreeable odour and



POLISHED QUARTZITE PEBBLE.

black smoke; but, if we blow out the flame, there then arises a white vapour which exhales a pleasant aromatic scent.

To this Milton refers when he says in "Samson Agonistes"—

"An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger."

As may be gathered from numerous references in our old poets, the aroma of amber was used in the Elizabethan age to give gusto to foods and wines as well as to perfume garments.

ROCKS AND STONES.

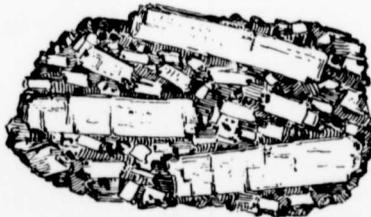
It has always been a source of interest to me to observe the various kinds of stones I meet with in a morning's ramble.

Living, as I do, where quartzite pebbles abound, I am always being reminded that the sea once covered this place, although it now stands between 400 and 500 feet above it, and that it was by the sea's action that these stones were rolled backwards and forwards, until all their angles were smoothed away. In fact, they are exactly such as we may find on any sea beach at the present day.

"Where rolls the deep, there grew the tree;
O earth, what changes hast thou seen?
There, where the long street roars, hath
been

The silence of the central sea."

Common flints out of a chalk-pit are usually dark grey or black within the outer white crust, but our quartzite flints are beautifully stained, banded and veined, and partake of the nature of agate and cornelian. When polished they form ornamental paper-weights. Red jasper, fit to be cut into seals, is also abundant here.



CORNISH GRANITE (showing orthoclase crystals).

Blocks of pudding-stone are occasionally exposed in our fields as the plough turns up the soil. This stone was once grey mud, into which pebbles large and small became embedded, then, in process of time, the mass hardened into solid rock which, when sawn into pieces, will take a fine polish, the stones in it looking much like plums in a pudding, hence its common name.

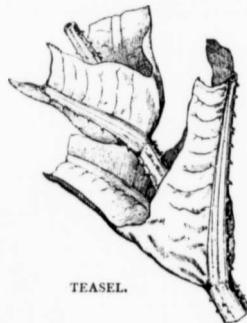
Some of my readers may live in mountainous places where granite rocks exist; these will afford an interesting subject for study.

Granite consists mainly of three substances, the white or yellowish grains being quartz, the pink felspar, and the black mica.

In the Museum of Geology in London we can see case after case filled with specimens* of polished granite of every description and of great variety of appearance.

That which is mainly felspar is bright pink or dark red; some pieces are light grey as quartz predominates, and the darker kinds are full of mica.

I always glance at the heaps of stones by the roadside, since a very slight knowledge of



TEASEL.

geology tells me where they are likely to have come from, and an otherwise uninteresting walk along a dusty road may be enlivened by a little thought about the materials of which the road itself is made.

Even the kerbstones of the London streets, when washed clean by a heavy shower, reveal by their varied tints of grey, red or pink, that they have come from quarries in Scotland, Cornwall, Devonshire, or the Isle of Man.

In the beautiful Cornish valley of Lamorna, blocks of granite measuring twenty-five feet in length by eleven feet in diameter, have sometimes been cut, and the plinths for the railings of the British Museum came from the Carnsew quarries in Cornwall.

Should any of my readers pay a visit to the Land's End, they will be able to observe in the curious columnar granite blocks on that coast the pieces of felspar (of the variety called *orthoclase*) sometimes as much as three inches in length, which give this granite a very distinct character.

* This museum in Jermyn Street is always open and quite free of access.

It is quite worth while to know something of the nature of the country in which we may happen to live; to learn, for instance, whether the soil is gravel, chalk, clay or sand. I am often surprised to find young people unable to answer an elementary question upon this point, because they have never given any thought to the subject.

In some places it is easy to see at a glance of what the soil consists, every hedgebank displaying either clay, stones or chalk, as the case may be.

Other places, especially on level ground, grassfields and arable land, do not reveal much about the nature of the subsoil.

Railway cuttings, gravel pits and excavations are aids to a knowledge of the soil which lies beneath the surface, and clay has an unpleasant way of insisting upon making itself observed in the miry footpaths which make our walks so tiring in the winter months.

These remarks may set some students thinking upon the simple problems of geology, to which I hope to return in next month's ramble.

WILD TEASEL (*Dipsacus Sylvestris*).

If my readers can find a specimen of wild teasel growing in some hedge-bank they will, I think, be interested to hear a little about its structure and uses.

It is a striking-looking plant growing from



WILD SUCCORY.

four to six feet high with a straight stem and opposite leaves, which have the peculiarity of uniting at the base so as to form a cup-shaped receptacle holding nearly half a pint of clear water. Into this liquid, small insects fall and become decayed; the wind also blows dust and dead leaves into the water, so that in time it becomes rich in organic matter. This is absorbed by the plant and tends to nourish and strengthen its growth.

These leaf-basins also serve another purpose. It is necessary that the flowers should be fertilised only by winged insects, and there seems little doubt but that the water retained at the base of the leaves tends to isolate the central stem, and thus snails, slugs, and ants are prevented from crawling up to the flowers.

The common cow parsnip has huge inflated

sheaths at the base of its leaves, which contain water both to nourish and protect the flowers in a similar manner.

I have not met with the smaller species called Fuller's teasel (*Dipsacus Fullonum*). It is cultivated in some parts of England and very extensively abroad in France, Austria, and other parts of Europe.

I read in the *Treasury of Botany* that in 1859 we imported from France nearly nineteen million teasel-heads, valued at five shillings a thousand.

The bristly seed-vessels are employed by manufacturers to raise the nap of cloth. The capsule consists of very sharp elastic points hooked at the end, and when rows of these spiky balls are affixed to a small wooden frame they form a kind of currycomb, which when drawn over the surface of woollen cloth raises up a soft nap.

The process has been imitated by machinery, but the Fuller's teasel is, I believe, still extensively used.

The poet Dyer alludes to this useful plant.

"Soon the clothier's shears
And burler's thistle skims
The surface sheen."

A burler is a man who pulls out the "burls," or small knotted lumps in wool or thread.

One other characteristic of the teasel is worthy of remark. The bristly flowerhead expands its florets irregularly. First a band of pale lilac will appear about the middle; when that withers a row of florets above and then one below will expand, but never can we find the handsome flower-head all expanded at once. It cautiously opens a little at a time until the insects have done their work and all the florets have been fertilised.

WILD SUCCORY (*Cichorium Tutybus*).

Some plants seem to have a strong preference for dry, dusty roadsides and footpaths. The plantain, for instance, never flourishes more vigorously than on a well-trodden path, and the wild succory is another plant so associated with roadsides that the Germans call it "keeper of the ways."

When growing wild, succory presents little beauty in its leafage; its stiff, wiry stems spring up out of the hard chalky soil which it prefers

and into which it sends down a long taproot in order to collect all possible nutriment and moisture. Even its lovely sky-blue flowers have a tantalising way of growing without stalks, one here and one there,



DRAGON-FLY PUPA. (Natural size.)

scattered along the stem, so that we cannot form a bouquet of them; and almost as soon as they are gathered they close up before we have time to admire their beauty. They need not, however, be thrown away, for they will expand again in water if placed in sunlight.

Succory takes its place among the flowers included by Linnaeus in his floral clock, formed of such plants as opened and closed their blossoms at certain hours of the day. It is an early riser, and greets the morning sun with its star-like flowers between four and five o'clock.

"On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour when, as the dial true,
Chicorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue."

As if to make up for this early blossoming



DYTISCUS MARGINALIS AND LARVA. (Natural size.)

the petals begin to close between nine and ten in the morning, and the plant sleeps for the rest of the day.

I have given the hours as observed by Linnæus at Upsala. They are probably different in England, and on cloudy days the flowers scarcely open at all.

Some years ago I dug up a root of wild succory and had it planted in my garden in good soil and in a sunny aspect. In the course of years it has amply repaid me by growing into a sturdy plant three or four feet high, and in this month, when it is always covered with its star-like, exquisite blue flowers, it forms one of my cherished garden treasures.

Chicory or succory is largely grown for the sake of its tap-root, which, when dried and ground, is used to mix with coffee.

The endive we use for salads is an allied species, a biennial plant derived originally, I believe, from *Chicorium pumilum*, a wild plant still found commonly along the shores of the Mediterranean.

FISHING FOR INSECTS.

Towards the end of this month every little stream and pool abounds with insect life.

Of this there may be no appearance on the surface, but a few sweeps with a muslin net

will bring to light a variety of interesting creatures.

Provided with a canful of water and a net, I went off this morning to my pond to see what I could find. Passing the net through some water-weed I was not long without finding greyish-green beetles leaping vigorously in my net; these were water-boatmen (*Notonecta glauca*). The body of this insect is shaped just like a boat and the two long hind legs with which it propels itself are feathered like oars.

This beetle swims on its back and spends much of its time resting on the surface of the water, diving now and then to catch some insect on which it feeds.

I hardly liked to touch a sluggish crawling grub which was burying itself in the mud that I had brought up in my first haul from the pond.

This creature, however, was well worth examination, for it was a dragon-fly larva, provided with a remarkable lobster-like claw with which to seize its prey. As the grub lies concealed in the mud some insect approaches it, and as soon as its prey is within reach, the claw, which has been folded up out of sight, is darted out and secures the insect with unerring aim.

I was presently fortunate enough to secure several of the larger kinds of beetles, and

amongst them *Dytiscus marginalis*, the male possessing smooth brown wing-cases and the female having furrowed elytra. The curious discs upon the fore legs of these insects are worthy of notice, for they possess the function of suckers and enable the beetle to fix itself firmly to any solid substance.

Securing one of these beetles in a jug, I tried to pour it and the water into a globe, but the beetle, to my surprise, remained at the bottom of the jug holding itself firmly there by its suckers.

The larva of this genus is well named water-lion, for it is fiercely voracious, preying upon all kinds of other water insects, and has a peculiarly repulsive aspect with its pair of curved cruel-looking jaws and flat snake-like head. When I tease it with a piece of twig it flies at it, and will defend itself when attacked with a dogged sort of courage. It always seems to me like a shark amongst the milder inhabitants of the pond.

I must not be tempted further to describe what our net brings to light.

If we place our captures in a globe of water and then read about them in some handbook to natural history, we shall not fail to learn many interesting facts about the curious habits of the creatures inhabiting our ponds and ditches.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

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

CHAPTER X.



THE Swanningtons were rather late in arriving, and Norah was beginning to be a little uneasy as to whether after all they would not appear. Mr Gilman was looking ominously at the clock and then at his wife, and the other guests, especially the men,

were just beginning to feel they had a grievance against some person or persons unknown, when the door was flung open and the delinquents were announced, Aunt Ella, rustling and perfumed and with an irreproachable coiffure, for which the discerning might make allowance for a slight unpunctuality, and Beattie looking so fresh and dainty and charming, that the grievance was immediately forgotten.

Norah had no opportunity to do more than smile at Beattie, for the

arrival of the Swanningtons was the signal for the announcement of dinner. Norah went down with Mr. Swannington, Mrs. Swannington with Mr. Musgrove, and Beattie with a young man who was *attaché* to the Russian Embassy, and who, having a keen appreciation of champagne, and a natural fund of lively conversation, kept himself and her amused and interested during the many courses, much to the annoyance of the gentleman on her right, who was anxious but not able to decide if his fair neighbour were prettier full face or profile.

Mr. Swannington was satisfied to have Norah as his companion. He was not a person who cared for much conversation, and he obtained a sincere gratification from the soup and *entrées* which was denied him if he had a too lively partner. Norah was pleasant and unaffected, and he had no fault to find with her except that she was not old enough to appreciate a good dinner when she had one. Mrs. Swannington too was satisfied with the partner Mrs. Gilman had selected for her. She had a thoroughly womanly weakness for good looks, and Cecil Musgrove was handsome in the style that most appealed to her. He was fair and had such regular features and such a fine complexion, that he was familiarly known as "the beauty." He was indeed so handsome that no one expected him to be clever; nevertheless Mr. Gilman was not alone in believing him likely to take a prominent position in the world by-and-by. He had private means and was, moreover, the idol of a rich aunt who was a widow and childless. It was little wonder that an individual so for-

tunate and so gifted was much sought after, and perhaps thought the world was not altogether mistaken in the good opinion it had of him.

In one thing, however, he was the despair of this said world, especially the matchmaking part of it. He openly expressed his preference for the society of married women to that of girls. Perhaps because he was so good-looking himself he was not very easily impressed by mere prettiness in the young ladies he met. His two sisters, who were both married, had been beauties, and his mother had been the toast of two counties in her girlhood. People always said that if Cecil married he would choose an ugly wife from the mere attraction of opposites, but the thing which annoyed them was that he did not seem inclined to marry at all.

"Any girl would be glad to accept him," said the wise among the gossips, "and, of course, no man cares for what he can get too easily."

But one among them, left till she had turned sour, remarked, "Every girl has a rival in his affections. Cecil Musgrove is in love with himself!"

But as a matter of fact he was not. He was not a particularly sentimental person. He had a good opinion of himself, but it was not warm enough to deserve the name of love. Mr. Musgrove was not emotional, and he existed very comfortably without loving any one in particular.

Aunt Ella and he got on excellently. The lively little lady did not bore him, on the contrary, she entertained him very well, without making any undue call upon his intellect. And Mr. Musgrove, although he was an advocate for

a liberal education for women, was no admirer of an undue intellectual development. No one took Mrs. Swannington seriously, unless it was herself; they laughed with her and at her, and Mr. Musgrove, who mentally compared her to a pouter pigeon in appearance, and criticised her lazily during the meal, yet saw no one with whom he would sooner have gone down to dinner, although he cast glances occasionally in the direction of the neighbour to the young *attaché*.

"That young lady entered the room with you, did she not?" he said presently. "But it is not possible she can be your daughter. Is she perhaps your step-daughter?"

"She is my niece," said Mrs. Swannington, "and she lives with us. This is her first season, and she is making the most of it."

Mr. Musgrove did not care for *débutantes* as a rule. Nevertheless he continued to look with interest at Beattie.

"She has been very much admired," said Aunt Ella complacently.

Mr. Musgrove politely replied, "No wonder."

"For me," went on Aunt Ella, playing with her bread, that Mr. Musgrove might have an opportunity of observing her hands, "I find my position rather a responsibility. One has to do what is best for the child; but I sometimes think lately my task would be easier if she were plain."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Musgrove amused.

"One often wonders how it is," went on Aunt Ella, "that so many charming women are single, while one sees women ugly, uninteresting and even disagreeable, married comparatively young. But of course the reason is clear; the beauty thinks nothing of admiration, she is used to it, so she can pick and choose, and perhaps she lets slip her chances; but your plain woman—some one pays her attention; she is amazed, delighted, such a thing was unlooked for; at once she responds, and there the matter ends—they are married."

Mr. Musgrove gathered from this that Miss Margetson was rejecting offers. Perhaps he was meant to. Aunt Ella was a clever woman in her way, and she knew something of human nature, especially man nature. Moreover, now that the time had gone by in which every unmarried man was a possible suitor for her hand, the day had arrived when she saw in them a possible suitor for Beattie's. However, although she found Mr. Musgrove good-looking and agreeable, and had assured herself that he was a bachelor, the chief matter—that of his prospects—had not been laid bare to her, and she would not regard him as eligible till it had been. She did not make her niece the staple subject of conversation. A few hints as to the girl's indifference to admiration, and she had given him a lazy ambition to try if he would find her indifferent. That was enough. Then the talk drifted to other channels. But in the drawing-room Mrs. Swannington lost no time in establishing herself by her hostess, and

having made discoveries beyond her expectation agreeable, felt that she was indeed a fortunate woman, and that the plan of campaign must be arranged as soon as possible. One thing was at once clear to her. She must open the eyes of that stupid Mrs. Gilman, who did not seem to realise her opportunities, to the chance that lay in her power of winning the gratitude of her husband's friend. It was for her to enable him to meet as frequently as possible at her house the young girl who would make him so charming a wife.

The unsuspecting Beattie meanwhile was chattering away merrily to Norah who, now that she saw her again, felt the old fascination return. Beattie's very joyousness, her absorption in the present, her interest in everything about her, although something scarcely comprehensible to the graver Norah, was in itself a charm. Though not remarkable in herself, Beattie had the power of stimulating others; as one of her friends once said, she was like a bracing wind. Norah grew brighter as they chattered together, her laugh rang out once or twice. Lady Anstruther would have wondered at her if she could have seen her pensive little friend listening to Beattie's stories of some of her doings, and appearing to take pleasure in sympathising.

"Oh, there are the gentlemen," said Beattie, pausing in the middle of a sentence; "and I have scarcely seen anything of you. When will you come and spend the day? At least, I haven't a whole day. Let me see, tomorrow?—no, I am engaged in the morning. Oh, yes, and in the afternoon too, and in the evening. Aunt Ella has a dinner-party Thursday? Thursday, I have only the morning free."

"Thursday Cousin Alice wants me to go shopping."

Beattie made a grimace.

"Friday? Saturday? Oh, come Sunday—then we can have a long talk. I have never asked you about Mr. Anstruther."

"He is abroad," said Norah blushing. She always reddened when he was mentioned unexpectedly.

"But you hear from him?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is he happy?" asked Beattie. Happiness was to her the most desirable thing in the world, and she could never bear any one to be otherwise. Norah said—

"He is studying hard; and he likes that, you know."

"Here comes Aunt Ella with that gentleman who took her into dinner. What a nuisance! I was afraid we shouldn't be allowed to talk. Now mind you come on Sunday. I shall expect you directly after dinner, and stay all the afternoon and evening."

Aunt Ella introduced Mr. Musgrove to her niece.

"Now, Beattie, I cannot let you monopolise Miss Gilman," she said, bestowing on Norah one of her most amiable smiles. "Mrs. Gilman will spare her to us one day, I am sure. Come now and tell me about yourself, my dear," and thus Mrs. Swannington

ensured the first *tête-à-tête* between Mr. Musgrove and Beattie.

Beattie was one of those girls who are so perfectly natural at all times, that they do not have one manner for their own sex and another for gentlemen. Mr. Musgrove, who was a trifle *blasé*, and inclined to be bored, had looked rather enviously at the two girls, evidently so genuinely interested in one another. His knowledge of young ladies had led him to believe them all somewhat artificial, and at any rate only tolerating one another's society when there was no gentleman present. But he was sufficiently observant to see at once that Mrs. Swannington's niece was just what she seemed, and that she neither simulated pleasure in the society of her girl-friend, nor was unduly elated at the prospect of his. Unlike Beattie herself, Cecil Musgrove was intensely critical. He had some knowledge of character, and was prone to dissecting the human mind and analysing motives to a degree that was fatal to enthusiastic admiration of his fellow-creatures. As he sometimes said, "he never let himself go," and perhaps to this was due some of his success. A mind which is dominated by other minds cannot so easily pursue an even course as that which is absolutely independent; and your hero-worshipper is apt to be led astray even by his heroes.

"So I hear this is your first season," said he to Beattie.

Beattie nodded and smiled.

"Yes," she said, "and I am enjoying myself so much."

"What do you enjoy?"

Beattie opened her eyes wide.

"Why, everything. I love people, you know."

"Do you? Now, I think the world would be more tolerable without them."

"Without people? Why, it wouldn't be the world. What a funny idea. Don't you love your fellow-creatures?"

Mr. Musgrove laughed.

"Not much."

"Why?" said Beattie. "Perhaps they have treated you badly." And she was prepared to be sympathetic.

"No, not particularly. On the whole they have, no doubt, behaved to me as well as I have deserved."

"Well," said Beattie, "then the only thing to be said is that you must be very hard-hearted." And she regarded him with as much severity as she was capable of.

Mr. Musgrove found her frankness refreshing. She was evidently quite in earnest, too. He pretended seriousness himself.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe you have stated a fact. You have only known me a few minutes, and yet you have told me the truth about myself. I am hard-hearted."

"Since you have confessed it," Beattie said, looking at him from under her lashes in a way that an accomplished flirt would have given anything to achieve, "I should advise you to set to work to cure it. You lose so much happiness. I should try and care for someone if I were you, and as soon as possible. I daresay you won't find it very difficult."

Mr. Musgrove passed his hand across his moustache. Beattie gave her advice with such absolute sincerity that it would have been cruel to let her see he was smiling at her.

"Do you know," he said, "I really feel inclined to follow your advice. In spite of my callous temperament it does at the present moment seem excellent."

"I hope you will," said Beattie.

If Aunt Ella could have overheard this beginning of their intercourse, she would certainly have congratulated herself. As it was, she watched them complacently when a few minutes afterwards Norah was taken away to sing. During the song Beattie looked at the singer, but Mr. Musgrove kept regarding her with as much persistency as was consistent with good manners.

"He certainly admires her," thought Aunt Ella, "and really she is looking lovely to-night. That white silk is worth all I gave for it, and I am very glad I had it cut round at the neck."

Mr. Musgrove, who did not feel the remotest interest in Norah, and thought the song indifferently rendered, was indeed giving his attention to Beattie. But he was not thinking of her looks; he was trying to find out if there was any affectation in Beattie's apparent absorption in the music, and decided there was not. It gave her genuine pleasure.

"I think Norah Gilman has such a sweet voice," she said, turning to him when the song was finished.

"It hasn't been trained much," he answered.

"I don't understand about that," said Beattie. "But it is fresh and pure like a bird's, and there is something in it that goes to your heart."

"Ah," he said, laughing, "it goes to yours. My hard one, you see, it didn't penetrate."

"I don't believe yours is so hard as you make out," said Beattie. "But I am sorry you didn't care for Norah's singing."

"Are we going to hear you presently?" he asked.

"Oh, no; I am only learning. I don't care to sing before people, only I have to sometimes because Aunt Ella insists."

"I hope she will insist to-night."

And she did. Aunt Ella did not think very much of Beattie's vocal powers, but she knew she showed to advantage when she was singing, and moreover she wished Mr. Musgrove to have the opportunity of looking at her without fearing a breach of good manners. The designing little lady saw that he availed himself of his chances. But Cecil was not thinking, as she expected, of Beattie's face or her figure or her dress, but of herself. "She hasn't much mind," he said to himself, "and she is quite undeveloped, but she is capable of a great deal. I wonder what it is in her appeals to me. I believe I could be really fond of her."

And on that probably Mrs. Swannington would have been justified in building hopes.

Mr. Musgrove left soon after Beattie's song, as he was due elsewhere, but he had accepted Mrs. Swannington's invitation to go and see her on her next at-home day. Mr. Gilman went out of the room with him, and as he was lighting his cigar, he praised Beattie to his host. Mr. Gilman subsequently repeated his words to his wife, and Mrs. Gilman, with a desire to please, repeated them to Mrs. Swannington. Mrs. Swannington availed herself of the opportunity to instil an idea into Mrs. Gilman's mind.

"They would make a charming couple," agreed the latter. "They are both so exceptionally good-looking. I have never known Cecil enthusiastic about anyone before. And Robin is so fond of Beattie; he would be delighted."

So the silly woman fell in very easily with Mrs. Swannington's wishes, and actuated partly by kindness, partly by vanity, and partly by that instinct of matchmaking which is in the nature of

some ladies, determined that the two who had met for the first time at her house should do so again. She had been contemplating getting up a performance for a charity in which her husband was interested. It was to take the form of some elaborate tableaux. She easily obtained the promise of Beattie's aid, and presently she asked Mr. Musgrove to help also, taking advantage of a call he was making upon herself, during which she mentioned that Beattie would be taking part. The readiness with which he accepted led her to think her suspicions were right, and that he was attracted by the girl. With this preconceived notion she was able to see in the least attention he paid her during the rehearsals a meaning beyond any he intended. Mrs. Swannington watched the two also with sanguine expectations. These were not lessened when one day, during the rehearsals, Mr. Musgrove, who lived in a fine house at Campden Hill, which had been left him by his father, asked her if she would give him the pleasure of dining with him with Mr. Swannington and Miss Margetson, to meet his sister, Mrs. Coverdale.

"What could be more pointed?" said Aunt Ella to her husband. "Mark my words, Arthur, before the season is over, he will have proposed to Beattie."

"It seems to me very hard, my dear Ella, that a man mayn't ask me out to dinner with my family without wanting to marry one of them."

"I shall have every reason to congratulate myself," said Aunt Ella, ignoring his remark entirely. Which perhaps accounted for Mr. Swannington remarking with what was, for him, unusual acidity—

"There is such a thing, my dear, as counting one's chickens before they are hatched."

Aunt Ella had the last word.

"And why not," she said, "if one is a little careful about the hatching?"

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

ROSE IN POLAND.—We remember you well and are glad you have written to us again. You might certainly find a holiday engagement in an English family, and might apply, in the first instance, to the Association of German Governesses in London, 10, Wyndham Place, Bryanston Square, London, W. The Lady Principal would perhaps kindly advise you. From your well-written letters we should judge that you would be an acquisition in any family.

WILDFLOWER OF THE MOUNTAIN.—Dear child, we are glad you "do not have to write for a living," as your lot would be a terrible one indeed! Your verses are halting in metre and contain nothing original. You begin in lines of eight syllables each, e.g.—

"How gently fall the cooling showers,"

but soon we have lines much too long, e.g.—

"The air with its song the nightingale fills."

"Elfin" is not a noun but an adjective. If you like to go on writing verse in hours that are quite leisurely there is no actual harm in it.—2. Your second question about Puzzle Poems you can answer for yourself by consulting the back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, which we are glad to hear you have taken for so long a time.

A HAPPY LASSIE.—1. We are glad you can adopt this title in spite of delicate health. You have our deep sympathy, and we can honestly say that we seldom receive a letter in a handwriting we admire so much as yours. It is neat, uniform, prettily and gracefully formed, and most pleasant to read. You also attend to the much-neglected art of punctuation.—2. Perhaps one of our subscribers can tell you of the poem you seek, based on the text, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," and illustrating the idea that sorrow pays a transient visit—joy comes to remain.

EVERETT GORDON.—There are many handbooks on composition. We think most highly of Dr. Abbott's little book *How to Write Clearly*, and advise you to get it. Mr. Walter Besant once formulated eleven rules for the writing of fiction, of which we transcribe the more important:—

1. Practise writing something original every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
7. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.

We need hardly say that these rules are intended for those who work in real earnest.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

LILIAN asks us to give the author and the last verse of "The Mill will never Grind with the Water that has Passed," commencing—

"Work while yet the daylight shines."

C. PEGLER wishes to know where she can get a poem entitled "The Faithful Negro Boy," which appeared in the *Children's Friend* between 1870 and 1880.

SYRIL kindly writes to inform "M. Lilith E., Los Angeles, California," that the poem beginning "I have been here before," is by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and is entitled "Sudden Light."

Mrs. Rivers, Miss Williams, Mary L. Collins, and "Bertha" (whom we thank for her pleasant letter) answer Lilith's second query, and send the last verse of the charade she quotes, the answer to which is "Campbell":—

"Call ye my Whole, aye, call
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day:
Go, call him by his name,
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave."

1820.

W. Mackworth Praed.

MEDICAL.

ANTICIPATION.—We do not think that carries of the spine would produce spots, such as you describe, upon your face. Wearing a poroplastic belt would not produce face-spots ordinarily. If the jacket produces irritation or eczema by galling you (as it is very apt to do, if it does not properly fit), this may spread on to the face and so produce spots that way. There is a direct connection between seborrhoea of the scalp and acne of the face. One might almost say that the latter was the result of the former. You cannot expect sulphur ointment to cure you *at once*, it takes some little time to act, weeks, often months, in an intractable case. A short time ago we gave full directions for the use of sulphur ointment in the correspondence column. For the seborrhoea, a hair wash of a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of warm water may be used. A little of the sulphur ointment rubbed into the scalp from time to time will also do good.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We gather from your letter that you suffer from "stiffness" in the nose; that your nose and one side of your face is swollen; that your nose is dry, without discharge, but that there is a bad smell occasionally noticeable only to yourself; that your throat is quite right, but you are slightly deaf. This trouble has lasted nine or ten years, and previously (fifteen years ago) you had something wrong with your nose which was cured at a hospital. Your nose is the seat of chronic inflammation of a rather serious kind. The prominence of one side of your face suggests that the condition has extended into the cheek-bone (which is in connection with the nose). The bad smell which is only observed by yourself is also suggestive of inflammation inside the cheek-bone (maxilla). The "white powder" you mention was probably the following:—sodium chloride, 1; sodium bicarbonate, 1; borax, 1; and white sugar, 6. The best possible advice that we can give you is to go to the hospital where you were treated before. If you do not wish to do this, you might use the above powder as a lotion for your nose. Dissolve one teaspoonful of the powder in a tumbler of tepid water and use it as a spray or lotion with which to wash out the nose.

E. T.—To get rid of warts. Wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and soap. Then soak your hands in warm water for ten minutes. Having dried your hands surround the warts with vaseline so as to protect the surrounding skin. But do not let the vaseline get on to the wart itself. Drop one drop of glacial acetic acid on to the wart, wait three minutes and then well rub the wart with solid nitrate of silver (lunar caustic). Repeat this treatment in four or five days' time if necessary. We have never known this method to fail.

"PLEASE HELP ME."—Your hands are large, red and clumsy; the nails are thick, the fingers are swollen at the tips, and your hands are subject to chaps and chilblains. You ask us for a remedy for all this. First do all in your power to improve the circulation. Do not take a cold bath in the morning till the weather gets warmer. When the circulation is incompetent there is nothing like a cold bath for breaking up the health altogether. Walking and cycling in moderation will improve the circulation. A generous and easily-digested diet is necessary. An aperient should be taken occasionally. Cure your indigestion by attending to the rules that we have given from time to time. Secondly, look to the local condition of your hands. Wash your hands in *tepid* water, use a good soap, rub them thoroughly dry after washing. Always wear gloves when you go out. Do *not* scrape your nails, there is never any advantage in thin nails. Wash your hands two or three times a week in spirit or eau de Cologne and water. The cream you mention, viz., lanoline, vaseline and resorcin is a very good application, and we advise you to continue using it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. JONES.—1. We only answer two queries. Give your linnet a pagoda cage. Give him a bath at least three times a week in shallow water. Remove the sliding tray that it may not get wet, which must frequently be scraped and scalded. Change or replenish the water he drinks twice a day, and give him "summer rape-seed," old, but sound and glossy, and give him some groundsel twice a week, and once a week a thimbleful of canary-seed. Keep him free from any draught. Yes, they are satisfied with a breeding-cage provided with nest materials. You can pair in March or April, depending on the season, and they sit for thirteen days. To prevent the hen eating her eggs replenish her seed-box the previous night. You should get a book on birds.—2. Clean your teeth alternately with camphorated chalk and tooth soap twice a day at least. Write to the publishing department about back volumes of our magazine.

T. R. will find the question of the Round Towers "of Norfolk and Suffolk Churches" treated when we come to describe the Norfolk examples, and a theory respecting their origin will be offered. We thank T. R. for his remarks and information respecting the thatched-roofed church towers; but it is a question whether this singularity can be exactly regarded as an architectural feature, in fact, it has always struck the writer that they are more likely to be make-shift substitutes for some more durable kind of roofing which has perished or been removed for want of repair. It should be noticed that they are generally found in small rather humble churches; but a drawing by Higham made about 1818 shows one of the truncated round towers of the Abbey Church of Bury St. Edmund's roofed with thatch which was certainly a substituted covering. Many of the Norfolk and Suffolk Churches, Eaton and Woodbastwick for instance, are covered with thatch; but it is doubtful whether any of these thatched roofs date back more than two centuries. Early Saxon churches were certainly thatched, but only when they were built with wooden or whittled walls.

KOSE.—Unless under special circumstances everyone comes of age at twenty-one. The Queen, however, was declared of age at eighteen by Act of Parliament. We wish you wrote a better hand, but you could much improve it by writing copies from any good writing you may admire.

PUZZLED.—1. Cards are left on a first visit in order that there may be no mistake as to the address of the visitors. In the case of the invalid mother her card should be left, or the joint card of herself and her daughters, even though she may not visit personally. The brother's card should be left by them in the same manner that a wife would leave her husband's.—2. Always leave cards when people are not at home, of course, one of the wife's and two of the husband's.

L. DEANK.—The black currants should never remain on the trees till too old. This is the cause of their hardness; the skins have dried. Also over-boiling and too little moisture. If the season be a dry one it is often impossible to prevent the dryness of the skins.



ROSES
AND
MAIDENHAIR.

FLOWER SPRAY FOR JULY.